To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here ſeeſt put,
It was for gentle Shakeſpeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a ſtrife
VVith Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but have drawne his VVit
As well in Braſſe, as he hath hit
His Face; the Print vvould then ſurpaſſe
All, that was ever vvrit in Braſſe.
But, ſince he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

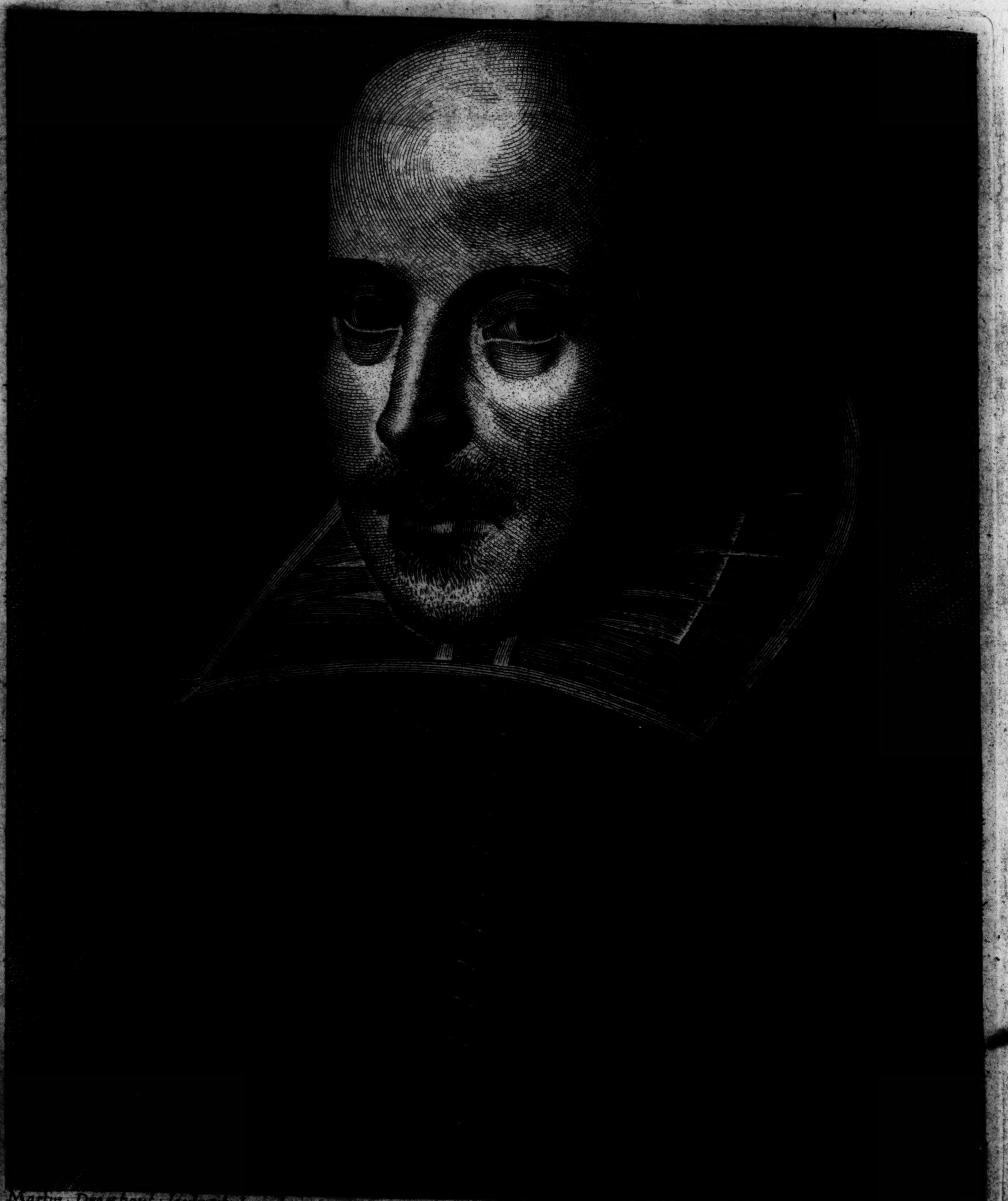
B. I.

Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARES

COMEDIES, HISTORIES, and TRAGEDIES.

Publiſhed according to the true Originall Copies.

The ſecond Impreſsion.


Martin Droeshout sculpsit London.

LONDON,
Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Iohn Smethwick*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop
in Saint *Dunſtans* Church-yard. 1632.

7 Je 54 Zeitlin

Vpon the Effigies of my worthy Friend, the Author Maſter VVilliam Shakeſpeare, and his VVorkes.

Spectator, this Lifes Shaddow is; To ſee
The truer image and a livelier he
Turne Reader. But, obſerve his Comicke vaine,
Laugh, and proceed next to a Tragicke ſtraine,
Then weepe; So when thou find'ſt two contraries,
Two different paſſions from thy rapt ſoule riſe,
Say, (who alone effect ſuch wonders could)
Rare Shake-ſpeare *to the life thou doſt behold.*

An Epitaph on the admirable Dramaticke Poet, VV. SHAKESPEARE.

What neede my Shakeſpeare *for his honour'd bones,*
The labour of an Age, in piled ſtones
Or that his hallow'd Reliques ſhould be hid
Vnder a ſtarre-ypointing Pyramid?
Deare Sonne of Memory, great Heire of Fame,
What needſt thou ſuch dull witneſſe of thy Name?
Thou in our wonder and aſtoniſhment
Haſt built thy ſelfe a laſting Monument:
For whil'ſt to th'ſhame of ſlow-endevouring Art
Thy eaſie numbers flow, and that each part,
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued Booke,
Thoſe Delphicke Lines with deepe Impreſſion tooke
Then thou our fancy of her ſelfe bereaving,
Doſt make us Marble with too much conceiving,
And ſo Sepulcher'd in ſuch pompe doſt lie
That Kings for ſuch a Tombe would wiſh to die.

7 Je 54 Zeitlin

TO THE MEMORIE
of the deceaſed Author, Maſter
VV. SHAKESPEARE.

Shake-ſpeare, at length thy pious Fellowes give
The World thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-live
Thy Tombe, thy name muſt: when that ſtone is rent,
And Time diſſolves thy Stratford Monument,
Here we alive ſhall view thee ſtill. This Booke,
When Braſſe and Marble fade, ſhall make thee looke
Freſh to all Ages: when Poſteritie
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodigie
That is not Shakeſpeares; ev'ry Line, each Verſe
Here ſhall revive, redeeme thee from thy Herſe.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naſo ſaid,
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke ſhall once invade.
Nor ſhall I e're beleeve, or thinke thee dead
(Though miſt) untill our bankrout Stage be ſped
(Impoſſible) with ſome new ſtraine t'out-doe
Paſſions of Iuliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Than when thy halfe-ſword parlying Romans ſpake.
Till theſe, till any of thy Volumes reſt
Shall with more fire, more feeling be expreſt,
Be ſure, our Shake-ſpeare, thou canſt never dye,
But crown'd with Lawrell, live eternally.

L. Digges.

To the Memory of M. W. Shake-ſpeare.

WE wondred (Shake-ſpeare) that thou went'ſt ſo ſoone
From the Worlds-Stage, to the Graves-Tyring-roome.
We thought thee dead, but this thy Printed worth,
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'ſt but forth
To enter with applauſe. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and live, to act a ſecond Part.
That's but an Exit of Mortality;
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M.

TO THE MOST NOBLE
AND
INCOMPARABLE PAIRE
OF BRETHREN,

WILLIAM
Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the
Kings moſt Excellent Majeſtie.

AND

PHILIP
Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Majeſties
Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the moſt Noble Order
of the Garter, and our ſingular good
LORDS.

Right Honourable,

WHilſt we ſtudy to be thankfull in our particular, for the many favors we have received from your L. L we are falne upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the moſt divers things that can be, feare, and raſhneſſe; raſhneſſe in the enterprize, and feare of the ſucceſſe. For, when wee value the places your H. H. ſuſtaine, wee cannot but know their dignity greater, than to deſcend to the reading of theſe trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have depriv'd our ſelves of the defence of our Dedication. But ſince your L. L. have beene pleas'd to thinke theſe trifles ſomething, heretofore; and have proſequuted both them, & their Author living, with ſo much favour: we hope, (that they out-living him, and he not having the fate, common with ſome, to be Exequutor to his owne writings) you will uſe the ſame indulgence toward them, you have done unto their *parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, ſo much were your L.L. likings of the ſeverall parts, when they were acted, as before they were publiſhed, the Volumne ask'd to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of ſelfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of ſo worthy a Friend, and Fellow alive, as was our* SHAKESPEARE, *by humble offer of his Playes, to your moſt Noble Patronage. Wherein, as we have juſtly obſerved, no man to come neere your L.L. but with a kind of religious addreſſe; it hath been the height of our care, who are the Preſenters, to make the Preſent worthy of your H.H. by the Perfection. But, there we muſt alſo crave our abilities to be conſidered, my Lords. We cannot goe beyond our owne powers. Countrey hands, reach forth Milke, Creame, Fruits, or what they have: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not Gummes and Incenſe, obtained their requeſts with a leavened Cake. It was no fault to approach their gods, by what meanes they could: And the moſt, though meaneſt, of things, are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we moſt humbly conſecrate to your H.H. theſe remaines of your ſervant* Shakeſpeare, *that what delight is in them, may be ever your L.L. the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed, by a paire ſo carefull to ſhew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is*

Your Lordſhips moſt bounden

John Heminge.
Henry Condell.

To the great variety of Readers.

FRom the moſt able, to him that can but ſpell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weighd. Eſpecially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your Purſes Well, it is now publike, and you will ſtand for your priviledges, we know: to reade, and cenſure. Doe ſo, but buy it firſt. That doth beſt commend a Booke, the Stationer ſayes. Then, how odde ſoever your braines be, or your wiſedomes, make your licence the ſame, and ſpare not. Iudge your ſixe-penny'orth, your ſhillings worth, your five ſhillings worth at a time, or higher, ſo you riſe to the juſt rates, and welcome. But, whatever you doe, buy. Cenſure will not drive a Trade, or make the Iacke goe. And though you be a Magiſtrate of wit, and ſit, on the Stage at *Black-Fryers*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraigne Playes dayly, know, theſe Playes have had their triall already, and ſtood out all Appeales; and doe now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had beene a thing, we confeſſe, worthy to have beene wiſhed, that the Author himſelfe had liv'd to have ſet forth, and overſeene his owne writings; But ſince it hath been ordain'd otherwiſe, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you doe not envy his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to have collected and publiſh'd them; and ſo to have publiſht them, as where (before) you were abus'd with divers ſtolne, and ſurreptitious Copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and ſtealths of injurious Impoſtors, that expos'd them: even thoſe, are now offer'd to your view cured, and perfect of their limbes; and all the reſt, abſolute in their numbers as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a moſt gentle expreſſer of it. His minde and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that eaſineſſe, that we have ſcarce received from him a blot in his Papers. But it is not our Province, who onely gather his workes, and give them you to praiſe him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be loſt. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, ſurely you are in ſome manifeſt danger, not to underſtand him And ſo we leave you to other of his Friends, who, if you need, can be your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your ſelves, and others. And ſuch Readers we wiſh him.

Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.

To the great Variety of Readers.

From the moſt able, to him that can but ſpell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weigh'd. Eſpecially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your Purſes. Well! it is now publike, and you will ſtand for your priviledges wee know: to reade, and cenſure. Doe ſo, but buy it firſt. That doth beſt commend a Booke, the Stationer ſayes. Then, how odde ſoever your braines be, or your wiſedomes, make your licence the ſame, and ſpare not. Iudge your ſixe-penny'orth, your ſhillings worth, your five ſhillings worth at a time, or higher, ſo you riſe to the juſt rates, and welcome. But, whatever you doe, buy. Cenſure will not drive a Trade, or make the Iacke goe. And though you be a Magiſtrate of wit, and ſit on the Stage at *Black-Fryers*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraigne Playes dayly, know, theſe Playes have had their triall already, and ſtood out all Appeales; and doe now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

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Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.

The Workes of William Shakeſpeare, containing all his Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies: Truly ſet forth, according to their firſt Originall.

The Names of the Principall Actors in all theſe Playes.

William Shakeſpeare.
Richard Burbadge.
John Hemmings.
Auguſtine Phillips.
William Kempt.
Thomas Poope.
George Bryan.
Henry Condell.
William Slye.
Richard Cowly.
John Lowine.
Samuell Croſſe.
Alexander Cooke.
Samuel Gilburne.
Robert Armin.
William Oſtler.
Nathan Field.
John Vnderwood.
Nicholas Tooley.
William Eccleſtone.
Joſeph Taylor.
Robert Benfield.
Robert Goughe.
Richard Robinſon.
John Shancke.
John Rice.

To the memory of my beloved,
The AVTHOR
MR. VVILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
AND
what he hath left us.

TO *draw no envy* (Shakeſpeare) *on thy name,*
Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame:
While I confeſſe thy writings to be ſuch,
As neither Man, *nor* Muſe, *can praiſe too much.*
Tis true, and all mens ſuffrage. But theſe wayes
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praiſe:
For ſeelieſt Ignorance on theſe may light,
Which, when it ſounds at beſt, but eccho's right;
Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty Malice, *might pretend this praiſe,*
And thinke to ruine, where it ſeem'd to raiſe.
Theſe are, as ſome infamous Baud, or Whore,
Should praiſe a Matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proofe againſt them, and indeed
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin. Soule of the Age!
The applauſe! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakeſpeare *riſe; I will not lodge thee by*
Chaucer, *or* Spenſer, *or bid* Beaumont *lye*
A little further, to make thee a roome:
Thou art a Monument, *without a tombe,*
And art alive ſtill, while thy Booke doth live,
And we have wits to read, and prayſe to give.
That I not mixe thee ſo, my braine excuſes;
I meane with great, but diſproportion'd Muſes:
For, if I thought my judgement were of yeeres,
I ſhould commit thee ſurely with thy peeres,
And tell, how farre thou didſt our Lily *out-ſhine,*
Or ſporting Kid, *or* Marlowes *mighty line.*
And though thou hadſt ſmall Latine *and leſſe* Greeke,
From thence to honour thee, I would not ſeeke
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æſchilus,
Euripides, *and* Sophocles *to us,*
Paccuvius, Accius, *him of* Cordova *dead,*
To live againe, to heare thy Buskin tread,
And ſhake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on,
Leave thee alone for the compariſon

Of all, that inſolent Greece, or haughty Rome
ſent forth, or ſince did from their aſhes come.
Triumph, my Britaine, thou haſt one to ſhowe,
To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muſes ſtill were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warme
Our eares, or like a Mercury to charme!
Nature her ſelfe was proud of his deſignes,
And joy'd to weare the dreſsing of his lines!
Which were ſo richly ſpun, and woven ſo fit,
As, ſince, ſhe will vouchſafe no other Wit.
The merry Greeke, tart Ariſtophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not pleaſe;
But antiquated, and deſerted lye
As they were not of Natures family.
Yet muſt I not give Nature all: Thy Art,
My gentle Shakeſpeare, muſt enjoy a part.
For though the Poets matter, Nature be,
His Art doth give the faſhion. And, that he,
Who caſts to write a living line, muſt ſweat,
(ſuch as thine are) and ſtrike the ſecond heat
Vpon the Muſes anvile: turne the ſame,
(And himſelfe with it) that he thinkes to frame;
Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a ſcorne,
For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.
And ſuch wert thou. Looke how the fathers face
Lives in his iſſue, even ſo, the race
Of Shakeſpeares minde, and manners brightly ſhines
In his well torned, and true filed lines:
In each of which, he ſeemes to ſhake a Lance,
As brandiſh't at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a ſight it were
To ſee thee in our water yet appeare,
And make thoſe flights upon the bankes of Thames,
That ſo did take Eliza, and our Iames!
But ſtay, I ſee thee in the Hemiſphere
Advanc'd, and made a Conſtellation there!
Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage;
Which, ſince thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And deſpaires day, but for thy Volumes light.

BEN. IONSON.

On Worthy Maſter Shakeſpeare and his Poems.

A Mind reflecting ages paſt, whoſe cleere
And equall ſurface can make things appeare
Diſtant a Thouſand yeares, and repreſent
Them in their lively colours juſt extent.
To out run haſty time, retrive the fates,
Rowle backe the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of death and Lethe, where (confuſed) lye
Great heapes of ruinous mortalitie.
In that deepe duskie dungeon to diſcerne
A royall Ghoſt from Churles; By art to learne
The Phyſiognomie of ſhades, and give
Them ſuddaine birth, wondring how oft they live.
What ſtory coldly tells, what Poets *faine*
At ſecond hand, and picture without braine
Senſeleſſe and ſouleleſſe ſhowes. To give a Stage
(Ample and true with life) voyce, action, age,
As Plato's *yeare and new Scene of the world*
Them unto us, or us to them had hurld.
To raiſe our auncient Soveraignes from their herſe
Make Kings his ſubjects, by exchanging verſe
Enlive their pale trunkes, that the preſent age
Ioyes in their joy, and trembles at their rage:
Yet ſo to temper paſſion, that our eares
Take pleaſure in their paine; And eyes in teares
Both weepe and ſmile; fearefull at plots ſo ſad,
Then laughing at our feare; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd, affected with that truth
Which we perceive is falſe; pleas'd in that ruth
At which we ſtart; and by elaborate play
Tortur'd and tickled; by a crablike way
Time paſt made paſtime, and in ugly ſort
Diſgorging up his ravaine for our ſport——
——while the Plebeian *Impe from lofty throne,*
Creates and rules a world, and workes upon
Mankind by ſecret engines; Now to move
A chilling pitty, then a rigorous love:
To ſtrike up and ſtroake downe, both joy and ire;
To ſteere th'affections; and by heavenly fire
Mould us anew. Stolne from our ſelves——
This and much more which cannot bee expreſt,
But by himſelfe, his tongue and his owne breſt,
Was Shakeſpeares *freehold, which his cunning braine*
Improv'd by favour of the nine fold traine.

The buskind Muſe, the Commicke Queene, the grand
And lowder tone of Clio; *nimble hand,*
And nimbler foote of the melodious paire,
The Silver voyced Lady; the moſt faire
Calliope, *whoſe ſpeaking ſilence daunts:*
And ſhe whoſe prayſe the heavenly body chants.
Theſe joyntly woo'd him, envying one another
(Obey'd by all as Spouſe, but lov'd as brother)
And wrought a curious robe of ſable grave
Freſh greene, and pleaſant yellow, red moſt brave,
And conſtant blew, rich purple, guiltleſſe white
The lowly Ruſſet, and the Scarlet bright:
Branch't and embroydred like the painted Spring
Each leafe match't with a flower, and each ſtring
Of golden wire, each line of ſilke; there run
Italian *workes whoſe thred the Siſters ſpun;*
And there did ſing, or ſeeme to ſing, the choyſe
Birdes of a forraine note and various voyce.
Here hangs a moſſey rocke; there playes a faire
But chiding fountaine purled: Not the ayre
Nor cloudes nor thunder, but were living drawne
Not out of common Tiffany or Lawne.
But fine materialls, which the Muſes know
And onely know the countries where they grow.
Now when they could no longer him enjoy
In mortall garments pent; death may deſtroy
They ſay his body, but his verſe ſhall live
And more then nature takes, our hands ſhall give.
In a leſſe volumne, but more ſtrongly bound
Shakespeare *ſhall breath and ſpeake, with Laurell crown'd*
Which never fades. Fed with Ambroſian meate
In a well-lyned veſture rich and neate.
So with this robe they cloath him, bid him weare it
For time ſhall never ſtaine, nor envy teare it.

The friendly admirer of his
Endowments.
I. M. S.

Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenicke Poet, Maſter VV. SHAKESPEARE.

THoſe *hands, which you ſo clapt, goe now and wring*
You Britaines *brave; for done are* Shake-ſpeares *dayes:*
His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,
Which made the Globe of Heav'n and Earth to ring.
Dry'd is that Veine, dry'd is the Theſpian *Spring,*
Turn'd all to teares, and Phœbus *Cloudes his Rayes:*
That Corp's, that Coffin now beſticke thoſe Bayes,
Which crown'd him Poet firſt, then Poets King.
If Tragedies might any Prologue have,
All thoſe he made, would ſcarce make one to this:
Where Fame, *now that he gone is to the Grave,*
(Deaths publique Tyring-houſe) the Nuncius *is.*
For though his Line of life went ſoone about,
The Life yet of his Lines ſhall never out.

Hugh Holland.

A Catalogue of all the Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies contained in this Booke.

THe Tempeſt.
The two Gentlemen of Verona.
The Merry Wives of Windſor.
Meaſure for Meaſure.
The Comedy of Errors.
Much adoe about Nothing.
Loves Labour's loſt.
Midſommers nights Dreame.
The Merchant of Venice.
As you like it.
The taming of the Shrew.
All's well that ends well.
Twelfe night, or vvhat you vvill.
The Winters Tale.

Hiſtories.

The life and death of K. Iohn.
The life & death of K. R. *the* 2.
The life and death of K. H. 4.
The ſecond part of K. H. *the* 4.
The life of King Henry *the* 5.
The firſt part of K. Heny *the* 6.
The 2 *part of K.* Henry *the* 6.
The 3 *part of K.* Henry *the* 6.
The Tragedie of Richard *the* 3.
The famous hiſtory of Henry 8.

Tragedies.

Troylus *and* Creſsida.
The Tragedy of Coriolanus.
Titus Andronicus.
Romeo *and* Iuliet.
Timon *of* Athens.
The Tragedy of Iulius Cæſar.
The Tragedy of Macbeth.
The Tragedy of Hamlet.
The Tragedy of King Lear.
The Moore of Venice.
Anthony *and* Cleopatra.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

THE

THE TEMPEST.

Actus Primus. *Scæna Prima.*

A tempeſtuous noiſe of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-maſter, and a Boteſwaine.

Maſter.

BOte-ſwaine.

Boteſ. Heere Maſter: What cheere?

Maſt. Good: Speake to th'Mariners: fall too't, yarely, or we run our ſelves a ground, beſtirre, beſtirre. *Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boteſ. Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerly my hearts: yare, yare: Take in the toppe-ſale: Tend to th'Maſters whiſtle: Blow till thou burſt thy winde, if roome enough.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good Bote-ſwaine have care: wher's the Maſter? Play the men.

Boteſ. I pray now keepe below.

Anth. Where is the Maſter, Boſon?

Boteſ. Do you not heare him? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabins: you do aſſiſt the ſtorme.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Boteſ. When the Sea is: hence, what cares theſe roarers for the name of King? to Cabine; ſilence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good yet remember whom thou haſt aboord.

Boteſ. None that I more love then my ſelfe. You are a Counſellor, if you can com nand theſe Elements to ſilence, and worke the peace of the preſent, wee will not hand a rope more, uſe your authoritie: If you cannot, give thankes you have liv'd ſo long, and make your ſelfe readie in your Cabine for the miſchance of the houre, if it ſo hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our way I ſay. *Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: me thinkes he hath no drowning marke upon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes: ſtand faſt good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his deſtiny our Cable, for our owne doth little advantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our caſe is miſerable. *Exit.*

Enter Boteſwaine.

Boteſ. Downe with the top-Maſt: yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Maine-courſe. A plague——

A cry within. *Enter Sebaſtian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.*

upon this howling: they are lowder then the weather, or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shall we give ore and drowne, have you a minde to ſinke?

Sebaſ. A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blaſphemous incharitable Dog.

Boteſ. Worke you then.

Anth. Hang cur, hang, you whoreſon inſolent Noyſemaker; we are leſſe afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

Gonz. I'le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no ſtonger then a Nutt-ſhell, and as leaky as an unſtanched wench.

Boteſ. Lay her a hold, a hold, ſet her two courſes off to Sea againe, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mari. All loſt, to prayers, to prayers, all loſt.

Boteſ. What muſt our mouths be cold?

Gon. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's aſſiſt them, for our caſe is as theirs.

Sebaſ. I'am out of patience.

An. We are meerly cheated of our lives by drunkards, This wide-chopt-raſcall, would thou mightſt lye drowning the waſhing of ten Tides.

Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water ſweare againſt it,
And gape at widſt to glut him. *A confuſed noyſe within.*
Mercy on us.
We ſplit, we ſplit, Farewell my wife, and children,
Farewell brother: we ſplit, we ſplit, we ſplit.

Anth. Lets all ſinke with' King

Seb. Let's take leave of him. *Exit.*

Gonſ. Now would I give a thouſand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne firrs, any thing; the wills above be done, but I would faine dye a dry death.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Proſpero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my deereſt father) you have
Put the wilde waters in this Rore; alay them:
The skye it ſeemes would powre downe ſtinking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheeke,
Daſhes the fire out. Oh! I have ſuffered
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer: A brave veſſell

(Who ha[illegible]bt ſome noble creature in her)
Daſh'd all [illegible]es : O the cry did knocke
Againſt [illegible]y heart : poore ſoules, they periſh'd.
Had I [illegible] God of power, I would
Have ſuncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It ſhould the good Ship ſo have ſwallow'd, and
The fraughting Soules within her.
Proſ. Be collected,
No more amazement : Tell your pitteous heart ;
there's no harme done.
Mira. O woe, the day.
Proſ. No harme.
I have done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my deere one ; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am : nor that I am more better
Then *Proſpero*, Maſter of a full poore cell,
And thy no greater Father.
Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
Proſ. 'Tis time
I ſhould informe thee farther : Lend thy hand
And plucke my Magick garment from me : So,
Lye there my Art : wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort,
The direfull ſpectacle of the wracke which touch'd
The very vertue of compaſſion in thee :
I have with ſuch compaſſion in mine Art
So ſafely ordered, that there is no ſoule
No not ſo much perdition as an hayre
Betide to any creature in the veſſell
Which thou heardſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſinke: Sit
For thou muſt now know farther. (downe,
Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but ſtopt
And left me to the bootelesſe Inquiſition,
Concluding, ſtay : not yet.
Proſ. The houre's now come,
The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,
Obey, and be attentive. Canſt thou remember
A time before we came unto this Cell?
I doe not thinke thou canſt, for then thou was't not
Out three yeares old.
Mira. Certainely Sir, I can.
Proſ. By what ? by any other houſe; or perſon ?
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mira. 'Tis farre off.
And rather like a dreame, then an aſſurance
That my remembrance warrants : Had I not
Fowre, or five women once, that tended me ?
Proſ. Thou hadſt ; and more *Miranda* : But how is it
That this lives in thy mind ? What ſeeſt thou els
In the dark-backward and Abiſme of Time ?
Yf thou remembreſt ought ere thou cam'ſt here,
How thou cam'ſt here thou mayſt.
Mira. But that I doe not.
Proſ. Twelve yere ſince (*Miranda*) twelve yere ſince,
Thy Father was the Duke of *Millaine*, and
A Prince of power :
Mira. Sir, are not you my Father ?
Proſ. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and
She ſayd thou waſt my daughter ; and thy father
Was Duke of *Millaine*, and his onely heire:
And Princeſſe ; no worſe Iſſued,
Mira. O the heavens,
What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed was't we did ?
Proſ. Both, both my Girle.
By fowleplay (as thou ſayeſt) were we heaved thence,
But bleſſedly holpe hither.
Mira. O my heart bleedes
To thinke oth' teene that I have turnd you to,
Which is from my remembrance, pleaſe you, farther;
Proſ. My brother and thy vncle, call'd *Anthonio*:
I pray thee marke me, that a brother ſhould
Be ſo perfidious : he, whom next thy ſelfe
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The mannage of my ſtate, as at that time
Though all the ſignories it was the firſt,
And *Proſpero*, the prime Duke, being ſo reputed
In dignity; and for the Liberall Artes,
Without a paralell ; thoſe being all my ſtudie,
The Government I caſt upon my brother,
And to my ſtate grew ſtranger, being tranſported
And rapt in ſecret ſtudies, thy falſe vncle
(Doeſt thou attend me?)
Mira. Sir, moſt heedefully.
Proſ. Being once perfected how to grant ſuites,
How to deny them : whom t'aduauce, and whom
To traſh for over-toppinng; new created
The creatures that were mine, I ſay, or chang'd 'em,
Or elſe new form'd 'em ; having both the key,
Of Officer, and office, ſet all hearts e'th ſtate
To what tune pleas'd his eare, that now he was
The Ivy which had hid my princely Trunck,
And ſuckt my verdure out on't : Thou attend'ſt not?
Mira. O good Sir, I doe.
Proſ. I pray thee marke me :
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To cloſenes, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which but by being retired
Ore-priz'd all popular rate : in my falſe brother
Awak'd an evill nature, and my truſt
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falſehood in it's contrary, as great
As my truſt was, which had indeede no limit,
A confidence ſans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not onely with what my revenew yeelded,
But what my power might elſe exact. Like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made ſuch a ſynner of his memorie
To credite his owne lie, he did beleeve
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Subſtitution
And executing th' outward face of Roialtie
With all prerogative : hence is Ambition growing:
Do'ſt thou heare?
Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafeneſſe.
Proſ. To have no Schreene between this part he plaid
And him he plaid it for, he needes will be
Abſolute *Millaine*, Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedome large enough : of temporall roialties
He thinkes me now incapable. Confederates
(So drie he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*
To give him annuall tribute, doe him homage
Subject his Coronet, to his Crowne, and bend
The Dukedome yet unbowed (alas poore *Millaine*)
To much ignoble ſtooping.
Mira. Oh the heavens :
Proſ. Marke his condition, and th'event, then tell me
If this might be a brother.
Mira. I ſhould ſinne
To thinke but Noblie of my Grand-mother,

Good wombes have borne bad ſonnes.
Pro. Now the condition.
This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brothers ſuit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premiſes,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should preſently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire *Millaine*
With all the honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Armie levied, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpoſe, did *Anthonio* open
The gates of *Millaine*, and ith' dead of darkeneſſe
The Miniſters for th' purpoſe hurried thence
Me, and thy crying ſelfe.
Mir. Alack, for pitty:
I not remembring how I cride out then
Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too't.
Pro. Heare a little further,
And then I'le bring thee to the preſent buſineſſe
Which now's upon's: without the which, this ſtory
Were moſt impertinent.
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That houre deſtroy us?
Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My Tale provokes that queſtion: Deare, they durſt not,
So deare the love my people bore me: nor ſet
A marke ſo bloudy on the buſineſſe; but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
In few, they hurried us a-boord a Barke,
Bore us ſome Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkaſſe of a Butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, nor ſayle, nor maſt; the very rats
Inſtinctiuely have quit it: There they hoyſt us
To cry to th' Sea, that roard to us; to ſigh
To th' windes, whoſe pitty ſighing backe againe
Did us but loving wrong.
Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you?
Pro. O, a Cherubin
Thou was't that did preſerve me; Thou didſt ſmile,
Infuſed with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the ſea with drops full ſalt,
Vnder my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
An undergoing ſtomacke, to beare up
Againſt what ſhould enſue.
Mir. How came we aſhore?
Pro. By providence divine,
Some food, we had, and ſome freſh water, that
A noble *Neopolitan Gonzalo*
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Maſter of this deſigne) did give us, with
Rich garments, linnens, ſtuffs, and neceſſaries
Which ſince have ſteeded much, ſo of his gentleneſſe
Knowing I lov'd my bookes he furniſhd me
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
I prize above my Dukedome.
Mir. Would I might
But ever ſee that man.
Pro. Now I ariſe,
Sit ſtill, and heare the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow:
Heere in this Iland we arriu'd, and heere
Have I, thy Schoolemaſter, made thee more profit
Then other Princeſſe can, that have more time
For vainer howres; and Tutors, not ſo carefull.
Mir. Heavens thanke you for't. And now I pray you Sir,
For ſtill 'tis beating in my mind; your reaſon
For rayſing this Sea-ſtorme?
Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident moſt ſtrange, bountifull *Fortune*
(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this ſhore: And by my preſcience
I finde my *Zenith* doth depend upon
A moſt auſpitious ſtarre, whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droope: Heare ceaſe more queſtions,
Thou art inclinde to ſleepe: 'tis a good dulneſſe,
And give it way: I know thou canſt not chuſe;
Come away, Servant, come; I am ready now,
Approach my *Ariel.* Come. *Enter Ariel.*
Ari. All haile, great Maſter, grave Sir, haile I come
To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure; be it to fly,
To ſwim, to dive into the fire: to ride
On the curld clowdes: to thy ſtrong bidding, taske
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.
Pro. Haſt thou, Spirit,
Performd to point, the Tempeſt that I bad thee.
Ar. To every Article.
I boorded the Kings ſhip: now on the Beake,
Now in the Waſte, the Decke, in every Cabyn,
I flam'd amazement, ſometimes I'ld divide
And burne in many places; on the top-maſt,
The Yards and Bore-ſprit, would I flame diſtinctly,
Then meete, and joyne. *Ioves* Lightning, the precurſers
O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
And ſight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring, the moſt mighty *Neptune*
Seeme to beſiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dead Trident ſhake.
Pro. My brave Spirit,
Who was ſo firme, ſo conſtant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reaſon?
Ar. Not a ſoule
But felt a Feaver of the madde, and plaid
Some trickes of diſperation; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the veſſell;
Then all a fire with me the Kings ſonne *Ferdinand*
With haire up-ſtaring (then like reeds, not haire)
Was the firſt man that leapt; cride hell is empty,
And all the Divells are heere.
Pro. Why that's my ſpirit:
But was not this nigh ſhore?
Ar. Cloſe by, my Maſter.
Pro. But are they (*Ariell*) ſafe?
Ar. Not a haire periſhd:
On their ſuſtaining garments not a blemiſh,
But freſher then before: and as thou badſt me,
In troops I have diſperſd them 'bout the Iſle:
The Kings ſonne have I landed by himſelfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with ſighes,
In an odde Angle of the Iſle, and ſitting,
His armes in this ſad knot.
Pro. Of the Kings ſhip,
The Marriners, ſay how thou haſt diſpoſd,
And all the reſt o'th' Fleete?
Ar. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings ſhippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once
Thou calldſt me up at midnight to fetch dewe
From the ſtill-vext *Bermoothes*, there ſhe's hid;
The Marriners all under hatches ſtowed,
Who, with a Charme joynd to their ſuffered labour
I have left aſleepe: and for the reſt o'th' Fleet

(Which I diſpers'd) they all have met againe,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* Flote
Bound ſadly home for *Naples*,
Suppoſing that they ſaw the Kings ſhip wrackt,
And his great perſon periſh.
Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more worke :
What is the time o'th' day?
Ar. Paſt the mid ſeaſon.
Fro. At leaſt two Glaſſes : the time 'twixt ſix & now
Muſt by us both be ſpent moſt preciouſly.
Ar. Is there more toyle? Since yͧ doſt give me paines,
Let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now ? moodie ?
Which is't thou canſt demand ?
Ar. My Libertie.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more :
Ar, I preethee,
Remember I have done thee worthy ſervice,
Told thee no lyes , made thee no miſtakings, ſerv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou did promiſe
To bate me a full yeare.
Pro. Do'ſt thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee ? *Ar.* No.
Pro. Thou do'ſt : & thinkeſt it much to tread the Ooze
Of the ſalt deepe ;
To run upon the ſharpe winde of the North,
To doe me buſineſſe in the veines o'th' earth
When it is bak'd with froſt.
Ar. I doe not Sir.
Pro. Thou lieſt, malignant Thing : haſt thou forgot
The fowle Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Envy
Was gowne into a hoope? haſt thou forgot her?
Ar. No Sir.
Fro. Thou haſt : where was ſhe born? ſpeak: tell me:
Ar. Sir, in *Argier*.
Pro. Oh, was ſhe ſo : I muſt
Once in a moneth recount what thou haſt bin,
Which thou forgetſt. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For miſchiefes manifold, aud ſorceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'ſt was baniſh'd : for one thing ſhe did
They would not take her life : Is not this true? *Ar.* I Sir.
Fro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with
And here was left by th' Saylors ;thou my ſlave, (child,
As thou reportſt thy ſelfe, was then her ſervant,
And for thou waſt a Spirit too delicate
To Act her earthy, and abhord commands,
Refuſing her grand heſts, ſhe did confine thee
By helpe of her more potent miniſters,
And in her moſt unmittigable rage,
Into a cloven Pyne; within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou didſt painefully remaine
A dozen yeares : within which ſpace ſhe di'd,
And left thee there : where thou didſt vent thy groanes
As faſt as Mill-wheeles ſtrike : Then was this Iſland
(Save for the Sunne that he did littour heere,
A frekelld whelpe, hag-borne) not honour'd with
A humane ſhape.
Ar. Yes : *Caliban* her ſonne.
Por. Dull thing, I ſay ſo : he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keepe in ſervice, thou beſt know'ſt
What torment I did finde thee in; thy grones
Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the breſts
Of ever-angry Beares; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not againe undoe : it was mine Art,
When I arriu'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.
Ar. I thanke thee Maſter.
Fro. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an Oake
And peg-thee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou haſt howl'd away twelve winters.
Ar. Pardon, Maſter.
I will be correſpondent to command
And doe my ſpryting, gently.
Pro. Doe ſo : and after two dayes
I will diſcharge thee.
Ar. That's my noble maſter :
What ſhall I doe? ſay what? what ſhall I doe?
Pro. Goe make thy ſelfe like to a Nymph o'th' Sea,
Be ſubject to no ſight but thine, and mine : inviſible
To every eye-ball elſe : goe take this ſhape
And hither come in't : goe : hence
With diligence. *Exit.*
Pro. Awake, deere heart awake, thou haſt ſlept well,
Awake.
Mir. The ſtrangenes of your ſtory, put
Heavineſſe in me.
Pro. Shake it off : Come on,
Wee'll viſit *Caliban*, my ſlave, who never
Yeelds us kinde anſwere.
Mir. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not love to looke on.
Pro. But as 'tis.
We cannot miſſe him : he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and ſerves Offices
That profit us : What hoa : ſlave : *Caliban* :
Thou Earth thou : ſpeake.
Cal. within. There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth I ſay, there's other buſineſſe for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when? *Enter Ariel like a water-*
Fine apparition : my quaint *Ariel*, *Nymph.*
Hearke in thine eare.
Ar, My Lord, it ſhall be done. *Exit.*
Fro. Thou poiſonous ſlave, got by the divell himſelfe
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth. *Enter Caliban.*
Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother bruſh'd
With Ravens feather from unwholeſome Fen,
Drop on you both : A Southweſt blow on yee,
And bliſter you all ore.
Pro. For this be ſure, to night thou ſhalt have cramps,
Side-ſtitches, that ſhall pen thy breath up, Vrchins
Shall for that vaſt of night, that they may worke
All exerciſe on thee : thou ſhalt be pinch'd
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more ſtinging
Then Bees that made 'em.
Cal. I muſt eate my dinner :
This Iſland's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'ſt from me : when thou cam'ſt firſt
Thou ſtroakſt me, & made much of me : wouldſt give me
Water with berries in't : and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the leſſe
That burne by day, and night : and then I loved thee
And ſhewed thee all the qualities o'th' Iſle,
The freſh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,
Curs'd be I that I did ſo : All the Charmes
Of *Sycorax* : Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you :
For I am all the Subjects that you have,
Which firſt was mine owne King : and here you ſty-me
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
The reſt o'th' Iſland.

Pro. Thou moſt lying ſlave,
Whom ſtripes may move, nor kindnes: I have us'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didſt ſeeke to violate
The honour of my childe.
Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done :
Thou didſt prevent me, I had peopel'd elſe
This Iſle with *Calibans*.
Mir. Abhorred Slave,
Which any print of goodneſſe will not take,
Being capable of all ill : I pittyed thee,
Took paines to make thee ſpeake, taught thee each houre
One thing or other : when thou didſt not (Sauage)
Know thine owne meaning; but wouldſt gabble, like
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words that made them knowne: But thy vild race
(Tho thou didſt learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſervedly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadſt
Deſeru'd more then a priſon.
Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe : the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language.
Pro. Hag-ſeed hence :
Fetch us in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt beſt
To anſwer other buſineſſe: ſhrug'ſt thou (Malice)
If thou neglectſt, or doſt unwillingly
What I command, Ile racke thee with old crampes,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy dyn.
Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I muſt obey, his Art is of ſuch pow'r,
It would controll my Dams god *Setebos*,
And make a vaſſaile of him.
Pro. So ſlave, hence. *Exit Cal.*

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, inviſible playing & ſinging.

Ariel Song. *Come unto theſe yellow ſands,*
and then take hands :
Curtſied when you have, and kiſt
the wilde waves whiſt :
Foote it featly heere, and there, and ſweete Sprights *beare*
the burthen. Burthen diſperſedly.
Harke, harke, bowgh wawgh: the watch-Dogges barke,
bowgh-wawgh.
Ar. *Hark, hark, I heare the ſtraine of ſtrutting Chanticlere*
cry cockadidle-dowe.

Fer. Where ſhold this Muſicke be? I'th aire, or th'earth?
It ſounds no more: and ſure it waytes upon
Some god 'oth' Iland, ſitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.
This Muſicke crept by me upon the Waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my paſſion
With it's ſweet ayre : thence I have follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begin: againe.

Ariell Song. *Full fadom five thy Father lies,*
Of his bones are Corrall made:
Thoſe are pearles that were his eyes,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a Sea-change
Into ſomething rich, & ſtrange :
Sea-Nimphs hourly ring his knell.
Burthen: ding dong.
Harke now I heare them; ding-dong bell.

Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortall buſines, nor no ſound
That the earth owes : I heare it now above me.
Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye advance,
And ſay what thou ſee'ſt yond.
Mira. What is't a ſpirit ?
Lord, how it lookes about : Beleeve me ſir,
It carries a brave forme. But 'tis a ſpirit.
Pro. No wench, it eats, and ſleepes, & hath ſuch ſenſes
As we have; ſuch. This Gallant which thou ſeeſt
Was in the wracke : and but hee's ſomething ſtain'd
With griefe (that's beauties canker) yͧ might'ſt call him
A goodly perſon : he hath loſt his fellowes,
And ſtrayes about to finde 'em.
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing naturall
I ever ſaw ſo Noble.
Pro. It goes on I ſee
As my ſoule prompts it : Spirit, fine ſpirit, Ile free thee
Within two dayes for this.
Fer. Moſt ſure the goddeſſe
On whom theſe ayres attend : Vouchſafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine upon this Iſland,
And that you will ſome good inſtruction give
How I may beare me heere : my prime requeſt
(Which I do laſt pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no?
Mir. No wonder ſir,
But certainely a Mayd.
Fer. My Language? Heavens :
I am the beſt of them that ſpeake this ſpeech,
Were I but where 'tis ſpoken.
Pro. How? the beſt?
What wer't thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?
Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To heare thee ſpeake of *Naples* : he do's heare me,
And that he do's, I weepe : my ſelfe am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (never ſince at ebbe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.
Mir. Alacke, for mercy.
Fer. Yes faith, and all his Lords, the Duke of *Millaine*
And his brave ſonne, being twaine.
Pro. The Duke of *Millaine*
And his more braver daughter, could controll thee
If now 'twere fit to do't : At the firſt ſight
They have chang'd eyes : Delicate *Ariel*,
Ile ſet thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I feare you have done your ſelfe ſome wrong : A word.
Mir. Why ſpeakes my father ſo urgently? This
Is the third man that ere I ſaw : the firſt
That ere I ſigh'd for : pitty move my father
To be enclin'd my way.
Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
The Queene of *Naples*.
Pro. Soft Sir, one word more.
They are both in eythers pow'rs : But this ſwift buſines
I muſt uneaſie make, leaſt too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more : I charge thee
That thou attend me : Thou do'ſt heere uſurpe
The name thou ow'ſt not, and haſt put thy ſelfe
Vpon this Iſland, as a ſpy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in ſuch a Temple,
If the ill-ſpirit have ſo faire a houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with't.
Pro. Follow me.

Prof. Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come,
Ile manacle thy necke and feete together:
Sea water ſhalt thou drinke: thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brooke Muſſels, wither'd roots, and huskes
Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.
Fer. No,
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainement, till
Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.
He drawes, and is charmed from moving.
Mira. O deere Father,
Make not too raſh a triall of him, for
Hee's gentle, and not fearefull.
Prof. What I ſay,
My foote my Tutor? Put thy ſword up Traytor,
Who makes a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike: thy conſcience
Is poſſeſt with guilt: Come from thy ward,
For I can heere diſarme thee with this ſticke,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mir. Beſeech you Father.
Pro. Hence: hang not on my garments.
Mir. Sir have pity,
Ile be his ſurety.
Pro. Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
An advocate for an Impoſtor? Huſh:
Thou think'ſt there is no more ſuch ſhapes as he,
(Having ſeene but him and *Caliban*:) Fooliſh wench,
To th' moſt of men, this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.
Mir. My affections
Are then moſt humble: I have no ambition
To ſee a goodlier man.
Pro. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their infancy againe.
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My ſpirits, as in a dreame, are all bound up:
My Fathers loſſe, the weakneſſe which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whome I am ſubdude: are but light to me,
Might I but through my priſon once a day
Behold this Mayd: all corners elſe o'th' Earth
Let liberty make uſe of: ſpace enough
Have I in ſuch a priſon.
Pro. It workes: Come on.
Thou haſt done well, fine *Ariell*: follow me.
Harke what thou elſe ſhalt do me.
Mir. Be of comfort,
My Father's of a better nature (Sir)
Then he appeares by ſpeech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.
Pro. Thou ſhalt be as free
As mountaine windes, but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ar. To th' ſyllable.
Pro. Come follow: ſpeake not for him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, and others.

Gonz. Beſeech you Sir, be merry: you have cauſe,
(So have we all) of joy; for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſſe; our hint of woe
Is common, every day, ſome Saylors wife,
The Maſters of ſome Merchant, and the Merchant
Have juſt our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,
(I meane our preſervation) few in millions
Can ſpeake like us: then wiſely (good Sir) weigh
Our ſorrow, with our comfort.
Alon. Prethee peace.
Seb. He receives comfort like cold porredge.
Ant. The Viſitor will not give him ore ſo.
Seb. Looke, hee's winding up the watch of his wit,
By and by it will ſtrike.
Gon. Sir.
Seb. On: Tell.
Gon. When every greefe is entertaind,
That's offer'd comes to th' entertainer.
Seb. A dollor.
Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you have ſpoken truer then you purpos'd.
Seb. You have taken it wiſelier then I meant you ſhould.
Gon. Therefore my Lord.
Ant. Fie, what a ſpend-thrift is he of his tongue.
Alon. I pre-thee ſpare.
Gon. Well, I have done: But yet
Seb. He will be talking.
Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager,
Firſt begins to crow?
Seb. The old Cocke.
Ant. The Cockrell.
Seb. Done: The wager?
Ant. A laughter.
Seb. A match.
Adr. Though this Iſland ſeeme to be deſert.
Seb. Ha, ha, ha.
Ant. So: you'r paid.
Adr. Vninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible.
Seb. Yet.
Adr. Yet.
Ant. He could not miſſe't.
Adr. It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, and delicate temperance.
Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.
Seb. I, and a ſubtle, as he moſt learnedly deliver'd.
Adr. The ayre breathes upon us here moſt ſweetly.
Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.
Gon. Heere is every thing advantageous to life.
Ant. True, ſave meanes to live.
Seb. Of that there's none, or little.
Gon. How luſh and luſty the graſſe lookes?
How greene?
Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of greene in't.
Ant. He miſſes not much.
Seb. No: he doth but miſtake the truth totally.
Gon. But the rariety of it is, which is indeed almoſt beyond credit.
Seb. As many voucht rarieties are.
Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithſtanding their freſhneſſe and gloſſes, being rather new dy'de then ſtain'd with ſalte water.
Ant. If but one of his pockets could ſpeake, would it not ſay he lyes?
Seb. I, or very falſely pocket up his report.

Gon. Me thinkes our garments are now as freſh as when wee put them on firſt in Affricke, at the marriage of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a ſweet marriage, and we proſper well in our returne.

Adri. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with ſuch a Paragon to their Queene.

Gon. Not ſince widdow *Dido's* time.

Ant. Widow? A pox o'that: how came that Widdow in? Widdow *Dido*!

Seb. What if he had ſayd Widdower *Æneas* too? Good Lord, how you take it?

Adri. Widdow *Dido* ſaid you? You make me ſtudy of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis* Sir was *Carthage*.

Adri. *Carthage*? *Gon.* I aſſure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houſes too.

Ant. What impoſſible matter will he make eaſy next?

Seb. I thinke hee will carry this Iſland home in his pocket, and give it his ſonne for an Apple.

Ant. And ſowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Iſlands.

Gon. I. *Ant.* Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments ſeeme now as freſh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.

Ant. And the rareſt that ere came there.

Seb. Bate (I beſeech you) widdow *Dido*.

Ant. O widdow *Dido*? I, Widdow *Dido*.

Gon. Is not my doublet Sir as freſh as the firſt day I wore it? I meane in a ſort.

Ant. That ſort was well fiſh'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Alon. You cram theſe words into mine eares, againſt
the ſtomacke of my ſenſe: would I had never
Married my daughter there: For comming thence
My ſonne is loſt, and (in my rate) ſhe too,
Who is ſo farre from *Italy* removed,
I ne're againe ſhall ſee her: O thou mine heire
Of *Naples* and of *Millaine*, what ſtrange fiſh
Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may live,
I ſaw him beate the ſurges under him,
And ride upon their backes; he trod the water
Whoſe enmity he flung aſide: and breſted
The ſurge moſt ſwolne that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept and oared
Himſelfe with his good armes in luſty ſtroke
To th'ſhore; that ore his wave-worne baſis bowed
As ſtooping to releeve him: I not doubt
He came alive to Land.

Alon. No, no, hee's gone.

Seb. Sir you may thanke your ſelfe for this great loſſe,
That would not bleſſe our Europe with your daughter,
But rather loſe her to an Affrican,
Where ſhe at leaſt, is baniſh'd from your eye,
Who hath cauſe to wet the greefe on't.

Alon. Pre-thee peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwiſe
By all of us: and the faire ſoule her ſelfe
Waigh'd betweene loathneſſe, and obedience, at
Which end o'th'beame ſhould bow: we have loſt your (ſon,
I feare for ever: *Millaine* and *Naples* have
Mo widdowes in them of this buſineſſe making,
Then we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your owne.

Alon. So is the deer'ſt oth' loſſe.

Gon. My Lord *Sebaſtian*,
The truth you ſpeake doth lacke ſome gentleneſſe,
And time to ſpeake it in: you rub the ſore,
When you ſhould bring the plaiſter.

Seb. Very well. *Ant.* And moſt Chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foule weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Fowle weather? *Ant.* Very foule.

Gon. Had I plantation of this Iſle my Lord.

Ant. Hee'd ſow't with Nettle-ſeed.

Seb. Or Dockes, or Mallowes.

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

Gon. I'th' Commonwealth I would (by contraries)
Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke
Would I admit: No name of Magiſtrate:
Letters ſhould not be knowne: Riches, poverty,
And uſe of ſervice, none: Contract, Succeſſion,
Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none:
No uſe of Mettall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle:
No occupation, all men idle, all:
And women too, but innocent and pure:
No Soveraignty.

Seb. Yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common Nature ſhould produce
Without ſweat or endeuour: Treaſon, fellony,
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine
Would I not have: but Nature ſhould bring forth
Of it owne kinde, all foyzon, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his ſubjects?

Ant. None (man) all idle; Whores and Knaves,

Gon. I would with ſuch perfection governe Sir:
T'Excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Save his Majeſty. *Ant.* Long live *Gonzalo*.

Gon. And do you marke me, Sir?

Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou doſt talke nothing to (me

Gon. I do well beleeve your Highneſſe, and did it to miniſter occaſion to theſe Gentlemen, who are of ſuch ſenſible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes uſe to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kinde of merry fooling am nothing to you: ſo you may continue, and laugh at nothing ſtill.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. And it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of brave mettal: you would lift the Moone out of her ſpheare, if ſhe would continue in it five weekes without changing.

Enter Ariell playing ſolemne Muſicke.

Seb. We would ſo, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not adventure my diſcretion ſo weakly: Will you laugh me a ſleepe, for I am very heavie.

Ant. Go ſleepe and heare us.

Alon. What, all ſo ſoone aſleepe? I wiſh mine eyes
Would (with themſelves) ſhut up my thoughts,
I finde they are inclin'd to do ſo.

Seb. Pleaſe you Sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It ſeldome viſits ſorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your perſon,
While you take your reſt, and watch your ſafety.
Alon. Thanke you: Wondrous heavy.
Seb. What a ſtrange dowſineſſe poſſeſſes them?
Ant. It is the quality o'th' Clymate.
Seb. Why.
Doth it not then our eye-lids ſinke? I finde
Not my ſelfe diſpos'd to ſleepe:
Ant. Nor I, my ſpirits are nimble:
They fell together all, as by conſent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-ſtroke: what might
Worthy *Sebaſtian*? O, what might? no more:
And yet, me thinkes I ſee it in thy face,
What thou ſhould'ſt be: th' occaſion ſpeakes thee, and
My ſtrong imagination ſee's a Crowne
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What? art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not heare me ſpeake?
Seb. I do, and ſurely
It is a ſleepy Language; and thou ſpeak'ſt
Out of thy ſleepe: What is it thou didſt ſay?
This is a ſtrange repoſe, to be aſleepe
With eyes wide open: ſtanding, ſpeaking, moving:
And yet ſo faſt a ſleepe.
Ant. Noble *Sebaſtian*,
Thou let'ſt thy fortune ſleepe: die rather: wink'ſt
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou do'ſt ſnore diſtinctly,
There's meaning in thy ſnores.
Ant. I am more ſerious then my cuſtome: you
Muſt be ſo too, if heed me: which to do,
Trebbles thee o're.
Seb. Well: I am ſtanding water.
Ant. Ile teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do ſo: to ebbe,
Hereditary Sloth inſtructs me.
Ant. O!
If you but knew how you the purpoſe cheriſh
Whiles thus you mocke it: how in ſtripping it
You more inveſt it: ebbing men, indeed
(Moſt often) do ſo neere the bottome run
By their owne feare, or ſloth.
Seb. 'Pre-thee ſay on,
The ſetting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeeld.
Ant. Thus Sir:
Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
Who ſhall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almoſt perſwaded
(For hee's a Spirit of perſwaſion, onely
Profeſſes to perſwade) the King his ſonne's alive,
'Tis as impoſſible that hee's undrown'd,
As he that ſleepes heere, ſwims.
Seb. I have no hope
That hee's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you? No hope that way, Is
Another way ſo high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond
But doubt diſcovery there. Will you grant with me
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?
Seb. Hee's gone.
Ant. Then tell me who's the next heire of *Naples*?
Seb. *Claribell*.
Ant. She that is Queene of *Tunis*: ſhe that dwels
Ten leagues beyond mans life: ſhe that from *Naples*
Can have no note, unleſſe the Sun were poſt:
The Man i'th Moone's too ſlow, till new-borne chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom
We all were ſea-ſwallow'd, though ſome caſt againe,
(And by that deſtiny to performe an act,
Whereof, what's paſt in prologue; what to come
In yours, and my diſcharge.
Seb. What ſtuffe is this? How ſay you?
'Tis true, my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis*,
So is ſhe heyre of *Naples*, 'twixt which Regions
There is ſome ſpace.
Ant. A ſpace, whoſe ev'ry cubit
Seemes to cry out, how ſhall that *Claribell*
Meaſure us backe by *Naples*? keepe in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebaſtian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath ſeiz'd them, why they were no worſe
Then now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that ſleepes: Lords, that can prate
As amply, and unneceſſarily
As this *Gonzalo*: I my ſelfe could make
A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore
The minde that I do; what a ſleepe were this
For your advancement! Do you underſtand me?
Seb. Me thinkes I do.
Ant. And how do's your content
Tender your owne good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did ſupplant your Brother *Proſpero*.
Ant. True:
And looke how well my Garments ſit upon me,
Much feater then before: My Brothers ſervants
Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.
Seb. But for your conſcience.
Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my ſlipper: But I feele not
This Deity in my boſome: 'Twentie conſciences
That ſtand 'twixt me, and *Millaine*, candied be they,
And melt ere they molleſt: Heere lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lyes upon,
If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead)
Whom I with this obedient ſteele (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetuall winke for aye might put
This ancient morſell: this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our courſe: for all the reſt
They'l take ſuggeſtion, as a Cat laps milke,
They'l tell the clocke, to any buſineſſe that
We ſay befits the houre.
Seb. Thy caſe, deere Friend
Shall be my preſident: As thou got'ſt *Millaine*,
I'le come by *Naples*: Draw thy ſword, one ſtroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paieſt,
And I the King ſhall love thee.
Ant. Draw together:
And when I reare my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.
Seb. O, but one word.

Enter Ariell with Muſicke and Song.

Ariel. My Maſter through his Art foreſees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and ſends me forth
(For elſe his project dies) to keepe them living.

Sing in Gonzaloes eare.

While you here do ſnoaring lie,
Open-ey'd Conſpiracie
His time doth take:

If of Life you keepe a care,
Shake off ſlumber and beware.
Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let us both be ſodaine.

Gon. Now, good Angels preſerve the King.

Alo. Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghaſtly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we ſtood here ſecuring your repoſe,
(Even now) we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing
Like Buls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?
It ſtrooke mime eare moſt terribly.

Alo. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monſters eare;
To make an earthquake: ſure it was the roare
Of a whole heard of Lyons.

Alo. Heard you this *Gonzalo*?

Gon. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
(And that a ſtrange one too) which did awake me:
I ſhak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend,
I ſaw their weapous drawne: there was a noyſe,
That's verily: 'tis beſt we ſtand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alo. Lead off this ground and let's make further ſearch
For my poore ſonne.

Gon. Heavens keepe him from theſe Beaſts:
For he is ſure i'th Iſland.

Alo. Lead away.

Ariell. *Proſpero* my Lord, ſhall know what I have (done.
So (King) goe ſafely on to ſeeke thy Son. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Caliban, *with a burthen of Wood (a noyſe of Thunder heard.)*

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne ſuckes up
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Proſper* fall, and make him
By ynch-meale a diſeaſe: his Spirits heare me,
And yet I needes muſt curſe. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with Vrchyn-ſhewes, pitch me i'th mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke
Out of my way, unleſſe he bid'em; but
For every trifle, are they ſet upon me,
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my barefoote way, and mount
Their pricks at my foote-fall: ſometime am I
All wound with Adders who with cloven tongues
Doe hiſſe me into madneſſe: Lo, now Lo,
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me, *Enter Trinculo.*
For bringing wood in ſlowly: Ile fall flat,
Perchance he will not minde me.

Tri. Here's neither buſh, nor ſhrub to beare off any weather at all: and another ſtorme brewing, I heare it ſing 'ith winde: yond ſame blacke cloud, yond huge one, lookes like a foule bumbard that would ſhed his licquor: if it ſhould thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond ſame cloud cannot chuſe but fall by paile-fuls. What have we here, a man, or a fiſh? dead or alive? a fiſh, he ſmels like a fiſh: a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell: a kinde of, not of the neweſt poore-Iohn: a ſtrange fiſh: were I in *England* now (as once I was) and had but his fiſh painted; not a holyday-foole there but would give a peece of ſilver: there, would this monſter, make a man: any ſtrang e beaſt there, makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame Begger; they will lay out ten to ſee a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like Armes; warme o' my troth: I doe now let looſe my opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fiſh, but an Iſlander, that hath lately ſuffered by a Thundebolt: Alas, the ſtorme is come againe: my beſt way is to creepe under his Gaberdine: there is no other ſhelter hereabout: Miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange bedfellowes: I will here ſhrowd till the dregges of the ſtorme be paſt.

Enter Stephano ſinging.

Ste. *I ſhall no more to ſea to ſea, here ſhall I dye aſhore.*
This is a very ſcurvy tune to ſing at a mans
Funerall: well, here's my comfort. *Drinkes.*

Sings. *The Maſter, the Swabber, the Boate-ſwaine & I;*
The Gunner, and his Mate
Lou'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,
But none of us car'd for Kate.
For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sayler goe hang:
She lov'd not the ſavour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Tailor might ſcratch her where ere ſhe did itch.
Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.
This is a ſcurvy tune too:
But here's my comfort. *drinkes.*

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.

Ste. What's the matter?
Have we divels here?
Doe you put trickes upon's with Salvages, and Men of Inde? ha? I have not ſcap'd drowning, to bee afeard now of your foure legges: for it hath bin ſaid; as proper a man as ever went on foure leges, cannot make him give ground: and it ſhall be ſayd ſo againe, while *Stephano* breathes at noſtrils.

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.

Ste. This is ſome monſter of the Iſle, with foure legs; who hath got (as I take it) an ague: where the divell ſhould he learne our language? I will give him ſome reliefe if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keepe him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Preſent for any Emperour that ever trod on Neates-leather.

Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee: I'le bring my wood home faſter.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the wiſeſt; hee ſhall taſte of my Bottle: if hee have never drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remove his Fit: if I can recover him, and keepe him tame, I will not take too much for him; he ſhall pay for him that hath him, and that ſoundly.

Cal. Thou do'ſt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now *Proſper* workes upon thee.

Ste. Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you Cat; open your mouth; this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps againe.

Tri. I ſhould know that voyce:
It ſhould be, ——

But he is dround; and theſe are divels; O defend me.

Ste. Foure legges and two voyces; a moſt delicate Monſter: his forward voyce now is to ſpeake of his friend; his backward voyce, is to utter foule ſpeeches, and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure ſome in thy other mouth.

Tri. Stephano.

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a Divell and no Monſter: I will leave him, I have no long Spoone.

Tri. Stephano: if thou beeſt *Stephano*, touch me, and ſpeake to me: for I am *Trinculo*; be not afeard, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou beeſt *Trinculo*: come forth: I'le pull thee by the leſſer legges: if any be *Trinculo's* legges theſe are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede: how cam'ſt thou to be the ſiege of this Moone-calfe? Can hee vent *Trinculo's*?

Tri. I tooke him to be kild with a thunder-ſtroke; but art thou not dround *Stephano*: I hope now thou art not dround: Is the ſtorme over-blowne? I hid me under the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou living *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* ſcap'd?

Ste. 'Prethee doe not turne mee about, my ſtomacke is not conſtant.

Cal. Theſe be fine things, and if they be not ſprights: that's a brave god, and beares Celeſtiall liquor: I will kneele to him.

Ste. How did'ſt thou ſcape?
How cam'ſt thou hither?
Sweare by this Bottle how thou cam'ſt hither: I eſcap'd upon a But of Sacke, which the Saylors heaved o're-boord, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, ſince I was caſt a'-ſhore.

Cal. I'le ſweare upon that Bottle, to be thy true ſubject, for the liquor is not earthly:

Ste. Heere: ſweare then how thou eſcap'dſt.

Tri. Swom aſhore (man) like a Ducke; I can ſwim like a Ducke i'le be ſworne.

Ste. Here, kiſſe the booke.
Though thou canſt ſwim like a Ducke, thou art made life a Gooſe.

Tri. O *Seephano*, ha'ſt any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke by th'ſea-ſide, where my wine is hid:
How now Moone-Calfe, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'ſt thou not dropt from heaven?

Ste. Out o'th Moone I doe aſſure thee. I was the Man ith' Moone when time was.

Cal. I have ſeene thee in her: and I doe adore thee:
My Miſtris ſhew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Buſh.

Ste. Come ſweare to that: kiſſe the Booke: I will furniſh it anon with the new contents: Sweare.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very ſhallow Monſter: I afeard of him? a very ſhallow Monſter:
The Man ith' Moone?
A moſt poore credulous Monſter:
Well drawne Monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. Ile ſhew thee every fertill ynch 'oth Iſle: and I will kiſſe thy foote: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a moſt perfidious, and drunken Monſter, when's god's aſleepe he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. Ile kiſſe thy foot. Ile ſweare my ſelfe thy Subject.

Ste. Come on then: downe and ſweare.

Tri. I ſhall laugh my ſelfe to death at this puppi-headed Monſter: a moſt ſcurvie monſter: I could finde in my heart to beate him.

Ste. Come, kiſſe.

Tri. But that the poore Monſter's in drinke:
An abhominable Monſter.

Cal. I'le ſhew thee the beſt Springs: I'le plucke thee Berries: I'le fiſh for thee; and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the Tyrant that I ſerve;
I'le beare him no more Stickes, but follow thee, thou wondrons man.

Tri. A moſt ridiculous Monſter, to make a wonder of a proore drunkard.

Cal. I prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; ſhow thee a Iayes neſt, and inſtruct thee how to ſnare the nimble Marmazet: Il'e bring thee to cluſtring Philbirts, and ſometimes Il'e get thee young Scamels from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?

Cal. I pre'thee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company elſe being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my Bottle: Felow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by againe:

Caliban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Maſter; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monſter: a drunken Monſter.

Cal. No more dams I'le make for fiſh,
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,
Nor ſcrape trenchering, nor waſh diſh,
Ban' ban', Cacalyban
Has a new Maſter, get a new Man.

Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome high-day freedome.

Ste. O brave Monſter; lead the way. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be ſome ſports are painfull; and their labour
Delight in them ſet off: Some kinds of baſeneſſe
Are nobly undergon; and moſt poore matters
Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske
Would be as heavie to me, as odious, but
The miſtris which I ſerue, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleaſures: O ſhe is
Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harſhneſſe. I muſt remove
Some thouſands of theeſe Logs; and pile them up,
Vpon a ſore injunction; my ſweet Miſtris
Weepes when ſhe ſees me worke, and ſayes, ſuch baſenes
Had never like Executor: I forget:
But theſe ſweete thoughts, doe even refreſh my labours,
Moſt buſie leaſt, when I doe it. *Enter Miranda and Proſpero.*

Mir. Alas, now pray you
Worke not ſo hard: I would the lightening had
Burnt up thoſe Logs that thou art enjoyned to pile:
Pray ſet it downe, and reſt you: when this burnes
'Twill weepe for having wearied you: my Father
Is hard at ſtudy, pray now reſt your ſelfe,

He's

Hee's ſafe for theſe three houres.
Fer. O moſt deere miſtris,
The Sun will ſet before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtrive to do.
Mir. If you'l ſit downe
Ile beare your Logges the while: pray give me that,
Ile carry it to the pile.
Fer. No precious Creature,
I had rather cracke my ſinewes, breake my backe,
Then you ſhould ſuch diſhonor undergoe,
While I ſit lazy by.
Mir. It would become me
As well as it do's you; and I ſhould do it
With much more eaſe: for my good will is to it,
And yours it is againſt.
Pro. Poore worme thou art infected,
This viſitation ſhewes it.
Mir. You looke wearily.
Fer. No, noble Miſtris, 'tis freſh morning with me
When you are by at night: I do beſeech you
Cheefely, that I might ſet it in my prayers,
What is your name?
Mir. *Miranda*, O my Father,
I have broke your heſt to ſay ſo.
Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*,
Indeede the top of Admiration, worth
What's deereſt to the world: full many a Lady
I have ey'd with beſt regard, and many a time
Th'harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent eare: for ſeverall vertues
Have I like'd ſeverall women, never any
With ſo full ſoule, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrell with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foyle. But you, O you,
So perfect, and ſo peerleſſe, are created
Of everie Creatures beſt.
Mir. I do not know
One of my ſexe; no womans face remember,
Save from my glaſſe, mine owne: Nor have I ſeene
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my deere Father: how features are abroad
I am skilleſſe of; but by my modeſtie
(The jewell in my dower) I would not wiſh
Any Companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination forme a ſhape
Beſides your ſelfe, to like of: but I prattle
Someting too wildely, and my Fathers precepts
I therein do forget.
Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince (*Miranda*) I do thinke a King
(I would not ſo) and would no more endure
This woodden ſlaverie, then to ſuffer
The fleſh-flie blow my mouth: heare my ſoule ſpeake.
The verie inſtant that I ſaw you did
My heart flie to your ſervice, there reſides
To make me ſlave to it, and for your ſake
Am I this patient Logge-man.
Mir. Do you love me?
Far. O heaven; O earth, beare witneſſe to this ſound,
And crowne what I profeſſe with kinde event
If I ſpeake true: if hollowly, invert
What beſt is boaded me, to miſchiefe: I,
Beyond all limit of what elſe i'th world
Do love, prize, honor you.
Mir. I am a foole
To weepe at what I am glad of.
Pro. Faire encounter
Of two moſt rare affections: heavens raine grace
On that which breeds betweene 'em.
Fer. Wherefore weepe you?
Mir. At mine unworthyneſſe that dare not offer
What I deſire to give; and much leſſe take
What I ſhall die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it ſeekes to hide it ſelfe,
The bigger bulke it ſhewes. Hence baſhfull cunning,
And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marrie me;
If not, Ile die your maid: to be your fellow
You may denie me; but Ile be your ſervant
Whether you will or no.
Fer. My Miſtris (deereſt)
And I thus humble ever.
Mir. My husband then?
Fer. I, with a heart ſo willing
As bondage ere of freedome: heere's my hand.
Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell
Till halfe an houre hence.
Fer. A thouſand, thouſand. *Exeunt.*
Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be;
Who are ſurpriz'd with all; but my rejoying
At nothing can be more: Ile to my booke,
For yet ere ſupper time, muſt I performe
Much buſineſſe appertaining. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke water, not a drop, before; therefore beare up, and boord em' Servant Monſter, drinke to me.

Trin. Servant Monſter? the folly of this Iland, they ſay there's but five upon this Iſle; we are three of them, if th' other two be brain'd like us, the State totters.

Ste. Drinke ſervant Monſter when I bid thee, thy eyes are almoſt ſet in thy heart.

Trin. Where ſhould they bee ſet elſe? hee were a brave Monſter indeede if they were ſet in his taile.

Ste. My man-Monſter hath drown'd his tongue in Sacke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I ſwam ere I could recover the ſhore, five and thirtie Leagues off and on, by this light thou ſhalt bee my Lieutenant Monſter, or my Standard.

Trin. Your Lieutenant if you liſt, hee's no ſtandard.

Ste. Wee'l not run Monſieur Monſter.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'l lie like dogs, and yet ſay nothing neither.

Ste. Moone-calfe, ſpeake once in thy life, if thou beeſt a good Moone-calfe.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licke thy ſhooe: Ile not ſerve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou lieſt moſt ignorant Monſter, I am in caſe to juſtle a Conſtable: why, thou deboſh'd Fiſh thou, was there ever man a Coward, that hath drunk ſo much Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell me a monſtrous lie, being but halfe a Fiſh and halfe a Monſter?

Cal. Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my Lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a monſter ſhould be ſuch a Naturall?

Cal. Loe, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee.

Ste. *Trinculo*, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you prove a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Monſter's my ſubject, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd
to hearken once againe to the ſuite I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneele and repeate it,
I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariell inviſible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am ſubject to a Tirant,
A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me
Of the Iſland.

Ariell. Thou lyeſt.

Cal. Thou lyeſt, thou jeſting Monkey thou:
I would my valiant Maſter would deſtroy thee.
I do not lye.

Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale,
By this hand, I will ſupplant ſome of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I ſaid nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. I ſay by Sorcery he got this Iſle
From me, he got it. If thy Greatneſſe will
Revenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'ſt)
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's moſt certaine.

Cal. Thou ſhalt be Lord of it, and Ile ſerve thee.

Ste. How now ſhall this be compaſt?
Canſt thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee aſleepe,
Where thou maiſt knocke a naile into his head.

Ariell. Thou lieſt, thou canſt not.

Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou ſcurvie patch:
I do beſeech thy Greatneſſe give him blowes,
And take his bottle from him: When that's gone,
He ſhall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not ſhew him
Where the quicke Freſhes are.

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger: Interrupt the Monſter one word further, and by this hand, Ile turne my mercie out o'doores, and make a Stockfiſh of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing:
Ile goe no further off.

Ste. Didſt thou not ſay he lyed?

Ariell. Thou lieſt.

Ste. Do I ſo? Take thou that,
As you like this, give me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie: Out o'your wittes, and hearing too?
A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo:
A murren on your Monſter, and the divell take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee ſtand further off.

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time
Ile beate him too.

Ste. Stand further: Come proceede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtome with him
I'th afternoone to ſleepe: there thou mayſt braine him,
Having firſt ſeiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a ſtake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
Firſt to poſſeſſe his Bookes; for without them
Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not
One Spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes,
He ha's brave Vtenſils (for ſo he calles them)
Which when he ha's a houſe, hee'l decke withall.
And that moſt deepely to conſider, is
The beautie of his daughter: he himſelfe
Cals her a non-pareill: I never ſaw a woman
But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and ſhe;
But ſhe as farre ſurpaſſeth *Sycorax*,
As great'ſt do's leaſt.

Ste. Is it ſo brave a Laſſe?

Cal. I Lord, ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monſter, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, ſave our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy ſelfe ſhall be Vice-royes:
Doſt thou like the plot *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand, I am ſorry I beate thee:
But while thou liv'ſt keepe a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be aſleepe,
Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Maſter.

Cal. Thou mak'ſt me merry: I am full of pleaſure,
Let us be jocond. Will you troule the Catch
You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy requeſt Monſter, I will do reaſon,
And reaſon: Come on *Trinculo*, let us ſing.

Sings.

Flout'em, and cout'em: and skowt'em, and flout'em,
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this ſame?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beeſt a man, ſhew thy ſelfe in thy likenes:
If thou beeſt a divell, take't as thou liſt.

Trin. O forgive me my ſinnes.

Ste. He that dyes payes all debts: I defie thee;
Mercy upon us.

Cal. Art thou affeard?

Ste. No Monſter, not I.

Cal. Be not affeard, the Iſle is full of noyſes,
Sounds, and ſweet aires, that give delight and hurt not:
Sometimes a thouſand twangling Inſtruments
Will hum about mine eares; and ſometimes voyces,
That if I then had wak'd after long ſleepe.
Will make me ſleepe againe; and then in dreaming,
The cloudes me thought would open, and ſhew riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd
I cride to dreame againe.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdome to me,
Where I ſhall have my muſicke for nothing.

Cal. When *Proſpero* is deſtroy'd.

Ste. That ſhall be by and by:
I remember the ſtory.

Trin. The ſound is going away.
Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

Ste. Leade Monſter,
Wee'l follow: I would I could ſee this Taborer,
He layes it on.

Trin. Wilt come?
Ile follow *Stephano*. *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo,
Adrian, Franciſco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,
My old bones ake: here's a maze trod indeed
Through forth rights and Meanders: by your patience,
I needs muſt reſt me.

Alo. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who, am my ſelfe attach'd with wearineſſe
To th' dulling of my ſpirits: ſit downe, and reſt:
Even here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
No longer for my flatterers: he is dround
Whom thus we ſtray to find, and the Sea mockes
Our fruſtrate ſearch on land: well: let him goe.

Ant. I am right glad, that he's ſo out of hope:
Doe not for one repulſe forgoe the purpoſe
That you reſolv'd t'effect.

Seb. The next advantage will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to night,
For now they are oppreſſ'd with travaile, they
Will not, nor cannot uſe ſuch viligance
As when they are freſh.

Solemne and ſtrange Muſicke: and Proſper on the top (inviſible.) Enter ſeverall ſtrange ſhapes, bringing in a Banket; and dance about it with gentle actions of ſalutations, and inviting the King, &c. to eate, they depart.

Seb. I ſay to night: no more.

Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harke.

Gon. Marvellous ſweet Muſicke.

Alo. Give us kind keepers, heavens: what were theſe?

Seb. A living *Drollery*: now I will beleeve
That there are Vnicornes: that in *Arabia*
There is one Tree, the Phœnix throne, one Phœnix
At this houre reigning there.

Ant. Ile beleeve both:
And what do's elſe want credit, come to me
And Ile be ſworne 'tis true: Travellers nere did lye,
Though fooles at home condemne 'em.

Gon. If in *Naples*
I ſhould report this now, would they beleeve me?
If I ſhould ſay I ſaw ſuch Iſlanders.
(For certes, theſe are people of the Iſland)
Who though they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kind then of
Our humane generation you ſhall find
Many, nay almoſt any.

Pro. Honeſt lord,
Thou haſt ſaid well: for ſome of you there preſent,
Are worſe then divels.

Alo. I cannot too much muſe
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound expreſſing
(Although they want the uſe of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumbe diſcourſe.

Pro. Praiſe in departing.

Fre. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.

Seb. No matter, ſince
They have left their Viands behind; for we have ſto- (mackes.
Wilt pleaſe you taſte of what is here?

Alo. Not I.

Gon. Faith Sir, you need not feare: when we were (Boyes
Who would beleeve that there were Mountayneeres,
Dew-lapt, like Buls, whoſe throats had hanging at'em
Wallets of fleſh? or that there were ſuch men
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breſts? which now we find
Each putter out of five for one, will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alo. I will ſtand to, and feede,
Although my laſt, no matter, ſince I feele
The beſt is paſt: brother: my lord, the Duke,
Stand too, and doe as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harpey) claps his wings upon the Table, and with a queint device the Banquet vaniſhes.

Ar. You are three men of ſinne, whom deſtiny
That hath to inſtrument this lower world,
And what is in't: the never ſurfeited Sea,
Hath cauſ'd to belch up you; and on this Iſland,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongſt men,
Being moſt unfit to live: I have made you mad;
And even with ſuch like valour, men hang, and drowne
Their proper ſelves: you fooles, I and my fellowes
Are miniſters of Fate, the Elements
Of whom your ſwords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at-Stabs
Kill the ſtill cloſing waters, as diminiſh
One dowle that's in my plumbe: My fellow miniſters
Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your ſwords are now too maſſie for your ſtrengths,
And will not be uplifted: but remember
(For that's my buſineſſe to you) that you three
From *Millaine* did ſupplant good *Proſpero*,
Expos'd unto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent child: for which foule deed,
The Powers, delaying (not forgetting) have
Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures
Againſt your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, *Alonſo*.
They have bereft; and doe pronounce by me
Lingring perdition (worſe then any death
Can be at once) ſhall ſtep, by ſtep attend
You, and your wayes, whoſe wraths to guard you from,
Which here, in this moſt deſolate Iſle, elſe fals
Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts-ſorrow,
And a cleare life enſuing.

He vaniſhes in Thunder: then (to ſoft Muſicke.) Enter the ſhapes againe, and daunce (with mockes and mowes) and carrying out the Table.

Pro. Bravely the figure of this *Harpy*, haſt thou
Perform'd (my *Ariel*) a grace it had deuouring:
Of my Inſtruction, haſt thou nothing bated
In what thou had'ſt to ſay: ſo with good life
And obſervation ſtrange, my meaner miniſters
Their ſeverall kinds have done: my high charmes worke
And theſe (mine enemies) are all knit up
In their diſtractions: they now are in my powre;
And in theſe fits, I leave them, while I viſit
Yong *Ferdinand* (whom they ſuppoſe is droun'd)
And his, and mine lo'vd darling.

Gon. I'th name of ſomething holy, Sir, why ſtand you
In this ſtrange ſtare?

Alo. O, it is monſtrous: monſtrous:
Me thought the billowes ſpoke, and told me of it,
The windes did ſing it to me: and the Thunder
(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd
The name of *Proſper*: it did baſe my Treſpaſſe,
Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded; and
I'le ſeeke him deeper then ere plummet ſounded,
And with him there lye mudded. *Exit.*

Seb. But one feend at a time,
Ile fight their Legions ore.

Ant. Ile be thy ſecond. *Exeunt.*
Gont. All three of them are deſperate: their great guilt
(Like poyſon given to worke a great time after)
Now gins to bite the ſpirits; I doe beſeech you
(That are of ſuppler joynts) follow them ſwiftly,
And hinder them from what this extaſie
May now provoke them to.
Ad. Follow, I pray you. *Exeunt omnes*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Proſpero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too auſterely puniſh'd you,
Your compenſation makes amends, for I
Have given you here, a third of mine owne life,
Or that for which I live: who, once againe
I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
Haſt ſtrangely ſtood the reſt: here, afore heaven
I ratifie this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand*,
Doe not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her off,
For thou ſhalt find ſhe will out-ſtrip all praiſe
And make it halt, behind her.
Fer. I doe beleeve it
Againſt an Oracle.
Pro. Then, as my gueſt, and thine owne acquiſition
Worthily purchaſ'd, take my daughter:
If thou do'ſt breake her Virgin-knot, before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right, be miniſtred,
No ſweet aſperſion ſhall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
Sower-ey'd diſdaine, and diſcord ſhall beſtrew
The union of your bed, with weeds ſo loathly
That you ſhall hate it both: Therefore take heed,
As Hymens Lampes ſhall light you.
Fer. As I hope
For quiet dayes, faire Iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch love, as 'tis now the murkieſt den,
The moſt opportune place, the ſtrongſt ſuggeſtion,
Our worſer *Genius* can, ſhall never melt
Mine honor into luſt, to take away
The edge of that dayes celebration,
When I ſhall thinke, or *Phœbus* ſteeds are founderd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.
Pro. Fairely ſpoke;
Sit then, and talke with her, ſhe is thine owne;
What *Ariell*; my induſtrious ſervant *Ariel*. *Enter Ariel.*
Ari. What would my potent maſter? here I am.
Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your laſt ſervice
Did worthily performe: and I muſt uſe you
In ſuch another tricke: goe bring the rabble
(Ore whom I give thee powre) here, to this place:
Incite them to quicke motion, for I muſt
Beſtow upon the eyes of this yong couple
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promiſe,
And they expect it from me.
Ari. Preſently?
Pro. I: with a twincke.
Ari. Before you can ſay come, and goe,
And breathe twice; and cry, ſo, ſo:
Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with mop, and mowe.
Doe you love me Maſter? no?
Pro. Dearely, my delicate *Ariell*: doe not approach
Till thou do'ſt heare me call.
Ari. Well: I conceive. *Exit.*
Pro. Looke thou be true: doe not give dalliance
Too much the raigne: the ſtrongeſt oathes, are ſtraw
To th'fire ith' blood: be more abſtemious,
Or elſe good night your vow.
Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold virgin Snow, upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my Liver.
Pro. Well.
Now come my *Ariell*, bring a Corolary,
Rather then want a ſpirit; appeare, and pertly. *Soft muſick.*
No tongue: all eyes: be ſilent. *Enter Iris.*
Ir. *Ceres*, moſt bounteous Lady, the rich Leas
Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates, and Peaſe;
Thy Turphy Mountaines, where live nibling Sheepe,
And flat Medes thetchd with Stover, them to keepe:
Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims,
Which ſpungy *Aprill*, at thy heſt betrims;
To make cold Nimphes chaſt crownes; and thy broome-
Whoſe ſhadow the diſmiſſed Batchelor loves, (groves;
Being laſſe-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard:
And thy Sea-marge ſterile, and rockey-hard,
Where thou thy ſelfe do'ſt ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
Whoſe watry Arch, and meſſenger, am I,
Bids thee leave theſe, and with her ſoveraigne grace, *Iuno*
Here on this graſſe-plot, in this very place *(deſcends.*
To come, and ſport: here Peacockes flye amaine:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres.*
Cer. Haile, many coloured Meſſenger, that nere
Do'ſt diſobey the wife of *Iupiter*:
Who, with thy ſaffron wings, upon my flowres
Diffuſeſt hony drops, refreſhing ſhowres,
And with each end of thy blew bowe do'ſt crowne
My bosky acres, and my unſhrubd downe,
Rich ſcarph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
Summond me hither, to this ſhort graſ'd Greene?
Ir. A contract of true Love, to celebrate,
And ſome donation freely to eſtate
On the bleſs'd Lovers.
Cer. Tell me heavenly Bowe,
If *Venus* or her ſonne, as thou do'ſt know,
Doe now attend the Queene? ſince they did plot
The meanes, that dusky *Dis*, my daughter got:
Her, and her blind-Boyes ſcandald company,
I have forſworne.
Ir. Of her ſociety
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*: and her ſon
Dove-drawne with her: here thought they to have done
Some wanton charme, upon this man and maide,
Whoſe vowes are, that no bed-right ſhall be paid
Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
Marſes hot Minion is returnd againe,
Her waſpiſh headed ſonne, has broke his arrowes,
Swears he will ſhoot no more, but play with Sparrowes,
And be a boy right out.
Cer. Higheſt Queene of State,
Great *Iuno* comes, I know her by her gate.
Iu. How do's my bounteous ſiſter? goe with me
To bleſſe this twaine, that they may proſperous be,
And honord in their iſſue. *They Sing.*

Iu. Honor, riches, marriage, bleſſing,
Long continuance, and encreaſing,
Hourely joyes, be ſtill upon you,

Iuno ſings her bleſſings on you.
Earths increaſe, and foyzon plenty,
Barnes, and Garners, never empty.
Vines, with cluſtring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:
Spring come to you at the fartheſt,
In the very end of Harveſt.
Scarcity and want ſhall ſhun you,
Ceres bleſſing ſo is on you.

Fer. This is a moſt majeſticke viſion, and
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To thinke theſe ſpirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
I have from all their confines call'd to enact
My preſent fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever,
So rare a wondred father, and a wiſe,
Makes this place Paradiſe.

Pro. Sweet now, ſilence:
Iuno and *Ceres* whiſper ſeriouſly,
There's ſomething elſe to doe: huſh, and be mute
Or elſe our ſpell is mar'd.

Iuno and Ceres whiſper, and ſend Iris on employment.

Iris. You Nimphs cald *Nayades* of the windring brooks
With your ſedg'd crownes, and ever-harmeleſſe lookes,
Leave your criſpe channels, and on this greene-land
Anſwer your ſummons, *Iuno* do's command
Come temperate *Nimphes*, and helpe to celebrate
A Contract of true Love: be not too late.

Enter certaines Nimphes.

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of Auguſt weary,
Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,
Make holly day: your Rye-ſtraw hats put on,
And theſe freſh Nimphes encounter every one
In Country footing.

Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they joyne with the Nimphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end whereof, Proſpero ſtarts ſodainly and ſpeakes, after which to a ſtrange hollow and confuſed noyſe, they heavily vaniſh.

Pro. I had forgot that foule conſpiracy
Of the beaſt *Calliban*, and his confederates
Againſt my life: the minute of their plot
Is almoſt come: Well done, avoyd: no more.

Fer. This is ſtrange: your father's in ſome paſſion
That workes him ſtrongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, ſo diſtemper'd.

Pro. You doe looke (my ſon) in a mov'd ſort,
As if you were diſmaid: be cheerefull Sir,
Our Revels now are ended: Theſe our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And like the baſeleſſe fabricke of their viſion
The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
The ſolemne Temples, the great Globe it ſelfe,
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve,
And like this inſubſtantiall Pageant faded
Leave not a racke behind: we are ſuch ſtuffe
As dreames are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleepe: Sir, I am vext,
Beare with my weakeneſſe, my old braine is troubled:
Be not diſturb'd with my infirmity,
If you be pleaſ'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repoſe, a turne or two, Ile walke
To ſtill my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wiſh your peace. *Exit.*

Pro. Come with a thought; I thanke thee *Ariell*: come.

Enter Ariell.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to, what's thy pleaſure?

Pro. Spirit: we muſt prepare to meet with *Caliban.*

Ari. I my Commander, when I preſented *Ceres*
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Leaſt I might anger thee.

Pro. Say againe, where didſt thou leave theſe varlots?

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valour, that they ſmote the ayre
For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
For kiſſing of their feete; yet alwayes bending
Towards their project: then I beate my Tabor,
At which like unback't colts they prickt their eares,
Advanc'd their eye lids, lifted up their noſes
As they ſmelt muſicke, ſo I charm'd their eares
That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, ſharpe firzes, pricking goſſe, and thornes,
Which entred their fraile ſhins: at laſt I left them
I'th' filthy mantled poole beyond you Cell,
There dancing up to th'chins, that the fowle Lake
Ore-ſtunck their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)
Thy ſhape inviſible retaine thou ſtill:
The trumpery in my houſe, goe bring it hither
For ſtale to catch theſe theeves.

Ariel I goe, I goe. *Exit.*

Pro. A devill, a borne-devill, on whoſe nature
Nurture can never ſticke: on whom my paines
Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt,
And, as with age, his body uglier growes,
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
Even to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariel, loaden with gliſtering apparell, &c. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you tread ſoftly, that the blind Mole may not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell.

Ste. Monſter, your Fairy, which you ſay is a harmles (Fairy,
Has done little better then plaid the Iacke with us.

Trin. Monſter, I doe ſmell all horſe-piſſe, at which
My noſe is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Doe you heare Monſter: If I ſhould
Take a diſpleaſure againſt you: Looke you.

Trin. Thou wert but a loſt Monſter.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour ſtill,
Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee to
Shall hudwinke this miſchance: therefore ſpeake ſoftly,
All's huſht as midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to loſe our bottles in the Poole.

Ste. There is not onely diſgrace and diſhonor in that (Monſter) but an infinite loſſe.

Trin. That's more to me then my wetting:
Yet this is your harmeleſſe Fairy, Monſter.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle,
Though I be o're eares for my labour.

Cal. Prethee (my King) be quiet. Seeſt thou heere
This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noiſe, and enter:
Doe that good miſchiefe, which may make this Iſland
Thine owne for ever, and I thy *Caliban*
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand,
I doe begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano*, O Peere: O worthy *Stephano*,
Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone thou foole, it is but traſh.

Tri. Oh, ho, Monſter: we know what belongs to a frippery, O King *Stephano.*

Ste. Put off that gowne (*Trinculo*) by this hand Ile have that gowne.

Tri. Thy grace ſhall have it. (meane

Cal. The dropſie drowne this foole, what doe you
To doate thus on ſuch luggage? let's alone
And doe the murther firſt: if he awake,
From too to crowne hee'l fill our skins with pinches,
Make us ſtrange ſtuffe.

Ste. Be you quiet (Monſter) Miſtris line, is not this my Ierkin? now is the Ierkin under the line: now Ierkin you are like to loſe your haire, and prove a bald Ierkin.

Trin. Doe, doe; we ſteale by lyne and levell, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thanke thee for that jeſt; heer's a garment for't: Wit ſhall not goe un-rewarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by line and levell, is an excellent paſſe of pate: there's another garment for't.

Tri. Monſter, come put ſome Lime upon your fingers, and away with the reſt.

Cal. I will have done on't: we ſhall loſe our time,
And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monſter, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this away, where my hogſhead of wine is, or Ile turne you out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. I, and this.

A noyſe of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in ſhape of Dogs, and Hounds, hunting them about: Proſpero and Ariel ſetting them on.

Pro. Hey *Mountaine*, hey.

Ari. *Silver*: there it goes, *Silver*.

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke.
Goe, charge my Goblins that thou grinde their joynts
With dry Convultions, ſhorten up their ſinewes
With aged Cramps, and more pinch-ſpotted make them,
Then Pard, or Cat o' Mountaine.

Ari. Harke, they rore.

Pro. Let them be hunted ſoundly: At this houre
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly ſhall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the ayre at freedome: for a little
Follow, and doe me ſervice. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Proſpero (in his Magicke robes) and Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Project gather to a head:
My charmes cracke not: my ſpirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day?

Ar. On the ſixt houre, at which time, my lord
You ſaid our worke ſhould ceaſe.

Pro. I did ſay ſo,
When firſt I rais'd the Tempeſt: ſay my ſpirit,
How fares the King, and's followers?

Ar. Confin'd together
In the ſame faſhion, as you gave in charge,
Iuſt as you left them; all priſoners Sir
In the *Line-grove* which weather-fends your Cell,
They cannot boudge till your releaſe: The King,
His brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim full of ſorrow, and diſmay: but chiefely
Him that you term'd Sir, the good old lord *Gonzalo*,
His teares run downe his beard like winters drops
From eaves of reeds: your charme ſo ſtrongly works'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Doſt thou thinke ſo, ſpirit?

Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine ſhall.
Haſt thou (which art but ayre) a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and ſhall not my ſelfe,
One of their kind, that relliſh all as ſharpely,
Paſſion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am ſtrook to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reaſon, gainſt my fury
Doe I take part: the rarer Action is
In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent,
The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frowne further: Goe, releaſe them *Ariel*,
My Charmes Ile breake, their ſences Ile reſtore,
And they ſhall be themſelves.

Ar. Ile fetch them, Sir. *Exit.*

Pro. Ye Elves of hils, brookes, ſtanding lakes and
And ye, that on the ſands with printleſſe foote (groves,
Doe chaſe the ebbing-*Neptune*, and doe flye him
When he comes backe: you demy-Puppets, that
By Moone-ſhine doe the greene ſowre Ringlets make,
Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whoſe paſtime
Is to make midnight-Muſhrumps, that rejoyce
To heare the ſolemne Curfewe, by whoſe ayde
(Weake Maſters though ye be) I have bedymn'd
The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous winds,
And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault
Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted *Ioves* ſtout Oke
With his owne Bolt: The ſtrong baſſ'd promontory
Have I made ſhake, and by the ſpurs pluckt up
The Pyne, and Cedar. Graves at my command
Have wak'd their ſleepers, op'd, and let'em forth
By my ſo potent Art. But this rough Magicke
I heere abjure: and when I have requir'd
Some heavenly Muſicke (which even now I doe)
To worke mine end upon their ſences, that
This Ayry-charme is for, Ile breake my ſtaffe,
Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,
And deeper then did ever Plummet ſound
Ile drowne my booke. *Solemne muſicke.*

Heere enters Ariel before: Then Alonſo with a franticke geſture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebaſtian and Anthonio in like manner attended by Adrian and Franciſco: They all enter the circle which Proſpero had made, and there ſtand charm'd: which Proſpero obſerving, ſpeakes.

A ſolemne Ayre, and the beſt comforter,
To an unſetled fancy, Cure thy braines
(Now uſeleſſe) boile within thy skull: there ſtand
For you are Spell-ſtopt.
Holy *Gonzalo*, Honorable man,
Mine eyes ev'n ſociable to the ſhew of thine
Fall fellowly drops: The charme diſſolves apace,
And as the morning ſteales upon the night
(Melting the darkeneſſe) ſo their riſing ſences
Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their cleerer reaſon. O good *Gonzalo*
My true preſerver, and a loyall Sir,
To him thou follow'ſt; I will pay thy graces
Home both in word, and deed: Moſt cruelly

Didſt

Did thou *Alonſo*, uſe me, and my daughter :
Thy brother was a furtherer in the Aƈt,
Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebaſtian.* Fleſh, and bloud,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorſe, and nature, whom, with *Sebaſtian*
(Whoſe inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong)
Would heere have kill'd your King : I doe forgive thee,
Vnnaturall though thou art : their underſtanding
Begins to ſwell, and the approaching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhore
That now ly foule, and muddy : not one of them
That yet lookes on me, or would know me : *Ariell*,
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
I will diſcaſe me, and my ſelfe preſent
As I was ſometime *Millaine* : quickly ſpirit;
Thou ſhalt ere long be free.

Ariell ſings, and helps to attire him.

Where the Bee ſucks, there ſuck I,
In a Cowſlips bell, I lye,
There I cowch when Owles doe cry,
On the Batts back e I doe flye
after Sommer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſem that hangs on the Bow.

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariell* : I ſhall miſſe thee,
But yet thou ſhalt have freedome : ſo, ſo, ſo.
To the Kings ſhip, inviſible as thou art,
There ſhalt thou find the Marriners aſleepe
Vnder the Hatches: the Maſter and the Boat-ſwaine
Being awake, enforce them to this place ;
And preſently, I prethee.

Ari. I drinke the ayre before me, and returne
Or ere your pulſe twice beate. *Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits heere : ſome heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearefull Country.

Pro. Behold Sir King
The wronged Duke of *Millaine, Proſpero* :
For more aſſurance that a living Prince
Do's now ſpeake to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alo. Where thou bee'ſt he or no,
Or ſome inchanted trifle to abuſe me,
(As late I have beene) I not know : thy Pulſe
Beats as of fleſh, and blood : and ſince I ſaw thee,
Th'affliction of my mind amends, with which
I feare a madneſſe held me : this muſt crave
(And if this be at all) a moſt ſtrange ſtory.
Thy Dukedome I reſigne, and doe entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs : but how ſhould *Proſpero*
Be living, and be heere ?

Pro. Firſt, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whoſe honor cannot
Be meaſur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, Ile not ſweare.

Pro. You doe yet taſte
Some ſubtleties o'th' *Iſle*, that will nor let you
Beleeve things certaine : Wellcome, my friends all,
But you, my brace of lords, were I ſo minded
I heere could plucke his highneſſe frowne upon you
And juſtifie you Traitors : at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. The divell ſpeakes in him :

Pro. No.
For you (moſt wicked Sir) whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I doe forgive
Thy rankeſt fault ; all of them : and require
My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know
Thou muſt reſtore.

Alo. If thou beeſt *Proſpero*,
Give us particulars of thy preſervation,
How thou haſt met us heere, who three howres ſince
Were wrackt upon this ſhore ? where I have loſt,
(How ſharpe the point of this remembrance is)
My deere ſonne *Ferdinand*,

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.

Alo. Irreparable is the loſſe, and patience
Sayes, it is paſt her cure.

Pro. I rather thinke
You have not ſought her helpe, of whoſe ſoft grace
For the like loſſe, I have her ſoveraigne ayd,
And reſt my ſelfe content.

Alo. You the like loſſe ?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and ſupportable
To make the deere loſſe, have I meanes much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you; for I
Have loſt my daughter.

Alo. A daughter ?
Oh heavens, that they were living both in *Naples*
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wiſh
My ſelfe were mudded in that oo-zy bed
Where my ſonne lies: when did you loſe your daughter?

Pro. In this laſt Tempeſt. I perceive theſe lords,
At this encounter doe ſo much admire,
That they devoure their reaſon, and ſcare thinke
Their eie doe offices of truth : their words
Are naturall breath : but howſoevere you have
Beene juſtled from your ſences, know for certaine
That I am *Proſpero*, and that very Duke
Which was thruſt forth of *Millaine*, who moſt ſtrangely
Vpon this ſhore (where you were wrackt) was landed
To be the Lord on't : no more yet of this,
For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a break-faſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting : Welcome, Sir ;
This Cell's my Court : heere have I few attendants,
And Subjects none abroad : pray you looke in :
My Dukedome ſince you have given me againe,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At leaſt bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedome.

Here Proſpero diſcovers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Cheſſe.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me falſe.

Fer. No my deareſt love,
I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a ſcore of Kingdomes, you ſhould (wrangle,
And I would call it faire play.

Alo. If this prove
A viſion of the Iſland, one deere Sonne
Shall I twice looſe.

Seb. A moſt high miracle.

Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
I have curſ'd them without cauſe.

Alo. Now all the bleſſings
Of a glad father, compaſſe thee about :
Ariſe, and ſay how thou cam'ſt heere.

Mir. O wonder !
How many goodly creatures are there heere ?
How beauteous makind is ? O brave new world

That has ſuch people in't.
Pro. 'Tis new to thee. (play?
Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at
Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three houres:
Is ſhe the goddeſſe that hath ſever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, ſhe is mortall;
But by immortall providence, ſhe's mine;
I choſe her when I could not aske my Father
For his adviſe: nor thought I had one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Millaine*,
Of whom, ſo often I have heard renowne,
But never ſaw before: of whom I have
Receiv'd a ſecond life; and ſecond Father
This Lady makes him to me.
Alo. I am hers.
But O, how odly will it ſound, that I
Muſt aske my child forgiveneſſe?
Pro. There Sir ſtop,
Let us not burthen our remembrances, with
A heavineſſe that's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or ſhould have ſpoke ere this: looke downe you gods
And on this couple drop a bleſſed crowne;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.
Alo. I ſay Amen, *Gonzalo.*
Gon. Was *Millaine* thruſt from *Millaine*, that his iſſue
Should become Kings of *Naples*? O rejoyce
Beyond a common joy, and ſet it downe
With gold on laſting Pillers: In one voyage
Did *Claribell* her husband find at *Tunis*,
And *Ferdinand* her brother, found a wife,
Where he himſelfe was loſt: *Proſpero*, his Dukedome
In a poore *Iſle*: and all of us, our ſelves,
When no man was his owne.
Alo. Give me your hands:
Let griefe and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart,
That doth not wiſh you joy.
Gon. Be it ſo, Amen.

Enter Ariell, with the Maſter and Boatſwaine, amazedly following.

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of us:
I propheſi'd, if a Gallowes were on Land
This fellow could not drowne: Now blaſphemy,
That ſwear'ſt grace ore-boord, not an oath on ſhore,
Haſt thou no mouth by land?
What is the newes?
Bot. The beſt newes is, that we have ſafely found
Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
Which but three glaſſes ſince, we gave out ſplit,
Is tyte, and yare, and bravely rig'd, as when
We firſt put out to Sea.
Ar. Sir, all this ſervice
Have I done ſince I went.
Pro. My trickſey ſpirit.
Alo. Theſe are not naturall events, they ſtrengthen
From ſtrange, to ſtranger: ſay, how came you hither?
Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
I'ld ſtrive to tell you: we were dead of ſleepe,
And (how we know not) all clapt under hatches,
Where, but even now, with ſtrange, and ſeverall noyſes
Of roring, ſhreeking, howling, gingling chaines,
And mo diverſity of ſounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd: ſtraight way, at liberty;
Where we, in all our trim, freſhly beheld
Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Maſter
Capring to eye her: on a trice, ſo pleaſe you,
Even in a dreame, were we divided from them,
And were brought moaping hither.
Ar. Was't well done?
Pro. Bravely (my diligence) thou ſhalt be free.
Ar. This is as ſtrange a Maze, as ere men trod,
And there is in this buſineſſe, more than nature
Was ever conduct of: ſome Oracle
Muſt rectifie our knowledge.
Pro. Sir, my Leige,
Doe not infeſt your mind, with beating on
The ſtrangeneſſe of this buſineſſe, at pickt leiſure
(Which ſhall be ſhortly ſingle) I'le reſolve you,
(Which to you ſhall ſeeme probable) of every
Theſe happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull
And thinke of each thing well: Come hither ſpirit,
Set *Caliban*, and his companions free:
Vntye the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet miſſing of your Company
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not,

Enter Ariell, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo in their ſtolne Apparell.

Ste. Every man ſhift for all the reſt, and let
No man take care for himſelfe; for all is
But fortune: *Coragio* Bully-Monſter *Coragio.*
Tri. If theſe be true ſpies which I weare in my head,
Here's a goodly ſight.
Cal. O *Setebos*, theſe be brave ſpirits indeed:
How fine my Maſter is? I am afraid
He will chaſtiſe me.
Seb. Ha, ha:
What things are theſe my lord *Anthonio*?
Will money buy em?
Ant. Very like: one of them
Is a plaine Fiſh, and no doubt marketable,
Pro. Marke but the badges of theſe men, my lords,
Then ſay if they be true: This miſhapen knaue;
His Mother was a Witch, and one ſo ſtrong
That could controle the Moone; make flowes, and ebs,
And deale in her command, without her power:
Theſe three have robd me, and this demy-divell;
(For he's a baſtard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of theſe Fellowes, you
Muſt know, and owne, this Thing of darkeneſſe, I
Acknowledge mine.
Cal. I ſhall be pincht to death.
Alo. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?
Seb. He is drunke now;
Where had he wine?
Alo. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe: where ſhould they
Find this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?
Tri. I have beene in ſuch a pickle ſince I ſaw you laſt,
That I feare me will never out of my bones:
I ſhall not feare flye-blowing.
Seb. Why how now *Stephano*?
Ste. O touch me not, I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.
Pro. You'ld be King o'the *Iſle*, Sirha?
Ste. I ſhould have beene a ſore one then.
Alo. This is a ſtrange thing as ere I look'd on.
Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his manners
As in his ſhape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions: as you looke
To have my pardon, trim it handſomely.
Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wiſe hereafter,

And ſeeke for grace: what a thrice double Aſſe
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worſhip this dull foole?
Pro. Goe to, away. (found it.
Alo. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where you
Seb. Or ſtole it rather.
Pro. Sir, I invite your Highneſſe and your traine,
To my poore Cell: where you ſhall take your reſt
For this one night, which part of it, Ile waſte
With ſuch diſcourſe, as I not doubt, ſhall make it
Goe quicke away: The ſtory of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by
Since I came to this Iſle: And in the morne
Ile bring you to your ſhip, and ſo to *Naples*,
Where I have hope to ſee the Nuptials
Of theſe our deare-belov'd, ſolemnized,
And thence retire me to my *Millaine*, where
Every third thought ſhall be my grave.
Alo. I long
To heare the ſtory of your life; which muſt
Take the eare ſtrangely.
Pro. Ile deliver all,
And promiſe you calme Seas, auſpicious gales,
And ſaile, ſo expeditious, that ſhall catch
Your Royall fleet farre off: My *Ariel* (Chicke)
That is thy charge: then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: pleaſe you draw neare.
Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGVE
ſpoken by *Proſpero.*

Now my Charmes are all ore-throwne,
And what ſtrength I have's mine owne,
Which is moſt faint: now tis true
I muſt be heere confinde by you,
Or ſent to Naples: *Let me not*
Since I have my Dukedome got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare Iſland, by your Spell,
But releaſe me from my bands
With the helpe of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes
Muſt fill, or elſe my project failes,
Which was to pleaſe: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to enchant,
And my ending is deſpaire,
Vnleſſe I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces ſo, that it aſſaults
Mercy it ſelfe, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence ſet me free. Exit.

The Scene, an un-inhabited Iſland.

Names of the Actors.

Alonſo, King of Naples:
Sebaſtian his brother.
Proſpero, the right Duke of Millaine.
Anthonio his Brother, the uſurping Duke of Millaine.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honeſt old Counſellor.
Adrian, and Franciſco, Lords.
Caliban, a Salvage and deformed Slave.
Trinculo, a Ieſter.
Stephano, a drunken Butler.
Maſter of a Ship.
Boat-Swaine.
Marriners.
Miranda daughter to Proſpero.
Ariell, an ayerie Spirit.
Iris.
Ceres.
Iuno. } *Spirits.*
Nymphes.
Reapers.

FINIS.

THE
Tvvo Gentlemen of Verona.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Valentine, Protheus, and Speed.

Valentine.

CEaſe to perſwade, my loving *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth, have ever homely wits,
Wer't not affection chaines thy tender dayes,
To the ſweet glances of thy honour'd Love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (living dully ſluggardiz'd at home)
Weare out thy youth with ſhapeleſſe idleneſſe.
But ſince thou lov'ſt; love ſtill, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine* adieu,
Thinke on thy *Protheus*, when thou (haply) ſeeſt
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travaile.
Wiſh me partaker in thy happineſſe,
When thou do'ſt meet good hap; and in thy danger,
(If ever danger doe environ thee)
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy Beadeſ-man, *Valentine.*

Val. And on a Love-booke pray for thy ſucceſſe?

Pro. Vpon ſome booke I love, Ile pray for thee.

Val. Thats on ſome ſhallow Story of deepe love,
How yong *Leander* croſt the *Helleſpont.*

Pro. Thats a deepe Story of a deeper love,
For he was more than over-ſhooes in love.

Val. Tis true; for you are over-bootes in love,
And yet you never ſwom the *Helleſpont.*

Pro. Over the Boots? nay give me not the Boots.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where ſcorne is bought with grones:
Coy lookes, with heart-ſore ſighes: one fading moments
With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights; (mirth,
If haply won, perhaps a hapleſſe gaine:
If loſt, why then a grievous labour won;
How ever, but a folly bought with wit,
Or elſe a wit, by folly vanquiſhed.

Pro. So, by your circumſtance, you call me foole.

Val. So, by your circumſtance, I feare youl prove.

Pro. Tis Love you cavill at, I am not Love.

Val. Love is your maſter, for he maſters you;
And he that is ſo yoked by a foole,
Me thinkes ſhould not be Chronicled for wiſe.

Pro. Yet Writers ſay; as in the ſweeteſt Bud,
The eating Canker dwels; ſo eating Love
Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all.

Val. And Writers ſay; as the moſt forward Bud
Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,
Even ſo by Love, the yong and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blaſting in the Bud,
Loſing his verdure, even in the prime,
And all the faire effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waſte I time to counſaile thee
That art a Votary to fond deſire?
Once more adieu: my Father at the Roade
Expects my comming, there to ſee me ſhipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee *Valentine.*

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no: Now let us take our leave:
At *Millaine* let me heare from thee by Letters
Of thy ſucceſſe in love; and what newes elſe
Betideth here in abſence of thy Friend:
And I likewiſe will viſite thee with mine.

Pro. All happineſſe bechance to thee in *Millaine.*

Val. As much to you at home: and ſo farewell. *Exit.*

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after Love;
He leaves his friends to dignifie them more;
I love my ſelfe, my friends, and all for love:
Thou *Iulia*, thou haſt metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my Studies, loſe my time;
Warre with good counſaile; ſet the world at nought;
Made wit with muſing, weake; heart ſicke with thought.

Sp. Sir *Protheus*: 'ſave you: ſaw you my Maſter?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embarke for *Millaine.*

Sp. Twenty to one then, he is ſhipp'd already,
And I have plaid the ſheepe in loſing him.

Pro. Indeed a ſheepe doth very often ſtray,
And if the Shepheard be awhile away.

Sp. You conclude that my Maſter is a Shepheard then, and I a ſheepe?

Pro. I doe.

Sp. Why then my hornes are his hornes, whether I wake or ſleepe.

Pro. A ſilly anſwer, and fitting well a ſheepe.

Sp. This proves me ſtill a ſheepe.

Pro. True; and thy Maſter a ſhepheard.

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumſtance.

Pro. It ſhall goe hard but Ile prove it by another.

Sp. The Shepheard ſeekes the ſheepe, and not the Sheepe the Shepheard; but I ſeeke my Maſter, and my Maſter ſeekes not me: therefore I am no ſheepe.

Pro. The Sheepe for Fodder follow the Shepheard, the Shepheard for food followes not the Sheepe: thou for wages followeſt thy Maſter, thy Maſter for wages followes not thee: therefore thou art a ſheepe.

Sp. Such another proofe will make me cry baâ.

Pro. But doſt thou heare: gav'ſt thou my Letter to *Iulia*?

Sp. I Sir: I (a loſt-Mutton) gave your Letter to her (a lac'd Mutton,) and ſhe (a lac'd Mutton) gave me (a loſt-Mutton) nothing for my labour.

Pro. Heres too ſmall a Paſture for ſuch ſtore of Muttons.

Sp. If the ground be over-charg'd, you were beſt ſtick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are aſtray: twere beſt pound you.

Sp. Nay ſir, leſſe then a pound ſhall ſerve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You miſtake; I meane the Pound, a Pinfold.

S[illegible] From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
Tis th[illegible]old too little for carrying a letter to your Lover.

Pro. But what ſaid ſhe?

Sp. I.

Pro. Nod-I, why thats Noddy.

Sp. You miſtooke ſir, I ſaid ſhe did nod:
And you aske me if ſhe did nod, and I ſaid I.

Pro. And that ſet together, is noddy.

Sp. Now you have taken the paines to ſet it together, take it for your paines.

Pro. No, no, you ſhall have it for bearing the Letter.

Sp. Well, I perceive I muſt be faine to beare with you.

Pro. Why ſir, how doe you beare with me?

Sp. Marry ſir, the Letter very orderly,
Having nothing but the word noddy for my paines.

Pro. Beſhrew me, but you have a quicke wit.

Sp. And yet it cannot overtake your ſlow purſe.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in briefe; what ſaid ſhe.

Sp. Open your purſe, that the money and the matter may be both delivered.

Pro. Well ſir: here is for your paines: what ſaid ſhe?

Sp. Truely ſir, I thinke youle hardly win her.

Pro. Why? couldſt thou perceive ſo much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her;
No, not ſo much as a Ducket for delivering your letter:
And being ſo hard to me, that brought your minde;
I feare ſhee'l prove as hard to you in telling her minde.
Give her no token but ſtones, for ſhe's as hard as ſteele.

Pro. What ſaid ſhe, nothing?

Sp. No, not ſo much as take this for thy paines: (me;
To teſtifie your bounty, I thanke you, you have Teſtern'd
In requitall whereof, hencefore carry your letter your ſelfe; And ſo ſir, Ile commend you to my Maſter.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to ſave your ſhip from wracke,
Which cannot periſh having thee aboard,
Being deſtin'd to a dryer death on ſhore:
I muſt goe ſend ſome better Meſſenger,
I feare my *Iulia* would not deigne my lines,
Receiving them from ſuch a worthleſſe poſt. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

Iul. But ſay *Lucetta* (now are we alone)
Wouldſt thou then counſaile me to fall in love?

Luc. I Madam, ſo you ſtumble not unheedfully.

Iul. Of all the faire reſort of Gentlemen,
That every day with par'le encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthieſt love?

Luc. Pleaſe you repeat their names, Ile ſhew my mind,
According to my ſhallow ſimple skill.

Iu. What thinkſt thou of the faire Sir *Eglamoure*?

Lu. As of a Knight, well-ſpoken, neat, and fine;
But were I you, he never ſhould be mine.

Iu. What thinkſt thou of the rich *Mercatio*?

Lu. Well of his wealth; but of himſelfe, ſo, ſo.

Iu. What thinkſt thou of the gentle *Protheus*?

Lu. Lord, Lord: to ſee what folly raignes in us.

Iu. How now? what meanes this paſſion at his name?

Lu. Pardon deare Madam, tis a paſſing ſhame,
That I (unworthy body as I am)
Should cenſure thus on lovely Gentlemen.

Iu. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the reſt?

Lu. Then thus: of many good, I thinke him beſt.

Iu. Your reaſon?

Lu. I have no other but a womans reaſon.
I thinke him ſo, becauſe I thinke him ſo.

Iu. And wouldſt thou have me caſt my love on him?

Lu. I: if you thought your love not caſt away.

Iu. Why he of all the reſt, hath never mov'd me.

Lu. Yet he, of all the reſt, I thinke beſt loves ye.

Iu. His little ſpeaking ſhewes his love but ſmall.

Lu. Fire thats cloſeſt kept, burnes moſt of all.

Iu. They doe not love, that doe not ſhew their love.

Lu. Oh, they love leaſt, that let men know their love.

Iu. I would I knew his minde.

Lu. Peruſe this Paper Madam.

Iu. To *Iulia*: ſay, from whom?

Lu. That the Contents will ſhew.

Iu. Say, ſay: who gave it thee?

Lu. Sir *Valentines* Page: and ſent I think from *Protheus*.
He would have given it you, but I being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault I pray.

Iu. Now (by my modeſty) a goodly Broker:
Dare you preſume to harbour wanton lines?
To whiſper and conſpire againſt my youth?
Now truſt me, tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place:
There: take the Paper: ſee it be return'd,
Or elſe returne no more into my ſight.

Lu. To pleade for love, deſerves more fee then hate.

Iu. Will ye be gone?

Lu. That you may ruminate. *Exit.*

Iu. And yet I would I had ore-look'd the Letter;
It were a ſhame to call her backe againe,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.
What 'foole is ſhe, that knowes I am a Maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since Maides in modeſty, ſay no to that,
Which they would have the profferer conſtrue, I.
Fie, fie; how way-ward is this fooliſh love;
That (like a teſty Babe) will ſcratch the Nurſe,
And preſently, all humbled, kiſſe the Rod?
How churliſhly I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly I would have had her here?
How angerly I taught my brow to frowne,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to ſmile?
My pennance is, to call *Lucetta* backe,
And aske remiſſion for my folly paſt.
What hoe: *Lucetta*.

Lu. What would your Ladiſhip?

Iu. Is't neere dinner time?

Lu. I would it were,
That you might kill your ſtomacke on your meat,

And not upon your Maid.
Iu. What is't that you
Tooke up ſo gingerly?
Lu. Nothing.
Iu. Why didſt thou ſtoope then?
Lu. To take a Paper up, that I let fall.
Iu. And is that Paper nothing?
Lu. Nothing concerning me.
Iu. Then let it lye, for thoſe that it concernes.
Lu. Madam, it will not lye where it concernes,
Vnleſſe it have a falſe interpreter.
Iu. Some Love of yours hath writ to you in Rime.
Lu. That I might ſing it (Madam) to a tune:
Give me a note, your Ladiſhip can ſet.
Iu. As little by ſuch toyes, as may be poſſible:
Beſt ſing it to the tune of *Light O, Love*,
Lu. It is too heavy for ſo light a tune.
Iu. Heavy? belike it hath ſome burden then?
Lu. I: and melodious were it, would you ſing it.
Iu. And why not you?
Lu. I cannot reach ſo high.
Iu. Lets ſee your ſong:
How now Minion?
Lu. Keepe tune there ſtill, ſo you will ſing it out:
And yet me thinkes I doe not like this tune.
Iu. You doe not?
Lu. No (Madam) tis too ſharpe.
Iu. You (Minion) are too ſawcie.
Lu. Nay, now you are too flat;
And marre the concord, with too harſh a deſcant:
There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.
Iu. The Meane is drown'd with your unruly baſe.
Lu. Indeed I bid the baſe for *Protheus*.
Iu. This babble ſhall not henceforth trouble me;
Here is a coile with proteſtation:
Goe, get you gone: and let the Papers lye:
You would be fingring them to anger me.
Lu. She makes it ſtrange, but ſhe would be beſt pleas'd
To be ſo angred with another Letter. *Exit.*
Iu. Nay, would I were ſo angred with the ſame:
Oh hatefull hands, to teare ſuch loving words;
Injurious Waſpes, to feed on ſuch ſweet honey,
And kill the Bees that yeeld it, with your ſtings;
Ile kiſſe each ſeverall Paper for amends:
Looke, here is writ, kinde *Iulia*: unkinde *Iulia*,
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name againſt the bruzing ſtones,
Trampling contemptuouſly on thy diſdaine.
And here is writ, *Love-wounded Protheus*.
Poore wounded name: my boſome, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I ſearch it with a ſoveraigne kiſſe.
But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written downe:
Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the Letter,
Except mine owne name: That ſome whirle-wind beare
Vnto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke,
And throw it thence into the raging Sea.
Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ:
Poore forlorne Protheus, paſſionate Protheus:
To the ſweet Iulia: that Ile teare away:
And yet I will not, ſith ſo pretily
He couples it, to his complaining names;
Thus will I fold them, one upon another;
Now kiſſe, embrace, contend, doe what you will. *Enter.*
Lu. Madam: dinner is ready, and your father ſtayes.
Iu. Well, let us goe.
Lu. What, ſhall theſe Papers lie, like tell-tales here?
Iu. If you reſpect them; beſt to take them up.
Lu. Nay, I was taken up, for laying them downe.
Yet here they ſhall not lie for catching cold.
Iu. I ſee you have a monthes minde to them.
Lu. I (Madam) you may ſay what ſights you ſee;
I ſee things to, although you judge I winke.
Iu. Come, come, wilt pleaſe you goe? *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Antonio and Panthino. Protheus.

Ant. Tell me *Panthino*, what ſad talke was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyſter?
Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew *Protheus*, your ſonne.
Ant. Why? what of him?
Pan. He wondred that your Lordſhip
Would ſuffer him to ſpend his youth at home,
While other men of ſlender reputation
Put forth their Sonnes, to ſeeke preferment out.
Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;
Some to diſcover Iſlands farre away:
Some, to the ſtudious Vniverſities;
For any, or for all theſe exerciſes,
He ſaid, that *Protheus*, your ſonne, was meet;
And did requeſt me to importune you
To let him ſpend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having knowne no travaile in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'ſt thou much importune me to that
Whereon, this month I have been hammering.
I have conſider'd well, his loſſe of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried, nor tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by induſtry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the ſwift courſe of time:
Then tell me, whither were I beſt to ſend him?
Pan. I thinke your Lordſhip is not ignorant
How his companion, youthfull *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperour in his Royall Court.
Ant. I know it well.
Pan. 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordſhip ſent him (thither,
There ſhall he practiſe Tilts and Turnaments;
Heare ſweet diſcourſe, converſe with Noblemen,
And be in eye of every exerciſe
Worthy his youth and nobleneſſe of birth.
Ant. I like thy counſaile: well haſt thou adviſ'd:
And that thou maiſt perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it ſhall make knowne;
Even with the ſpeedieſt expedition,
I will diſpatch him to the Emperours Court.
Pan. To morrow, may it pleaſe you, *Don Alphonſo*,
With other Gentlemen of good eſteeme
Are journeying to ſalute the Emperour,
And to commend their ſervice to his will.
Ant. Good company: with them ſhall *Protheus* goe:
And in good time, now will we breake with him. *Enter* (*Pro.*
Pro. Sweet Love, ſweet lines, ſweet life,
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart,
Here is her oath for love, her honours pawne;

O

O that our Fathers would applaud our Loves
To ſeale our happineſſe with their conſents.
Oh heavenly *Iulia.*
Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?
Pro. May't pleaſe your Lordſhip, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations ſent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend, that came frm him.
Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me ſee what newes.
Pro. There is no newes (my Lord) but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the Emperour;
Wiſhing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how ſtand you affected to his wiſh?
Pro. As one relying on your Lordſhips will,
And not depending on his friendly wiſh.
Ant. My will is ſomething ſorted with his wiſh:
Muſe not that I thus ſuddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end:
I am reſolv'd that thou ſhalt ſpend ſome time
With *Valentino* in the Emperours Court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou ſhalt have from me,
To morrow be in readineſſe to goe,
Excuſe it not: for I am peremptory.
Pro. My Lord I cannot be ſo ſoone provided,
Pleaſe you deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Looke what thou wantſt ſhall be ſent after thee:
No more of ſtay: to morrow thou muſt goe;
Come on *Panthino*; you ſhall be imploy'd,
To haſten on his expedition.
Pro. Thus have I ſhunn'd the fire for feare of burning,
And drench'd me in the Sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to ſhew my father *Iulia's* Letter,
Leaſt he ſhould take exceptions to my Love,
And with the vantage of mine owne excuſe
Hath he excepted moſt againſt my Love.
Oh, how this ſpring of love reſembleth
The uncertaine glory of an Aprill day,
Which now ſhewes all the beauty of the Sunne,
And by and by a cloud takes all away. *Enter.*
Pan. Sir *Protheus*, your Father call's for you,
He is in haſte, therefore I pray you goe.
Pro. Why this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thouſand times it anſwer's no.
Exeunt. *Finis.*

Actus ſecundus: Scæna Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia.

Speed. Sir, your Glove.
Valen. Not mine: my Gloves are on.
Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one.
Val. Ha? Let me ſee: I, give it me, it's mine:
Sweet Ornament, that decks a thing divine,
Ah *Silvia, Silvia.*
Speed. Madam *Silvia*: Madam *Silvia.*
Val. How now Sirrha?
Speed. Shee is not within hearing Sir.
Val. Why ſir, who bad you call her?
Sp. Your worſhip ſir, or elſe I miſtooke.
Val. Well: you'll ſtill be too forward.
Sp. And yet I was laſt chidden for being too ſlow.
Val. Goe to ſir, tell me: doe you know Madam *Silvia*?
Sp. Shee that your worſhip loves?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Sp. Marry by theſe ſpeciall markes: firſt, you have learn'd (like ſir *Protheus*) to wreathe your armes like a Male-content: to reliſh a Love-ſong, like a Robin-red-breaſt: to walke alone like one that had the Peſtilence: to ſigh like a Schoole-boy that had loſt his *A. B. C.* to weepe like a yong Wench that had loſt her Grandam: to faſt like one that takes dyet: to watch like one that feares robbing: to ſpeake puling like a Beggar at Hallowmaſſe: You were wont when you laughed to crow like a Cocke: when you walk'd, to walke like one of the Lions: when you faſted, it was preſently after dinner: when you lookt ſadly, it was for want of money: And now you are Metamorphos'd with a Miſtreſſe, that when I looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Maſter.

Val. Are all theſe things perceiv'd in me?
Sp. They are all perceiv'd without ye.
Val. Without me? they cannot.

Sp. Without you? nay, that's certaine: for without you were ſo ſimple, none elſe would: but you are ſo without theſe follies, that theſe follies are within you, and ſhine through you like the water in an Vrinall: that not an eye that ſees you, but is a Phyſitian to Comment on your Malady.

Val. But tell me: doſt thou know my Lady *Silvia*?
Sp. Shee that you gaze on ſo, as ſhe ſits at Supper?
Val. Haſt thou obſerv'd that? even ſhe I meane.
Sp. Why ſir, I know her not.
Val. Doſt thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'ſt her not?
Sp. Is ſhe not hard favour'd ſir?
Val. Not ſo faire (Boy) as well favour'd.
Sp. Sir, I know that well enough.
Val. What doſt thou know?
Sp. That ſhee is not ſo faire, as (of you) well favour'd?
Val. I meane that her beauty is exquiſite,
But her fauour infinite.
Sp. That's becauſe the one is painted, and the other out of all count.
Val. How painted? and how out of count?
Sp. Marry ſir, ſo painted to make her faire, that no man counts of her beauty.
Val. How eſteem'ſt thou me? I account of her beauty.
Sp. You never ſaw her ſince ſhe was deform'd.
Val. How long hath ſhe been deform'd?
Sp. Ever ſince you lov'd her.
Val. I have lov'd her ever ſince I ſaw her,
And ſtill I ſee her beautifull.
Sp. If you love her, you cannot ſee her.
Val. Why?

Sp. Becauſe Love is blinde: O that you had mine eyes, or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir *Protheus*, for going ungarter'd.

Val. What ſhould I ſee then?

Sp. Your owne preſent folly, and her paſſing deformity: for he being in love, could not ſee to garter his Hoſe; and you, being in love, cannot ſee to put on your Hoſe.

Val. Belike (Boy) then you are in loue, for laſt morning
You could not ſee to wipe my ſhooes.

Sp. True ſir: I was in love with my bed, I thanke you, you ſwing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In concluſion, I ſtand affected to her:

Sp. I would you were ſet, ſo your affection would ceaſe.

Val. Laſt night ſhe enjoyn'd me,
To write ſome lines to one ſhe loves.

Sp. And have you.

Val. I have.

Sp. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can doe them:
Peace, here ſhe comes.

Sp. Oh excellent Motion; Oh exceeding Puppet:
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and Miſtris, a thouſand good morrowes.

Sp. Oh, 'give ye-good-ev'n: heere's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine*, and ſervant, to you two thouſand.

Sil. He ſhould give her intereſt: and ſhe gives it him.

Val. As you injoyn'd me; I have writ your Letter
Vnto the ſecret, nameleſſe friend of yours:
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladiſhip.

Sil I thanke you (gentle ſervant) 'tis very Clerkly done.

Val. Now truſt me (Madam) it came hardly off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at randon very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you thinke too much of ſo much paines?

Val. No (Madam), ſo it ſteed you, I will write
(Pleaſe you command) a thouſand times as much:
And yet————

Sil. A pretty period: well: I gheſſe the ſequell;
And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not.
And yet, take this againe: and yet I thanke you:
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Sp. And yet you will: and yet, another yet.

Val. What meanes your Ladiſhip?
Doe you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ,
But (ſince unwillingly) take them againe.
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. I, I: you writ them Sir at my requeſt,
But I will none of them: they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly:

Val. Pleaſe you, Ile write your Ladiſhip another.

Sil. And when its writ: for my ſake reade it over,
And if it pleaſe you, ſo: if not, why ſo.

Val. If it pleaſe me (Madam?) what then?

Sil. Why if it pleaſe you, take it for your labour;
And ſo good morrow ſervant. *Exit.*

Sp. Oh Ieſt unſeene: inſcrutible, inviſible,
As a noſe on a mans face, or a Wethercocke on a Steeple:
My Maſter ſues to her: and ſhe hath taught her Sutor,
He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor.
Oh excellent deviſe, was there ever heard a better?
That my Maſter being Scribe,
To himſelfe ſhould write the Letter?

Val. How now ſir?
What are you reaſoning with your ſelfe?

Sp. Nay, I was riming: tis you that have the reaſon.

Val. To doe what?

Sp. To be a ſpokeſ-man from Madam *Silvia.*

Val. To whom?

Sp. To your ſelfe: why, ſhe woes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Sp. By a Letter, I ſhould ſay.

Val. Why ſhe hath not writ to me?

Sp. What need ſhe,
When ſhe hath made you write to your ſelfe?
Why, doe you not perceive the jeſt?

Val. No, beleeve me.

Sp. No beleeving you indeed Sir:
But did you perceive her earneſt?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Sp. Why ſhe hath given you a Letter.

Val. Thats the Letter I writ to her friend.

Sp. And ẏ Letter hath ſhe deliver'd, and there's an end.

Val. I would it were no worſe.

Sp. Ile warrant you tis as well:
For often have you writ to her: and ſhe in modeſty,
Or elſe for want of idle time, could not againe reply,
Or fearing els ſome meſſēger, ẏ might her mind diſcover
Her ſelfe hath taught her Love himſelfe to write unto her
All this I ſpeake in Print, for in Print I found it. (Lover
Why muſe you ſir, tis dinner time.

Val. I have din'd.

Sp. I, but hearken ſir: though the Cameleon Love can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nouriſh'd by my victuals; and would faine have meat: oh be not like your Miſtreſſe, be moved, be moved. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Protheus, Iulia, Panthion.

Pro. Haue patience, gentle *Iulia.*

Iul. I muſt where is no remedy.

Pro. When poſſibly I can, I will returne.

Iul. If you turne not: you will returne the ſooner:
Keepe this remembrance for thy *Iulia's* ſake.

Pro. Why then wee'll make exchange;
Here, take you this.

Iul. And ſeale the bargaine with a holy kiſſe.

Pro. Here is my hand, for my true conſtancie:
And when that houre ore-ſlips me in the day,
Wherein I ſigh not (*Iulia.*) for thy ſake,
The next enſuing houre, ſome foule miſchance
Torment me for my Loves forgetfulneſſe:
My father ſtayes my comming: anſwer not:
The Tide is now; nay, not thy tide of teares,
That tide will ſtay me longer then I ſhould,
Iulia farewell: what, gone without a word?
I, ſo true love ſhould doe: it cannot ſpeake,
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, you are ſtaid for.

Pro. Goe, I come, I come:
Alas, this parting ſtrikes poore Lovers dumbe.

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Launce, Panthion.

Launce. Nay, 'twill bee this houre ere I have done weeping: all the kinde of the *Launces* have this very fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious
ſonne,

Sonne, and am going with Sir *Prothens* to the Imperialls Court: I thinke *Crab* my dog, be the ſowreſt natured dogge that lives: My Mother weeping: my Father wayling: my Siſter crying: our Maid howling: our Catte wringing her hands, and all our houſe in a great perplexitie, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curre ſhedde one teare: he is a ſtone, a very pibble ſtone, and has no more pitty in him then a dogge: a Iew would have wept to have ſeene our parting: why my Grandam having no eyes, looke you, wept her ſelfe blind at my parting: nay, Ile ſhow you the manner of it. This ſhooe is my father: no, this left ſhooe is my father; no, no, this left ſhooe is my mother: nay, that cannot bee ſo neyther: yes; it is ſo, it is ſo: it hath the worſer ſole: this ſhooe with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father: a veng'ance on't, there 'tis: Now ſir, this ſtaffe is my ſiſter: for looke you, ſhe is as white as a lilly, and as ſmall as a wand: this hat is *Nan* our maid: I am the dogge: no, the dogge is himſelfe, and I am the dogge: oh, the dogge is me, and I am my ſelfe: I; ſo, ſo: now come I to my Father; Father, your bleſſing: now ſhould not the ſhooe ſpeake a word for weeping: now ſhould I kiſſe my Father; well, hee weepes on: Now come I to my Mother: Oh that ſhe could ſpeake now, like a would-woman: well, I kiſſe her: why there 'tis; heere's my mothers breath up and downe: Now come I to my ſiſter; marke the moane ſhe makes: now the dogge all this while ſheds not a teare: nor ſpeakes a word: but ſee how I lay the duſt with my teares.

Panth. *Launce*, away, away: a Boord: thy Maiſter is ſhip'd, and thou art to poſt after with oares; what's the matter? why weep'ſt thou man? away aſſe, you'l looſe the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no mater if the tide were loſt, for it is the unkindeſt Tide, that ever any man tyde.

Panth. What's the unkindeſt tide?

Lau. Why, he that's tide here, *Crab* my dog.

Pant. Tut man: I meane thou'lt looſe the flood, and in looſing the flood, looſe thy voyage, and in looſing thy voyage, looſe thy Maiſter, and in looſing thy Maiſter, looſe thy ſervice, and in looſing thy ſervice: ——why doſt thou ſtop my mouth?

Laun. For feare thou ſhouldſt looſe thy tongue.

Panth. Where ſhould I looſe my tongue?

Laun. In thy Tale.

Pauth. In thy Taile.

Laun. Looſe the Tyde, and the voyage, and the Maiſter, and the Service, and the tide: why man if the River were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the winde were downe, I could drive the boate with my ſighes.

Panth. Come: come away man, I was ſent to call thee.

Lau. Sir: call me what thou dar'ſt.

Pant. Wilt thou goe.

Lau. Well, I will goe.

Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Eater Valentine, Siluia, Thurio, Speed, Duke, Protheus.

Sil. Servant.

Val. Miſtris.

Spee. Maiſter, Sir *Thurio* frownes on you.

Val. I Boy it's for love.

Spe. Not of you.

Val. Of my Miſtreſſe then.

Spe. 'Twere good you knockt him.

Sil. Servant, you are ſad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I ſeeme ſo.

Thu. Seeme you that you are not?

Val. Hap'ly I doe.

Thu. So doe Counterfeyts.

Val. So doe you.

Thu. What ſeeme I that I am not?

Val. Wiſe.

Thu. What inſtance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quoat you my folly?

Val. I quoat it in your Ierken.

Thu. My Ierkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, Ile double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir *Thurio*, do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, Madam, he is a kind of *Camelion*.

Thu. That hath more minde to feed on your bloud, then live in your ayre.

Val. You have ſayd Sir.

Thu. I Sir, and done too for this time.

Val. I know it well ſir, you alwayes end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemẽ, & quickly ſhot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam, we thanke the giver.

Sil. Who is that Servant?

Val. Your ſelfe (ſweet Lady) for you gave the fire,
Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your Ladiſhips lookes,
And ſpends what he borrowes kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you ſpend word for word with me, I ſhall make your wit bankrupt. (words,

Val. I know it well ſir: you have an Exchequer of
And I thinke, no other treaſure to give your followers:
For it appeares by their bare Liveries
That they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more:
Here comes my father.

Duke. Now, daughter *Siluia*, you are hard beſet.
Sir *Valentine*, your father is in good health,
What ſay you to a Letter from your friends
Of much good newes?

Va. My Lord I will be thankefull,
To any meſſenger from thence.

Duke. Know you *Don Antonio*, your Countriman?

Va. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy eſtimation,
And not without deſert ſo well reputed.

Duk. Hath he not a Sonne?

Va. I my good Lord, a Son; that well deſerves
The honour, and regard of ſuch a father.

Duk. You know him well?

Va. I knew him as my ſelfe: for from our Infancie
We have converſt, and ſpent our houres together,
And though my ſelfe have beene an idle Trewant,
Omitting the ſwet benefit of time
To cloathe mine age with Angel-like perfection:
Yet hath Sir *Protheus* (for that's his name)
Made uſe, and faire advantage of his dayes:
His yeares but yong, but his experience old:
His head unmellowed, but his Iudgement ripe;
And in a word (for far behinde his worth
Comes all the praiſes that I now beſtow.)

He is compleat in feature, and in minde,
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.
Duk. Beſhrew me ſir, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Empreſſe love,
As meet to be an Emperors Councellor:
Well, Sir: this gentleman is come to me
With Commendation from great Potentates,
And here he meanes to ſpend his time a while,
I thinke 'tis no welcome newes to you.
Val. Should I have wiſh'd a thing, it had beene he.
Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I ſpeake to you, and you Sir *Thurio*,
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it,
I will ſend him hither to you preſently.
Va. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiſhip
Had come along with me, but that his Miſtreſſe
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Criſtall lookes.
Sil. Be-like that now ſhe hath enfranchis'd them
Vpon ſome other pawne for fealty.
Va. Nay ſure, I thinke ſhe holds them priſoners ſtill.
Sil. Nay then he ſhould be blind, and being blind
How could he ſee his way to ſeeke out you?
Va. Why Lady, Love hath twenty paire of eyes.
Thu. They ſay that love hath not an eye at all.
Va. To ſee ſuch Lovers, *Thurio*, as your ſelfe,
Vpon a homely object love can winke. *Enter.*
Sil. Have done, have done: here comes the gentleman.
Va. Welcome, deere *Protheus*: Miſtris, I beſeech you
Confirme this welcome, with ſome ſpeciall favour,
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wiſh'd to heare from.
Val. Miſtris, it is: ſweet Lady, entertaine him
To be my fellow-ſervant to your Ladiſhip.
Sil. Too low a Miſtris for ſo high a ſervant.
Pro. Not ſo, ſweet Lady, but too meane a ſervant,
To have a looke of ſuch a worthy Miſtris.
Va. Leave off diſcourſe of diſabilitie:
Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your ſervant.
Pro. My dutie will I boaſt of, nothing elſe.
Sil. And dutie never yet did want his meed.
Servant, you are welcome to a worthleſſe Miſtris.
Pro. Ile dye on him that ſaies ſo but your ſelfe.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthleſſe. (you.
Thur. Madam, my Lord your father would ſpeak with
Sil. I wait upon his pleaſure: Come Sir *Thurio*,
Goe with me: once more, new ſervant welcome;
Ile leave you to confer of home affaires,
When you have done, we looke to heare from you.
Pro. Wee'l both attend upon your Ladiſhip.
Val. Now tell me how do al from whence you came?
Pro. Your frends are wel, & have thẽ much comẽded.
Va. And how doe yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Va. How does your Lady? & how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you,
I know you joy not in a Love-diſcourſe.
Val. I *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now,
I have done pennance for contemning Love,
Whoſe high emperious thoughts have puniſh'd me
With bitter faſts, with penitentiall grones,
With nightly teares, and daily heart-ſore ſighes,
For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd ſleepe from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine owne hearts ſorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, Love's a mightie Lord,
And hath ſo humbled me, as I confeſſe
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his ſervice, no ſuch joy on earth:
Now, no diſcourſe, except it be of love:
Now can I breake my faſt, dine, ſup, and ſleepe,
Vpon the very naked name of love.
Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the Idoll, that you worſhip ſo?
Va. Even She; and is ſhe not a heavenly Saint?
Pro. No; But ſhe is an earthly Paragon.
Va. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Va. O flatter me: for Love delights in praiſe.
Pro. When I was ſicke, you gave me bitter pils,
And I muſt miniſter the like to you.
Val. Then ſpeake the truth by her, if not divine,
Yet let her be a principalitie,
Soveraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my Miſtreſſe.
Val. Sweet: except not any,
Except thou wilt except againſt my Love.
Pro. Have I not reaſon to prefer mine owne?
Va. And I will helpe thee to prefer her to;
Shee ſhall be dignified with this high honour,
To beare my Ladies traine, leaſt the baſe earth
Should from her veſture chance to ſteale a kiſſe,
And of ſo great a favor growing proud,
Diſdaine to roote the Sommer-ſwelling flowre,
And make rough Winter everlaſtingly.
Pro. Why *Valentine*, what Bragadiſme is this?
Va. Pardon me (*Protheus*) all I can is nothing,
To her, whoſe worth makes other worthies nothing;
Shee is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone.
Va. Not for the world: why man, ſhe is mine owne,
And I as rich in having ſuch a Iewell
As twenty Seas, if all their ſand were pearle,
The water, Nectar and the Rocke pure gold.
Forgive me, that I doe not dreame on thee,
Becauſe thou ſeeſt me doate upon my love:
My fooliſh Rivall that her father likes
(Onely for his poſſeſſions are ſo huge)
Is gone with her along, and I muſt after,
For Love (thou know'ſt) is full of jealouſie.
Pro. But ſhe loves you? (howre,
Va. I, and we are betroathd: nay more, our mariage
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determin'd of: how I muſt climbe her window,
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happineſſe.
Good *Protheus* goe with me to my chamber,
In theſe affaires to aid me with thy counſaile.
Pro. Goe on before: I ſhall enquire you forth:
I muſt unto the Road, to diſ-embarque
Some neceſſaries, that I needs muſt uſe,
And then Ile preſently attend you.
Va. Will you make haſte?
Pro. I will.
Even as one heate, another heate expels,
Or as one nayle by ſtrength drives out another:
So the remembrance of my former Love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten,
Is it mine then, or *Valentineans* praiſe?
Her true perfection, or my falſe tranſgreſſion?
That makes me reaſonleſſe, to reaſon thus?
Shee is faire: and ſo is *Iulia* that I love,

(That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd,
Which like a waxen Image 'gainſt a fire
Beares no impreſſion of the thing it was.)
Me thinkes my zeale to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont:
O, but I love his Lady too-too much,
And that's the reaſon I love him ſo little.
How ſhall I doate on her with more aduice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazel'd ſo my reaſons light:
But when I looke on her perfections,
There is no reaſon, but I ſhall be blinde.
If I can checke my erring love, I will,
If not, to compaſſe her Ile uſe my ſkill.

Exit.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. *Launce*, by mine honeſty welcome to *Padua.*

Laun. Forſweare not thy ſelfe, ſweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is never undon till he be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place, till ſome certaine ſhot be paid, and the Hoſteſſe ſay welcome.

Speed. Come-on you mad-cap: Ile to the Ale-houſe with you preſently; where, for one ſhot of five pence, thou ſhalt have five thouſand welcomes: But ſirha, how did thy Maſter part with Madam *Iulia*?

Lau. Marry after they cloas'd in earneſt, they parted very fairely in jeſt.

Spee. But ſhall ſhe marry him?

Lau. No.

Spee. How then? ſhall he marry her?

Lau. No, neyther.

Spee. What, are they broken?

Lau. No; they are both as whole as a fiſh.

Spee. Why then, how ſtands the matter with them?

Lau. Marry thus, when it ſtands well with him, it ſtands well with her.

Spee. What an aſſe art thou, I underſtand thee not.

Lau. What a blocke art thou, that thou canſt not? My ſtaffe underſtands me.

Spee. What thou ſayſt?

Lau. I, and what I do too: looke thee, Ile but leane, and my ſtaffe underſtands me.

It ſtands under thee indeed.

Lau. Why, ſtand-under: and underſtand is all one.

Spee. But tell me true, wil't be a match?

Lau. Aske my dogge, if he ſay I, it will: if hee ſay no, it will: if he ſhake his taile and ſay nothing, it will.

Spee. The concluſion is then, that it will.

Lau. Thou ſhalt never get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

Spee. 'Tis well that I get it ſo: but *Launce*, how ſaiſt thou that my maſter is become a notable Lover?

Lau. I never knew him otherwiſe.

Spee. Then how?

Lau. A notable Lubber: as thou reporteſt him to bee.

Spee. Why, thou whorſon Aſſe, thou miſtak'ſt me.

Lau. Why Foole, I meant not thee, I meant thy Maſter.

Spee. I tell thee, my maſter, is become a hot Lover.

Lau. Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee burne himſelfe in Love. If thou wilt goe with me to the Ale-houſe, ſo, if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Iew, and not worth the name of a Chriſtian.

Spee. Why?

Lau. Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee as to goe to the Ale with a Chriſtian: Wilt thou goe?

Spee. At thy ſervice.

Exeunt.

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Protheus solus.

Pro. To leave my *Iulia*; ſhall I be forſworne?
To love faire *Silvia*; ſhall I be forſworne?
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworne.
And ev'n that Powre which gave me firſt my oath
Provokes me to this three-fold perjurie.
Love bad me ſweare, and Love bids me for-ſweare;
O ſweet-ſuggeſting Love, if thou haſt ſinn'd,
Teach me (thy tempted ſubject) to excuſe it.
At firſt I did adore a twinkling Starre,
But now I worſhip a cæleſtiall Sunne:
Vn-heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit, that wants reſolved will,
To learne his wit, t'exchange the bad for better;
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue, to call her bad,
Whoſe ſoveraignty ſo oft thou haſt preferd,
With twenty thouſand ſoule-confirming oathes.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I doe:
But there I leave to love, where I ſhould love.
Iulia I looſe, and *Valentine* I looſe,
If I keepe them, I needs muſt looſe my ſelfe:
If I looſe them, thus finde I but their loſſe,
For *Valentine*, my ſelfe: for *Iulia*, *Silvia*.
I to my ſelfe am deerer then a friend,
For Love is ſtill moſt precious in it ſelfe,
And *Silvia* (witneſſe heaven that made her faire)
Shewes *Iulia* but a ſwarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that *Iulia* is alive,
Remembring that my love to her is dead.
And *Valentine* Ile hold an Enemie,
Ayming at *Silvia* as a ſweeter friend.
I cannot now prove conſtant to my ſelfe,
Without ſome trechery us'd to *Valentine*.
This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder
To climbe celeſtiall *Silvia's* chamber window,
My ſelfe in counſaile his competitor.
Now preſently Ile give her father notice
Of their diſguiſing and pretended flight:
Who (all inrag'd) will baniſh *Valentine*:
For *Thurio* he intends ſhall wed his daughter,
But *Valentine* being gone, Ile quickly croſſe
By ſome ſlie tricke, blunt *Thurio's* dull proceeding.
Love lend me wings, to make my purpoſe ſwift,
As thou haſt lent me wit to plot his drift.

Exit.

Scæna ſeptima.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

Iul. Counſaile, *Lucetta*, gentle girle aſſiſt me,
And ev'n in kinde love, I doe conjure thee,
Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts
Are viſibly Character'd, and engrav'd,
To leſſon me, and tell me ſome good meane
How with my honour I may undertake
A journey to my loving *Protheus.*
Luc. Alas, the way is weariſome and long.
Iul. A true-devoted Pilgrime is not weary
To meaſure Kingdoms with his feeble ſteps,
Much leſſe ſhall ſhe that hath Loves wings to flie;
And when the flight is made to one ſo deere,
Of ſuch divine perfection as Sir *Protheus.*
Luc. Better forbeare, till *Protheus* make returne.
Iul. Oh, know'ſt yͧ not, his looks are my ſoules food?
Pitty the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food ſo long a time.
Didſt thou but know the inly touch of Love,
Thou wouldſt as ſoone goe kindle fire with ſnow
As ſeeke to quench the fire of Love with words.
Luc. I doe not ſeeke to quench your Loves hot fire,
But qualifie the fires extreame rage,
Leaſt it ſhould burne above the bounds of reaſon.
Iul. The more thou dam'ſt it up, the more it burnes:
The Current that with gentle murmure glides
(Thou know'ſt) being ſtop'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his faire courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſicke with th'enameld ſtones,
Giving a gentle kiſſe to every ſedge
He over-taketh in his pilgrimage.
And ſo by many winding nookes he ſtraies
With willing ſport to the wilde Ocean.
Then let me goe, and hinder not my courſe:
Ile be as patient as a gentle ſtreame,
And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
Till the laſt ſtep have brought me to my Love,
And there ile reſt, as after much turmoile
A bleſſed ſoule doth in *Elizium.*
Luc. But in what habit will you goe along?
Iul. Not like a woman, for I would prevent
The looſe encounters of laſcivious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with ſuch weedes
As may beſeeme ſome well reputed Page.
Luc. Why then your Ladiſhip muſt cut your haire.
Iul. No girle, ile knit it up in ſilken ſtrings,
With twentie od-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantantaſtique, may become a youth
Of greater time then I ſhall ſhew to be.
Luc. What faſhion (Madam) ſhall I make your breeches?
Iul. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)
What compaſſe will you weare your Farthingale?
Why ev'n what faſhion thou beſt likes (*Lucetta.*)
Luc. You muſt needs have them with a cod-peece (Madam.
Iul. Out, out, (*Lucetta*) that wilbe illfavord.
Luc. A round hoſe (Madam) now's not worth a pin
Vnleſſe you have a cod-peece to ſtick pins on.
Iul. *Lucetta*, as thou lov'ſt me let me have
What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly,
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me
For undertaking ſo unſtaid a journey?
I feare me it will make me ſcandaliz'd.
Luc. If you thinke ſo, then ſtay at home and go not.
Iul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dreame on Infamy, but go:
If *Protheus* like your journey when you come,
No matter who's diſpleas'd when you are gone:
I feare me he will ſcarce be pleas'd withall.
Iul. That is the leaſt (*Lucetta*) of my feare:
A thouſand oathes, an Ocean of his teares
And inſtances as infinite of Love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus.*
Luc. All theſe are ſervants to deceitfull men.
Iul. Baſe men, that uſe them to ſo baſe effect;
But truer ſtarres did governe *Protheus* birth,
His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,
His love ſincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His teares, pure meſſengers, ſent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.
Luc. pray heav'n he prove ſo when you come to him.
Iul. Now, as thou lov'ſt me, do him not that wrong,
To beare a hard opinion of his truth:
Onely deſerve my love, by loving him,
And preſently goe with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I ſtand in need of,
To furniſh me upon my longing journey:
All that is mine I leave at thy diſpoſe,
My goods, my Lands, my reputation,
Onely in lieu thereof, diſpatch me hence:
Come; anſweare not: but to it preſently,
I am impatient of my tarriance.
Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scæna Prima.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus, Valentine,
Launce, Speed.

Duk. Sir *Thurio*, give us leave (I pray) a while,
We have ſome ſecrets to confer about.
Now tell me *Protheus*, what's your will with me?
Pro My gracious Lord, that which I would diſcover,
The Law of friendſhip bids me to conceale,
But when I call to minde your gracious favours
Done to me (undeſerving as I am)
My dutie pricks me on to utter that
Which elſe no worldly good ſhould draw from me:
Know (worthy Prince) Sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to ſteale away your daughter:
My ſelfe am one made priuy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to beſtow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And ſhould ſhe thus be ſtolne away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus (for my duties ſake) I rather choſe
To croſſe my friend in his intended drift,
Then (by concealing it) heap on your head
A pack of ſorrowes, which would preſſe you downe
(Being unprevented) to your timeleſſe grave.
Duk. *Protheus*, I thanke thee for thine honeſt care,
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs, my ſelfe have often ſeene,
Haply when they have iudg'd me faſt aſleepe,
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid

Sir *Valentine* her company, and my Court.
But fearing leſt my jealous ayme might erre,
And ſo (unworthily) diſgrace the man
(A raſhneſſe that I ever yet have ſhun'd)
I gave him gentle lookes, thereby to finde
That which thy ſelfe haſt now diſclos'd to me.
And thou maiſt perceive my feare of this,
Knowing that tender youth is ſoone ſuggeſted,
I nightly lodge her in an upper Towre,
The key whereof, my ſelfe have ever kept:
And thence ſhe cannot be convay'd away.
Pro. Know (noble Lord) they have deviſ'd a meane
How he her chamber-window will aſcend,
And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:
For which, the youthfull Lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it preſently.
Where (if it pleaſe you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it ſo cunningly
That my diſcovery be not aimed at:
For, love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publiſher of this pretence.
Duke. Vpon mine honour, he ſhall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.
Pro. Adieu, my Lord, Sir *Valentine* is comming. *Enter.*
Duk. Sir *Valentine*, whither away ſo faſt?
Va. Pleaſe it your Grace, there is a Meſſenger
That ſtayes to beare my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.
Duk. Be they of much import?
Val. The tenure of them doth but ſignifie
My health, and happy being at your Court.
Duk. Nay then no matter: ſtay with me a while,
I am to breake with thee of ſome affaires
That touch me neere: wherein thou muſt be ſecret.
'Tis not unknowne to thee, that I have ſought
To match my friend Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter.
Val. I know it well (my Lord(and ſure the Match
Were rich and honourable: beſides, the gentleman
Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities
Beſeeming ſuch a Wife, as your faire daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fancie him?
Duk. No, truſt me, She is peeviſh, ſullen, froward,
Proud, diſobedient, ſtubborne, lacking duty,
Neyther regarding that ſhe is my childe,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
And may I ſay to thee, this pride of hers
(Vpon advice) hath drawne my love from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have beene cheriſh'd by her child-like dutie,
I now am full reſolv'd to take a wife,
And turne her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beautie be her wedding dowre:
For me, and my poſſeſſions ſhe eſteemes not.
Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?
Duke. There is a Lady in *Verona* heere
Whom I affect: but ſhe is nice, and coy,
And nought eſteemes my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I have thee to my Tutor
(For long agone I have forgot to court,
Beſides the faſhion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way I may beſtow my ſelfe
To be regarded in her ſun-bright eye.
Va. Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpect not words,
Dumbe Jewels often in their ſilent kinde
More then quicke words, doe move a womans minde.
Duk. But ſhe did ſcorne a preſent that I ſent her,
Val. A woman ſometime ſcorns what beſt cōtents her.
Send her another: never give her ore,
For ſcorne at firſt makes after-love the more.
If ſhe doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you.
If ſhe doe chide, 'its not to have you gone,
For why, the fooles are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulſe, what ever ſhe doth ſay,
For, get you gon, ſhe doth not meane away.
Flatter, and prayſe, commend, extoll their graces:
Though nere ſo blacke, ſay they have Angels faces,
That man that hath a tongue, I ſay is no man,
If this his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Duk. But ſhe I meane, is promis'd by her friends
Vnto a youthfull gentleman of worth,
And kept ſeverely from reſort of men,
That no man hath acceſſe by day to her.
Val. Why then I would reſort to her by night.
Duk. I, but the doores be lockt, and keyes kept ſafe,
That no man hath recourſe to her by night.
Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?
Duk. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built ſo ſhelving, that one cannot climbe it
Without apparant hazard of his life.
Val. Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords
To caſt up, with a paire of anchoring hookes,
Would ſerve to ſcale another *Here's* towre,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.
Duk. Now as thou art a gentleman of blood
adviſe me, where I may have ſuch a Ladder.
Val. When would you uſe it? pray ſir, tell me that.
Duk. This very night; for Love is like a childe
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
Val. By ſeaven a clock, ile get you ſuch a Ladder.
Duk. But harke thee: I will goe to her alone,
How ſhall I beſt convey the Ladder thither?
Val. It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare it
Vnder a clocke, that is of any length.
Duk. A cloake as long as thine will ſerve the turne?
Val. I my good Lord.
Duk. Then let me ſee thy cloake,
Ile get me one of ſuch another length.
Val. Why any clocke will ſerve the turn (my Lord)
Duk. How ſhall I faſhion me to weare a cloake?
I pray thee let me feele thy cloake upon me.
What Letter is this ſame? what's here? to *Silvia?*
And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding,
Ile be ſo bold to breake the ſeale for once.

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia *nightly,*
And ſlaves they are, to me, that ſend them flying.
Oh, could their Maſter come, and goe as lightly,
Himſelfe would lodge, where (ſenceles) they are lying.
My Harald Thoughts, in thy pure boſome reſt-them,
While I (their King) that thither them importune
Doe curſe the grace that with ſuch grace hath bleſt them,
Becauſe my ſelfe doe want my ſervants fortune.
I curſe my ſelfe, for they are ſent by me,
That they ſhould harbour where their Lord would be.

What's here? *Silvia, this night I will infranchiſe thee.*
'Tis ſo: and heere's the Ladder fot the purpoſe.
Why *Phaeton* (for thou art *Merops* ſonne)
Wilt thou aſpire to guide the heavenly Car?
And with thy daring folly burne the world?
Wilt thou reach ſtars, becauſe they ſhine on thee?

Goe baſe Intruder, over-weening Slave,
Beſtow thy fawning ſmiles on equall mates,
And thinke my patience, (more then thy deſert)
Is priviledge for thy departure hence.
Thanke me for this, more then for all the favors
Which (all too-much) I have beſtowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer then ſwifteſt expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royall Court,
By heaven, my wrath ſhall farre exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thy ſelfe.
Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuſe,
But as thou lov'ſt thy life, make ſpeed from hence. *Exit.*
Val. And why not death, rather then living torment?
To die, is to be baniſht from my ſelfe,
And *Silvia* is my ſelfe: baniſh'd from her
Is ſelfe from ſelfe. A deadly baniſhment:
What light, is light, if *Silvia* be not ſeene?
What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
Vnleſſe it be to thinke that ſhe is by
And feed upon the ſhaddow of perfection.
Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
There is no muſike in the nightingale.
Vnleſſe I looke on *Silvia* in the day,
There is no day for me to looke upon.
She is my eſſence, and I leave to be;
If I be not by her faire influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive.
I flie not death, to flie his deadly doome,
Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,
But flie I hence, I flie away from life. *Enter Pro. and Launs.*
Pro. Run (boy) run, run, and ſeeke him out.
Lau. Soa-hough, Soa hough——
Pro. What ſeeſt thou?
Lau. Him we goe to finde,
There's not a haire on's head, but t'is a *Valentine.*
Pro. *Valentine*?
Va. No.
Pro. Who then? his Spirit?
Va. Neither,
Pro. What then?
Va. nothing.
Lau. Can nothing ſpeake? Maſter, ſhall I ſtrike?
Pro. Whom wouldſt thou ſtrike?
Lau. Nothing.
Pro. Villaine, forbeare.
Lau. Why Sir, Ile ſtrike nothing: I pray you.
Bro. Sirha, I ſay forbeare? friend *Valentine*, a word.
Va. My eares are ſtopt, & cannot heare good newes,
So much of bad already hath poſſeſt them.
Pro. Then in dumbe ſilence will I bury mine;
For they are harſh, un-tuneable, and bad.
Va. Is *Silvin* dead?
Pro. No, *Valentine.*
Va. No *Valentine* indeed, for ſacred *Silvia,*
Hath ſhe forſworne me?
Pro. No, *Valentine.*
Va. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forſworne me.
What is your newes?
Lau. Sir, there is a proclamation, that you are vaniſhed.
Pro. That thou art baniſh'd: oh that's the newes,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.
Va. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now exceſſe of it will make me ſurfet.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am baniſh'd?
Pro. I, I: and ſhe hath offered to the doome
(Which un-reverſt ſtands in effectuall force)
A Sea of melting pearle, which ſome call teares.
Thoſe at her fathers churliſh feete ſhe tenderd,
With them upon her knees, her humble ſelfe,
Wringing her hands, whoſe whiteneſſe ſo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad ſighes, deepe grones, nor ſilver-ſhedding teares
Could penetrate her uncompaſſionate Sire;
But *Valentine*, if he be tane, muſt die.
Beſides, her interceſſion chaf'd him ſo,
When ſhe for thy repeale was ſuppliant,
That to cloſe priſon he commaunded her,
With many bitter threates of biding there.
Va. No more: unles the next word that thou ſpeak'ſt
Have ſome maligant power upon my life:
If ſo: I pray thee breathe it in mine eare,
As ending Antheme of my endleſſe dolor.
Pro. Ceaſe to lament for that thou canſt not helpe,
And ſtudy helpe for that which thou lament'ſt,
Time is the Nurſe, and breeder of all good;
Here, if thou ſtay, thou canſt not ſee thy love:
Beſides, thy ſtaying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a lovers ſtaffe, walke hence with that
And mannage it, againſt deſpairing thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, ſhall be deliver'd
Even in the milke-white boſome of thy love.
The time now ſerves not to expoſtulate,
Come, Ile convey thee through the City-gate.
And ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concerne thy love affaires:
As thou lov'ſt *Silvia* (though not for thy ſelfe)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.
Va. I pray thee *Launce*, and if thou ſeeſt my Boy
Bid him make haſte, and meet me at the North-gate.
Pro. Goe ſirha, finde him out: Come *Valentine.*
Va. Oh my deere *Silvia*; hapleſſe *Valentine.* *Exeunt.*

Launce. I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I have the wit to thinke my Maſter is a kinde of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave: He lives not now that knowes me to be in love, yet I am in love, but a Teeme of horſe ſhall not plucke that from me: nor who 'tis I love: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell my ſelfe: and yet 'tis a Milkemaid: yet 'tis not a maid: for ſhe hath had Goſſips: yet 'tis a maid, for ſhe is her Maſters maid, and ſerves for wages. Shee hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell, which is much in a bare Chriſtian: Heere is the Cate-log of her Condition. *Inprimis*, Shee can fetch and carry: why a horſe can doe no more; nay, a horſe cannot fetch, but onely carry, therefore is ſhe better then a Iade. *Item.* She can milke, looke you, a ſweet vertue in a maid with cleane hands. *Enter Speed.*

Speed. How now Signior *Launce*? what newes with your Maſterſhip?
La. With my Maſterſhip? why, it is at Sea:
Sp. Well, your old vice ſtill: miſtake the word: what newes then in your paper?
La. The black'ſt newes that ever thou heard'ſt.
Sp. Why man? how blacke?
La. Why, as blacke as Inke.
Sp. Let me read them?
La. Fie on thee Iolt-head, thou canſt not read.
Sp. Thou lyeſt: I can.
La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?

Sp. Marry, the ſon of my Grand-father.

La. Oh illiterate loyterer; it was the ſonne of thy Grand-mother: this proves that thou canſt not read.

Sp. Come foole, come: try me in thy paper.

La. There: and S. *Nicolas* be thy ſpeed.

Sp. Inprimis ſhe can milke.

La. I that ſhe can.

Sp. Item, ſhe brewes good Ale.

La. And thereof comes the proverbe: (*Bleſſing of your heart, you brew good Ale.*)

Sp. Item, ſhe can ſowe.

La. That's as much as to ſay (*Can ſhe ſo*)

Sp. Item ſhe can knit.

La. What neede a man care for a ſtock with a wench, When ſhe can knit him a ſtocke?

Sp. Item, ſhe can waſh and ſcoure.

La. A ſpeciall vertue: for then ſhe neede not to be waſh'd and ſcowr'd.

Sp. Item, ſhe can ſpin.

La. Then may I ſet the world on wheeles, when ſhe can ſpin for her living.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath many nameleſſe vertues.

La. That's as much as to ſay *Baſtard-vertues*: that indeede know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Sp. Here followes her vices.

La. Cloſe at the heeles of her vertues:

Sp. Item, ſhe is not to bee faſting in reſpect of her breath.

La. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfaſt: read on.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath a ſweet mouth.

La. That makes amends for her ſowre breath.

Sp. Item, ſhe doth talke in her ſleepe.

La. It's no matter for that; ſo ſhe ſleepe not in her talke.

Sp. Item, ſhe is ſlow in words.

La. Oh villanie, that ſet downe among her vices;
To be ſlow in words is a womans onely vertue:
I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue.

Sp. Item, ſhe is proud.

La. Out with that too:
It was *Eves* legacie, and cannot be tane from her.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath no teeth.

La. I care not for that neither, becauſe I love cruſts.

Sp. Item, ſhe is curſt.

La. Well: the beſt is ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

Sp. Item, ſhe will often praiſe her liquor.

La. If her liquor be good, ſhe ſhall: if ſhe will not, I will; for good things ſhould be prayſed.

Sp. Item, ſhe is too liberall.

La. Of her tongue ſhe cannot; for that's writ downe ſhe is ſlow of: of her purſe, ſhe ſhall not, for that ile keepe ſhut: Now, of another thing ſhe may, and that cannot I helpe. Well, proceede.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath more haires then wit, and more faults then haires, and more wealth then faults.

La. Stop there: Ile have her: ſhe was mine, and not mine twice, or thrice in that Article: rehearſe that once more.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath more haire then wit.

La. More haire then wit: it may be ile prove it: The cover of the ſalt, hides the ſalt, and therefore it is more then the ſalt; the haire that covers the wit, is more then the wit: for the greater hides the leſſe: What's next?

Sp. And more faults then haires.

La. That's monſtrous: oh that that were out.

Sp. And more wealth then faults.

La. Why that word makes the faults gracious
Well, ile have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible.

Sp. What then?

La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Maſter ſtayes for thee at the *North-gate*.

Sp. For me?

La. For thee? I, who art thou? he hath ſtaid for a better man then thee.

Sp. And muſt I goe to him?

La. Thou muſt run to him; for thou haſt ſtaid ſo long that going will ſcarce ſerve the turne.

Sp. Why didſt not tell me ſooner? 'pox of your love Letters.

La. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my Letter;
An unmannerly ſlave, that will thruſt himſelfe into ſecrets: Ile after, to rejoyce in the boyes correction. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus.

Du. Sir *Thurio*, feare not, but that ſhe will love you
Now *Valentine* is baniſh'd from her ſight.

Th. Since his exile ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt,
Forſworne my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am deſperate of obtaining her.

Du. This weake impreſſe of love, is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an houres heate
Diſſolves to water, and doth looſe his forme.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthleſſe *Valentine* ſhall be forgot.
How now Sir *Protheus*, is your countriman
(According to our Proclamation) gon?

Pro. Gon, my good Lord.

Du. My daughter takes his going heavily?

Pro. A litttle time (my Lord) will kill that grieſe.

Du. So I beleeve: but *Thurio* thinkes not ſo:
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou haſt ſhowne ſome ſigne of good deſert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer then I prove royall to your Grace,
Let me not live, to looke upon you Grace.

Du. Thou know'ſt how willingly, I would effect
The match betweene ſir *Thurio*, and my daughter?

Pro. I doe my Lord.

Du. And alſo I doe thinke, thou art not ignorant
How ſhe oppoſes her againſt my will?

Pro. She did my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Du. I, and perverſly, ſhe perſevers ſo:
What might we doe to make the girle forget
The Love of *Valentene*, and love ſir *Thurio*?

Pro. The beſt way is to ſlander *Valentine*,
With falſehood, cowardize, and poore deſcent:
Three things, that women highly hold in hate.

Du. I, but ſhe'll thinke, that it is ſpoke in hate.

Pro. I, if his enemie deliver it.
Therefore it muſt with circumſtance be ſpoken
By one, whom ſhe eſteemes as his friend.

Du. Then you muſt undertake to ſlander him.

Pro. And that (my Lord) I ſhall be loath to doe.
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,
Eſpecially againſt his very friend.
Du. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your ſlander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.
Por. You haue prevail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it
By ought that I can ſpeake in his diſpraiſe,
She ſhall not long continue love to him:
But ſay this weede her love from *Valentine*,
It followes not that ſhe will love ſir *Thurio*.
Th. Therefore as you unwinde her love from him;
Leaſt it ſhould ravell, and be good to none,
You muſt provide to bottome it on me:
Which muſt be done, by prayſing me as much
As you, in worth diſprayſe, ſir *Valentine*.
Du. And *Protheus*, we dare truſt you in this kinde,
Becauſe we know (on *Valentines* report)
You are already loves firme votary,
And cannot ſoone revolt, and change your minde.
Vpon this warrant, ſhall you have acceſſe,
Where you, with *Silvia* may conferre at large.
For ſhe is lumpiſh, heavy, melancholly,
And (for your friends ſake) will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perſwaſion,
To hate yong *Valentine*, and love my friend.
Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect:
But you ſir *Thurio*, are not ſharpe enough:
You muſt lay Lime, to tangle her deſires
By wailefull Sonnets, whoſe compoſed Rimes
Should be full fraught with ſerviceable vowes.
Du. I, much is the force of heaven-bred Poeſie.
Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You ſacrifice your teares, your ſighes, your heart:
Write till your inke be dry; and with your teares
Moiſt it againe: and frame ſome feeling line,
That may diſcover ſuch integrity:
For *Orpheus* Lute, was ſtrung with Poets ſinewes,
Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteele and ſtones;
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leviathans*
Forſake unſounded deepes, and dance on Sands.
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
Viſit by night your Ladies chamber-window
With ſome ſweet Conſort; To their Inſtruments
Tune a deploring dumpe: the nights dead ſilence
Will well become ſuch ſweet complaining grievance:
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her.
Du. This diſcipline, ſhowes thou haſt bin in love.
Th. And thy advice, this night, ile put in practiſe:
Therefore, ſweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,
Let us into the City preſently
To ſort ſome gentlemen, well skil'd in Muſique.
I have a Sonnet, that will ſerve the turne
To give the on-ſet to thy good advice.
Du. About it Gentlemen.
Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, till after Supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Du. Even now about it, I will pardon you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-Lawes.

1. Out-l. Fellowes, ſtand faſt: I ſee a paſſenger.
2. Out. If there be ten, ſhrinkd not, but down with'em.
3. Out. Stand ſir, and throw us that you have about'ye.
If not: we'll make you ſit, and rifle you.
Sp. Sir we are undone; theſe are the Villaines
That all the Travaillers doe feare ſo much.
Val. My friends.
1. Out. That's not ſo, ſir: we are your enemies.
2. Out. Peace: we'll heare him.
3. Out. I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man.
Val. Then know that I have little to loſe;
A man I am, croſs'd with adverſitie:
My riches, are theſe poore habiliments,
Of which, if you ſhould here diſfurniſh me,
You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I have.
2. Out. Whither travell you?
Val. To *Verona*.
1. Out. Whence came you?
Val. From *Millaine*.
3. Out. Have you long ſojourn'd there? (ſtaid,
Val. Some ſixteene moneths, and longer might have
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1. Out. What, were you baniſh'd thence?
Va. I was.
2. Out. For what offence?
Va. For that which now torments me to rehearſe;
I kil'd a man, whoſe death I much repent,
But yet I ſlew him manfully in fight,
Without falſe vantage, or baſe treachery.
1. Out. Why nere repent it, if it were done ſo;
But were you baniſht for ſo ſmall a fault?
Va. I was, and held me glad of ſuch a doome.
2. Out. Have you the Tongues?
Va. My youthfull travaile, therein made me happy,
Or elſe I often had beene miſerable.
3. Out. By the bare ſcalpe of *Robin hoods* fat Fryer,
This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.
1. Out. We'll have him: Sirs, a word.
Sp. Maſter, be one of them:
It's an honerable kinde of theevery.
Va. Peace villaine.
2. Out. Tell us this: have you any things to take to?
Va. Nothing but my fortune.
3. Out. Know then, that ſome of us are Gentlemen,
Such as the furie of ungovern'd youth
Thruſt from the company of awfull men.
My ſelfe was from *Verona* baniſhed,
For practiſing to ſteale away a Lady,
And heire and Neece, allide unto the Duke.
2. Out. And I from *Mantua*, for a gentleman,
Who, in my moode, I ſtab'd unto the heart.
1. Out. And I, for ſuch like petty crimes as theſe.
But to the purpoſe: for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawleſſe lives;
And partly ſeeing you are beautifide
With goodly ſhape; and by your owne report,
A Linguiſt, and a man of ſuch perfection,
As we doe in our quality much want.
2. Out. Indeede becauſe you are a baniſh'd man,
Therefore, above the reſt, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our Generall?
To make a vertue of neceſſitie,
And live as we doe in the wilderneſſe?
3. Out. What ſaiſt thou? wilt thou be of our conſort?
Say I, and be the captaine of us all:
We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our Commander, and our King.

1. *Out.* But if thou ſcorne our curteſie, thou dyeſt.
2. *Out.* Thou ſhalt not live, to brag what we have of-
Val. I take your offer, and will live with you, (fer'd.
Provided that you do no outrages
On ſilly women, or poore paſſengers.
3. *Out.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practiſes.
Come, goe with us, we'll bring thee to our Crewes,
And ſhew thee all the Treaſure we have got;
Which, with our ſelves, all reſt at thy diſpoſe. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Prothens, Thurio, Iulia, Hoſt, Muſitian, Silvia.

Pro. Already have I bin falſe to *Valentine*,
And now I muſt be as unjuſt to *Thurio*,
Vnder the colour of commending him,
I have acceſſe my owne love to prefer.
But *Silvia* is too faire, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthleſſe guifts;
When I proteſt true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falſehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vowes,
She bids me thinke how I have bin forſworne
In breaking faith with *Iulia*, whom I lov'd;
And notwithſtandiug all her ſodaine quips,
The leaſt whereof would quell a lovers hope:
Yet (Spaniel-like) the more ſhe ſpurnes my love,
The more it growes, and fawneth on her ſtill;
But here comes *Thurio*; now muſt we to her window,
And give ſome evening Muſique to her eare.
Th. How now, ſir *Prothens*, are you crept before us?
Pro. I gentle *Thurio*, for you know that love
Will creepe in ſervice, where it cannot goe.
Thu. I, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I doe: or elſe I would be hence.
Thu. Whom, *Silvia*?
Pro. I, *Silvia*, for your ſake.
Thu. I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen
Let's turne: and too it luſtily a while.
Ho. Now, my young gueſt; me thinks you'r allycholly;
I pray you what is it?
Iu. Marry (mine *Hoſt*) becauſe I cannot be merry.
Ho. Come, wee'll have you merry: ile bring you where you ſhall heare Muſique, and ſee the Gentleman that you ask'd for.
Iu. But ſhall I heare him ſpeake.
Ho. I that you ſhall.
Iu. That will be Muſique.
Ho. Harke, harke.
Iu. Is he among theſe?
Ho. I: but peace, let's heare'm.

Song. Who is Silvia? what is ſhe?
That all our Swaines commend her?
Holy, faire, and wiſe is ſhe,
The heaven ſuch grace did lend her,
that ſhe might admired be.
Is ſhe kinde as ſhe is faire?
For beautie lives with kindneſſe,
Love doth to her eyes repaire,
To helpe him of his blindneſſe:
And being help'd, inhabits there.
Then to Silvia, let us ſing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortall thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us Garlands bring.

Ho. How now? are you ſadder then you were before;
How doe you, man? the Muſicke likes you not.
Iu. You miſtake: the Muſitian likes me not.
Ho. Why, my pretty youth?
Iu. He plaies falſe (father.)
Ho. How, out of tune on the ſtrings?
Iu. Not ſo: but yet
So falſe that he grieves my very heart-ſtrings.
Ho. You have a quicke eare. (heart.
Iu. I, I would I were deafe: it makes me have a ſlow
Ho. I perceive you delight not in Muſicke.
Iu. Not a whit, when it jars ſo.
Ho. Harke what fine change is in the Muſicke.
Iu. I: that change is the ſpight.
Ho. You would have them alwaies play but one thing.
Iu. I would alwayes have one play but one thing.
But Hoſt, doth this Sir *Prothens*, that we talke on,
Often reſort unto this Gentlewoman?
Ho. I tell you what *Launce* his man told me,
He lov'd her out of all nicke.
Iu. Where is *Launce*?
Ho. Gone to ſeeke his dog, which to morrow, by his Maſters command, hee muſt carry for a preſent to his Lady.
Iu. Peace, ſtand aſide, the company parts.
Pro. Sir *Thurio*, feare not I will ſo pleade,
That you ſhall ſay, my cunning drift excels.
Th. Where meete we?
Pro. At Saint *Gregories* well.
Th. Farewell.
Pro. Madam: good ev'n to your Ladiſhip.
Sil. I thanke you for your Muſicke (Gentlemen)
Who is that that ſpake?
Pro. One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,
You would quickly learne to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir *Prothens*, as I take it.
Pro. Sir *Prothens* (gentle Lady) and your Servant.
Sil. What's your will?
Pro. That I may compaſſe yours.
Sil. You have your wiſh: my will is ever this,
That preſently you hie you home to bed:
Thou ſubtile, perjur'd, falſe, diſloyall man:
Think'ſt thou I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſſe,
To be ſeduced by thy flattery,
That has't deceiv'd ſo many with thy vowes?
Returne, returne, and make thy love amends:
For me (by this pale queene of night I ſweare)
I am ſo farre from granting thy requeſt,
That I deſpiſe thee, for thy wrongfull ſuite;
And by and by intend to chide my ſelfe,
Even for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant (ſweet love) that I did love a Lady,
But ſhe is dead.
Iu. 'Twere falſe, if I ſhould ſpeake it;
For I am ſure ſhe is not buried.
Sil. Say that ſhe be: yet *Valentine* thy friend
Survives; to whom (thy ſelfe art witneſſe)
I am betroth'd; and art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him, with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewiſe heare that *Valentine* is dead.
Sil. And ſo ſuppoſe am I; for in his grave
Aſſure thy ſelfe, my love is buried.
Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Goe to thy Ladies grave and call hers thence,
Or at the leaſt, in hers, ſepulcher thine.
Iul. He heard not that.
Pro. Madam: if your heart be ſo obdurate:
Vouchſafe me yet your Picture for my love,
The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that Ile ſpeake, to that Ile ſigh and weepe:
For ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelfe
Is elſe devoted, I am but a ſhadow;
And to your ſhadow, will I make true love.
Iul. If 'twere a ſubſtance you would ſure deceive it,
And make it but a ſhadow, as I am.
Sil. I am very loath to be your Idoll Sir;
But, ſince your falſehood ſhall become you well
To worſhip ſhadowes, and adore falſe ſhapes,
Send to me in the morning, and ile ſend it:
And ſo, good reſt.
Pro. As wretches have ore-night
That wait for execution in the morne. *Exeunt.*
Iul. Hoſt, will you goe?
Ho. By my hallidome, I was faſt aſleepe.
Iul. Pray you where lies Sir *Protheus*?
Ho. Marry, at my houſe:
Truſt me, I thinke 'tis almoſt day.
Iul. Not ſo: but it hath bin the longeſt night
That ere I watch'd, and the moſt heavieſt. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Eglamore, Silvia.

Eg. This is the houre that Madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call, and know her minde:
Ther's ſome great matter ſhe'ld employ me in.
Madam, Madam.
Sil. Who cals?
Eg. Your ſervant, and your friend;
One that attends your Ladiſhips command.
Sil. Sir *Eglamore*, a thouſand times good morrow.
Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your ſelfe:
According to your Ladiſhips impoſe,
I am thus early come, to know what ſervice
It is your pleaſure to command me in.
Sil. Oh *Eglamore*, thou art a Gentleman:
Thinke not I flatter (for I ſweare I doe not)
Valiant, wiſe, remorſe-full, well accompliſh'd.
Thou art not ignorant what deere good will
I beare unto the baniſh'd *Valentine*:
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vaine *Thurio* (whom my very ſoule abhor'd)
Thy ſelfe haſt lov'd, and I have heard thee ſay
No griefe did come ſo neere thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true-love di'de,
Vpon whoſe Grave thou vow'dſt pure chaſtitie:
Sir *Eglamore*: I would to *Valentine*
To *Mantua*, where I heare, he makes aboad;
And for the wayes are dangerous to paſſe,
I doe deſire thy worthy company,
Vpon whoſe faith and honor, I repoſe.
Vrge not my fathers anger (*Eglamore*)
But thinke upon my griefe (a Ladies griefe)
And on the juſtice of my flying hence,
To keepe me from a moſt unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune ſtill rewards with plagues.
I doe deſire thee, even from a heart
As full of ſorrowes, as the Sea of ſands,
To beare me company and goe with me:
If not, to hide what I have ſayd to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.
Eg. Madam, I pitty much your grievances,
Which, ſince I know they vertuouſly are plac'd,
I give conſent to goe along with you,
Wreaking as little what betideth me,
As much, I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you goe?
Sil. This evening comming.
Eg. Where ſhall I meete you?
Sil. At *Frier Patrickes* Cell,
Where I intend holy confeſſion.
Eg. I will not faile your Ladiſhip:
Good morrow (gentle Lady.)
Sil. Good morrow, kinde Sir *Eglamore*. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Launce, Protheus, Iulia, Silvia.

Lau. When a mans ſervant ſhall play the Curre with him (looke you) it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I ſav'd from drowning, when three or foure of his blinde brothers and ſiſters went to it: I have taught him (even as one would ſay preciſely, thus I would teach a dog) I was ſent to deliver him, as a preſent to Miſtris *Silvia*, from my Maſter; and I came no ſooner into the dyning-chamber, but he ſteps me to her Trencher, and ſteals her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himſelfe in all companies: I would have (as one ſhould ſay) one that takes upon him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I thinke verily he had bin hang'd for't: ſure as I live he had ſuffer'd for't: you ſhall judge: He thruſts me himſelfe into the company of three or foure gentleman-like-doggs, under the Dukes table: he had not bin there (bleſſe the marke) a piſſing while, but all the chamber ſmelt him: out with the dog (ſaies one) what cur is that (ſaies another) whip him out (ſaies the third) hang him up (ſaies the Duke.) I having bin acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend (quoth I) you meane to whip the dog: I marry doe I (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoe, but whips me out of the chamber: how many Maſters would doe this for his ſervant? nay, ile be ſworne I have ſat in the ſtockes for puddings he hath ſtolne, otherwiſe he had bin executed: I have ſtood on the Pillorie for Geeſe he hath kil'd, otherwiſe he had ſufferd for't: thou think'ſt not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you ſerv'd me, when I tooke my leave of Madam *Silvia*: did

not I bid thee ſtill marke me,and doe as I do;when did'ſt
thou ſee me heave up my leg, and make water againſt a
Gentlewomans farthingale? did'ſt thou ever ſee me doe
ſuch a tricke?
Pro. *Sebaſtian* is thy name: I like thee well,
And will imploy thee in ſome ſervice preſently.
Iu. In what you pleaſe, ile doe Sir what I can.
Pro. I hope thou wilt.
How now you whor-ſon pezant,
Where have you bin theſe two dayes loytering?
La. Mary Sir, I carried Miſtris *Silvia* the dogge you
bade me.
Pro. And what ſayes ſhe to my little Iewell?
La. Marry ſhe ſaies your dog was a cur,and tells you
curriſh thankes is good enough for ſuch a preſent.
Pro. But ſhe receiv'd my dog?
La. No indeede did ſhe not:
Here have I brought him backe againe.
Pro. What, didſt thou offer her this from me?
La. I Sir,the other Squirrill was ſtolne from me
By the hangmans boy in the market place,
And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog
As big as ten of yours,& therefore the gift the greater.
Pro. Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe,
Or nere returne againe into my ſight.
Away, I ſay: ſtayeſt thou to vexe me here;
A ſlave, that ſtill an end, turnes me to ſhame. *Exit.*
Sebaſtian, I have entertained thee,
Partly that I have need of ſuch a youth,
That can with ſome diſcretion do my buſineſſe:
For 'tis no truſting to yond fooliſh Lowt;
But chiefely, for thy face, and thy behaviour,
Which (if my Augury deceive me not)
Witneſſe good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertaine hee.
Go preſently and take this Ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*;
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.
Iul. It ſeemes you lov'd not her, to leave her token:
She is dead belike?
Pro. Not ſo: I thinke ſhe lives.
Iul. Alas.
Pro. Why do'ſt thou cry alas?
Iul. I cannot chooſe but pitty her.
Pro. Wherefore ſhould'ſt thou pitty her?
Iul. Becauſe, me thinkes that ſhe lov'd you as well
As you doe love your Lady *Silvia*:
She dreames on him, that has forgot her love;
You doate on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pitty Love ſhould be ſo contrary:
And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.
Pro. Well: give her that Ring,and therewithall
This Letter: that's her chamber: Tell my Lady,
I claime the promiſe for her heavenly Picture:
Your meſſage done, hye home unto my chamber,
Where thou ſhalt finde me ſad, and ſolitarie. *Exit.*
Iul. How many women would doe ſuch a meſſage?
Alas poore *Protheus*, thou haſt entertain'd
A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs;
Alas,poore foole, why doe I pitty him
That with his very heart deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loves her, he deſpiſeth me,
Becauſe I love him, I muſt pitty him.
This Ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To binde him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy Meſſenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtaine;
To carry that, which I would have refus'd;
To praiſe his faith which I would have diſprais'd.
I am my Maiſters true confirmed love,
But cannot be true ſervant to my Maiſter,
Vnleſſe I prove falſe traitor to my ſelfe.
Yet will I wooe for him,but yet ſo coldly, *Enter*
As(heaven it knows) I would not have him ſpeed. *Silvia.*
Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my meane
To bring me where to ſpeake with Madam *Silvia*.
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?
Iul. If you be ſhe, I doe intreat your patience
To heare me ſpeake the meſſage I am ſent on.
Sil. From whom?
Iul. From my Maſter, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.
Sil. Oh: he ſends you for a Picture?
Iul. I, Madam.
Sil. *Vrſula*, bring my Picture there,
Goe, give your Maſter this: tell him from me,
One *Iulia*, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.
Iu. Madam, pleaſe you peruſe this Letter;
Pardon me (Madam) I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I ſhould not;
This is the Letter to your Ladiſhip.
Sil. I pray thee let me looke on that againe.
Iu. It may not be: good Madam pardon me.
Sil. There, hold:
I will not looke upon your Maſters lines:
I know they are ſtuft with proteſtations,
And full of new-found oathes, which he will breake
As eaſie as I do teare his paper.
Iu. Madam, he ſends your Ladiſhip this Ring.
Si. The more ſhame for him, that he ſends it me;
For I have heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His *Iulia* gave it him, at his departure:
Though his falſe finger have prophan'd the Ring,
Mine ſhall not doe his *Iulia* ſo much wrong.
Iu. She thankes you.
Si. What ſai'ſt thou?
Iu. I thanke you Madam, that you tender her:
Poore Gentlewoman, my Maſter wrongs her much.
Si. Do'ſt thou know her?
Iu. Almoſt as well as I doe know my ſelfe.
To thinke upon her woes, I do proteſt
That I have wept a hundred ſeverall times.
Si. Belike ſhe thinks that *Protheus* hath forſook her?
Iu. I thinke ſhe doth: and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.
Si. Is ſhe not paſſing faire?
Iu. She hath bin fairer (Madam) then ſhe is,
When ſhe did thinke my Maſter lov'd her well;
She, in my judgement, was as faire as you.
But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking glaſſe,
And threw her Sun-expelling Maſque away,
The ayre hath ſtarv'd the roſes in her cheekes,
And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
That now ſhe is become as blacke as I.
Sil. How tall was ſhe?
Iu. About my ſtature: for at *Pentecoſt*,
When all our Pageants of delight were plaid,
Our youth got me to play the womans part,
And I was trim'd in Madam *Iulias* gowne,
Which ſerved me as fit, by all mens judgements,
As if the garment had bin made for me:
Therefore I know ſhe is about my height;
And at that time I made her weepe agood,

For I did play a lamentable part.
(Madam) 'twas *Ariadne*, paſſioning
For *Theſeus* periury, and unjuſt flight;
Which I ſo lively acted with my teares:
That my poore Miſtris moved therewithall,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow.
Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)
Alas, (poore Lady) deſolate, and left;
I weepe my ſelfe to thinke upon thy words:
Here youth: there is a purſe; I give thee this
For thy ſweet Miſtris ſake, becauſe thou lov'ſt her.
Farewell. *Exit.*
Iul. And ſhe ſhall thanke you for't, if ere you know
A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull. (her.
I hope my Maiſter's ſuit will be but cold,
Since ſhe reſpects my Miſtris love ſo much.
Alas, how love can trifle with it ſelfe:
Here is her Picture: let me ſee, I thinke
If I had ſuch a Tyre, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Vnleſſe I flatter with my ſelfe too much.
Her haire is *Aburne*, mine is perfect *Yellow*;
If that be all the difference in his love,
Ile get me ſuch a colour'd Perriwig:
Her eyes are grey as graſſe, and ſo are mine:
I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high:
What ſhould it be that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpectiue in my ſelfe,
If this fond love, were not a blinded god?
Come ſhadow, come, and take this ſhadow up,
For 'tis thy rivall: O thou ſenceleſſe forme.
Thou ſhalt be worſhip'd, kiſs'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And were there ſence in his Idolatry,
My ſubſtance ſhould be ſtatue in thy ſtead.
Ile uſe thee kindly, for thy miſtris ſake
That us'd me ſo: or elſe by *Iove*, I vow,
I ſhould have ſcratch'd out your unſeeing eyes,
To make my Maiſter out of love with thee. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Eglamoure, Slvia.

Egl. The Sun begins to guild the weſterne skie,
And now it is about the very houre
That *Silvia*, at Fryer *Patrickes* Cell ſhould meet me,
She will not faile; for Lovers breake not houres,
Vnleſſe it be to come before their time,
So much they ſpur their expedition.
See where ſhe comes: Lady a happy evening.
Sil. Amen, Amen: goe on (good *Eglamoure*)
Out at the Poſterne by the Abbey wall;
I feare I am attended by ſome Spies.
Egl. Feare not: the Forreſt is not three leagues off,
If we recover that, we are ſure enough. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, Iulia, Duke.

Th. Sir *Protheus*, what ſayes *Silvia* to my ſuit?
Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then ſhe was,
And yet ſhe takes exceptions at your perſon.
Thu. What? that my leg is too long?
Pro. No, that it is too little. (der.
Thu. Ile weare a Boote, to make it ſomewhat roun-
Pro. But love will not be ſpurd to what it loathes.
Thu. What ſayes ſhe to my face?
Pro. She ſaies it is a faire one.
Thu. Nay then the wanton lyes: my face is blacke.
Pro. But Pearles are faire; and the old ſaying is,
Blacke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladyes eyes.
Thu. 'Tis true, ſuch Pearles as put out Ladies eyes.
For I had rather winke, then looke on them.
Thu. How likes ſhe my diſcourſe?
Pro. Ill, when you talke of war.
Thu. But well, when I diſcourſe of love and peace.
Iul. But better indeed, when you hold you peace.
Thn. What ſayes ſhe to my valour?
Pro. Oh Sir, ſhe makes no doubt of that.
Iul. She needes not, when ſhe knowes it cowardize.
Thu. What ſayes ſhe to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.
Iu. True: from a Gentleman to a foole.
Thu. Conſiders ſhe my poſſeſſions?
Pro. Oh I: and pitties them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Iu. That ſuch an Aſſe ſhould owe them.
Pro. That they are out by Leaſe.
Iu. Here comes the Duke.
Du. How now ſir *Protheus*; how now *Thurio*?
Which of you ſay ſaw Sir *Eglamoure* of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Du. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neyther.
Du. Why then
She's fled unto the pezant, *Valentine*;
And *Eglamoure* is in her companie:
'Tis true: for Frier *Laurence* met them both.
As he, in pennance wander'd through the Forreſt:
Him he knew well: and gueſd that it was ſhe,
But being mask'd, he was not ſure of it.
Beſides ſhe did intend Confeſſion
At *Patricks* Cell this even, and there ſhe was not.
Theſe likelihoods confirme her flight from hence;
Therefore I pray you ſtand not to diſcourſe,
But mount you preſently, and meete with me
Vpon the riſing of the Mountaine foote
That leads toward *Mantua*, whither they are fled:
Diſpatch (ſweet Gentlemen) and follow me.
Thu. Why this it is, to be a peeviſh Girle,
That flies her fortune where it followes her:
Ile after; more to be reveng'd on *Eglamoure*,
Then for the love of reck-leſſe *Silvia*.
Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvias* love
Then hate of *Eglamoure* that goes with her.
Iu. And I will follow, more to croſſe that love
Then hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for love. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Siliva, Out-lawes.

1. *Out.* Come, come be patient:

We muſt bring you to our Captaine.
Sil. A thouſand more miſchances then this one
Have learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.
2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.
1 *Out.* Where is the Gentleman that was with her.
3 *Out.* Being nimble footed, he hath out-run us.
But *Moyſes* and *Valerius* follow him:
Goe thou with her to the Weſt end of the Wood,
There is our Captaine: wee'll follow him thats fled,
The thicket is beſet, he cannot ſcape.
1 *Out.* Come, I muſt bring you to our Captaines Cave.
Feare not: he beares an honourable mind,
And will not vſe a woman lawleſly.
Sil. O *Valentine*: this I endure for thee.
Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Protheus, Silvia, Iulia, Duke, Thurio, Out-lawes.

Val. How uſe doth breed a habite in a man?
This ſhadowy Deſart, unfrequented woods,
I better brooke then flouriſhing peopled townes:
Here can I ſit alone, un-ſeene of any,
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes;
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.
O thou that doſt inhabit in my breſt,
Leave not the Manſion ſo long Tenantleſſe,
Leſt growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was,
Repaire me with thy preſence, *Silvia*:
Thou Gentle Nymph, cheriſh thy forlorne Swaine.
What hallowing, and what ſtirre is this to day?
Theſe are my mates, that make their wils their Law,
Have ſome unhappy paſſenger in chace;
They love me well, yet I have much to doe
To keepe them from uncivill outrages.
Withdraw thee *Valentine*: who's this comes here?
Pro. Madam, this ſervice I have done for you,
(Though you reſpect not ought your ſervant doth)
To hazzard life, and reskew you from him,
That would have forc'd your honour and your love,
Vouchſafe me for my meed, but one faire looke:
(A ſmaller boone than this, I cannot beg,
And leſſe than this, I am ſure you cannot give.)
Val. How like a dreame is this? I ſee and heare:
Love, lend me patience to forbeare a while.
Sil. O miſerable, unhappy that I am.
Pro. Vnhappy were you (Madam) ere I came:
But by my comming, I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'ſt me moſt unhappy.
Iu. And me, when he approcheth to your preſence.
Sil. Had I beene ſeazed by a hungry Lion,
I would have beene a breakfaſt to the Beaſt,
Rather than have falſe *Protheus* reskew me:
O heaven be judge how I love *Valentine*,
Whoſe life's as tender to me as my ſoule,
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I doe deteſt falſe perjur'd *Protheus*:
Therefore be gone, ſolicit me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, ſtood it next to death,
Would I not undergoe for one calme looke:
Oh, tis the curſe in Love, and ſtill approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.
Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love, where he's belov'd:
Reade over *Iulia's* heart, (thy firſt beſt Love)
For whoſe deare ſake thou didſt then rend thy faith
Into a thouſand oathes; and all thoſe oathes,
Deſcended into perjury to deceive me,
Thou haſt no faith left now, unleſſe thou'dſt two,
And that's farre worſe than none: better have none
Then plurall faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend.
Pro. In love,
Who reſpects friend?
Sil. All men but *Protheus*.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle ſpirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder forme;
Ile move you like a Souldier, at armes end,
And love you 'gainſt the nature of love: force ye.
Sil. Oh heaven.
Pro. Ile force thee yeeld to my deſire.
Val. Ruffian, let goe that rude uncivill touch,
Thou friend of an ill faſhion.
Pro. *Valentine!*
Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love.
For ſuch is a friend now: Thou treacherous man,
Thou haſt beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have perſwaded me: now I dare not ſay
I have one friend alive; thou wouldſt diſprove me:
Who ſhould be truſted now, when ones right hand
Is perjured to the boſome? *Protheus*
I am ſorry I muſt never truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake:
The private wound is deepeſt: oh time, moſt accurſt:
'Mongſt all foes, that a friend ſhould be the worſt?
Pro. My ſhame and guilt confounds me:
Forgive me *Valentine*: if hearty ſorrow
Be a ſufficient Ranſome for offence,
I tender't heere: I doe as truely ſuffer,
As ere I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid:
And once againe, I doe receive thee honeſt;
Who by Repentance is not ſatisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for theſe are pleas'd:
By Penitence th'Eternals wrath's appeas'd:
And that my love may appeare plaine and free,
All that was mine, in *Silvia*, I give thee.
Iu. Oh me unhappy.
Pro. Looke to the Boy.
Val. Why, Boy?
Why Wag: how now? what's the matter? looke up: ſpeak.
Iu. O good ſir, my Maſter charg'd me to deliver a Ring
to Madam *Silvia*: which (out of my neglect) was never
Pro. Where is that Ring? Boy? (done.
Iu. Heere 'tis: this is it.
Pro. How? let me ſee.
Why this is the Ring I gave to *Iulia*.
Iu. Oh, cry you mercy ſir, I have miſtooke:
This is the Ring you ſent to *Silvia*.
Pro. But how cam'ſt thou by this Ring? at my depart
I gave this unto *Iulia*.
Iu. And *Iulia* her ſelfe did give it me,
And *Iulia* her ſelfe hath brought it hither.
Pro. How? *Iulia*?
Iu. Behold her that gave ayme to all thy oathes,
And entertain'd 'em deepely in her heart.
How oft haſt thou with perjury cleft the roote?
Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee bluſh.

Be thou aſham'd that I have tooke upon me,
Such an immodeſt rayment; if ſhame live
In a diſguiſe of love?
It is the leſſer blot modeſty findes,
Women to change their ſhapes, than men their mindes.
Pro. Than men their minds? tis true, oh heaven, were
Man but conſtant, he were perfect; that one errour
Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th'ſins;
Inconſtancy fals off ere it begins:
What is in *Silvia's* face, but I may ſpie
More freſh in *Iulia's*, with a conſtant eye?
Val. Come, come: a hand from either:
Let me be bleſt to make this happy cloſe:
Twere pitty two ſuch friends ſhould be long foes:
Pro. Beare witneſſe (heaven) I have my wiſh for ever.
Iul. And I mine.
Out-l. A prize, a prize, a prize.
Val. Forbeare, forbeare I ſay: It is my Lord the *Duke*:
Your Grace is welcome to a man diſgrac'd,
Baniſhed *Valentine*.
Duke. Sir *Valentine*?
Thu. Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia's* mine.
Val. *Thurio* give backe; or elſe imbrace thy death:
Come not within the meaſure of my wrath:
Doe not name *Silvia* thine: if once againe,
Verona ſhall not hold thee: here ſhe ſtands,
Take but poſſeſſion of her, with a Touch:
I dare thee, but to breathe vpon my Love.
Thur. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a foole that will endanger
His body, for a Girle that loves him not:
I claime her not, and therefore ſhe is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and baſe art thou
To make ſuch meanes for her as thou haſt done,
And leave her on ſuch ſlight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my Anceſtry,
I doe applaud thy ſpirit, *Valentine*,
And thinke thee worthy of an Empreſſe love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefes,
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,
Plead a new ſtate in thy arrival'd merit,
To which I thus ſubſcribe: Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriv'd,
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou haſt deſerv'd her.
Val. I thanke your Grace; the gift hath made me hap-
I now beſeech you (for your Daughters ſake) (py:
To grant one Boone that I ſhall aske of you.
Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.
Val Theſe baniſh'd men, that I have kept withall,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reform'd, civill, full of good,
And fit for great imployment (worthy Lord.)
Duke. Thou haſt prevai'ld, I pardon them and thee:
Diſpoſe of them, as thou knowſt their deſerts.
Come, let us goe, we will include all jarres,
With Triumphes, Mirth, and all ſolemnity.
Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold
With our diſcourſe, to make your Grace to ſmile.
What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)
Duke. I thinke the Boy hath grace in him, he bluſhes.
Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace then Boy.
Duke. What meane you by that ſaying?
Val. Pleaſe you, Ile tell you as we paſſe along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned:
Come *Protheus*, tis your pennance but to heare
The ſtory of your Loves diſcovered.
That done, our day of marriage ſhall be yours,
One feaſt, one houſe, one mutuall happineſſe. *Exeunt.*

Names of the Actors.

Duke: Father to Silvia.
Valentine. } *the two Gentlemen.*
Protheus. }
Anthonio: father to Protheus.
Thurio, a fooliſh rivall to Valentine.
Eglamoure, Agent for Silvia in her eſcape.
Hoſt, where Iulia lodges.
Out-lawes with Valentine.
Speed, a clowniſh ſervant to Valentine.
Launce, the like to Protheus.
Panthion, ſervant to Antonio.
Iulia, beloved of Protheus.
Silvia, beloved of Valentine.
Lucetta, waiting-woman to Iulia.

FINIS.

THE
Merry VVives of VVindſor.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Iuſtice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Evans, Maſter Page, Falſtaffe, Bardolph, Nym, Piſtoll, Anne Page, Miſtreſſe Ford, Miſtreſſe Page, Simple.

Shallow.

SIr *Hugh*, perſwade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir *Iohn Falſtaffes*, he ſhall not abuſe *Robert Shallow*, Eſquire.

Slen. In the County of *Glooceſter*, Iuſtice of Peace and (Coram.

Shal. I (Coſen *Slender*) and *Cuſt-alorum.*

Slen. I, and *Rato-lorum* too; and a Gentleman borne (Maſter Parſon) who writes himſelfe *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero.*

Shal. I that I doe, and have done any time theſe three hundred yeeres.

Slen. All his ſucceſſors (gone before him) hath don't: and all his Anceſtors (that come after him) may: they may give the dozen white Luces in their Coat.

Shal. It is an old Coat.

Evans. The dozen white Lowſes doe become an old Coat well: it agrees well paſſant: It is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies Love.

Shal. The Luce is the freſh-fiſh, the ſalt-fiſh, is an old Coat.

Slen. I may quarter (Coz.)

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marrying indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Fvans. Yes per-lady: if he has a quarter of your Coat, there is but three skirts for your ſelfe, in my ſimple conjectures; but that is all one: if Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* have committed diſparagements unto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to doe my benevolence, to make attonements and compremiſes betweene you.

Shal. The Councell ſhall heare it, it is a Riot.

Evan. It is not meet the Councell heare of a Ryot: there is no feare of Got in a Ryot: The Councell (looke you) ſhall deſire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take you viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha; o' my life, if I were yong againe, the ſword ſhould end it.

Evans. It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it: and there is alſo another device in my praine, which peradventure prings good diſcretions with it. There is *Anne-Page*, which is daughter to Maſter *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Miſtris *Anne Page?* ſhe has browne haire, and ſpeakes like a woman.

Evans. It is that ferry perſon for all the orld, as juſt as you will deſire, and ſeven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, & ſilver, is her Grand-ſire upon his deaths-bed, (Got deliver to a joyfull Reſurrections) give, when ſhe is able to overtake ſeventeene yeeres old. It were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage betweene Maſter *Abraham*, and Miſtris *Anne Page.*

Slen. Did her Grand-ſire leave her ſeven hundred pound?

Evans. I, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the yong Gentlewoman, ſhee has good gifts.

Evan. Seven hundred pounds, and poſſibilitie is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us ſee honeſt Mr, *Page:* is *Falſtaffe* there?

Evan. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe deſpiſe a lyer, as I doe deſpiſe one that is falſe, or as I deſpiſe one that is not true: the Knight Sir *Iohn* is there, and I beſeech you bee ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for Mr. *Page.* What hoa? Got bleſſe your houſe here.

Mr. Page. Who's there?

Evans. Here is got's pleſſing and your friend, and Iuſtice *Shallow*, and h[illegible]'s yong Maſter *Slender*: that peradventures ſhall tell [illegible] another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Mr. Page. I am glad to ſee your Worſhips well: I thanke you for my Veniſon, Maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. Maſter *Page*, I am glad to ſee you: much good doe it your good heart: I wiſh'd your Veniſon better, it was ill kill'd: how doth good miſtreſſe *Page?* and I thank you alwayes with my heart, la: with my heart.

M. Page. Sir, I thanke you.

Shal. Sir, I thanke you: by yea and no I doe.

M. Page. I am glad to ſee you good Maſter *Slender.*

Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard ſay he was out-run on *Cotſale.*

M. Pa. It could not be judg'd ſir.

Slen. You'll not confeſſe, you'll not confeſſe.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dogge.

M. Page. A Cur ſir.

Shal. Sir, hee's a good Dog, and a faire Dog, can there be more ſaid? he is good, and faire. Is Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* here?

M. Page. Sir, he is within: and I would I could doe a good office betweene you.

Evan. It is ſpoke as a Chriſtians ought to ſpeake.

Shal He hath wrong'd me (Maſter *Page.*)

M. Page. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſſe it.

Shal. If it be confeſſed, it is not redreſſed; is not that ſo (M.*Page*?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: beleeve me, *Robert Shallow* Eſquire, ſaith he is wrong'd.

Ma.Pa. Here comes Sir *Iohn.*

Fal. Now, Maſter *Shallow*, you'll complaine of mee to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my Deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your Keepers Daughter?

Shal. Tut a pin: this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwer it ſtrait, I have done all this:
That is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The Councell ſhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were knowne in councell: you'll be laugh'd at.

Evans. *Pauca verba*; (Sir *Iohn*) good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter have you againſt me?

Slen. Marry ſir, I have matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your Cony-catching Raſcals, *Bardolph, Nym*, and *Piſtoll.*

Bar. You *Banbury* Cheeſe.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Piſt. How now, *Mephoſtophilus*?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay; *pauca, pauca*: Slice, that's my humor.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, Coſen?

Evans. Peace I pray you: now let us underſtand; there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I underſtand; that is, Maſter *Page* (fidelicet Maſter *Page*) and there is my ſelfe, (fidelicet my ſelfe) and the three party is (laſtly, and finally) mine Hoſt of the Gater.

M.Pa. We three to heare it, and end it between them.

Evan. Ferry goo't, I will make a priefe of it in my Note-booke, and we will afterwards orke upon the cauſe, with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal. *Piſtoll.*

Piſt. He heares with eares.

Evan. The Tevill and his Tam [illegible] what phraſe is this, he heares with eare? why it is affe[illegible]ons.

Fal. *Piſtol*, did you picke M.*Slenders* purſe?

Slen. I, by theſe gloves did hee, or I would I might never come in mine owne great chamber againe elſe, of ſeaven groates in Mill-ſixpences, and two *Edward* Shovel-boords, that coſt me two ſhilling and two pence a peece, of *Yead Miller*: by theſe gloues.

Fal. Is this true *Piſtoll*?

Evan. No, it is falſe, if it is a pickepurſe.

Piſt. Ha, thou Mountaine Forreiner: Sir *Iohn*, and Maſter mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of denyall in thy *labras* here; word of deniall, froth, and ſcum thou lyeſt.

Slen. By theſe gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be avis'd ſir, and paſſe good humours: I will ſay marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hookes humour on me, that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this Hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an Aſſe.

Fal. What ſay you *Scarlet* and *Iohn*?

Bar. Why ſir (for my part) I ſay the Gentleman had drunke himſelfe out of his five ſentences.

Evans. It is his five ſenſes: fie, what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being fap, ſir, was (as they ſay) caſheer'd: and ſo concluſions paſt the Car-eires.

Slen. I, you ſpake in Latine then to: but 'tis no matter; Ile nere be drunke whilſt I live againe, but in honeſt, civill, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile be drunke with thoſe that have the feare of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Evan. So got-udge me, that is a vertuous mind.

Fal. You heare all theſe matters deny'd, Gentlemen you heare it.

Mr.Page. Nay daughter, carry the Wine in, wee'll drinke within.

Slen. Oh heaven: This is Miſtris *Anne Page.*

Mr.Page. How now Miſtris *Ford*?

Fal. Miſtris *Ford*, by my troth you are very well met: by your leave good Miſtris.

Mr.Page. Wife, bid theſe Gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot Veniſon Paſty to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we ſhall drinke downe all unkindneſſe.

Slen. I hadd rather then forty ſhillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets here; How now *Simple*, where have you beene? I muſt waite on my ſelfe, muſt I? you have not the booke of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Booke of Riddles, why did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* upon Alhallowmas laſt, a fortnight afore Michaelmas.

Shal. Come Coz, come, Coz, we ſtay for you: a word with you Coz: marry this, Coz: there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a farre off by Sir *Hugh* here: doe you underſtand me?

Slen. I Sir, you ſhall finde me reaſonable; if it be ſo, I ſhall doe that that is reaſon.

Shal. Nay, but underſtand me.

Slen. So I doe Sir.

Evan. Give eare to his motions; (M *Slender*) I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Coſen *Shallow* ſayes: I pray you pardon me, he's a Iuſtice of Peace in his Country, ſimple though I ſtand here.

Evan. But that is not the queſtion: the queſtion is concerning your marriage.

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

Evan. Marry is it: the very point of it, to M.*An.Page.*

Slen. Why if it be ſo; I will marry her upon any reaſonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'o-man, let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for divers Philoſophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therefore preciſely, can you marry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Coſen *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope ſir, I will doe as it ſhall become one that would doe reaſon.

Evan. Nay, got's Lords and his Ladies, you muſt ſpeak poſſitable, if you can carry-her your deſires towards her.

Shal. That you muſt:
Will you (vpon good dowry) marry her?

Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, upon your requeſt (Coſen) in any reaſon.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, (ſweet Coz:) what I doe is to pleaſure you (Coz) can you love the Maide?

Slen. I will marry her (Sir) at your requeſt; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decreaſe it upon better acquaintance, when we are maryed, and have more occaſion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more content: but if you ſay marry-her', I will marry her, that I am freely diſſolved, and diſſolutely.

Evan. It is a ferry diſcretion anſwer: ſave the fall is in the 'ord, diſſolutely: the ort is (according to our meaning) reſolutely: his meaning is good.

Sh. I, I thinke my Coſen meant well.

Sl. I, or elſe I would I might be hang'(la.)

Sh. Here comes faire Miſtris *Anne*; would I were yong for your ſake, Miſtris *Anne.*

An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father deſires your Worſhips company.

Sh. I will waite on him, (faire Miſtris *Anne.*) (Grace.

Evan. Od's pleſſed will: I will not be abſence at the

An. Wil't pleaſe your Worſhip to come in, Sir?

Sl. No, I thanke you forſooth, heartily; I am very well.

An. The dinner attends you ſir.

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forſooth; goe Sirrha, for all you are my man, goe wait upon my Coſen *Shallow*: a Iuſtice of Peace ſometime may be beholding to his friend for a man; I keepe but three men and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead: but what though, yet I live a poore Gentleman borne.

An. I may not goe in without your Worſhip: they will not ſit till you come.

Sl. I'faith, Ile eate nothing: I thanke you as much as though I did.

An. I pray you ſir walke in.

Sl. I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I bruiz'd my ſhin th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Maſter of Fence (three veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meate ſince. Why doe your dogs barke ſo? be there Beares ith' Towne?

An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Sl. I love the ſport well, but I ſhall as ſoon quarrell at it, as any man in *England*: you are afraid if you ſee the Beare looſe, are you not?

An. I indeed Sir.

Sl. That's meat and drinke to me now: I have ſeene *Sackerſon* looſe, twenty times, and have taken him by the Chaine: but (I warrant you) the women have ſo cride and ſhrekt at it, that it paſt: But women indeed cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Ma. Pa. Come gentle M. *Slender*, come: we ſtay for you.

Sl. Ile eat nothing, I thanke you ſir.

Ma. Pa. By cocke and pye you ſhall not chooſe Sir: come, come.

Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Ma. Pa. Come on Sir.

Sl. Miſtris *Anne*, your ſelfe ſhall goe firſt.

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

Sl. Truely I will not goe firſt: truely-la: I will not doe you that wrong.

An. I pray you Sir.

Sl. Ile rather be unmannerly then troubleſome: you doe your ſelfe wrong indeed-la. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Evans and Simple.

Evan. Goe your wayes and aske of Doctor *Caius* houſe, which is the way; and there dwels one Miſtris *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his Nurſe; or his dry-Nurſe; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Waſher, and his Ringer.

Sim. Well Sir.

Evans. Nay, it is petter yet: give her this letter; for it is a'oman that altogethers acquaintance with Miſtris *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to deſire, and require her to ſolicite your Maſters deſires, to Miſtris *Anne Page*: I pray you be gone: I will make an end of my dinner; there's Pippins and Cheeſe to come. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe, Hoſt, Bardolfe, Nym, Piſtoll, Page.

Fal. Mine Hoſt of the Garter?

Ho. What ſayes my Bully Rooke? ſpeake Schollerly, and wiſely.

Fal. Truely mine Hoſt; I muſt turne away ſome of my followers.

Ho. Diſcard, (Bully *Hercules*) caſheere; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten pounds a weeke.

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperour (*Ceſar*, *Keiſar* and *Pheazar*) I will entertaine *Bardolfe*: he will draw, he will tap; ſaid I well (Bully *Hector*?)

Fa. Doe ſo (good mine *Hoſt.*)

Ho. I have ſpoke, let him follow: let me ſee thee froth, and live: I am at a word: follow.

Fa. *Bardolfe* follow him, a *Tapſter* is a good trade: an old Cloake makes a new Ierkin: a wither'd Servingman, a freſh *Tapſter*, goe, adieu.

Ba. It is a life that I have deſir'd: I will thrive.

Piſt. O baſe hungarian wight: wilt yͭ the Spigot weild.

Ni. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor cõceited.

Fa. I am glad I am ſo acquit of this Tinderbox: his Thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilfull Singer, he kept not time.

Ni. The good humour is to ſteale at a minutes reſt.

Piſt. Convey, the wiſe it call: Steale? foh: a fico for the phraſe.

Fa. Well ſirs, I am almoſt out at heeles.

Piſt. Why then let Kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I muſt conicatch, I muſt ſhift.

Piſt. Yong Ravens muſt have food.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

Piſt. I ken the Wight, he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Piſt. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now *Piſtol*: (Indeed I am in the Waſte two yards about: but I am now about no waſte: I am about thrift) briefely: I doe meane to make love to *Fords* wife: I ſpie entertainment in her: ſhee diſcourſes: ſhe carves: ſhe gives the leere of invitation: I can conſtrue the action of her familiar ſtile, and the hardeſt voice of her behavior (to be engliſh'd rightly) is, *I am ſir Iohn Falſtafs.*

Piſt. He hath ſtudied her will; and tranſlated her will: out of honeſty into Engliſh.

Ni. The Anchor is deepe: will that humour paſſe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her husbands Purſe: he hath a legend of Angels.

Piſt. As many divels entertaine: and to her Boy ſay I.

Ni. The humor riſes: it is good: humor me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to *Pages* wife, who even now gave me good eyes too; examind my parts with moſt judicious illiads: ſometimes the beame of her view, guided my foot: ſometimes my portly belly.

Piſt. Then did the Sun on dung-hill ſhine.

Ni. I thanke thee for that humour.

Fal. O ſhe did ſo courſe o're my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did ſeeme to ſcorch me up like a burning-glaſſe: here's another letter to her: She beares the Purſe too: She is a Region in *Guiana*: all gold and bounty: I will bee Cheators to them both, and they ſhall be Exchequers to mee: they ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt Indies, and I will trade to them both: Goe, beare thou this letter to Miſtris *Page*; and thou this to Miſtris *Ford*: wee will thrive (Lads) wee will thrive.

Piſt. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my ſide weare Steele? then *Lucifer* take all.

Ni. I will run no baſe humour: here take the humour-Letter; I will keepe the haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold Sirrha, beare you theſe Letters rightly,
Saile like my Pinnaſſe to theſe golden ſhores.
Rogues, hence, avaunt, vaniſh like haile-ſtones; goe,
Trudge; plod away oth' hoofe, ſeeke ſhelter, packe:
Falſtaffe will learne the honour of the age,
French-thrift, you Rogues, my ſelfe, and skirted *Page*.

Piſt. Let Vultures gripe thy guts; for gourd, and
Fullam holds: & high and low beguiles the rich & poore,
Teſter Ile have in Pouch when thou ſhalt lacke,
Baſe Phrygian Turke.

Ni. I have operations,
Which be humours of revenge.

Piſt. Wilt thou revenge?

Ni. By Welkin, and her Starre.

Piſt. With wit, or ſteele?

Ni. With both the humours, I:
I will diſcuſſe the humour of this Love to *Ford*.

Piſt. And I to *Page* ſhall eke unfold
How *Falſtaffe* (Varlet vile)
His Dove will prove; his gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

Ni. My humour ſhall not coole: I will incenſe *Ford* to deale with poyſon: I will poſſeſſe him with yellowneſſe, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Piſt. Thou art the *Mars* of *Male-contents*: I ſecond thee: troope on. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Miſtris Quickly, Simple, Iohn Rugby, Doctor Caius, Fenton.

Qu. What, *Iohn Rugby*, I pray thee goe to the Caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my Maſter, Maſter Doctor *Caius* comming: if he doe (I'faith) and finde any body in the houſe; here will be an old abuſing of Gods patience, and the Kings Engliſh.

Ru. Ile goe watch.

Qu. Goe, and we'll have a Poſſet for't ſoone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-coale-fire: An honeſt, willing, kinde fellow, as ever ſervant ſhall come in houſe withall: and I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worſt fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is ſomething peeviſh that way: but no body but has his fault: but let that paſſe. *Peter Simple*, you ſay your name is.

Si. I, for fault of a better.

Qu. And Maſter *Slender's* your Maſter?

Si. I forſooth.

Qu. Doe's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glovers pairing-knife?

Si. No forſooth: he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow Beard: a Caine-colour'd Beard.

Qu. A ſoftly-ſprighted man, is he not?

Si. I forſooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betweene this and his head: he hath fought with a Warrener.

Qu. How ſay you: oh, I ſhould remember him: doe's he not hold up his head (as it were?) and ſtrut in his gate?

Si. Yes indeed doe's he.

Qu. Well, heaven ſend *Anne Page* no worſe fortune: Tell Maſter Parſon *Evans*, I will doe what I can for your Maſter: *Anne* is a good girle, and I wiſh——

Ru. Out alas: here comes my Maſter.

Qu. We ſhall all be ſhent: Run in here, good yong man: goe into this Cloſſet: he will not ſtay long: what *Iohn Rugby*? *Iohn*: what *Iohn* I ſay? goe *Iohn*, goe enquire for my Maſter, I doubt he be not well, that hee comes not home: (*and downe, downe, adowne'a, &c.*)

Ca. Vat is you ſing? I doe not like des-toyes: pray you goe and vetch me in my Cloſſet, unboyteene verd; a Box, a greene-a-Box: do intend vat I ſpeake? a greene-a-Box.

Qu. I forſooth ile fetch it you:
I am glad he went not in himſelfe: if he had found the yong man, he would have beene horne mad.

Ca. *Fe, fe, fe, fe, mai foi, il fait for ehando, Ie man voi a le Court la grand affaires.*

Qu. Is it this Sir?

Ca. *Ouy, mette le au mon pocket, de-peech quickly*:
Vere is dat knave *Rugby*?

Qu. What *Iohn Rugby*, *Iohn*?

Ru. Here ſir.

Ca. You are *Iohn Rugby*, and you are *Iacke Rugby*: Come, take a-your Rapier, and come after my heele to the Court.

Ru. 'Tis ready ſir, here in the Porch.

Ca. By my trot I tarry too long: od's-me: *que ay ie oublie*: dere is ſome Simples in my Cloſſet, dat I will not for the varld I ſhall leave behind.

Qu. Ay-me, he'll find the yong man there, and be mad.

Ca. O *Diable, Diable*: vat is in my Cloſſet?
Villanie, La-roone: *Rugby*, my Rapier.

Qu. Good Maſter be content.

Ca. Wherefore ſhould I be content-a?

Qu. The yong man is an honeſt man.

Ca. What ſhall de honeſt man do in my Cloſſet: dere is no honeſt man dat ſhall come in my cloſſet.

Qu. I beſeech you be not ſo flegmaticke: heare the truth of it. He came of an errand to mee from *Parſon Hugh*.

Ca. Vell.

Si. I forſooth, to deſire her to——

Qu. Peace, I pray you.

Ca. Peace-a-your-tongue: ſpeake-a-your Tale.

Si. To deſire this honeſt Gentlewoman (your Maid) to ſpeake a good word to Miſtris *Anne Page*, for my Maſter in the way of marriage.

Qu. This is all indeed-la: but ile nere put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Ca. Sir *Hugh* ſend-a-you? *Rugby*, ballow mee ſome Paper: tarry you a littell-a-while.

Qui. I am glad he is ſo quiet: if he had been throughly moved, you ſhould have heard him ſo loud, and ſo melancholly: but notwithſtanding man, Ile doe for your Maſter what good I can: and the very yea, and the no is, the French Doctor my Maſter, (I may call him my Maſter, looke you, for I keepe his houſe; and I waſh, ring, brew, bake, ſcowre, dreſſe meat and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my ſelfe.)

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come under one bodies hand.

Qui. Are you a-vis'd o'that? you ſhall find it a great charge: and to be up early, and downe late: but notwithſtanding, (to tell you in your eare, I would have no words of it) my Maſter himſelfe is in love with Miſtris *Anne Page*: but notwithſtanding that I know *Ans* mind, that's neither heere nor there.

Cai. You, Iack'Nape: givie-'a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a ſhallenge: I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a ſcurvy Iack-a-nape Prieſt to meddle, or make: —you may be gon: it is not good you tarry here: by gar I will cut all his two ſtones: by gar, hee ſhall not have a ſtone to trow at his dogge.

Qui. Alas: he ſpeakes but for his friend.

Cai. It is no matter'a ver dat: doe not you tell-a-me dat I ſhall have *Anne Page* for my ſelfe? by gar, I vill kill de Iack-Prieſt: and I have appointed mine Hoſt of de Iarteer to meaſure our weapon: by gar, I will my ſelfe have *Anne Page*.

Qui. Sir, the maid loves you, and all ſhall be well: We muſt give folkes leave to prate: what the good-jer.

Cai. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I ſhall turne your head out of my dore: follow my heeles, *Rugby*.

Qui. You ſhall have *An*-fooles head of your owne: No, I know *Ans* mind for that: never a woman in *Windſor* knowes more of *Ans* mind then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thanke heaven.

Fenton. Who's within there, hoa?

Qui. Who's there, I troa? Come neere the houſe I pray you.

Fen. How now (good woman) how doſt thou?

Qui. The better that it pleaſes your good Worſhip to aske?

Fen. What newes? how do's pretty Miſtris *Anne*?

Qui. In truth Sir, and ſhe is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praiſe heaven for it.

Fen. Shall I do any good thinkſt thou? ſhall I not looſe my ſuit?

Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithſtanding (Maſter *Fenton*) Ile be ſworne on a booke ſhee loves you: have not your Worſhip a wart above your eye?

Fen. Yes marry have I, what of that?

Qui. Well, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is ſuch another *Nan*; (but (I deteſt) an honeſt maid as ever broke bread: we had an houres talke of that wart; I ſhall never laugh but in that maids company: but (indeed) ſhe is given too much to Allicholy and muſing, but for you ——well—goe to——

Fen. Well: I ſhall ſee her to day: hold, there's money for thee: Let me have thy voyce in my behalfe: if thou ſeeſt her before me, commend me.——

Qui. Will I? Ifaith that we will: And I will tell your Worſhip more of the Wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, farewell, I am in great haſte now.

Qui. Farewell to your Worſhip: truely an honeſt Gentleman: but *Anne* loves him not: for I know *Ans* minde as well as another do's: out upon't: what have I forgot?

Exit.

Actus ſecundus: Scæna Prima.

Enter Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, Maſter Page, Maſter Ford, Piſtoll, Nim, Quickly, Hoſt, Shallow.

Miſt. Page. What, have I ſcap'd Love-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a ſubject for them? let me ſee?

Aske me no reaſon why I love you, for though love uſe reaſon for his preciſian, he admits him not for his Counſailour: you are not yong, no more am I: goe to then, there's ſimpathy: you are merry, ſo am I: ha, ha, then there's more ſimpathy: you love Sacke, and ſo doe I: would your deſire better ſimpathy? Let it ſuffice thee (Miſtris Page) at the leaſt if the Love of Souldier can ſuffice, that I love thee; I will not ſay pitty me, 'tis not a Souldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, love me:

By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night:
Or any kind of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight. *Iohn Falſtaffe.*

What a *Herod* of *Iury* is this? O wicked, wicked world:
One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age
To ſhow himſelfe a yong Gallant? What an unwayed
Behaviour hath this Flemiſh drunkard pickt (with
The devills name) out of my converſation, that he dares
In this manner aſſay me? why, he hath not beene thrice
In my Company: what ſhould I ſay to him? I was then
Frugall of my mirth: (heaven forgive me:) why Ile
Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe
of men: how ſhall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I
will be? as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

Miſ. Ford. *Miſtris Page*, truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

Miſ. Page. And truſt me, I was comming to you: you looke very ill.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, Ile nere beleeve that; I have to ſhew to the contrary.

Miſ. Page. 'Faith but you doe in my mind.

Miſ. Ford. Well: I doe then: yet I ſay, I could ſhew you to the contrary: O Miſtris *Page*, give me ſome counſaile.

Miſ, Page. What's the matter, woman?

Miſ. Ford. O woman: if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honor.

Miſ. Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take the honor: what is it? diſpence with trifles: what is it?

Miſ. Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall moment, or ſo: I could be knighted.

Miſ. Page. What thou lieſt? Sir *Alice Ford*? theſe Knights will hacke, and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy Gentry.

Miſ. Ford. We burne day-light, heere, read, read: perceive how I might be knighted, I ſhall thinke the worſe of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of mens liking; and yet hee would not ſweare:

praiſe womens modeſty: and gave ſuch orderly and wel-behaved reproofe to all uncomelineſſe, that I would have ſworne his diſpoſition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they doe no more adhere and keepe place together, then the hundred Pſalmes to the tune of Green-ſleeues: What tempeſt (I troa) threw this Whale, (with ſo many Tuns of [illegible]yle in his belly) a'ſhoare at *Windſor*? How ſhall I be revenged on him? I thinke the beſt way were to entertaine him with hope, *till* the wicked fire of luſt have melted him in his owne greace: Did you ever heare the like?

Miſ. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs: to thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opionions, heer's the twyn-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherit firſt, for I proteſt mine never ſhall: I warrant he hath a thouſand of theſe Letters, writ with blancke-ſpace for different names (ſue more:) and theſe are of the ſecond edition: he will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what he puts into the preſſe, when he would put us two: I had rather be a Gianteſſe, and lye under Mount *Pelion*: Well, I will find you twenty laſcivious Turtles ere one chaſte man.

Miſ. Ford. Why this is the very ſame: the very hand: the very words: what doth he thinke of us?

Miſ. Page. Nay I know not: it makes me almoſt ready to wrangle with mine owne honeſty: Ile entertaine my ſelfe like one that I am not acquainted withall: for ſure unleſſe he know ſome ſtraine in me, that I know not my ſelfe, he would never have boorded me in this fury.

Miſ. Ford. Boording, call you it? Ile be ſure to keepe him aboue decke.

Miſ. Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, Ile never to Sea againe: Let's be reveng'd on him, let's appoint him a meeting: give him a ſhow of comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited dela[illegible] till he hath pawn'd his horſes to mine Hoſt of the G[illegible]er.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, I will conſent to act any villany againſt him, that may not ſully the charineſſe of our honeſty: oh that my husband ſaw this Letter: it would give eternall food to his jealouſie.

Miſ. Page. Why looke where he comes; and my good man too: hee's as farre from jealouſie, as I am from giving him cauſe, and that (I hope) is an unmeaſurable diſtance.

Miſ. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Miſ. Page. Let's conſult together againſt this greaſie Knight: Come hither.

Ford. Well: I hope, it be not ſo.

Piſt. Hope is a curtall-dog in ſome affaires:
Sir *Iohn* affects thy wife.

Ford. Why ſir, my wife is not yong.

Piſt. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor, both yong and old, one with another (*Ford*) he loves thy Gally-mawfry (*Ford*) perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Piſt. With liver, burning hot: prevent:
Or goe thou like Sir *Acteon* he, with
Ring-wood at thy heeles: O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?

Piſt. The horne I ſay: Farewell:
Take heed, have open eye, for theeves doe foot by night.
Take heed, ere ſommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds doe ſing.
Away ſir Corporall *Nim*:
Beleeve it (*Page*) he ſpeakes ſence.

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this.

Nim. And this is true: I like not the humor of lying: he hath wronged me in ſome humors: I ſhould have borne the humour'd Letter to her: but I have a ſword: and it ſhall bite upon my neceſſity: he loves your wife; There's the ſhort, and the long: My name is Corporall *Nim*: I ſpeake, and I avouch; 'tis true: my name is *Nim*: and *Falſtaffe* loves your wife: adieu, I love not the humour of bread and cheeeſe: adieu.

Page. The humour of it (quoth'a?) heer's a fellow frights Engliſh out of his wits.

Ford. I will ſeeke out *Falſtaffe.*

Page. I never heard ſuch a drawling affecting rogue.

Ford. If I doe find it: well.

Page. I will not beleeve ſuch a *Cataian*, though the Prieſt o'th'Towne commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good ſenſible fellow: well.

Page. How now *Meg*?

Miſ. Page. Whither goe you (*George*?) harke you.

Miſ. Ford. How now (ſweet *Franke*) why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy? I am not melancholy:
Get you home, goe.

Miſ. Ford. Faith, thou haſt ſome crochets in thy head.
Now: will you goe, *Miſtris Page*?

Miſ. Page. Have with you: you'll come to dinner *George*? Looke who comes yonder: ſhe ſhall be our Meſſenger to this paltry Knight.

Miſ. Ford. Truſt me, I thought on her: ſhee'll fit it.

Miſ. Page. You are come to ſee my daughter *Anne*?

Qui. I forſooth: and I pray how do's good Miſtreſſe *Anne*?

Miſ. Page. Goe in with us and ſee: we have an houres talke with you.

Page. How now Maſter *Ford*.

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em ſlaves: I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it, But theſe that accuſe him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoake of his diſcarded men: very rogues, now they be out of ſervice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that,
Do's he lye at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's hee: if hee ſhould intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her looſe to him; and what he gets more of her, then ſharpe words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I doe not miſdoubt my wife: but I would bee loath to turne them together: a man may be too confident: I would have nothing lye on my head: I cannot be thus ſatisfied.

Page. Looke where my ranting Hoſt of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or mony in his purſe, when he lookes ſo merrily: How now mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. How now Bully-Rooke: thou'rt a Gentleman Caveleiro Iuſtice, I ſay.

Shal. I follow, (mine Hoſt) I follow: Good-even, and twenty (good Maſter *Page*.) Maſter *Page*, will you go with us? we have ſport in hand.

Hoſt. Tell him Caveleiro-Iuſtice: tell him Bully-Rooke.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir *Hugh* the Welch Prieſt, and *Caius* the French Doctor.

Ford. Good mine Hoſt o'th'Garter: a word with you.

Hoſt. What ſaiſt thou, my Bully-Rooke?

Shal. Will you goe with us to behold it? My merry Hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons; and (I thinke) hath appointed them contrary places: for (beleeve me) I heare the Parſon is no Ieſter: harke, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my Knight? my gueſt-Cavaleire?

Shal. None, I proteſt: but Ile give you a pottle of burn'd Sacke, to give me recourſe to him, and tell him my name is *Broome*: onely for a jeſt.

Hoſt. My hand, (Bully:) thou ſhalt have egreſſe and regreſſe, (ſaid I well?) and thy name ſhall be *Broome*. It is a merry Knight: will you goe An-heires?

Shal. Have with you mine Hoſt.

Page. I have heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut ſir: I could have told you more: In theſe times you ſtand on diſtance: your Paſſes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Maſter *Page*) 'tis heere, 'tis heere: I have ſeene the time, with my long-ſword, I would have made you foure tall fellowes skip like Rattes.

Hoſt. Heere boyes, heere, heere: ſhall we wag?

Page. Have with you: I had rather heare them ſcold, then fight.

Ford. Though *Page* be a ſecure foole, and ſtands ſo firmely on his wives frailty; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion ſo eaſily: ſhe was in his company at *Pages* houſe: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke further into't, and I have a diſguiſe, to ſound *Falſtaffe*; if I find her honeſt, I loſe not my labour: if ſhe be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtowed.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe, Piſtoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Piſt. Why then the world's mine Oyſter, which I, with ſword will open.

Fal. Not a penny: I have beene content (Sir) you ſhould lay my countenance to pawne: I have grated upon my good friends for three Repreeves for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*; or elſe you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Baboones: I am damn'd in hell, for ſwearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when Miſtreſſe *Briget* loſt the handle of her Fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadſt it not.

Piſt. Didſt not thou ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteene pence?

Fal. Reaſon, you roague, reaſon: thinkſt thou Ile endanger my ſoule, *gratis*? at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a ſhort knife, and a throng, to your Mannor of *Pickt-hatch*: goe, you'll not beare a Letter for me you roague? you ſtand upon your honor: why, (thou unconfinable baſeneſſe) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the terme of my honor preciſe: I, I, I my ſelfe ſometimes, leaving the feare of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my neceſſity, am faine to ſhuffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-ſconce your raggs; your Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes, your red-lattice phraſes, and your bold-beating-oathes, under the ſhelter of your honor? you will not doe it? you?

Piſt. I doe relent: what would thou more of man?

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeake with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Qui. Give your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.

Qui. Not ſo and't pleaſe your worſhip.

Fal. Good maid then.

Qui. Ile be ſworne,
As my mother was the firſt houre I was borne.

Fal. I doe beleeve the ſwearer; what with me?

Qui. Shall I vouchſafe your worſhip a word, or two?

Fal. Two thouſand (faire woman) and ile vouchſafe thee the hearing.

Qui. There is one Miſtreſſe *Ford*, (Sir) I pray come a little neerer this wayes: I my ſelfe dwell with M. Doctor *Caius*.

Fal. Well, on; Miſtreſſe *Ford*, you ſay.

Qui. Your worſhip ſayes very true; I pray your worſhip come a little neerer this wayes.

Fal. I warrant thee, no body heares: mine owne people, mine owne people.

Qui. Are they ſo? heaven bleſſe them, and make them his ſervants.

Fal. Well; Miſtreſſe *Ford*, what of her?

Qui. Why, Sir; ſhee's a good creature; lord, lord, your Worſhip's a wanton: well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray ———.

Fal. Miſtreſſe *Ford*; come, Miſtreſſe *Ford*.

Qui. Marry this is the ſhort, and the long of it: you have brought her into ſuch a Canaries, as 'tis wonderfull: the beſt Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windſor*) could never have brought her to ſuch a Canary: yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, ſmelling ſo ſweetly; all Muske, and ſo ruſhling, I warrant you, in ſilke and gold, and in ſuch alligant termes, and in ſuch wine and ſuger of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would have wonne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could never get an eye-winke of her: I had my ſelfe twenty Angels given me this morning, but I defie all Angels (in any ſuch ſort, as they ſay) but in the way of honeſty: and I warrant you, they could never get her ſo much as ſippe on a cup with the prowdeſt of them all, and yet there has beene Earles: nay, (which is more) Pentioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what ſayes ſhe to me? be briefe my good ſhee-*Mercury*.

Qui. Marry, ſhe hath receiv'd your Letter: for the which ſhe thankes you a thouſand times; and ſhe gives you to notifie, that her husband will be abſence from his houſe, betweene ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten, and eleven.

Qui. I, forſooth: and then you may come and ſee the picture (ſhe ſayes) that you wot of: Maſter *Ford* her husband will be from home: alas, the ſweet woman leades an ill life with him: hee's a very jealouſie-man; ſhe leads a very frampold life with him, (good hart.)

Fal. Ten, and eleven.

Woman, commend me to her, I will not faile her.

Qui. Why, you ſay well: But I have another meſſenger to your worſhip: Miſtreſſe *Page* hath her hearty commendations to you too: and let me tell you in your eare, ſhee's as fartuous a civill modeſt wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſſe you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in *Windſor*, who ere be the other: and ſhe bade me tell your worſhip, that her husband is ſeldome from home, but ſhe hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman ſo doate upon a man; ſurely I thinke you have charmes, la: yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the attraction of my good parts aſide, I have no other charmes.

Qui. Bleſſing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this: has *Fords* wife, and *Pages* wife acquainted each other, how they love me?

Qui. That were a jeſt indeed: they have not ſo little grace I hope, that were a tricke indeed: But Miſtris *Page* would deſire you to ſend her your little Page of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little Page: and truely Maſter *Page* is an honeſt man: never a wife in *Windſor* leades a better life then ſhe do's: doe what ſhe will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when ſhe liſt, riſe when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will: and truely ſhe deſerves it; for if there be a kind woman in *Windſor*, ſhe is one: you muſt ſend her your Page, no remedie.

Fal. Why, I will.

Qu. Nay, but doe ſo then, and looke you, he may come and goe betweene you both: and in any caſe have a nay-word, that you may know one anothers mind, and the Boy never need to underſtand any thing; for 'tis not good that children ſhould know any wickedneſſe: old folkes you know, have diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee-well, commend me to them both: there's my purſe, I am yet thy debter: Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes diſtracts me.

Piſt. This Puncke is one of *Cupids* Carriers,
Clap on more ſailes, purſue: up with your fights:
Give fire: ſhe is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all.

Fal. Saiſt thou ſo (old *Iacke*) goe thy wayes: Ile make more of thy old body then I have done: will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of ſo much money, be now a gainer? good body, I thanke thee: let them ſay 'tis groſſely done, ſo it be fairely done, no matter.

Bar. Sir *Iohn*, there's one Maſter *Broome* below would faine ſpeake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent you worſhip a mornings draught of Sacke.

Fal. *Broome* is his name?

Baſt. I Sir.

Fal. Call him in: ſuch *Broomes* are welcome to me, that ore' flowes ſuch liquor: ah, ha, Miſtreſſe *Ford* and Miſtreſſe *Page*, have I encompaſſed you? goe to, *via.*

Ford. 'Bleſſe you ſir.

Fal. And you ſir: would you ſpeake with me?

Ford. I make bold, to preſſe, with ſo little preparation upon you.

Fal. You'r welcome, what's your will? give us leave Drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that have ſpent much, my name is *Broome.*

Fal. Good Maſter *Broome*, I deſire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *Iohn*, I ſue for yours: not to charge you, for I muſt let you underſtand, I thinke my ſelfe in better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath ſomething emboldned me to this unſeaſon'd intruſion: for they ſay, if money goe before, all wayes doe lye open.

Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money heere troubles me: if you will helpe to beare it (Sir *Iohn*) take all, or halfe, for eaſing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deſerve to be your Porter?

Ford. I will tell you ſir, if you will give mee the hearing.

Fal. Speake (good Maſter *Broome*) I ſhall be glad to be your ſervant.

Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you) and you have beene a man long knowne to me, though I had never ſo good meanes as deſire, to make my ſelfe acquainted with you. I ſhall diſcover a thing to you, wherein I muſt very much lay open mine owne imperfection: but (good Sir *Iohn*) as you have one eye upon my follies, as you heare them unfolded, turne another into the Regiſter of your owne, that I may paſſe with a reproofe the eaſier, ſith you your ſelfe know how eaſie it is to be ſuch an offender.

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husbands name is *Ford.*

Fal. Well Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and I proteſt to you, beſtowed much on her: followed her with a doating obſervance: Ingroſs'd opportunities to meete her: fee'd every ſlight occaſion that could but nigardly give mee ſight of her: not onely bought many preſents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what ſhee would have given: briefely, I have purſu'd her, as Love hath purſued me, which hath beene on the wing of all occaſions: but whatſoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my meanes, meede I am ſure I have received none, unleſſe Experience be a Iewell, that I have purchaſed at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to ſay this.

" *Love like a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance Love purſues,*
" *Purſuing that that flies, and flying what purſues.*

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promiſe of ſatisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to ſuch a purpoſe?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a faire houſe, built on another mans ground, ſo that I have loſt my edifice, by miſtaking the place, where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpoſe have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all: Some ſay, that though ſhe appeare honeſt to me, yet in other places ſhe enlargeth her mirth ſo farre, that there is ſhrewd conſtruction made of her. Now (Sir *Iohn*) here is the heart of my purpoſe: you are a Gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable diſcourſe, of great admittance, authenticke in your place and perſon, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir.

Ford. Beleeve it, for you know it: there is money, ſpend it, ſpend it, ſpend more; ſpend all I have, onely give me ſo much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable ſiege to the honeſty of this *Fords* wife: uſe your Art of wooing; win her to conſent to you: if any man may, you may as ſoone as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I ſhould win what you would enjoy? Methinkes you preſcribe to your ſelfe very prepoſterouſly.

Ford. O, underſtand my drift: ſhe dwels ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my ſoule dares not preſent it ſelfe: ſhe is too bright to be look'd againſt. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my deſires had inſtance and argument to commend themſelves, I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thouſand other her defences, which now are too-too ſtrongly embattailed againſt me: what ſay you too't, Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. Maſter *Broome*, I will firſt make bold with your money: next, give me your hand: and laſt, as I am a Gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enjoy *Fords* wife.

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I ſay you ſhall.

Ford. Want no money (Sir *Iohn*) you ſhall want none.

Fal. Want no *Miſtreſſe Ford* (*Maſter Broome*) you ſhall want none: I ſhall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, even as you came in to me, her aſſiſtant, or goe-betweene, parted from me: I ſay I ſhall be with her betweene ten and eleven: for at that time the jealious-raſcally-knave her husband will be forth: come you to me at night, you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

Ford. I am bleſt in your acquaintance: doe you know *Ford* Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knave) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore: They ſay the jealous wittolly-knave hath maſſes of money, for the which his wife ſeemes to me well-favourd. I will uſe her as the key of the Cuckold-rogues Coffer, and there's my harveſt-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, ſir, that you might avoid him, if you ſaw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanicall-ſalt-butter rogue; I will ſtare him out of his wits: I will awe-him with my cudgell: it ſhall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds hornes: Maſter *Broome*, thou ſhalt know, I will predominate over the pezant, and thou ſhalt lye with his wife. Come to me ſoone at night: *Ford's* a knave, and I will aggravate his ſtile: thou (Maſter *Broome*) ſhalt know him for knave, and Cuckold. Come to me ſoone at night. *Exit.*

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Raſcall is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who ſayes this is improvident jealouſie? my wife hath ſent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made: would any man have thought this? ſee the hell of having a falſe woman: my bed ſhall be abus'd, my Coffers ranſackd, my reputation gnawne at, and I ſhall not onely receive this villanous wrong, but ſtand under the adoption of abhominable termes, and by him that does me this wrong: Termes, names: *Amaimon* ſounds well: *Lucifer*, well: *Barbaſon*, well: yet they are Divels additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Divell himſelfe hath not ſuch a name. *Page* is an Aſſe, a ſecure Aſſe; he will truſt his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather truſt a *Fleming* with my butter, Parſon *Hugh* the *Welſhman* with my Cheeſe, an *Iriſh-man* with my Aqua-vitæ-bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, than my wife with her ſelfe. Then ſhe plots, then ſhe ruminates, then ſhe deviſes: and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealouſie: eleven o'clocke the howre, I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revengd on *Falſtaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, better three houres too ſoone, then a mynute too late: fie, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold. *Exit.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Caius, Rugby, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt.

Caius. Iacke Rugby.

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is the clocke, *Iacke*.

Rug. 'Tis paſt the houre (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Cai. By gar, he has ſave his ſoule, dat he is no-come: he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come: by gar (*Iacke Rugby*) he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wiſe Sir: he knew your worſhip would kill him if he came.

Cai. By gar, de herring is no dead, ſo as I vill kill him: take your Rapier, (*Iacke*) I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas ſir, I cannot fence.

Cai. Villany, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbeare: her's company.

Hoſt. 'Bleſſe thee, bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you M^{r}. Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now good M^{r}. Doctor.

Slen. 'Give you good-morrow, ſir.

Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for?

Hoſt. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foigne, to ſee thee traverſe, to ſee thee heere, to ſee thee there, to ſee thee paſſe thy puncto, thy ſtocke, thy reverſe, thy diſtance, thy montant: Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Franciſco? ha Bully? what ſayes my *Eſculapius*? my *Galien*? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-Iacke-Prieſt of de vorld: he is not ſhow his face.

Hoſt. Thou art a Caſtalion-king-Vrinall: *Hector* of *Greece* (my Boy)

Cai. I pray you beare witneſſe, that me have ſtay, ſixe or ſeven, two tree howres for him, and he is no-come.

Shal. He is the wiſer man (M^{r}. Doctor) he is a curer of ſoules, and you a curer of bodies: if you ſhould fight, you goe againſt the haire of your profeſſions: is it not true, Maſter *Page*?

Page. Maſter *Shallow*; you have your ſelfe beene a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins M^{r}. *Page*, though I now be old, and of peace; if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are Iuſtices, and Doctors, and Church-men (M^{r}. *Page*) we have ſome ſalt of our youth in us, we are the ſons of women (M^{r}. *Page*.)

Page. 'Tis true, M^{r}. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found ſo, (M^{r}. *Page*) M^{r}. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home: I am ſworne of the peace: you have ſhew'd your ſelfe a wiſe Phyſician, and ſir *Hugh* hath ſhown himſelfe a wiſe and patient Churchman: you muſt goe with me, M^{r}. Doctor.

Hoſt. Pardon, Gueſt-Iuſtice; a Mounſeur Mockewater.

Cai. Mocke-water? vat is dat?

Hoſt. Mocke-water, in our Engliſh tongue, is Valour (Bully.)

Cai. By gar, then I have as much Mocke-vater as de Engliſhman: ſcuruy-Iack-dog-Prieſt: by gar, me vill cut his eares.

Hoſt. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)

Cai. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hoſt. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cai. By gar, me do looke he ſhall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill have it.

Hoſt. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Hoſt. And moreover, (Bully) but firſt, Mr. Gueſt, and Mr. *Page*, and eeke Cavaleiro *Slender*, go you through the Towne to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Hoſt. He is there, ſee what humor he is in: and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will doe it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

Cai. By gar, me vill kill de Prieſt, for he ſpeake for a Iacke-an-Ape to *Anne Page*.

Hoſt. Let him dye: ſheath thy impatience: throw cold water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with me through *Frogmore*, I will bring thee where Miſtris *Anne Page* is, at a Farme-houſe a Feaſting: and thou ſhalt woe her: Cride-game, ſaid I well?

Cai. By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I love you: and I ſhall procure 'a you de good Gueſt: de Earle, de Knight, de lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Hoſt. For the which, I will be thy adverſary toward *Anne Page*: ſaid I well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good: vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let us wag then.

Cai. Come at my heeles, *Iacke Rugby*.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scæna Prima.

Enter Evans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Caius, Rugby.

Evans. I pray you now, good Maſter *Slenders* ſerving-man, and friend *Simple* by your name; which way have you look'd for Maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelfe Doctor of Phiſicke.

Sim. Marry Sir, the pitty-wary, the Parke-ward; every way: old *Windſor* way, and every way but the Towne way.

Evan. I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo looke that way.

Sim. I will ſir.

Evan. 'Pleſſe my ſoule: how full of Chollors I am, and trempling of mind: I ſhall be glad if he have deceived me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Vrinalls about his knaves coſtard, when I have good opportunities for the orke: 'Pleſſe my ſoule: *To ſhallow Rivers to whoſe falls: melodious Birds ſings Madrigalls: There will we make our Peds of Roſes: and a thouſand fragrant poſies. To ſhallow.* 'Mercy on me, I have a great diſpoſitions to cry. *Melodious birds ſing Madrigalls: —When as I ſat in Pabilon: and a thouſand vagram Poſies. To ſhallow, &c.*

Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way, Sir *Hugh*.

Evan. Hee's welcome: *To ſhallow Rivers, to whoſe fals:* Heaven proſper the right: what weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir: there comes my Maſter, Mr. *Shallow*; and another Gentleman; from *Frogmore*, over the ſtile, this way.

Evan. Pray you give me my gowne, or elſe keepe it in your armes. *Enter All.*

Shal. How now Maſter Parſon? good morrow good Sir *Hugh*: keepe a Gameſter from the dice, and a good Studient from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Slen. Ah ſweet *Anne Page*.

Page. 'Save you, good Sir *Hugh*.

Evan. 'Pleſſe you from his mercy-ſake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword, and the word?
Doe you ſtudy them both, Mr. *Parſon*?

Page. And youthfull ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw-rumaticke day?

Evan. There is reaſons, and cauſes for it.

Page. We are come to you: to doe a good office, Mr. Parſon.

Evan. Fery-well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reverend Gentleman; who (be like) having received wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his owne gravity and patience, that ever you ſaw.

Shal. I have lived foureſcore yeeres, and upward: I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, ſo wide of his owne reſpect.

Evan. What is he?

Page. I thinke you know him: Mr. Doctor *Caius* the renowned French Phyſitian.

Evan. Got's-will, and his paſſion of my heart: I had as lief you would tell me of a meſſe of porredge.

Page. Why?

Evan. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*, and he is a knaue beſides: a cowardly knave, as you would deſire to be acquainted withall.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man ſhould fight with him.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page*. *Enter Caius.*

Shal. It appeares ſo by his weapons: keepe them aſunder: here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay good Mr. Parſon, keepe in your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hoſt. Diſarme them, and let them queſtion: let them keepe their limbs whole, and hack our Engliſh,

Cai. I pray you let-a-mee ſpeake a word with your eare; wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Evan. Pray you uſe your patience in good time.

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward: de Iacke dog: Iohn Ape.

Evan. Pray you let us not be laughing-ſtockes to other mens humors: I deſire you in friendſhip, and I will one way or other make you amends: I will knog your Vrinall about your knaves Cogs-combe.

Cai. *Diable, Iacke Rugby*, mine *Hoſt de Iarteer*, have I not ſtay for him, *to kill him*? have I not at de place I did appoint?

Evan. As I am a Chriſtians-ſoule, now looke you: this is the place appointed, Ile be judgement by mine *Hoſt of the Garter*.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, *Gallia*, and *Gaule*, *French*, and *Welch*, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellant.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay: heare mine Hoſt of the Garter, Am I politicke? Am I ſubtle? Am I a Machivell? Shall I looſe my Doctor? No, he gives me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I looſe my Parſon? my Prieſt? my Sir *Hugh*? No, he gives me the Proverbes, and the Noverbes. Give me thy hand (Celeſtiall) ſo: Boyes of Art, I have deceiv'd you both: I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the iſſue: come, lay their ſwords to pawne: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Truſt me, a mad Hoſt: follow Gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page*.

Cai. Ha'do I perceive dat? Have you make-a-de-ſot of us, ha, ha?

Evan. This is well, he has made us his vlowting-ſtog: I deſire you that we may be friends: and let us knog our praines together to be revenge on this ſame ſcall ſcurvy-cogging-companion the Hoſt of the Garter.

Cai. By gar, with all my heart: he promiſe to bring-me where is *Anne Page*: by gar he deceive me too.

Evan. Well, I will ſmite his noddles: pray you follow.

Scæna Secunda.

Miſt. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt. Evans, Caius.

Miſt. Page. Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your maſters heeles?

Rob. I had rather (forſooth) goe before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarfe. (Courtier.

Miſ. Pa. O you are a flattering boy, now I ſee you'l be a

Ford. Well met Miſtris *Page*, whither goe you.

Miſ. Page. Truly Sir, to ſee your wife, is ſhe at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as ſhe may hang together for want of company: I thinke if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Miſ. Page. Be ſure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

M. Pa. I cannot tel what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you cal your Knights name

Rob. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*. (ſirrah?

Ford. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*.

M. Pa. He, he, I can never hit on's name; there is ſuch a league betweene my goodman, and he: is your Wife at

Ford. Indeed ſhe is. (home indeed?

M. Pa. By your leave ſir, I am ſicke till I ſee her.

Ford. Has *Page* any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they ſleepe, he hath no uſe of them: why this boy will carry a letter twenty mile as eaſie, as a Canon will ſhoot point-blanke twelve ſcore: he peeces out his wives inclination: he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now ſhe's going to my wife, and *Falſtaffes* boy with her: A man may heare this ſhowre ſing in the wind; and *Falſtaffes* boy with her: good plots, they are laid, and our revolted wives ſhare damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vaile of modeſty from the ſo ſeeming Miſt. *Page*, divulge *Page* himſelfe for a ſecure and wilfull *Actæon*, and to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbours ſhall cry ayme. The clocke gives me my Qu, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch, there I ſhall find *Falſtaffe*: I ſhall be rather praiſed for this, then mock'd, for it is as poſſitive, as the earth is firme, that *Falſtaffe* is there: I will goe.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met Mr. *Ford*.

Ford. Truſt me, a good knot: I have good cheere at home, and I pray you all goe with me.

Shal. I muſt excuſe my ſelfe Mr. *Ford*.

Slen. And ſo muſt I Sir,
We have appointed to dine with Miſtris *Anne*,
And I would not breake with here for more mony
Then Ile ſpeake of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match betweene *Anne Page*, and my cozen *Slender*, and this day wee ſhall have our anſwer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will father *Page*.

Page. You have Mr. *Slender*, I ſtand wholly for you, But my wife (Mr. Doctor) is for you altogether.

Cai. I be-gar, and de Maid is love-a-me: my nurſh-a-Quickly tell me ſo muſh.

Hoſt. What ſay you to yong M. *Fenton*? He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth: he writes verſes, hee ſpeakes holliday, he ſmels Aprill and May, he will carry't he will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my conſent I promiſe you. The Gentleman is of no having, he kept company with the wilde Prince, and *Pointz*: he is of too high a Region, he knows too much: no, he ſhall not knit a knot in his fortunes; with the finger of my ſubſtance: if he take her, let him take her ſimply: the wealth I have waits on my conſent, and my conſent goes not that way.

Ford. I beſeech you heartily, ſome of you goe home with me to dinner: beſides your cheere you ſhall have ſport, I will ſhew you a monſter: Mr. Doctor, you ſhall goe, ſo ſhall you Mr. *Page*, and you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well:
We ſhall have the freer wooing at Mr. *Pages*.

Cai. Goe home *Iohn Rugby*, I come anon.

Hoſt. Farewell my hearts, I will to my honeſt Knight *Falſtaffe*, and drinke Canary with him.

Ford. I thinke I ſhall drinke in Pipe-wine firſt with him, Ile make him dance. Will you goe, Gentles?

All. Have with you, to ſee this Monſter. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Miſtris Ford, Miſtris Page, Servants, Robin, Falſtaffe, Ford, Page, Caius, Evans.

Miſ. Ford. What *Iohn*, what *Robert*.

Miſ. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-basket—

Miſ. Ford. I warrant. What *Robin* I ſay,

Miſ. Page. Come, come, come.

Miſ. Ford. Heere, ſet it downe.

Miſ. Pa. Give your men the charge, we muſt be briefe.

M. Ford. Marry as I told you before (*Iohn* and *Robert*) be ready here hard-by in the Brew-houſe, and when I ſodainely call you, come forth, and (without any pauſe, or ſtaggering) take this basket on your ſhoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haſt, and carry it among the Whitſters in *Dotchet* Mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, cloſe by the Thames ſide.

M. Page. You will doe it? (direction.

M. Ford. I ha told them over and over, they lacke no

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Miſ. Page. Here comes little *Robin.*

Miſ. Ford. How now my Eyas-Musket, what newes (with you?

Rob. My M. Sir *Iohn* is come in at your backe doore (Miſt. *Ford.*) and requeſts your company.

Miſ. Pa. You little Iack-a-lent, have you bin true to us?

Rob. I, Ile be ſworne: my Maſter knowes not of your being heere: and hath threatened to put me into everlaſting liberty, if I tell you of it: for he ſweares hee'l turne me away.

Miſ. Page. Thou'rt a good boy: this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a Tailor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe. Ile goe hide me.

Miſ. Ford. Doe ſo: goe tell thy Maſter, I am alone: Miſtris *Page*, remember you your Qu.

Miſ. Page. I warrant thee, if I doe not act it, hiſſe me.

Miſ. Ford. Goe too then: we'l uſe this unwholſome humidity, this groſſe-watry Pumpion; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Iayes.

Enter Fal.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly Iewell? Why now let me dye, for I have liv'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this bleſſed houre.

Miſ. Ford. O ſweet Sir *Iohn.*

Fal. Miſtris *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Miſtris *Ford*) now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh; I would thy Husband were dead, Ile ſpeake it before the beſt lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Miſ. Ford. I your Lady Sir *Iohn*! Alas, I ſhould be a pittifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France ſhew me ſuch another: I ſee how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou haſt the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

Miſ. Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir *Iohn*:
My browes become nothing elſe, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to ſay ſo: thou wouldſt make an abſolute Courtier, and the firme fixure of thy foote, would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a ſemicircled Farthingale. I ſee what thou wert if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend: Come, thou canſt not hide it.

Miſ. Ford. Beleeve me, there's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? Let that perſwade thee. Ther's ſomething extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and ſay thou art this and that, like a-many of theſe liſping-hauthorne buds, that come like women in mens apparell, and ſmell like Bucklers-berry in ſimple time: I cannot, but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deſeru'ſt it.

Mi. For. Do not betray me ſir, I feare you love M. *Page.*

Fal. Thou mightſt as well ſay, I love to walke by the Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the reeke of a Lime-kill.

Miſ. Ford. Well, heaven knowes how I love you,
And you ſhall one day find it.

Fal. Keepe in that mind, Ile deſerve it.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you doe;
Or elſe I could not be in that mind.

Within.

Rob. Miſtris *Ford*, Miſtris *Ford*: here's Miſtris *Page* at the doore, ſwearing, and blowing, and looking wildely, and would needs ſpeake with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me, I will enſconce me behind the Arras.

M. Ford. Pray you doe ſo, ſhe's a very tatling woman. Whats the matter? how now?

Enter Miſ. Page.

Miſ. Page. O miſtris *Ford* what have you done?
You'r ſham'd, y'are overthrowne, y'are undone for ever.

M. Ford. What's the matter, good miſtris *Page*?

M. Page. O weladay, miſtris *Ford*, having an honeſt man to your husband, to give him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpition.

Miſ. Ford. What cauſe of ſuſpition?

Miſ. Page. What cauſe of ſuſpition? Out upon you: How am I miſtooke in you?

Miſ. Ford. Why (alas) what's the matter?

Miſ. Page. Your husbands comming hither (woman) with all the Officers in *Windſor*, to ſearch for a Gentleman, that he ſayes is heere now in the houſe; by your conſent to take an ill advantage of his abſence: you are undone.

Miſ. Ford. 'Tis not ſo, I hope.

Miſ. Page. Pray heaven it be not ſo, that you have ſuch a man heere: but 'tis moſt certaine your husband's comming, with halfe *Windſor* at his heeles, to ſerch for ſuch a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your ſelfe cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your ſenſes to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Miſ. Ford. What ſhall I doe? There is a Gentleman my deere friend: and I feare not mine owne ſhame ſo much, as his perill. I had rather then a thouſand pound he were out of the houſe.

Miſ. Page. For ſhame, never ſtand (you had rather, and you had rather:) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke you of ſome conveyance: in the houſe you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? Looke, heere is a basket, if he be of any reaſonable ſtature, he may creepe in heere, and throw foule linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two men to *Datchet*-Meade.

Miſ. Ford. He's too big to goe in there: what ſhall I doe?

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, O let me ſee't:
Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends counſell, Ile in.

Miſ. Page. What Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*? Are theſe your Letters Knight?

Fal. I love thee, helpe me away: let me creepe in heere: ile never———

Miſ. Page. Helpe to cover your maſter (boy:) Call your men (Miſtris *Ford*) You diſſembling Knight.

Miſ. Ford. What *Iohn*, *Robert*, *Iohn*; Goe, take up theſe cloathes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle-ſtaffe? Looke how you drumble? Carry them to the Landreſſe in *Datchet*-Mead: quickly, come.

Ford. 'Pray you come nere: if I ſuſpect without cauſe,
Why then make ſport at me, then let me be your jeſt,
I deſerve it: How now? Whither beare you this?

Ser. To the Landreſſe forſooth?

Miſ. Ford. Why, what have you to doe whither they beare it? You were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could waſh my ſelfe of the Buck:
bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke: I warrant you Bucke,
And of the ſeaſon too; it ſhall appeare.
Gentlemen, I have dream'd to night, Ile tell you my dreame: heere, heere, heere be my keyes, aſcend my Chambers, ſearch, ſeeke, find out: Ile warrant wee'll unkennell the Fox. Let me ſtop this way firſt: ſo, now uncape.

Page. Good maſter *Ford*, be contented:
You wrong your ſelfe too much.

Ford. True (maſter *Page*) up Gentlemen.
You ſhall ſee ſport anon:

Follow me Gentlemen.

Evan. This is fery fantaſticall humors and jealouſies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no-the faſhion of France:
It is not jealous in France. — *Exeunt.*

Page. Nay follow him (Gentlemen) ſee the yſſue of his ſearch.

Miſ. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Miſ. Ford. I know not which pleaſes me better,
That my huſband is deceived, or Sir *Iohn.*

Miſ. Page. What a taking was he in, when your huſband askt who was in the basket?

Miſ. Ford. I am halfe affraid he will have need of waſhing: ſo throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

Miſ. Page. Hang him diſhoneſt raſcall: I would all of the ſame ſtraine, were in the ſame diſtreſſe.

Miſ. Ford. I thinke my huſband hath ſome ſpeciall ſuſpition of *Falſtaffes* being heere: I never ſaw him ſo groſſe in his jealouſie till now.

Miſ. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more trickes with *Falſtaffe*: his diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarſe obey this medicine.

Miſ. Ford. Shall we ſend that fooliſh Carion, Miſt. *Quickly* to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Miſ. Page. We will doe it: let him be ſent for to morrow by eight a clocke to have amends. *Enter All.*

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compaſſe.

Miſ. Page. Heard you that?

Miſ. Ford. You uſe me well, Miſt. *Ford*? doe you?

Ford. I, I doe ſo.

Miſ. Page. Heaven make you better then your thoughts

Ford. Amen.

Mi. Pa. You doe your ſelfe mighty wrong (M. *Ford*)

Ford. I, I: I muſt beare it.

Ev. If there be any pody in the houſe, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes: heaven forgive my ſinnes.

Caius. Be gar, nor I too: there is no-bodies.

Page. Fy, fy, M. *Ford*, are you not aſham'd? What ſpirit, what divell ſuggeſts this imagination? I would not ha your diſtemper in this kind, for the welth of *Windſor caſtle.*

Ford. 'Tis my fault (M. *Page*) I ſuffer for it.

Evan. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience: your wife is as honeſt a o'mans, as I will deſires among fiue thouſand, and five hundred too.

Cai. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well, I promiſd you a dinner: come, come, walke in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I will hereafter make knowne to you why I have done this. Come wife, come Mi. *Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but (truſt me) we'l mocke him: I doe invite you to morrow morning to my houſe to breakfaſt: after we'll a Birding together, I have a fine Hawke for the buſh. Shall it be ſo:

Ford. Any thing.

Ev. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the Company.

Cai. If there be one, or two, I ſhall make-a-theturd.

Ford. Pray you goe, M. *Page.*

Evan. I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowſie knave, mine Hoſt.

Cai. Dat is good by gar, with all my heart.

Eva. A lowſie knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Fenton, Anne Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Miſ. Page.

Fen. I ſee I cannot get thy fathers love,
Therefore no more turne me to him (ſweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fen. Why thou muſt be thy ſelfe.
He doth object, I am too great of birth,
And that my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeeke to heale it onely by his wealth.
Beſides theſe, other barres he layes before me,
My Riots paſt, my wilde Societies,
And tels me 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fen. No, heaven ſo ſpeed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confeſſe, thy fathers wealth
Was the firſt motive that I woo'd thee (*Anne*:)
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew
Then ſtampes in Gold, or ſummes in ſealed bagges:
And 'tis the very riches of thy ſelfe,
That now I ayme at.

An. Gentle M. *Fenton*,
Yet ſeeke my fathers love, ſtill ſeeke it ſir,
If opportunity and humbleſt ſuite
Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.

Shal. Breake their talke Miſtris *Quickly*,
My Kinſman ſhall ſpeake for himſelfe.

Slen. Ile make a ſhaft or a bolt on't, ſlid, tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not diſmaid.

Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me:
I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

Qui. Hark ye, M. *Slender* would ſpeake a word with you

An. I come to him. This is my fathers choyce:
O what a world of vilde ill-favour'd faults
Lookes handſome in three hundred pounds a yeere?

Qui. And how do's good Maſter *Fenton*?
Pray you a word with you.

Shal. Shee's comming: to her Coz.
O boy, thou hadſt a father.

Slen. I had a father (*M. An.*) my uncle can tel you good jeſts of him: pray you Vncle, tell Miſt. *Anne* the jeſt how my father ſtole two Geeſe out of a Pen, good Vnckle.

Shal. Miſtris *Anne*, my Cozen loves you.

Slen. I that I doe, as well as I love any woman in Gloceſterſhire.

Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. I that I will, come cut and long-taile, under the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds joynture.

Anne. Good Maſter *Shallow* let him woo for himſelfe.

Shal. Marry I thanke you for it: I thanke you for that good comfort: ſhe cals you (Coz) Ile leave you.

Anne. Now Maſter *Slender.*

Slen. Now good Miſtris *Anne.*

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a pretty jeſt indeed: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Heaven:) I am not ſuch a ſickely creature, I give Heaven praiſe.

Anne. I meane (M. *Slender*) what would you with me?

Slen. Truely, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and my uncle hath made motions: if it be my lucke, ſo: if not, happy man be his dole, they can tell you how things goe, better then I can: you may aske your father, heere he comes.

Page. Now Maſter *Slender*; Love him daughter *Anne.*
Why how now? What does Maſter *Fenton* heare?
You wrong me Sir, thus ſtill to haunt my houſe.
I told you Sir, my daughter is diſpoſd of.

Fen. Nay Maſter *Page*, be not impatient.

Miſ. Page. Good Maſter *Fenton*, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir, will you heare me?

Page. No, good Maſter *Fenton.*
Come Maſter *Shallow*: Come ſonne *Slender*, in;
Knowing my wind, you wrong me (Maſter *Fenton.*

Qui. Speake to Miſtris *Page.*

Fen. Good Miſtris *Page*, for that I love your daughter
In ſuch a righteous faſhion as I doe,
Perforce, againſt all checkes, rebukes, and manners,
I muſt advance the colours of my love,
And not retire. Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, doe not marry me to yond foole.

Miſ. Page. I meane it not, I ſeeke you a better huſband.

Qui. That's my Maſter, Maſter Doctor.

Anne. Alas I had rather be ſet quicke i'th earth,
And bowl'd to death with Turnips.

Miſ. Page. Come, trouble not your ſelfe good Maſter *Fenton*, I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I queſtion how ſhe loves you,
And as I find her, ſo am I affected:
Till then, farewell Sir, ſhe muſt needs goe in,
Her father will be angry.

Fen. Farewell gentle Miſtris: farewell *Nan.*

Qui. This is my doing now; Nay, ſaid I, will you caſt away your child on a Foole, and a Phyſitian: Looke on Maſter *Fenton*, this is my doing.

Fen. I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night,
Give my ſweet *Nan* this Ring: there's for thy pains. *Exit.*

Qui. Now heaven ſend thee good fortune, a kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for ſuch a kind heart. But yet, I would my Maſter had Miſtris *Anne*, or I would Maſter *Slender* had her: or (in ſooth) I would Maſter *Fenton* had her; I will do what I can for them all three, for ſo I have promiſd, and Ile be as good as my word, but ſpeciouſly for Maſter *Fenton.* Well, I muſt of another errand to Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* from my two Miſtreſſes: what a beaſt am I to ſlacke it. *Exit.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Falſtaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. *Bardolfe* I ſay.

Bar. Heere Sir.

Fal. Goe, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a toſt in't. Have I liv'd to be carryed in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel, if I be ſerv'd ſuch another tricke, Ile have my braines 'tane out and butter'd, and give them to a dogge for a New-yeares gift. The rogues ſlighted me into the river with as little remorſe, as they would have drown'de a blind bitches Puppies, fifteene i'th litter: and you may know by my ſize, that I have a kind of alacrity in ſinking: if the bottome were as deepe as hell, I ſhould downe. I had beene drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſhelvy and ſhallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water ſwelles a man; and what a thing ſhould I have beene, when I had beene ſwel'd? I ſhould have beene a Mountaine of Mummy.

Bar. Here's Miſtris *Quickly*, Sir to ſpeake with you.

Fal. Come, let me poure in ſome Sacke to the Thames water: for my belli's as cold as if I had ſwallow'd ſnowbals, for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in.

Bar. Come in woman. *Enter Quickly.*

Qui. By your leave: I cry you mercy?
Give your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Take away theſe Challices:
Goe, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.

Bard. With Egges, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it ſelfe: Ile no Pullet-Sperme in my brewage. How now?

Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worſhip from Mi. *Ford.*

Fal. *Miſtris Ford*? I have had Ford enough: I was throwne into the Ford; I have my belly full of Ford.

Qui. Alas the day (good-heart) that was not her fault: ſhe do's ſo take on with her men; they miſtooke their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a fooliſh Womans (promiſe.

Qui. Well, ſhe laments ſir for it, that it would yerne your heart to ſee it: her husband goes this morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to her, betweene eight and nine: I muſt carry her word quickely, ſhe'll make you amends I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will viſit her, tell her ſo; and bid her thinke what a man is: Let her conſider his frailety, and then judge of my merit.

Qui. I will tell her.

Fal. Doe ſo. Betweene nine and ten ſaiſt thou?

Qui. Eight and nine Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miſſe her.

Qui. Peace be with you ſir. *Exit.*

Fal. I marvaile I heare not of Maſter *Broome*: he ſent me word to ſtay within: I like his money well.
Oh, heere be comes. *Enter Ford.*

Ford. Bleſſe you Sir.

Fal. Now Maſter *Broome*, you come to know
What hath paſt betweene me, and *Fords* wife.

Ford. That indeed (Sir *Iohn*) is my buſineſſe.

Fal. Maſter *Broome* I will not lye to you,
I was at her houſe the houre ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And ſped you Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly Maſter *Broome.*

Ford. How ſo ſir, did ſhe change her determination?

Fal. No (M. *Broome*) but the peaking Cornuto her huſband (M. *Broome*) dwelling in a continuall larum of jelouſie, comes me in the inſtant of our encounter, after we had embraſt, kiſt, proteſted, and (as it were) ſpoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and (forſooth) to ſerch his houſe for his wives love.

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You ſhall heare. As good lucke would have it, comes in one Miſtris *Page*, gives intelligence of *Fords* approch: and in her invention, and *Fords* wives diſtraction, they convey'd me into a bucke-basket.

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yea: a Buck-basket: ram'd me in with foule Shirts and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greaſie Napkins, that (Maſter *Broome*) there was the rankeſt compound of villanous ſmell, that ever offended noſtrill.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you ſhall heare (Maſter *Broome*) what I have ſuffered, to bring this woman to evill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Fords* Knaves, his hindes, were cald forth by their Miſtris, to carry me in the name of foule Cloathes to *Datchet-lane*: they tooke me on their ſhoulders: met the jealous Knave their Maſter in the doore; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Basket? I quak'd for feare leaſt the Lunatique Knave would have ſearch'd it: but Fate (ordaining he ſhould be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went he, for a ſearch, and away went I for foule Cloathes: But marke the ſequell (Maſter *Broome*) I ſuffered the pangs of three ſeverall deaths: Firſt, an intollerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten Bell-weather: Next to be compaſs'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And then to be ſtopt in like a ſtrong diſtillation with ſtinking Cloathes, that fretted in their owne greaſe: thinke of that, a man of my Kidney; thinke of that that am as ſubject to heate as butter; a man of continuall diſſolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe ſtew'd is greaſe (like a Dutchdiſh) to be throwne into the Thames, and coold, glowing hot, in that ſerge like a Horſeſhooe; thinke of that: hiſſing hot, thinke of that (Maſter *Broome*.)

Ford. In good ſadneſſe Sir, I am ſorry, that for my ſake you have ſufferd all this.
My ſuite then is deſperate: You'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Maſter *Broome*: I will be throwne into *Etna*, as I have beene into Thames, ere I will leave her thus; her husband in this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another ambaſſie of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the houre (Maſter *Broome*.)

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addreſſe me to my appointment: Come to me at your convenient leiſure, & you ſhall know how I ſpeed: and the concluſion ſhall be crowned with your enjoying her: adjew, you ſhall have her (Maſter *Broome*) Maſter *Broome*, you ſhall cuckold *Ford*. *Exit.*

Ford. Hum: ha? is this a viſion? is this a dreame? doe I ſleepe? Maſter *Ford* awake, awake Maſter *Ford*; there's a hole made in your beſt coate (Maſter *Ford*:) this 'tis to be married; this 'tis to have Lynnen, and Buck-baskets: Well, I will proclaime my ſelfe what I am: I will now take the Leacher: hee is at my houſe; hee cannot ſcape me: 'tis impoſſible he ſhould: hee cannot creepe into a halfe-penny purſe, nor into a Pepper-boxe: But leaſt the Divell that guides him, ſhould aide him, I will ſearch impoſſible places: though what I am, I cannot avoide; yet to be what I would not, ſhall not make me tame: If I have hornes, to make one mad, let the proverbe goe with me, Ile be hornemad.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Miſtris Page, Quickly, William, Evans.

Miſ. Page. Is he at M. *Fords* already think'ſt thou?

Qui. Sure he is by this; or will be preſently; but truely he is very couragious mad, about his throwing into the water. Miſtris *Ford* deſires you to come ſodainely.

Miſ. Page. Ile be with her by and by: Ile but bring my yong-man here to Schoole: looke where his Maſter comes; 'tis a playing day I ſee: how now Sir *Hugh*, no Schoole to day?

Eva. No: Maſter *Slender* is let the Boyes leave to play.

Qui. 'Bleſſing of his heart.

Miſ. Page. Sir *Hugh*, my husband ſayes my ſonne profits nothing in the world at his booke: I pray you aske him ſome queſtions in his Accidence.

Eva. Come hither *William*; hold up your head; come.

Miſ. Page. Come on ſirha, hold up your head; anſwer your Maſter, be not afraid.

Evan. *William*, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two.

Qui. Truely, I thought there had beene one Number more, becauſe they ſay od's-Nownes.

Evan. Peace, your tatlings. What is (*Faire*) *William*?

Will. *Pulcher.*

Qui. Poulcats? there are fairer things then Poulcats, ſure.

Evan. You are a very ſimplicity o'man: I pray you peace. What is (*Lapis*) *William*?

Will. A ſtone.

Evan. And what is a ſtone (*William*?)

Will. A Peeble.

Evan. No; it is *Lapis*: I pray you remember in your praine.

Will. *Lapis.*

Evan. That is a good *William*: what is he (*William*) that do's lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoune; and be thus declined, *Singulariter nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo hig, hag, hog*: pray you marke: *genitivo hujus*: Well, what is your *Accuſative-caſe*?

Will. *Accuſativo hinc.*

Evan. I pray you have your remembrance (child) *Accuſativo, hing, hang, hog.*

Qui. Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prables (o'man) What is the *Focative caſe* (*William*?)

Will. *O, Vocativo, O.*

Evan. Remember *William, Focative, is caret.*

Qui. And that's a good roote,

Evan. O'man, forbeare.

Miſ. Page. Peace.

Evan. What is your *Genitive caſe plurall* (*William*?)

Will. *Genitive caſe?*

Evan. I.

Will. *Genitive horum, harum, horum.*

Qui. 'Vengeance of Ginyes caſe; fie on her: never name her (child) if ſhe be a whore.

Eva. For ſhame o'man.

Qui. You doe ill to teach the child ſuch words: hee teaches him to hic, and to hac; which they'll doe faſt enough of themſelves, and to call horum; fie upon you.

Evan. O'man, art thou Lunaties? Haſt thou no underſtandings for thy Caſes, and the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as fooliſh Chriſtian creatures, as I would deſires.

Miſ. Page. Prethee hold thy peace.

Evan. Shew me now (*William*) ſome declenſions of your Pronounes.

Will. Forſooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you muſt be preeches: Goe your wayes and play, go.

M.Pag. He is a better ſcholler then I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good ſprag-memory: Farewell *M.Pa.*

Miſ. Page. Adieu good Sir *Hugh*.
Get you home boy, Come we ſtay too long. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe, Miſ. Ford. Miſ. Page, Servants, Ford, Page, Caius, Evans, Shallow.

Fal. Miſtris *Ford*, Your ſorrow hath eaten up my ſufferance; I ſee you are obſequious in your love, and I profeſſe requitall to a haires bredth, not onely Miſtris *Ford*, in the ſimple office of love, but in all the accouſtrement, complement, and ceremony of it: but are you ſure of your husband now?

Miſ. Ford. He's a birding (ſweet ſir *Iohn*.)

Miſ. Page. What hoa, goſſip *Ford*: what hoa.

Miſ. Ford. Step into th'chamber, Sir *Iohn*. *Enter.*

Miſ. Page. How now (ſweet heart) who's at home beſides your ſelfe?

Miſ. Ford. Why none but mine owne people.

Miſ. Page. Indeed?

Miſ. Ford. No certainely: ſpeake louder.

Miſ. Page. Truly, I am ſo glad you have no body here.

Miſ. Ford. Why?

Miſ. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his old lines againe: he ſo takes on yonder with my husband, ſo railes againſt all married mankind; ſo curſes all *Eues* daughters, of what complexion ſoever; and ſo buffetts himſelfe on the for-head: crying peere-out, peere out, that any madneſſe I ever yet beheld, ſeem'd but tameneſſe, civility, and patience to this his diſtemper he is in now: I am glad the fat Knight is not heere.

Miſ. Ford. Why, do's he talke of him?

Miſ. Page. Of none but him, and ſweares he was caried out the laſt time he ſearch'd for him, in a Basket: Proteſts to my husband he is now here, and hath drawne him and the reſt of their company from their ſport, to make another experiment of his ſuſpition: But I am glad the Knight is not here; now he ſhall ſee his owne foolery.

Miſ. Ford. How neere is he Miſtris *Page*?

Miſ. Pag. Hard by, at ſtreets end; he will be here anon.

Miſ. Ford. I am undone, the Knight is heere.

Miſ. Page. Why then you are utterly ſham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him: Better ſhame, then murther.

Miſ. Ford. Which way ſhould he goe? How ſhould I beſtow him? Shall I put him into the basket againe?

Fal. No, ile come no more i'th Basket: *Enter.* May I not goe out ere he come?

Miſ. Page. Alas: three of Maſter *Fords* brothers watch the doore with Piſtols, that none ſhall iſſue out: otherwiſe you might ſlip away ere he came: But what make you heere?

Fal. What ſhall I doe? Ile creepe up into the chimney.

Miſ. Ford. There they alwayes uſe to diſcharge their Birding-peeces: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Miſ. Ford. He will ſeeke there on my word: Neither Preſſe, Coffer, Cheſt, Trunke, Well, Vault, but he hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. Ile goe out then.

Miſ. Ford. If you goe out in your owne ſemblance, you dye Sir *Iohn*, unleſſe you goe out diſguis'd.
How might we diſguiſe him?

Miſ. Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no womans gowne bigge enough for him: otherwiſe he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kercheiſe, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good hearts, deviſe ſomething: any extremity, rather then a miſcheife.

Miſ. Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gowne above.

Miſ. Page. On my word it will ſerve him: ſhe's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run up Sir *Iohn*.

Miſ. Ford. Goe, goe, ſweet Sir *Iohn*: Miſtris *Page* and I will looke ſome linnen for your head.

Miſ. Page. Quicke, quicke, we'll come dreſſe you ſtraight: put on the gowne the while. *Exit.*

Miſ. Ford. I would my husband would meete him in this ſhape: he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*; he ſweares ſhe's a witch, forbad her my houſe, and hath threatned to beate her.

Miſ. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husbands cudgell: and the divell guide his cudgell afterwards.

Miſ. Ford. But is my husband comming?

Miſ. Page. I in good ſadneſſe is he, and talkes of the basket too, howſoever he hath had intelligence.

Miſ. Ford. We'l try that: for Ile appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to meete him at the doore with it, as they did laſt time.

Miſ. Page. Nay, but hee'l be heere preſently: let's go dreſſe him like the witch of *Brainford*.

Miſ. Ford. Ile firſt direct my men, what they ſhall doe with the basket: Goe up, ile bring linnen for him ſtraight.

Miſ. Page. Hang him diſhoneſt Varlet,
We cannot miſuſe him enough:
We'll leave a proofe by that which we will doo,
Wives may be merry, and yet honeſt too:
We doe not act, that often, jeſt, and laugh,
'Tis old, but true, ſtill Swine eates all the draugh.

Miſ. Ford. Goe Sirs, take the basket againe on your ſhoulders: your Maſter is hard at doore: if he bid you ſet it downe, obey him: quickly, diſpatch. *Enter Ser.*

1 *Ser.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Ser.* Pray heaven it be not full of the Knight againe.

1 *Ser.* I hope not, I had as leife beare ſo much Lead.

Ford. I, but if it prove true (Maſter *Page*) have you any way then to unfoole me againe? Set downe the basket villaine: ſome body call my wife: Youth in a Basket: Oh you Panderly Raſcals, there's a knot: a ging, a packe, a conſpiracie againſt me: Now ſhall the divell be aſham'd. What wife I ſay: Come, come forth: behold what honeſt

neſt cloathes you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paſſes M. *Ford:* you are not to goe looſe any longer, you muſt be pinnion'd.

Evans. Why, this is Lunatickes: this is mad as a mad dog.

Shal. Indeed M. *Ford*, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So ſay I too ſir, come hither Miſtris *Ford*, Miſtris *Ford*, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the vertuous creature, that hath the jealous foole to her husband: I ſuſpect without cauſe (Miſtris) doe I?

Miſ. Ford. Heaven be my witneſſe you doe, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid brazen-face, hold it out: Come forth ſirrah.

Page. This paſſes.

Miſ. Ford. Are you not aſham'd, let the cloathes alone.

Ford. I ſhall find you anon.

Evans. 'Tis unreaſonable; will you take up your wives cloathes? Come, away.

Ford. Empty the basket I ſay.

M. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Maſter *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convay'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this basket: why may not he be there againe? in my houſe I am ſure he is: my intelligence is true, my jealouſie is reaſonable, plucke mee out all the linnen.

Miſt. Ford. If you finde a man there, he ſhall dye a Fleas death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well Mr. *Ford:* This wrongs you.

Evan. M. *Ford*, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is jealouſies.

Ford. Well, hee's not here I ſeeke for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your braine.

Ford. Helpe to ſearch my houſe this one time: if I find not what I ſeeke, ſhew no colour for my extremity: Let me for ever be your Table-ſport: Let them ſay of me as jealous as *Ford*, that ſearch'd a hollow Wall-nut for his Wives Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more ſearch with me.

M. Ford. What hoa (Miſtris *Page*) come you and the old Woman downe: my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old woman's that?

Miſt. Ford. Why it is my Maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A Witch, a Queane, an old cozening Queanee: Have I not forbid her my houſe? She comes of errands do's ſhe? We are ſimple men, we doe not know what's brought to paſſe under the profeſſion of Fortune-telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th'Figure, and ſuch dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I ſay.

Miſt. Ford. Nay, good ſweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him not ſtrike the old Woman. *Enter Fal.*

Miſt. Page. Come Mother *Prat*, Come give me your hand.

Ford. Ile *Prat* her: Out of my doore you Witch, you Rag, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out: Ile conjure you, Ile Fortune-tell you. *Exit Fal.*

Miſt. Page. Are you not aſham'd?
I thinke you have kil'd the poore woman.

Miſt. Ford. Nay he will doe it, 'tis a goodly credite for you.

Ford. Hang her Witch.

Evans. By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a Witch indeed: I like not when a o'man has a great peard; I ſpie a great peard under his Muffler.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beſeech you follow: ſee but the iſſue of my jealouſie: If I cry out thus upon no traile, never truſt me when I open againe.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further:
Come Gentlemen. *Exeunt.*

Miſt. Page. Truſt me he beate him moſt pitifully.

M. *Ford.* Nay by th'Maſſe that hee did not: hee beate him moſt unpittifully, me thought.

Miſt. *Page.* Ile have the cudgell hallow'd, and hung ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious ſervice.

Miſt. *Ford.* What thinke you? May we with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witneſſe of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further revenge?

M. *Page.* The ſpirit of wantonneſſe is ſure ſcar'd out of him, if the Divell have him not in fee-ſimple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I thinke, in the way of waſte, attempt us againe.

Miſt. *Ford.* Shall we tell our husbands how wee have ſerved him?

Miſt. *Page.* Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can finde in their hearts, the poore unvertuous fat Knight ſhall be any further afflicted, we two will ſtill be the miniſters.

Miſt. *Ford.* Ile warrant they'l have him publikely ſham'd, and me thinkes there would be no period to the jeſt, ſhould he not be publikely ſham'd.

Miſt. *Page.* Come, to the Forge with it, then ſhape it: I would not have things coole. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Hoſt and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, the *Germane* deſires to have three of your horſes: the Duke himſelfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What Duke ſhould that be comes ſo ſecretly? I heare not of him in the Court: let me ſpeake with the Gentlemen, they ſpeake *Engliſh*?

Bar. I Sir? Ile call him to you.

Hoſt. They ſhall have my horſes, but Ile make them pay: Ile ſawce them, they have had my houſes a weeke at command: I have turn'd away my other gueſts, they muſt come off, Ile ſawce them, come. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, Ford, and Evans.

Evans. 'Tis one of the beſt diſcretions of a o'man as ever I did looke upon.

Page. And did he ſend you both theſe Letters at an inſtant?

Miſt. Page. Within a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what thou wilt:
I rather will ſuſpect the Sunne with gold,
Then thee with wantonneſſe; Now doth thy honor ſtand

(In him that was of late an Hereticke)
As firme of faith.
Page. 'Tis well,'tis well,no more:
Be not extreame in ſubmiſſion,as in offence,
Bnt let our plot goe forward : Let our wives
Yet once againe(to make us publike ſport)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him,and diſgrace him for it.
Ford. There is no better way then that they ſpoke of.
Page. How?to ſend him word they'l meet him in the Parke at midnight? Fie,fie,he'l never come.
Evan. You ſay he hath been throwne into the River:and has been grievouſly peaten, as an old 'oman : me thinkes there ſhould be terrours in him,that he ſhould not come : Methinkes his fleſh is puniſh'd, hee ſhall have no deſires.
Page. So thinke I too.
M.Ford. Deviſe but how you'l uſe him when he comes.
And let us two deviſe to bring him thither.
M.Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the Hunter(ſometime a Keeper here in *Windſor* Forreſt)
Doth all the Winter time at ſtill of midnight
Walke round about an Oake, with great ragg'd hornes,
And there he blaſts the tree,and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yeeld blood, and ſhakes a chaine
In a moſt hideous and dreadfull manner.
You have heard of ſuch a ſpirit,and well you know
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed-*Eld*
Receiv'd,and did deliver to our age
This tale of *Herne* the Hunter for a truth.
Page. Why yet there want not many that doe feare
In deepe of night to walke by this *Hernes* Oake :
But what of this?
Miſ. Ford. Marry this is our deviſe,
That *Falſtaffe* at that Oake ſhall meet with us.
Page. Well,let it not be doubted but he'l come,
And in this ſhape when you have brought him thither,
What ſhall be done with him ? What is your plot?
M.Page. That likewiſe have we thought upon , and thus :
Nan Page (my daughter)and my little ſonne,
And three or foure more of their growth,wee'l dreſſe
Like Vrchins,Ouphes,and Fairies,greene and white,
With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads,
And Rattles in their hands; upon a ſodaine,
As *Falſtaffe*,ſhe,and I,are newly met,
Let them from forth a Saw-pit ruſh at once
With ſome diffuſed ſong : Vpon their ſight
We two,in great amazedneſſe will flye :
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the uncleane Knight;
And aske him why that houre of Fairy Revell,
In their ſo ſacred pathes,he dares to tread
In ſhape prophane.
Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the ſurpoſed Fairies pinch him ſound,
And burne him with their Tapers.
M.Pa. The truth being knowne,
We'l all preſent our ſelves; diſ-horne the ſpirit,
And mocke him home to *Windſor*.
Ford. The children muſt
Be practis'd well to this,or they'l nev'r doo't.
Evan. I will teach the children their behaviours:and I will be like a Iacke-an-Apes alſo,to burne the Knight with my Taber.
Ford. That will be excellent,
Ile goe buy them vizards.
Miſt. Page. My *Nan* ſhall be the Queene of all the Fairies,finely attired in a robe of white.
Page. That ſilke will I goe buy,and in that time
Shall M.*Slender* ſteale my *Nan* away,
And marry her at *Eaton* : goe,ſend to *Falſtaffe* ſtraight.
Ford. Nay,Ile to him againe in name of *Broome*,
Hee'l tell me all his purpoſe : ſure hee'l come.
Mi.Pa. Feare not you that : Goe get us properties
And tricking for your Fairies.
Evans. Let us about it,
It is admirable pleaſures,and ferry honeſt knaveries.
Miſ.Page. Goe *Miſt.Ford*,
Send quickely to Sir *Iohn*,to know his minde :
Ile to the Doctor,he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page* :
That *Slender* (though well landed)is an Ideot :
And he,my husband beſt of all affects :
The Doctor is well monyed,and his friends
Potent at Court : he,none but he ſhall have her,
Though twenty thouſand worthier come to crave her.
Exit.

Scæna quinta.

Enter Hoſt,Simple,Falſtaffe,Bardolfe,Evans,
Caius,Quickly.

Hoſt. What woulſt thou have? (Boore) what? (thick skin)ſpeake,breathe,diſcuſſe : briefe,ſhort,quicke,ſnap.
Sim. Marry ſir,I come to ſpeake with Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* from M.*Slender*.
Hoſt. There's his Chamber , his Houſe , his Caſtle, his ſtanding bed and truckle bed : 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the Prodigall,freſh and new : go, knock and call : hee'l ſpeake like an Anthropophaginian unto thee : Knocke I ſay.
Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber : Ile be ſo bold as ſtay Sir till ſhe come downe : I come to ſpeake with her indeed.
Hoſt. Ha? A fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd: Ile call, Bully-Knight, Bully-Sir *Iohn* : ſpeake from thy Lungs Military : Art thou there? It is thine Hoſt , thine Epheſian cals.
Fal. How now,mine Hoſt?
Hoſt. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* taries the comming downe of thy fat woman : Let her deſcend (Bully) let her deſcend : my Chambers are honourable : Fie, privacy? Fie.
Fal. There was (mine Hoſt) an old fat woman even now with me,but ſhe's gone.
Sim. Pray you ſir, was't not the wiſe woman of *Brainford*?
Fal. I marry was it (Muſſel-ſhel) what would you with her?
Sim. My Maſter (Sir) my Maſter *Slender* , ſent to her ſeeing her goe through the ſtreets , to know (Sir) whether one *Nim* (Sir)that beguild him of a chaine , had the chaine,or no.
Fal. I ſpake with the old woman about it.
Sim. And what ſayes ſhe,I pray Sir?
Fal. Marry ſhe ſayes,that the very ſame man that beguil'd Maſter *Slender* of his Chaine,cozen'd him of it.
Simp. I would I could have ſpoken with the woman

her ſelfe, I had other things to have ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Hoſt. I, come: quicke.

Fal. I may not conceale them (ſir.)

Hoſt. Conceale them, or thou di'ſt.

Sim. Why ſir, they were nothing but about Miſtris *Anne Page*, to know if it were my Maſters fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What Sir.

Fal. To have her, or no: goe; ſay the woman told me ſo.

Sim. May I be bold to ſay ſo ſir?

Fal. I ſir: like who more bold.

Sim. I thanke your worſhip: I ſhall make my maſter glad with theſe tidings.

Hoſt. Thou art clearkly: thou art clearkly (ſir *Iohn*) was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. I, that there was (mine *Hoſt*) one that hath taught me more wit, then ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning. *Enter Bardolph.*

Bar. Out alas (ſir) cozonage: meere cozonage.

Hoſt. Where be my horſes? ſpeake well of them varletto.

Bar. Run away with the cozoners: for ſo ſoone as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behinde one of them in a ſlow of myre; and ſet ſpurres, and away; like three *Germane*-Divels; three Doctor *Fauſtuſſes*.

Hoſt. They are gone but to meet the Duke (villaine) doe not ſay they be fled: *Germanes* are honeſt men.

Enter Evans.

Ev. Where is mine *Hoſt*?

Hoſt. What is the matter ſir?

Evans. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to towne, tels me there is three Cozen-Iermans, that has cozend all the *Hoſts* of *Readins*, of *Maidenhead*; of *Cole-brooke*, of horſes and money: I tell you for good will (looke you) you are wiſe, and full of gibes, and vlouting-ſtockes: and 'tis not convenient you ſhould be cozoned. Fare you well. *Exit. Enter Caius.*

Cai. Ver'is mine *Hoſt de Iarteere*?

Hoſt. Here (Maſter Doctor) in perplexity and doubtfull delemma.

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke *de Iamany*: by my trot: der is no Duke dat the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will: adieu. *Exit.*

Hoſt. Huy and cry (villaine) goe: aſſiſt me Knight, I am undone: flye, run: hu and cry (villaine) I am undone. *Exit.*

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd, for I have beene cozened and beaten too: if it ſhould come to the eare of the Court, how I have beene transform'd; and how my transformation hath beene waſh'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor Fiſhermens boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as creſt-falne as a dri'd Peare: I never proſper'd, ſince I forſwore my ſelfe at *Primero*: well, if my wind were but long enough; I would repent: Now? Whence come you?

Enter Quickly.

Qu. From the two parties forſooth.

Fal. The Divell take one party, and his Dam the other: and ſo they ſhall be both beſtow'd; I have ſuffer'd more for their ſakes; more than the villanous inconſtancy of mans diſpoſition is able to beare.

Qu. And have not they ſuffer'd? Yes, I warrant, ſpeciouſly one of them; Miſtris *Ford* (good heart) is beaten blacke and blue, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fal. What tell'ſt thou mee of blacke and blue? I was beaten my ſelfe into all the colours of the Rainebow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Brainford*, but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old Woman deliver'd mee, the Knave Conſtable had ſet me ith' Stockes, ith' common Stockes for a Witch.

Qu. Sir, let me ſpeake with you in your Chamber, you ſhall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your content: here is a letter will ſay ſomewhat: (good hearts) what a-doe here is to bring you together? Sure one of you do's not ſerve heaven well, that you are ſo croſs'd.

Fal. Come up into my Chamber. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Hoſt.

Hoſt. Maſter *Fenton*, talke not to mee, my minde is heavy: I will give over all.

Fen. Yet heare me ſpeake: aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And (as I am a Gentleman) Ile give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more then your loſſe.

Hoſt. I will heare you (Maſter *Fenton*) and I will (at the leaſt) keepe your counſell.

Fen. From time to time, I have acquainted you
With the deare love I beare to faire *Anne Page*,
Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection,
(So farre forth, as her ſelfe might be her chuſer)
Even to my wiſh; I have a letter from her
Of ſuch contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof, ſo larded with my matter,
That neither ſingly can be manifeſted
Without the ſhew of both: fat Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*
Hath a great Scene; the image of the jeſt
Ile ſhew you here at large (harke good mine *Hoſt*:)
To night at *Hernes* Oke, juſt 'twixt twelve and one,
Muſt my ſweet *Nan* preſent the Faiery Queene:
The purpoſe why, is here: in which diſguiſe
While other jeſts are ſomething ranke on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton*
Immediately to marry: She hath conſented: Now Sir,
Her mother, (even ſtrong againſt that match
And firme for Doctor *Caius*) hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
While other ſports are taskíng of their mindes,
And at the Deanry, where a Prieſt attends
Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot
She (ſeemingly obedient) likewiſe hath
Made promiſe to the Doctor: Now, thus it reſts,
Her father meanes ſhe ſhall be all in white;
And in that habite, when *Slender* ſees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her goe,
She ſhall goe with him: her Mother hath intended
(The better to devote her to the Doctor;
For they muſt all be mask'd and vizarded)

That quaint in greene, ſhe ſhall be looſe enroab'd,
With Ribands-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given conſent to goe with him.

Hoſt. Which meanes ſhe to deceive? Father, or Mother?

Fen. Both (my good Hoſt) to goe along with me,
And here it reſts, that you'l procure the Vicar
To ſtay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Hoſt. Well, husband your device; Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you ſhall not lacke a Prieſt.

Fen. So ſhall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beſides, Ile make a preſent recompence. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Falſtaffe, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Prethee no more pratling: go, Ile hold, this is the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers, Away, goe, they ſay there is Divinity in odde numbers, either in Nativity, chance, or death: away.

Qui. Ile provide you a chaine, and Ile doe what I can to get you a paire of hornes.

Fal. Away I ſay, time weares, hold up your head and mince. How now M. *Broome*? Maſter *Broome*, the matter will be knowne to night, or never. Be you in the Parke about midnight, at *Hernes*-Oake, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yeſterday (Sir) as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Maſter *Broome*) as yôu ſee, like a poore-old-man, but I came from her (Maſter *Broome*) like a poore-old-woman; that ſame Knave (*Ford* her huſband) hath the fineſt mad Divell of jealouſie in him (Maſter *Broome*) that ever govern'd Frenzie. I will tell you, he beat me grievouſly, in the ſhape of a woman: (for in the ſhape of man (Maſter *Broome*) I feare not Goliah with a Weavers beame, (becauſe I know alſo, life is a Shuttle) I am in haſte, goe along with mee, Ile tell you all (Maſter *Broome*:) ſince I pluckt Geeſe, plaid Trewant and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow me, Ile tell you ſtrange things of this Knave *Ford*, on whom to night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow, ſtrange things in hand (M. *Broome*) follow. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Caſtle-ditch, till we ſee the light of our Fairies. Remember ſonne *Slender*, my daughter.

Slen. I forſooth, I have ſpoke with her, and wee have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; ſhe cryes Budget, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: but what needes either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath ſtrooke ten a'clocke.

Page. The night is darke, Light and Spirits will become it well: Heaven proſper our ſport. No man meanes evill but the Divell, and we ſhall know him by his hornes. Lets away: follow me. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Miſt. Page, Miſt. Ford, Caius.

Miſt. Page. M^r. Doctor, my daughter is in greene, when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanry, and diſpatch it quickly: goe before into the Parke: we two muſt goe together.

Cai. I know vat I have to do, adieu. *Exit.*

Miſt. Page. Fare you well (ſir) my husband will not rejoyce ſo much at the abuſe of *Falſtaffe*, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-breake.

Miſt. Ford. Where is *Nan* now? and her troope of Fairies? and the Welſh Divell *Herne*?

Miſt. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Hernes* Oake, with obſcur'd Lights; which at the very inſtant of *Falſtaffes* and our meeting, they will at once diſplay to the night.

Miſt. Ford. That cannot chooſe but amaze him.

Miſt. Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If he be amaz'd, he will be mock'd.

Miſt. Ford. Wee'l betray him finely.

Mi. Pa. Againſt ſuch Lewdſters, and their Lechery,
Thoſe that betray them doe no treachery.

Miſt. Ford. The houre drawes on: to the Oake, to the Oake. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib, Fairies: Come, and remember your parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-'ords: doe as I bid you: Come, come, trib, trib. *Exeunt.*

Scæna quinta.

Enter Falſtaffe, Miſtreſſe Page, Miſtris Ford, Evans,
Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly,
Slender, Fenton, Caius, Piſtoll.

Fal. The *Windſor* Bell hath ſtroke twelve: the Minute drawes on: Now the hot-bloodied-gods aſſiſt mee: Remember Iove, thou waſt a Bull for thy *Europa*, Love ſet on thy hornes. O powerfull Love, that in ſome reſpects makes a Beaſt a Man: in ſome other, a Man, a Beaſt. You were alſo (Iupiter) a Swan, for the love of *Leda*: O omnipotent Love, how nere the god drew to the complexion of a Gooſe: a fault done firſt in the forme of a Beaſt, (O Iove, a beaſtly fault:) and then another fault, in the ſemblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Iove) a fowle-fault. When gods have hot backes, what ſhall poore men doe? For me, I am here a *Windſor* Stagge, and the fatteſt (I thinke) i'th Forreſt. Send me a coole rut-time (Iove) or who can blame me to piſſe my Tallow? Who comes here? my Doe?

M.Ford. Sir *Iohn*? Art thou there (my Deare?)
My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-ſleeves, haile-kiſſing Comfits, and ſnow Eringoes: Let there come a tempeſt of provocation, I will ſhelter mee here.

M.Ford. Miſtris *Page* is come with me (Sweetheart.)

Fal. Divi'd me like a brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch: I will keepe my ſides to my ſelfe, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeathe your husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a childe of Conſcience, he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome.

M.Page Alas, what noyſe?

M.Ford. Heaven forgive our ſinnes.

Fal. What ſhould this be?

M.Ford. M.Page. Away, away.

Fal. I thinke the Divell will not have me damn'd,
Leaſt the Oyle that's in me ſhould ſet hell on fire;
He would never elſe croſſe me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies, blacke, gray, greene, and white,
You Moone-ſhine Revellers, and ſhades of night.
You Orphan heires of fixed deſtiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier Hob-goblin, make the Fairy Oyes.

Piſt. Elves, liſt your names: Silence you ayry toyes.
Cricket, to *Windſor* Chimneyes ſhalt thou leape:
Where fires thou find'ſt unrak'd, and Hearths unſwept,
There pinch the Maides as blue as Bilbery,
Our radiant Queene hates Sluts and ſluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that ſpeakes to them ſhall die.
Ile winke and couch: No man their workes muſt eye.

Ev. Where's *Bede*? Go you, and where you find a Maid
That ere ſhe ſleepe has thrice her prayers ſaid,
Raiſe up the Organs of her fantaſie,
Sleepe ſhe as ſound as careleſſe infancy,
But thoſe as ſleepe and thinke not on their ſinnes,
Pinch them armes, legs, backs, ſhoulders, ſides and ſhinnes.

Qu. About, about;
Search *Windſor* Caſtle (Elves) within, and out.
Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on every ſacred roome,
That it may ſtand till the perpetuall doome,
In ſtate as wholeſome, as in ſtate 'tis fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The ſeverall Chaires of Order, looke you ſcowre
With juyce of Balme; and every precious flowre,
Each faire Inſtalment, Coat, and ſev'rall Creſt,
With loyall Blazon evermore be bleſt.
And Nightly-medow-Fairies, looke you ſing
Like to the *Garters*-Compaſſe in a Ring,
Th'expreſſure that it beares: Greene let it be,
More fertile-freſh then all the field to ſee:
And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Penſe*, write
In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blue, and white,
Like Saphire-pearle, and rich Embroiderie,
Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee;
Fairies uſe Flowers for their Characterie,
Away, diſperſe: But till 'tis one a clocke,
Our dance of cuſtome round about the Oke
Of *Herne* the Hunter, let us not forget.

Ev. Pray you locke hand in hand, your ſelves in order ſet:
And twenty Glow-wormes ſhall our Lanthornes be
To guide our Meaſure round about the tree.
But ſtay, I ſmell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welſh Fairy,
Leaſt he transforme me to a peece of Cheeſe.

Piſt. Vilde worme, thou waſt ore-look'd even in thy birth.

Qu. With tryall-fire touch me his finger end:
If he be chaſte, the flame will backe deſcend
And turne him to no paine: but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted heart.

Piſt. A triall, come.

Evans. Come, will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Qu. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire.
About him (Fairies) ſing a ſcornfull Rime,
And as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

The Song.

Fie on ſinfull phantaſie: Fie on Luſt and Luxurie:
Luſt is but a bloody fire, kindled with unchaſte deſire,
Fed in heart whoſe flames aſpire,
As thoughts doe blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: pinch him for his Villanie.
Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,
Till Candles, and Star-light, and Moone-ſhine be out.

Page. Nay doe not flye, I thinke we have watcht you now: Will none but *Herne* the Hunter ſerve your turne?

M.Page. I pray you come, hold up the jeſt no higher.
Now (good Sir *Iohn*) how like you *Windſor* Wives?
See you theſe husbands? Doe not theſe faire Okes
Become the Forreſt better then the Towne?

Ford. Now Sir, who's a Cuckold now?
M^r^. *Broome*, *Falſtaff*'s a Knave, a Cuckoldly Knave,
Heere are his hornes Maſter *Broome*:
And Maſter *Broome*, he hath enjoyed nothing of *Fords*, but his Buck-basket, his Cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which muſt be paid to M. *Broome*, his horſes are arreſted for it, M. *Broome*.

M.Ford. Sir *Iohn*, we have had ill lucke: we could never meet: I will never take you for my Love againe, but I will alwayes count you my Deere.

Fal. I doe begin to perceive that I am made an Aſſe.

Ford. I, and an Oxe too: both the proofes are extant.

Fal. And theſe are not Fairies:
I was three or foure times in the thought they were not Fairies, and yet the guiltineſſe of my minde, the ſodaine ſurprize of my powers, drove the groſſeneſſe of the foppery into a receiv'd beliefe, in deſpight of the teeth of all rime and reaſon, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a Iacke-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill imployment.

Evan. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, ſerve Got, and leave your deſires, and Fairies will not pinſe you.

Ford. Well ſaid Fairy *Hugh*.

Evan. And leave you your jealouzies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never miſtruſt my wife againe, till thou art able to wooe her in good *Engliſh*.

Fal. Have I laid my braine in the Sunne and dri'd it, that it wants matter to prevent ſo groſſe ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goat too? Shall I have a Coxecombe of Frize? 'Tis time I were choak'd with a peece of toaſted Cheeſe.

Evans. Seeſe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seeſe and Putter? Have I liv'd to ſtand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of *Engliſh*? This is enough to be the decay of Luſt and late-walking through the Realme.

Miſt.Page. Why Sir *Iohn*, doe you thinke, though we would have thruſt vertue out of our hearts by the head and ſhoulders, and have given our ſelves without ſcruple to Hell, that ever the Divell could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a Hodge-pudding? A bag of Flax?

Miſt.Page. A puft man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as ſlanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as *Iob*.

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evan. And given to Fornications, and to Tavernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings, and ſwearings, and ſtaring? Pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you have the ſtart of me, I am dejected: I am not able to anſwer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it ſelfe is a Plummet ore me, uſe me as you will.

Ford. Marry ſir, wee'l bring you to *Windſor* to one Mr *Broome*, that you have cozon'd of money, to whom you ſhould have beene a Pander: over and above that you have ſuffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight, thou ſhalt eat a Poſſet to night at my houſe, where I will deſire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughes at thee: Tell her Mr. *Slender* hath married her daughter.

Miſt.Page. Doctors doubt that;
If *Anne Page* be my daughter, ſhe is (by this) Doctor *Caius* wife.

Enter Slender.

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*.

Page. Sonne? How now? How now ſonne,
Have you diſpatch'd?

Slen. Diſpatch'd? Ile make the beſt in *Gloſterſhire* know on't: would I were hang'd la, elſe.

Page. Of what, ſonne?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Miſtris *Anne Page*, and ſhee's a great lubberly Boy. If it had not beene i'th Church, I would have ſwing'd him, or he ſhould have ſwing'd mee. If I did not thinke it had beene *Anne Page*, would I might never ſtirre, and 'tis a Poſt-maſters Boy.

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I thinke ſo, when I tooke a Boy for a Girle: If I had beene married to him, (for all he was in womans apparell) I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your owne folly,
Did not I tell you how you ſhould know my daughter
By her garments?

Slen. I went to her in greene, and cryed Mum, and ſhe cry'd Budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Poſt-maſters Boy.

Miſt.Page. Good *George* be not angry, I knew of your purpoſe: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeed ſhee is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Cai. Ver is Miſtris *Page*: by gar I am cozoned, I ha married one Garſoon, a Boe; oon Peſant, by gar. A Boy, it is not *An Page*, by gar, I am cozoned.

M.Pa. Why? did you take her in white?

Cai. I be gar, and 'tis a Boy: be gar, Ile raiſe all *Windſor*.

Ford. This is ſtrange: Who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart miſgives me, here comes M. *Fenton*.
How now M. *Fenton*?

An. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon.

Page. Now Miſtris:
How chance you went not with M. *Slender*?

Mi.Pa. Why went you not with Mr Doctor Maid?

Fen. You doe amaze her: heare the truth of it,
You would have married her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love:
The truth is, ſhe and I (long ſince contracted)
Are now ſo ſure that nothing can diſſolve us:
Th'offence is holy that ſhe hath committed,
And this deceit loſes the name of craft,
Of diſobedience, or unduteous title,
Since therein ſhe doth evitate and ſhun
A thouſand irreligious curſed houres
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy:
In Love, the heavens themſelves doe guide the ſtate,
Money buyes Lands, and wives are ſold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have tane a ſpeciall ſtand to ſtrike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heaven give thee joy, what cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs runne, all ſorts of Deere are chac'd.

Mi.Pa. Well, I will muſe no further: M. *Fenton*,
Heaven give you many, many merry dayes:
Good husband, let us every one goe home,
And laugh this ſport ore by a countrey fire,
Sir *Iohn* and all.

Ford. Let it be ſo (Sir *Iohn*:)
To Maſter *Broome*, you yet ſhall hold your word,
For he, to night, ſhall lye with Miſtris *Ford*. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

MEASVRE For Meaſure.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Duke, Eſcalus, Lords.

Duke.
Eſcalus.
Eſca. My Lord.
Duk. Of government, the properties to unfold,
Would ſeeme in me t'affect ſpeech and diſcourſe.
Since I am put to know, that your owne Science
Exceedes (in that) the liſts of all advice
My ſtrength can give you: Then no more remaines
But that, to your ſufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them worke: The nature of our people,
Our *Cities inſtitutions*, and the Termes
For Common Iuſtice, y'are as pregnant in
As Art, and practiſe hath enriched any
That we rememember: There is our Commiſſion,
From which, we would not have you warpe; call hither,
I ſay, bid come before us *Angelo:*
What figure of us thinke you, he will beare.
For you muſt know, we have with ſpeciall ſoule
Elected him our abſence to ſupply;
Lent him our terror, dreſt him with our love,
And given his Deputation all the Organs
Of our owne power: what thinke you of it?
Eſc. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To undergoe ſuch ample grace and honour,
It is Lord *Angelo.*

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Looke where he comes.
Ang. Alwayes obedient to your graces will,
I come to know your Graces pleaſure.
Duke. Angelo:
There is a kinde of Character in thy life,
That to th'obſerver, doth thy hiſtory
Fully vnfold: Thy ſelfe and thy belongings
Are not thine owne ſo proper, as to waſte
Thy ſelfe upon thy vertues; they on thee:
Heaven doth with us, as we with Torches doe,
Not light them for themſelves: For if our vertues
Did not goe forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine iſſues: nor Nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddeſſe, ſhe determines
Her ſelfe the glory of a creditour,
Both thankes and uſe; but I doe bend my ſpeech
To one that can my part in him advertiſe;
Hold therefore *Angelo:*
In our remove, be thou at full, our ſelfe:
Mortality and Mercy in *Vienna*
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old *Eſcalus*
Though firſt in queſtion, is thy ſecondary.
Take thy Commiſſion.
Ang. Now good my Lord
Let there be ſome more teſt, made of my mettle,
Before ſo noble and ſo great a figure
Be ſtampt't upon it.
Duke. No more evaſion:
We have with a leaven'd, and prepared choyce
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours:
Our haſte from hence is of ſo quicke condition,
That it prefers it ſelfe, and leaves unqueſtion'd
Matters of needfull value: We ſhall write to you
As time, and our concernings ſhall importune,
How it goes with us, and doe looke to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well;
To th'hopefull execution doe I leave you,
Of your Commiſſion.
Ang. Yet give leave (my Lord,)
That we may bring you ſomething on the way.
Duke. My haſte may not admit it,
Nor need you (on mine honour) have to doe
With any ſcruple: your ſcope is as mine owne,
So to inforce, or qualifie the Lawes,
As to your ſoule ſeemes good: Give me your hand;
Ile privily away: I love the people,
But doe not like to ſtage me to their eyes:
Though it doe well, I doe not relliſh well
Their loud applauſe, and Aves vehement:
Nor doe I thinke the man of ſafe diſcretion
That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.
Ang. The heavens give ſafety to your purpoſes.
Eſc. Lead forth and bring you backe in happineſſe.
Duke. I thanke you, fare you well. *Exit.*
Eſc. I ſhall deſire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free ſpeech with you; and it concernes me
To looke into the bottome of my place:
A power I have, but of what ſtrength and nature,
I am not yet inſtructed.
Ang. 'Tis ſo with me: Let us with-draw together,
And we may ſoone our ſatisfaction have
Touching that point.
Eſc. Ile wait upon you honour.

Exeunt.

Scæna ſecunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to compoſition with the King of *Hungary*, why then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of *Hungaries.*

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Luc. Thou conclud'ſt like the Sanctimonious Pyrat, that went to Sea with the tenne Commandements, but ſcrap'd one out of the Table.

2 *Gent.* Thou ſhalt not ſteale?

Luc. I, that he raz'd.

1 *Gent.* Why? 'twas a Commandement to command the Captaine and all the reſt from their functions: they put forth to ſteale: There's not a ſouldier of us all, that in the thankeſgiving before meate, doe ralliſh the petition well that prayes for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any ſouldier diſlike it.

Luc. I beleeve thee: for I thinke thou never was't where Grace was ſaid.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at leaſt.

1 *Gent.* What? in meeter?

Luc. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I thinke, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, deſpight of all controverſie: as for example; Thou thy ſelfe art a wicked villaine, deſpight of all Grace.

1 *Gent.* Well: there went but a paire of ſheeres betweene us.

Luc. I grant: as there may betweene the Liſts and the Velvet. Thou art the Liſt.

1 *Gent.* And thou the Velvet; thou art good Velvet; thou'rt a three pil'd-peece I warrant thee: I had as lieſe be a Lyſt of an Engliſh Kerſey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a *French* Velvet. Doe I ſpeeke feelingly now?

Luc. I thinke thou doſt: and indeed with moſt painefull feeling of thy ſpeech: I will, out of thine owne confeſſion, learne to begin thy health; but whilſt I live, forget to drinke after thee.

1 *Gent.* I thinke I have done my ſelfe wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou haſt; whether thou art tainted, or free. *Enter Bawde.*

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes.
I have purchas'd as many diſeaſes under her Roofe,
As come to————

2 *Gent.* To what I pray?

Luc. Iudge.

2 *Gent.* To three thouſand Dollours a yeere.

1 *Gent.* I, and more.

Luc. A French crowne more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art alwayes figuring diſeaſes in me; but thou art full of errour, I am ſound.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would ſay) healthy: but ſo ſound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feaſt of thee.

1 *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the moſt profound Sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well: there's one yonder arreſted, and carried to priſon, was worth five thouſand of you all.

2 *Gent.* Who's that I prethee?

Bawd. Marry ſir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio*.

1 *Gent.* *Claudio* to priſon? 'tis not ſo.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis ſo: I ſaw him arreſted: ſaw him carried away: and which is more, within theſe three dayes his head to be chopt off.

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it ſo: Ar thou ſure of this?

Bawd. I am too ſure of it: and it is for getting Madam *Iulietta* with child.

Luc. Beleeve mee this may be: hee promis'd to meete me two howres ſince, and he was ever preciſe in promiſe-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Beſides you know, it drawes ſomething neere to the ſpeech we had to ſuch a purpoſe.

1 *Gent.* But moſt of all agreeing with the Proclamation.

Luc. Away, let's goe learne the truth of it. *Exeunt.*

Bawd. Thus, what with the war; what with the ſweat, what with the gallowes, and what with poverty, I am cuſtome-ſhrunke. How now? what's the newes with you? *Enter Clowne.*

Clow. Yonder man is carryed to priſon.

Baw. Well: what has he done?

Clow. A woman.

Baw. But what's his offence?

Clow. Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar River.

Baw. What? is there a Maid with child by him?

Clow. No: but there's a woman with Maid by him: you have not heard of the Proclamation, have you?

Baw. What Proclamation, man?

Clow. All houſes in the Suburbes of *Vienna* muſt bee pluck'd downe.

Baw. And what ſhall become of thoſe in the Citie?

Clow. They ſhall ſtand for ſeed: they had gone downe too, but that a wiſe Burger put in for them.

Baw. But ſhall all our houſes of reſort in the Suburbes be pull'd downe?

Clow. To the ground Miſtris.

Baw. Why here's a change indeed in the Commonwealth: what ſhall become of me?

Clow. Come: feare not you: good Counſellours lacke no Clients: though you change your place, you need not change your Trade: Ile be your Tapſter ſtill; courage, there will be pitty taken on you; you that have worne your eies almoſt out in the ſervice, you will be conſidered.

Bawd. What's to doe here, *Thomas Tapſter*? let's withdraw.

Clow. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Provoſt to priſon: and theres Madam *Iuliet.* *Exeunt.*

Scæna tertia.

Enter Provoſt, Claudio, Iuliet, Officers, Lucio, and two Gent.

Cla. Fellow, why doſt thou ſhow me thus to th'world?
Beare me to priſon, where I am committed.

Pro. I doe it not in evill diſpoſition,
But from *Angelo* by ſpeciall charge.

Clau. Thus can the demy-god (Authority)
Make us pay downe, for our offence, by waight
The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will,
On whom it will not (ſo) yet ſtill tis juſt.

Luc. Why how now *Claudio*? whence comes this reſtraint.

Clau. From too-much liberty, (my *Lucio*) liberty,
As ſurfet is the father of much faſt,
So every ſcope by the immoderate uſe
Turnes to reſtraint: our Natures doe purſue

Like Rats that ravin downe their proper Bane,
A thirſty evill, and when we drinke, we die.

Luc. If I could ſpeake ſo wiſely, under an arreſt, I would ſend for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to ſay the truth, I had as liefe have the foppery of freedome, as the mortality of impriſonment: what's thy offence, *Claudio*?

Cla. What (but to ſpeake of) would offend againe.
Luc. What is't murder?
Cla. No.
Luc. Lechery?
Cla. Call it ſo.
Pro. Away, ſir, you muſt goe.
Cla. One word, good friend:
Lucio, a word with you.
Luc. A hundred:
If they'l doe you any good: Is Lechery ſo look'd after?
Cla. Thus ſtands it with me: upon a true contract
I got poſſeſſion of *Iuliettas* bed,
You know the Lady, ſhe is faſt my wife,
Save that we doe the denunciation lacke
Of outward Order. This we came not to,
Onely for propagation of a Dowre
Remaining in the Coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Love
Till Time had made them for us. But it chances
The ſtealth of our moſt mutuall entertainment
With Character too groſſe, is writ in *Iuliet*.
Luc. With Childe, perhaps?
Cla. Vnhappily, even ſo.
And the new Deputy, now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpſe of newneſſe,
Or whether that the body publique, be
A horſe whereon the Governour doth ride,
Who newly in the ſeat, that it may know
He can command; lets it ſtrait feele the ſpur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fils it up
I ſtagger in: But this new Governour
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have (like unſcowr'd Armor) hung by th'wall
So long, that nineteene Zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and for a name
Now puts the drowſie and neglected Act
Freſhly on me: 'tis ſurely for a name.

Luc. I warrant it is: and thy head ſtands ſo tickle on thy ſhoulders, that a Milke-maid, if ſhe be in love, may ſigh it off: Send after the Duke and appeale to him.

Cla. I have done ſo, but he's not to be found.
I prethee (*Lucio*) doe me this kinde ſervice:
This day, my ſiſter ſhould the Cloyſter enter,
And there receive her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my ſtate,
Implore her, in my voyce, that ſhe make friends
To the ſtrict Deputy: bid her ſelfe aſſay him,
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſſe Dialect,
Such as move men: beſide ſhe hath proſperous Art
When ſhe will play with reaſon, and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſwade.

Luc. I pray ſhe may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which elſe would ſtand upon grievous impoſition: as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be ſorry ſhould be thus fooliſhly loſt, at a game of Ticke-tacke: Ile to her.

Cla. I thanke you good friend *Lucio*.
Luc. Within two houres.
Cla. Come Officer, away. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Duke and Frier Thomas.

Duke No: holy Father, throw away that thought,
Beleeve not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a compleat boſome: why, I deſire thee
To give me ſecret harbour, hath a purpoſe
More grave and wrinkled, then the aimes and ends
Of burning youth.
Fri. May your Grace ſpeake of it.
Duke My holy ſir, none better knowes then you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd
And held in idle price, to haunt aſſemblies
Where youth and coſt, and witleſſe bravery keepes.
I have delivered to Lord *Angelo*
(A man of ſtricture and firme abſtinence)
My abſolute power, and place here in *Vienna*,
And he ſuppoſes me travail'd to *Poland*,
(For ſo I have ſtrew'd it in the common eare)
And ſo it is receiv'd: Now (pious ſir)
You will demaund of me, why I do this.
Fri. Gladly, my Lord.
Duke. We have ſtrict Statutes, and moſt biting Lawes,
(The needfull bits and curbes for headſtrong weeds,)
Which for this fourteene yeares, we have let ſlip,
Even like an ore-growne Lyon in a Cave
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
Having bound up the threatning twigs of Birch,
Onely to ſticke it in their childrens ſight,
For errour, not to uſe: in time the rod
More mock'd then fear'd: ſo our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themſelves are dead,
And liberty plucks Iuſtice by the noſe;
The Baby beates the Nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.
Fri. It reſted in your Grace
To unlooſe this tyde-up Iuſtice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadfull would have ſeem'd
Than in Lord *Angelo*.
Duke. I doe feare, too dreadfull:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people ſcope,
'Twould be my tyranny to ſtrike & gall them,
For what I bid them doe: For we bid this be done
When evill deeds have their permiſſive paſſe,
And not the puniſhment: therefore indeed (my father)
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office,
Who may in th'ambuſh of my name, ſtrike home,
And yet, my nature never in the fight
To doe in ſlander: And to behold his ſway
I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order,
Viſit both Prince and people: Therefore I prethee
Supply me with the habit, and inſtruct me
How I may formally in perſon beare
Like a true *Frier*: Moe reaſons for this action
At your more leiſure, ſhall I render you;
Onely this one: Lord *Angelo* is preciſe,
Stands at a guard with Envie: ſcarce confeſſes
That his blood flowes: or that his appetite
Is more to bread than ſtone: hence ſhall we ſee
If power change purpoſe: what our Seemers be. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Iſabell, and Franciſca a Nun.

Iſa. And have you Nuns no farther priviledges?
Nun. Are not theſe large enough?
Iſa. Yes truely; I ſpeake not as deſiring more,
But rather wiſhing a more ſtrict reſtraint
Vpon the Siſterhood, the Votariſts of Saint *Clare.*
Lucio within.
Luc. Hoa? peace be in this place.
Iſa. Who's that which cals?
Nun. It is a mans voyce, gentle *Iſabella,*
Turne you the key, and know his buſineſſe of him;
You may; I may not: you are yet unſworne:
When you have vow'd, you muſt not ſpeake with men,
But in the preſence of the *Prioreſſe;*
Then if you ſpeake, you muſt not ſhew your face;
Or if you ſhew your face, you muſt not ſpeake:
He cals againe: I pray you anſwer him.
Iſa. Peace and proſperity: who is't that cals?
Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as thoſe cheeke-Roſes
Proclaime you are noleſſe: can you ſo ſteed me,
As bring me to the ſight of *Iſabella,*
A novice of this place, and the faire Siſter
To her unhappy brother *Claudio?*
Iſa. Why her unhappy brother? Let me aske,
The rather for I now muſt make you know
I am that *Iſabella,* and his Siſter.
Luc. Gentle and faire: your brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you; he's in priſon.
Iſa. Woe me; for what?
Luc. For that, which if my ſelfe might be his Iudge,
He ſhould receive his puniſhment in thankes:
He hath got his friend with Childe.
Iſa. Sir, make me not your ſtory.
Luc. 'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar ſin,
With Maids to ſeeme the Lapwing, and to jeſt
Tongue, farre from heart: play with all Virgins ſo:
I hold you as a thing en-skied and ſainted,
By your renouncement, an immortall ſpirit
And to be talk'd with in ſincerity,
As with a Saint.
Iſa. You doe blaſpheme the good, in mocking me.
Luc. Doe not beleeve it: fewneſſe, and truth; tis thus,
Your brother and his Lover have imbrac'd;
As thoſe that feed, grow full: as bloſſoming Time
That from the ſeedneſſe, the bare fallow brings
To teeming foyſon: even ſo her plenteous wombe
Expreſſeth his full Tilth and Husbandry.
Iſa. Some one with child by him? my Coſen *Iuliet?*
Luc. Is ſhe your Coſen?
Iſa. Adoptedly, as ſchoole-maids change their names
By vaine, though apt affection.
Luc. She it is.
Iſa. Let him marry her.
Luc. This is the point.
The Duke is very ſtrangely gone from hence;
Bore many Gentlemen (my ſelfe being one)
In hand, and hope of action: but we doe learne,
By thoſe that know the very Nerves of State,
His giving-out, were of an Infinite diſtance
From his true meant deſigne: upon his place,
(And with full line of his authority)
Governes Lord *Angelo;* A man, whoſe blood
Is very ſnow-broth: one, who never feeles
The wanton ſtings, and motions of the ſenſe;
But doth rebate, and blunt his naturall edge
With profits of the minde: Study, and faſt.
He (to give feare to uſe, and liberty,
Which have, for long, run-by the hideous Law,
As Myce by Lions) hath pickt out an act,
Vnder whoſe heavy ſenſe, your brothers life
Fals into forfeit: he arreſts him on it,
And followes cloſe the rigour of the Statute
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Vnleſſe you have the grace, by your faire prayer
To ſoften *Angelo:* And that's my pith of buſineſſe
'Twixt you, and your poore brother.
Iſa. Doth he ſo,
Seeke his life?
Luc. Has cenſur'd him already,
And as I heare, the Provoſt hath a warrant
For's execution.
Iſa. Alas: what poore
Abilitie's in me, to doe him good?
Luc. Aſſay the power you have.
Iſa. My power? alas, I doubt.
Luc. Our doubts are traitors
And makes us loſe the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Goe to Lord *Angelo,*
And let him learne to know, when Maidens ſue
Men give like gods: but when they weepe and kneele,
All their petitions, are as truely theirs
As they themſelves would owe them.
Iſa. Ile ſee what I can doe.
Luc. But ſpeedily.
Iſa. I will about it ſtrait;
No longer ſtaying, but to give the Mother
Notice of my affaire: I humbly thanke you:
Commend me to my brother: ſoone at night
Ile ſend him certaine word of my ſucceſſe.
Luc. I take my leave of you.
Iſa. Good ſir, adieu. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Angelo, Eſcalus, and ſervants, Iuſtice.

Ang. We muſt not make a ſcar-crow of the Law,
Setting it up to feare the Birds of prey,
And let it keepe one ſhape, till cuſtome make it
Their Pearch, and not their terrour.
Eſc. I, but yet
Let us be keene, and rather cut a little
Then fall, and bruiſe to death: alas, this Gentleman
Whom I would ſave, had a moſt noble father,
Let but your honour know
(Whom I beleeve to be moſt ſtrait in vertue)
That in the working of your owne affections,
Had Time coheard with Place, or place with wiſhing,
Or that the reſolute acting of our blood
Could have attain'd th'effect of your owne purpoſe,
Whether you had not ſometime in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you cenſure him,
And pull'd the Law upon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (*Eſcalus*)

Another thing to fall : I not deny
The Iury paſſing on the priſoners life
May in the ſworne-twelve have a theefe, or two
Guiltier then him they try; what's open made to Iuſtice,
That Iuſtice ceizes; What knowes the Lawes
That theeves doe paſſe on theeves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The Iewell that we finde, we ſtoope, and take't,
Becauſe we ſee it; but what we doe not ſee,
We treade upon, and never thinke of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence,
For I have had ſuch faults; but rather tell me
When I, that cenſure him, doe ſo offend,
Let mine owne Iudgement patterne out my death,
And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he muſt die.

Enter Provoſt.

Eſc. Be it as your wiſedome will.

Ang. Where is the *Provoſt*?

Pro. Here if it like your Honour.

Ang. See that *Claudio*
Be executed by nine to morrow morning,
Bring him his Confeſſor, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the utmoſt of his Pilgrimage.

Eſt. Well: heaven forgive him; and forgive us all:
Some riſe by ſinne, and ſome by vertue fall:
Some Run from brakes of Ice, and anſwer none,
And ſome condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if theſe be good people in a Common-weale, that doe nothing but uſe their abuſes in common houſes, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now ſir, what's your name? And what's the matter?

Elb. If it pleaſe your honour, I am the poore Dukes Conſtable, and my name is *Elbow*; I doe leane upon Iuſtice ſir, and doe bring in here before your good honour, two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well: What Benefactors are they? Are they not Malefactors?

Elb. If it pleaſe your honour, I know not well what they are: But preciſe villaines they are, that I am ſure of, and voyd of all prophanation in the world, that good Chriſtians ought to have.

Eſc. This comes off well: here's a wiſe Officer.

Ang. Goe to: What quality are they of? *Elbow* is your name?
Why do'ſt thou not ſpeake *Elbow*?

Clo. He cannot ſir: he's out at Elbow.

Ang. What are you ſir?

Elb. He ſir, a Tapſter ſir: parcell Bawd: one that ſerves a bad woman: whoſe houſe ſir was (as they ſay) pluckt downe in the Suburbes: and now ſhe profeſſes a hot-houſe; which, I thinke is a very ill houſe too.

Eſc. How know you that?

Elb. My wife Sir, whom I deteſt before heaven and your honour.

Eſc. How? thy wife?

Elb. I Sir: whom I thanke heaven is an honeſt woman.

Eſca. Do'ſt thou deteſt her therefore?

Elb. I ſay ſir, I will deteſt my ſelfe alſo, as well as ſhee, that this houſe, if it be not a Bawds houſe, it is pitty of her life, for it is a naughty houſe.

Eſca. How do'ſt thou know that, Conſtable?

Elb. Marry ſir, by my wife, who, if ſhe had been a woman Cardinally given, might have beene accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanneſſe there.

Eſc. By the womans meanes?

Elb. I ſir, by Miſtris *Over-dons* meanes: but as ſhe ſpit in his face, ſo ſhe defi'd him.

Clo. Sir, if it pleaſe your honour, this is not ſo.

Elb. Prove it before theſe Varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Eſc. Doe you heare how he miſplaces?

Clo. Sir, ſhe came in great with childe: and longing (ſaving your honors reverence) for ſtew'd Prewynes; ſir, we had but two in the houſe, which at that very inſtant time ſtood, as it were in a fruit diſh (a diſh of ſome three pence; your honours have ſeene ſuch diſhes) they are not China-diſhes, but very good diſhes.

Eſc. Goe too, goe too: no matter for the diſh ſir.

Clo. No indeed ſir not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: as I ſay, this Miſtris *Elbow*, being (as I ſay) with childe, and being great bellied, and longing (as I ſaid) for Prewyns: and having no more in the diſh (as I ſaid) Maſter *Froth* here, this very man, having eaten the reſt (as I ſaid) and (as I ſay) paying for them very honeſtly: for, as you know Maſter *Froth*, I could not give you three pence againe.

Fro. No indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then (if you be remembred) cracking the ſtones of the foreſaid Prewyns.

Fro. I, ſo I did indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then (if you bee remembred) that ſuch a one, and ſuch a one, were paſt cure of the thing you wot of, unleſſe they kept very good dyet, as I told you.

Fro. All this is true.

Clo. Why very well then.

Eſc. Come: you are a tedious foole: to the purpoſe: what was done to *Elbowes* wife, that he hath cauſe to complaine of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Eſc. No ſir, nor I meane it not.

Clo. Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your Honours leave: And I beſeech you, looke into Maſter *Froth* here ſir, a man of foure-ſcore pound a yeere; whoſe Father dyed at Hallowmas: Was't not at Hallowmas Maſter *Froth*?

Fro. All-hallond-Eve.

Clo. Why very well: I hope here be truthes: he Sir, ſitting (as I ſay) in a lower Chaire, Sir, 'twas in the bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to ſit, have you not?

Fro. I have ſo, becauſe it is an open roome, and good for Winter.

Clo. Why very well then: I hope here be truthes.

Ang. This will laſt out a night in *Ruſſia*,
When nights are longeſt there: Ile take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cauſe;
Hoping you'l finde good cauſe to whip them all. *Exit.*

Eſc. I thinke no leſſe: good morrow to your Lordſhip. Now ſir, come on: What was done to *Elbowes* wife, once more?

Clo. Once ſir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beſeech you ſir, aske him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beſeech your honour, aske me.

Eſc. Well ſir, what did this Gentleman to her?

Clo. I beſeech you ſir, looke in this Gentlemans face: good Maſter *Froth* looke upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpoſe; doth your honour marke his face?

Eſc. I ſir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beſeech you marke it well.

Eſc. Well, I doe ſo.

Clo. Doth your honour ſee any harme in his face?

Eſc. Why no.

Clo. Ile be ſuppos'd upon a booke, his face is the worſt thing about him: good then: if his face be the worſt thing about him, how could Maſter *Froth* doe the Conſtables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.

Eſc. He's in the right (Conſtable) what ſay you to it?

Elb. Firſt, and it like you, the houſe is a reſpected houſe; next, this is a reſpected fellow; and his Miſtris is a reſpected woman.

Clo. By this hand ſir, his wife is a more reſpected perſon then any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lyeſt; thou lyeſt wicked Varlet: the time is yet to come that ſhee was ever reſpected with man, woman, or childe.

Clo. Sir, ſhe was reſpected with him before he married with her.

Eſc. Which is the wiſer here; *Iuſtice*, or *Iniquitie*? Is this true?

Elb. O thou Caytiffe: O thou Varlet: O thou wicked *Hannibal*; I reſpected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was reſpected with her, or ſhe with me, let not your Worſhip thinke me the poore Dukes Officer: prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or Ile have mine action of battery on thee.

Eſc. If he tooke you a box 'oth'eare, you might have your action of ſlander too.

Elb. Marry I thanke your good worſhip for it: what is't your Worſhips pleaſure I ſhall doe with this wicked Caytiffe?

Eſc. Truely Officer, becauſe he hath ſome offences in him, that thou wouldſt diſcover, if thou couldſt, let him continue in his courſes, till thou know'ſt what they are.

Elb. Marry I thanke your Worſhip for it: Thou ſeeſt thou wicked Varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

Eſc. Where were you borne, friend?

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Eſc. Are you of foureſcore pounds a yeere?

Froth. Yes, and't pleaſe you ſir.

Eſc. So: what trade are you of, ſir?

Clo. A Tapſter, a poore Widdowes Tapſter.

Eſc. Your Miſtris name?

Clo. Miſtris *Over-don*.

Eſc. Hath ſhe had any more then one husband?

Clo. Nine, ſir: *Over-don* by the laſt.

Eſc. Nine? come hither to me, Maſter *Froth*; Maſter *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with Tapſters; they will draw you Maſter *Froth*, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me heare no more of you.

Fro. I thanke your worſhip: for mine owne part, I never come into any roome in a Tap-houſe, but I am drawne in.

Eſc. Well: no more of it Maſter *Froth*: farewell: Come you hither to me, M. Tapſter: what's your name M. Tapſter?

Clo. *Pompey*.

Eſc. What elſe?

Clo. *Bum*, Sir.

Eſc. Troth, and your Bum is the greateſt thing about you, ſo that in the beaſtlieſt ſenſe, you are *Pompey* the great; *Pompey*, you are partly a Bawd, *Pompey*; howſoever you colour it being a Tapſter, are you not? come, tell me true, it ſhall be the better for you.

Clo. Truely ſir, I am a poore fellow that would live.

Eſc. How would you live *Pompey*? by being a Bawd? what doe you thinke of the Trade *Pompey*? is it a lawfull Trade?

Clo. If the Law would allow it, ſir.

Eſc. But the law will not allow it *Pompey*; nor it ſhall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clo. Do's your Worſhip meane to geld and ſplay all the youth in the Citie?

Eſc. No, *Pompey*.

Clo. Truely Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't then: if your Worſhip will take order for the Drabs and Knaves, you need not to feare the Bawdes.

Eſc. There are pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeare together; you'll be glad to give out a Commiſſion for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten yeares, Ile rent the faireſt houſe in it after three pence a Bay: if you live to ſee this come to paſſe, ſay *Pompey* told you ſo.

Eſc. Thanke you good *Pompey*; and in requitall of your Propheſie, harke you: I adviſe you let me not finde you before me againe upon any complaint whatſoever: no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe *Pompey*, I ſhall beat you to your Tent, and prove a ſhrewd *Cæſar* to you: in plaine dealing *Pompey*, I ſhall have you whipt; ſo for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clo. I thanke your Worſhip for your good counſell; but I ſhall follow it as the fleſh and fortune ſhall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his Iade,
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his Trade. *Exit.*

Eſc. Come hither to me, Maſter *Elbow*: come hither Maſter Conſtable: how long have you been in this place of Conſtable?

Elb. Seven yeare and a halfe ſir.

Eſc. I thought by the readineſſe in the office, you had continued in it ſome time: you ſay ſeaven yeeres together.

Elb. And a halfe ſir.

Eſc. Alas, it hath beene great paines to you: they doe you wrong to put you ſo oft upon't. Are there not men in your Ward ſufficient to ſerve it?

Elb. 'Faith ſir, few of any wit in ſuch matters: as they are choſen, they are glad to chooſe me for them; I doe it for ſome peece of money, and goe through with all.

Eſc. Looke you bring me in the names of ſome ſixe or ſeven, the moſt ſufficient of your Pariſh.

Elb. To your Worſhips houſe ſir?

Eſc. To my houſe: fare you well: what's a clocke, thinke you?

Iuſt. Eleven, ſir.

Eſc. I pray you goe home to dinner with me.

Iuſt. I humbly thanke you.

Eſc. It grieves me for the death of *Claudio*,
But there's no remedy.

Iuſt. Lord *Angelo* is ſevere.

Eſc. It is but needfull.
Mercy is not it ſelfe, that oft lookes ſo,
Pardon is ſtill the nurſe of ſecond woe:
But yet, poore *Claudio*; there is no remedy.
Come Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Provoſt, Servant.

Ser. Hee's hearing of a Cauſe; he will come ſtraight,
I'le tell him of you.
Pro. 'Pray you doe; Ile know
His pleaſure, may be he will relent; alas
He hath but as offended in a dreame,
All Sects, all Ages ſmacke of this vice, and he
To dye for't!

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter *Provoſt*?
Pro. Is it your will *Claudio* ſhall dye to morrow?
Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadſt thou not order?
Why do'ſt thou aske againe?
Pro. Leſt I might be too raſh:
Vnder your good correction, I have ſeene
When after execution, Iudgement hath
Repented ore his doome.
Ang. Goe to: let that be mine,
Doe you your office, or give up your Place,
And you ſhall well be ſpar'd.
Pro. I crave your Honors pardon:
What ſhall be done ſir, with the groaning *Iuliet*?
Shee's very neere her houre.
Ang. Diſpoſe of her
To ſome more fitter place; and that with ſpeed.
Ser. Here is the ſiſter of the man condemn'd,
Deſires acceſſe to you.
Ang. Hath he a ſiſter?
Pro. I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,
And to be ſhortly of a Siſter-hood,
If not already.
Ang. Well: let her be admitted,
See you the Fornicatreſſe be remov'd,
Let her have needfull, but not laviſh meanes,
There ſhall be order for't.

Enter Lucio, and Iſabella.

Pro. 'Save your Honor.
Ang. Stay a little while: y'are welcome: what's your will?
Iſab. I am a woefull Sutor to your Honor,
'Pleaſe but your honor heare me.
Ang, Well: what's your ſuite?
Iſab. There is a vice that moſt I doe abhorre,
And moſt deſire ſhould meet the blow of juſtice;
For which I would not plead, but that I muſt,
For which I muſt not plead, but that I am
At warre, twixt will, and will not.
Ang. Well: the matter?
Iſab. I have a brother is condemn'd to dye,
I doe beſeech you let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Pro. Heaven give thee moving graces.
Ang. Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,
Why every fault's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the very Cipher of a Function
To fine the faults, whoſe fine ſtands in record,
And let goe by the Actor.
Iſab. Oh juſt, but ſevere law:
I had a brother then; heaven keepe your honor.
Luc. Give't not ore ſo: to him againe, entreat him,
Kneele downe before him, hang upon his gowne,
You are too cold: if you ſhould need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue deſire it:
To him, I ſay.
Iſab. Muſt he needs dye?
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.
Iſab. Yes: I doe thinke that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do't.
Iſab. But can you if you would?
Ang. Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.
Iſab. But might you doe't and doe the world no wrong
If ſo your heart were touch'd with that remorſe,
As mine is to him?
Ang. Hee's ſentenc'd, tis too late.
Luc. Yo art too cold.
Iſab. Too late? why no: I that doe ſpeake a word,
May call it backe againe: well, beleeve this
No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the Kings Crowne; nor the deputed ſword,
The Marſhalls Truncheon, nor the Iudges Robe
Become them with one halfe ſo good a grace
As mercy does: If he had beene as you, and you as he,
You would have ſlipt like him, but he like you
Would not have beene ſo ſterne.
Ang. Pray you be gone.
Iſab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were *Iſabell*: ſhould it then be thus?
No: I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a priſoner.
Luc. I touch him: there's the veine.
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the Law,
And you but waſte your words.
Iſab. Alas, alas:
Why all the ſoules that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage beſt have tooke,
Found out the remedy: how would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgement, ſhould
But judge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips
Like man new made.
Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid)
It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother,
Were he my kinſman, brother, or my ſonne;
It ſhould be thus with him: he muſt dye to morrow.
Iſab. To morrow? oh, that's ſodaine,
Spare him, ſpare him:
Hee's not prepar'd for death; even for our kitchines
We kill the fowle of ſeaſon: ſhall we ſerve heaven
With leſſe reſpect then we doe miniſter
To our groſſe-ſelves? good, good my Lord, bethinke you;
Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.
Luc. I, well ſaid.
Ang: The Law hath not been dead, though it hath ſlept:
Thoſe many had not dar'd to doe that evill
If the firſt, that did th'Edict infringe
Had anſwer'd for his deed. Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet
Lookes in a glaſſe that ſhewes what future evills
Either now, or by remiſſeneſſe, new conceiv'd,
And ſo in progreſſe to be hatch'd, and borne,
Are now to have no ſucceſſive degrees,
But here they live to end.
Iſab. Yet ſhow ſome pitty.
Ang. I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhow Iuſtice;
For then I pitty thoſe I doe not know,
Which a diſmiſ'd offence, would after gaule

And doe him right, that anſwering one foule wrong
Lives not to act another. Be ſatisfied;
Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.
Iſa. So you muſt be the firſt that gives this ſentence,
And he, that ſuffers: Oh, it is excellent
To have a Giants ſtrength: but it is tyrannous
To uſe it like a Giant.
Luc. That's well ſaid.
Iſab. Could great men thunder
As *Iove* himſelfe do's, *Iove* would nere be quiet,
For every pelting petty Officer
Would uſe his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heaven,
Thou rather with thy ſharpe and ſulphureous bolt
Splitſt the un-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
Then the ſoft Mertill: O But man! proud man!
Dreſt in a little briefe authority,
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
(His glaſſie Eſſence) like an angry Ape
Playes ſuch phantaſtique tricks before high heaven,
As makes the Angels weepe: who with our ſpleenes,
Would all themſelves laugh mortall.
Luci. Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
Hee's comming: I perceive't.
Pro. Pray heaven ſhe winne him.
Iſab. We cann ot weigh our brother with our ſelfe,
Great men may jeſt with Saints: tis wit in them,
But in the leſſe foule prophanation.
Luc. Thou'rt i'th right (Girle) more o'that.
Iſab. That in the Captaine's but a chollericke word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blaſphemy.
Luc. Art aviſ'd o'that? more on't.
Ang. Why doe you put theſe ſayings upon me?
Iſab. Becauſe Authority, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in it ſelfe
That skins the vice o'th top; goe to your boſome,
Knocke there, and aske your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confeſſe
A naturall guiltineſſe, ſuch as is his,
Let it not ſound a thought upon you tongue
Againſt my brothers life.
Ang. Shee ſpeakes, and 'tis ſuch ſence
That my ſence breeds with it; fare you well.
Iſab. Gentle my lord, turne backe.
Ang. I will bethinke me: come againe to morrow.
Iſab. Harke, how Ile bribe you: good my lord turne
Ang. How? bribe me? (backe.
Iſa. I, with ſuch gifts that heaven ſhall ſhare with you.
Luc. You had mar'd all elſe.
Iſab. Not with fond Sickles of the teſted-gold,
Or ſtones, whoſe rate are either rich, or poore
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That ſhall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere Sunne riſe: prayers from preſerved ſoules,
From faſting Maides, whoſe mindes are dedicate
To nothing temporall.
Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.
Luc. Goe to: 'tis well; away.
Iſab. Heaven keep your honor ſafe.
Ang. Amen.
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers croſſe.
Iſab. At what howre to marrow,
Shall I attend you lordſhip?
Ang. At any time 'fore-noone.
Iſab. 'Save your Honor. *Exeunt.*
Ang. From thee: even from thy vertue.
What's this? What's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who ſinnes moſt? ha?
Not ſhe: nor doth ſhe tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flowre,
Corrupt with vertuous ſeaſon: Can it be,
That Modeſty may more betray our ſence
Then womans lightneſſe? having waſte ground enough,
Shall we deſire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? oh fie, fie, fie:
What doſt thou? or what art thou *Angelo*?
Doſt thou deſire her fowly, for thoſe things
That make her good? oh, let her brother live:
Theeves for their robbery have authority,
When Iudges ſteale themſelves: what! doe I love her,
That I deſire to heare her ſpeake againe?
And feaſt upon her eyes? what is't I dreame on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints doſt bait thy hooke: moſt dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To ſinne, in loving vertue: never could the Strumpet
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
Once ſtir my temper: but this vertuous Maid
Subdues me quite: Even till now
When men were fond, I ſmild, and wondred how. *Exit*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Duke, and Provoſt.
Duk. Haile to you, *Provoſt*, ſo I thinke you are.
Pro. I am the Provoſt: what's your will, good Frier;
Duk. Bound by my charity, and my bleſt order,
I come to viſit the afflicted ſpirits
Here in the priſon: doe me the common right
To let me ſee them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may miniſter
To them accordingly.
Pro. I would do more then that, if more were needfull.
Enter Iuliet.
Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flawes of her owne youth,
Hath bliſterd her report: She is with child,
And he that got it, ſentenc'd: a yong man,
More fit to doe another ſuch offence,
Then dye for this.
Duk. When muſt he dye?
Pro. As I doe thinke to morrow.
I have provided for you, ſtay a while
And you ſhall be conducted.
Duk. Repent you (faire one) of the ſin you carry?
Iul. I doe; and beare the ſhame moſt patiently.
Du. Ile teach you how you ſhall araign your conſcience
And try your penitence, if it be ſound,
Or hollowly put on.
Iul. Ile gladly learne.
Duk. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Iul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duk. So then it ſeemes your moſt offencefull act
Was mutually committed.
Iul. Mutually.
Duk. Then was your ſinne of heavier kind than his.
Iul. I doe confeſſe it, and repent it (Father.)

Duk. 'Tis meet ſo (daughter) but leaſt you doe repent
As that the ſinne hath brought you to this ſhame,
Which ſorrow is alwayes toward our ſelves, not heaven,
Showing we would not ſpare heaven, as we love it,
But as we ſtand in feare.
Iul. I doe repent me, as it is an evill,
And take the ſhame with joy.
Duk. There reſt:
Your partner (as I heare) muſt dye to morrow,
And I am going with inſtruction to him:
Grace goe with you, *Benedicite.* *Exit.*
Iul. Muſt dye to morrow? oh injurious love
That reſpits me a life, whoſe very comfort
Is ſtill a dying horror.
Pro. 'Tis pitty of him. *Exeunt.*

Scæna quarta.

Enter Angelo.

An. When I would pray, and thinke, I thinke, and pray
To ſeverall ſubjects: heaven hath my empty words,
Whilſt my Invention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Iſabell*: heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but onely chew his name,
And in my heart the ſtrong and ſwelling evill
Of my conception: the ſtate whereon I ſtudied
Is like a good thing, being often read
Growne feard, and tedious: yea, my Gravity
Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume
Which the ayre beats for vaine: oh place! oh forme!
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit
Wrench awe from fooles, and tye the wiſer ſoules
To thy falſe ſeeming? Blood, thou art blood,
Let's write good Angell on the Devills horne;
'Tis not the devills Creſt: how now? who's there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. One *Iſabell*, a ſiſter, deſires acceſſe to you.
Ang. Teach her the way: oh, heavens
Why doe's my bloud thus muſter to my heart,
Making both it unable for it ſelfe,
And diſpoſſeſſing all my other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſſe?
So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwounds,
Come all to helpe him, and ſo ſtop the ayre
By which he ſhould revive: and even ſo
The generall ſubject to a wel-wiſht King
Quit their owne part, and in obſequious fondneſſe
Crowd to his preſence, where their untaught love
Muſt needs appeare offence: how now faire Maid?

Enter Iſabella.

Iſa. I am come to know your pleaſure. (me,
An. That you might know it, would much better pleaſe
Then to demand what 'tis: your brother cannot live.
Iſa. Even ſo: heaven keepe your Honor.
An. Yet may he live a while: and it may be
As long as you, or I: yet he muſt dye.
Iſab. Vnder your Sentence?
Ang. Yea.
Iſab. When, I beſeech you? that in his Reprieve
(Longer, or ſhorter) he may be ſo fitted
That his ſoule ſicken not.
Ang. Ha? fie, theſe filthy vices: It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature ſtolne
A man already made, as to remit
Their ſawcy ſweetneſſe, that doe coyne heavens Image
In ſtamps that are forbid: 'tis all as eaſie,
Falſely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in reſtrained meanes
To make a falſe one.
Iſab. 'Tis ſet downe ſo in heaven, but not in earth.
Ang. Say you ſo: then I ſhall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the moſt juſt Law
Now tooke your brothers life, and to redeeme him
Give up your body to ſuch ſweet uncleanneſſe,
As ſhe that he hath ſtaind?
Iſab. Sir, beleeve this,
I had rather give my body, then my ſoule.
Ang. I talke not of your ſoule: our compel'd ſinnes
Stand more for number, then for accompt.
Iſab. How ſay you?
Ang. Nay Ile not warrant that: for I can ſpeake
Againſt the thing I ſay: Anſwer to this,
I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)
Pronounce a ſentence on your brothers life,
Might there not be a charity in ſinne,
To ſave this brothers life?
Iſab. Pleaſe you to doo't,
Ile take it as a perill to my ſoule,
It is no ſinne at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleas'd you to doo't, at perill of your ſoule
Were equall poize of ſinne, and charity.
Iſab. That I doe beg his life, if it be ſinne
Heaven let me beare it: you granting of my ſuit,
If that be ſinne, Ile make it my Morne-prayer,
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your anſwer.
Ang. Nay, but heare me.
Your ſence purſues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or ſeeme ſo crafty; and that's not good.
Iſab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wiſdome wiſhes to appeare moſt bright,
When it doth taxe it ſelfe: As theſe blacke Maſques
Proclaime an en-ſhield beauty ten times louder
Then beauty could diſplaied: But marke me,
To be received plaine, Ile ſpeake more groſſe:
Your brother is to dye.
Iſab. So.
Ang. And his offence is ſo, as it appeares,
Accountant to the Law, upon that paine.
Iſab. True.
Ang. Admit no other way to ſave his life
(As I ſubſcribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loſſe of queſtion) that you, his Siſter,
Finding your ſelfe deſir'd of ſuch a perſon,
Whoſe credit with the Iudge, or owne great place,
Could fetch your brother from the Manacles
Of the all-building-Law: and that there were
No earthly meane to ſave him, but that either
You muſt lay downe the treaſures of your body,
To this ſuppoſed, or elſe to let him ſuffer:
What would you doe?
Iſab. As much for my poore Brother, as my ſelfe;
That is: were I under the tearmes of death,
Th'impreſſion of keene whips, I'ld weare as Rubies,
And ſtrip my ſelfe to death, as to a bed,
That longing have beene ſicke for, ere I'ld yeeld
My body up to ſhame.

Ang. Then

Ang. Then muſt your brother dye.
Iſa. And 'twer the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother di'd at once,
Then that a ſiſter, by redeeming him
Should dye for ever.
Ang. Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,
That you have ſlander'd ſo?
Iſa. Ignominy in ranſome, and free pardon
Are of two houſes: lawfull mercy,
Is nothing kin to foule redemption.
Ang. You ſeem'd of late to make the Law a tirant,
And rather prov'd the ſliding of your brother
A merriment, then a vice.
Iſa. Oh pardon me my lord, it oft fals out
To have, what we would have,
We ſpeake not what we meane;
I ſomething doe excuſe the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearely love.
Ang. We are all fraile.
Iſa. Elſe let my brother dye,
If not a feodary but onely he
Owe, and ſucceed thy weakeneſſe.
Ang. Nay, women are fraile too.
Iſa. I, as the glaſſes where they view themſelves,
Which are as eaſie broke as they make formes:
Women? Helpe heaven; men their creation marre
In profiting by them: Nay, call us ten times fraile,
For we are ſoft, as our complexions are,
And credulous to falſe prints.
Ang. I thinke it well:
And from this teſtimony of your owne ſex
(Since I ſuppoſe we are made to be no ſtronger
Then faults may ſhake our frames) let me be bold;
I doe arreſt your words Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you'r none.
If you be one (as you are well expreſt
By all externall warrants) ſhew it now,
By putting on the deſtin'd Livery.
Iſa. I have no tongue but one; gentle my lord,
Let me entreate you ſpeake the former language.
Ang. Plainly conceive I love you.
Iſa. My brother did love *Iuliet.*
And you tell me that he ſhall dye for't.
Ang. He ſhall not *Iſabell* if you give me love.
Iſa. I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
Which ſeemes a little fouler then it is,
To plucke on others.
Ang. Beleeve me on mine Honor,
My words expreſſe my purpoſe.
Iſa. Ha? Little honor, to be much beleev'd,
And moſt pernitious purpoſe: Seeming, ſeeming.
I will proclaime thee *Angelo*, looke for't.
Signe me a preſent pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-ſtretcht throate Ile tell the world aloud
What man thou art.
Ang. Who will beleeve thee *Iſabell*?
My unſoild name, th' auſteereneſſe of my life,
My vouch againſt you, and my place i'th State,
Will ſo your accuſation over-weigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your owne report,
And ſmell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my ſenſuall race, the reine,
Fit thy conſent to my ſharpe appetite,
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious bluſhes
That baniſh what they ſue for: Redeeme thy brother,
By yeelding up thy body to my will,
Or elſe he muſt not onely dye the death,
But thy unkindneſſe ſhall his death draw out
To lingring ſufferance: Anſwer me to morrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me moſt,
Ile prove a Tirant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my falſe, ore-weighs your true. *Exit.*
Iſa. To whom ſhould I complaine? Did I tell this,
Who would beleeve me? O perilous mouthes
That beare in them, one and the ſelfeſame tongue,
Either of condemnation, or approofe,
Bidding the Law make curtſie to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,
To follow as it drawes. Ile to my brother,
Though he hath falne by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him ſuch a mind of Honor,
That had he twenty heads to tender downe
On twenty bloody blockes, hee'ld yeeld them up,
Before his ſiſter ſhould her body ſtoope
To ſuch abhord pollution.
Then *Iſabell* live chaſte, and brother dye;
"More then our Brother, is our Chaſtity.
Ile tell him yet of *Angelo's* requeſt,
And fit his mind to death, for his ſoules reſt. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius, Scæna Prima.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provoſt.

Duk. So then you hope of pardon from lord *Angelo*?
Clau. The miſerable have no other medicine
But onely hope: I'have hope to live, and am prepar'd to dye.
Duke. Be abſolute for death: either death or life
Shall thereby be the ſweeter. Reaſon thus with life:
If I doe looſe thee, I doe looſe a thing
That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyie-influences,
That doſt this habitation where thou keepſt
Hourely afflict: Meerely, thou art deaths foole,
For him thou labourſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet runſt toward him ſtill. Thou art not noble,
For all th'accommodations that thou bearſt,
Are nurſt by baſeneſſe: Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,
For thou doſt feare the ſoft and tender forke
Of a poore worme: thy beſt of reſt is ſleepe,
And that thou oft provoakſt, yet groſſely fearſt
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy ſelfe,
For thou exiſts on many a thouſand graines
That iſſue out of duſt. Happy thou art not,
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get,
And what thou haſt, forgetſt. Thou art not certaine,
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
After the Moone: if thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
For like an Aſſe, whoſe backe with Ingots bowes;
Thou bearſt thy heavy riches but a journy,
And death unloads thee; Friend haſt thou none.
For thine owne bowels which doe call thee, fire
The meere effuſion of thy proper loynes,
Doe curſe the Gout, Sarpego, and the Rheume
For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor youth, nor age
But as it were an after-dinners ſleepe
Dreaming on both, for all thy bleſſed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes
Of palſied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich

Thou haſt neither heate, affection, limbe, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleaſant: what’s yet in this
That beares the name of life? Yet in this life
Lye hid moe thouſand deaths; yet death we feare
That makes theſe oddes, all even.
Cla. I humbly thanke you.
To ſue to live, I find I ſeeke to dye,
And ſeeking death, find life: Let it come on.
Enter Iſabella.
Iſab. What hoa? Peace heere; Grace, and good company.
Pro. Who’s there? Come in, the wiſh deſerves a welcome.
Duk. Deere ſir, ere long Ile viſit you againe.
Cla. Moſt holy ſir, I thanke you.
Iſa. My buſineſſe is a word or two with *Clandio.*
Pro. And very welcome: looke Signior, here’s your ſiſter.
Duk. Provoſt, a word with you.
Pro. As many as you pleaſe.
Duk. Bring them to ſpeake, where I may be conceal’d, yet heare them. *Exeunt.*
Cla. Now ſiſter, what’s the comfort?
Iſa. Why,
As all comforts are: moſt good, moſt good indeed,
Lord *Angelo* having affaires to heaven
Intends you for his ſwift Ambaſſador,
Where you ſhall be an everlaſting Leiger;
Therefore your beſt appointment make with ſpeed,
To Morrow you ſet on.
Clau. Is there no remedy?
Iſa. None but ſuch remedy, as to ſave a head
To cleave a heart in twaine:
Cla. But is there any?
Iſa. Yes brother, you may live;
There is a divelliſh mercy in the Iudge,
If you’l implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
Cla. Perpetuall durance!
Iſa. I juſt, perpetuall durance, a reſtraint
Through all the worlds vaſtidity you had
To a determin’d ſcope.
Clau. But in what nature?
Iſa. In ſuch a one, as you conſenting too’t,
Would barke your honor from that trunke you beare,
And leave you naked.
Clau. Let me know the point.
Iſa. Oh, I doe feare thee *Clandio*, and I quake,
Leaſt thou a feavorous life ſhouldſt entertaine,
And ſixe or ſeven winters more reſpect
Then a perpetuall honor. Dar’ſt thou dye?
The ſence of death is moſt in apprehenſion,
And the poore Beetle that we tread upon
In corporall ſufferance, finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dyes.
Cla. Why give you me this ſhame?
Thinke you I can a reſolution fetch
From flowry tenderneſſe? If I muſt dye,
I will encounter darkneſſe as a bride,
And hugge it in mine armes.
Iſa. There ſpake my brother: there my fathers grave
Did utter forth a voyce. Yes, thou muſt dye:
Thou art too noble, to conſerve a life
In baſe appliances. This outward ſainted Deputy,
Whoſe ſetled viſage, and deliberate word
Nips youth i’th head, and follies doth emmew
As Falcon doth the fowle, is yet a divell:
His filth within being caſt, he would appeare
A pond, as deepe as hell.
Cla. The Princely *Angelo*?
Iſa. Oh ’tis the cunning Livery of hell,
The damnedſt body to inveſt, and cover
In Princely gardes; doſt thou thinke *Clandio*,
If I would yeeld him my virginity
Thou might’ſt be freed?
Cla. Oh heavens, it cannot be.
Iſa. Yes, he would giv’t thee; from this ranke offence
So to offend him ſtill. This night’s the time
That I ſhould doe what I abhorre to name,
Or elſe thou dieſt to morrow.
Cla. Thou ſhalt not do’t.
Iſa. O, were it but my life,
I’de throw it downe for your deliverance
As frankely as a pin.
Clau. Thankes deere *Iſabell.*
Iſa. Be ready *Clandio*, for your death to morrow.
Clau. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th’noſe,
When he would force it? Sure it is no ſinne,
Or of the deadly ſeven it is the leaſt.
Iſa. Which is the leaſt?
Clau. If it were damnable, he being ſo wiſe,
Why would he for the momentary tricke
Be perdurably fin’de? Oh *Iſabell.*
Iſa. What ſayes my brother?
Cla. Death is a fearefull thing.
Iſa. And ſhamed life, a hatefull.
Cla. I, but to dye, and goe we know not where,
To lye in cold obſtruction, and to rot,
This ſenſible warme motion, to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted ſpirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed Ice,
To be impriſon’d in the viewleſſe windes
And blowne with reſtleſſe violence round about
The pendant world: or to be worſe then worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſſe and incertaine thought,
Imagine howling, ’tis too horrible.
The weärieſt, and moſt loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, penury, and impriſonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradiſe
To what we feare of death.
Iſa. Alas, alas.
Cla. Sweet Siſter, let me live.
What ſinne you doe, to ſave a brothers life,
Nature diſpenſes with the deed ſo farre,
That it becomes a vertue.
Iſa. Oh you beaſt!
Oh faithleſſe Coward! oh diſhoneſt wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is’t not a kind of inceſt, to take life
From thine owne ſiſters ſhame? What ſhould I thinke,
Heaven ſhield my Mother plaid my Father faire:
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wilderneſſe
Nere iſſu’d from his blood. Take my defiance,
Dye, periſh: Might but my bending downe
Repreeve thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceed.
Ile pray a thouſand prayers for thy death,
No word to ſave thee.
Cla. Nay heare me *Iſabell.*
Iſa. Oh, fie, fie, fie.
Thy ſinn’s not accidentall, but a Trade;

Mercy to thee would prove it ſelfe a Bawd,
'Tis beſt that thou dieſt quickly.

Cla. Oh heare me *Iſabella*. *Duke ſteps in.*

Duk. Vouchſafe a word, yong ſiſter, but one word.

Iſa. What is your Will.

Duk. Might you diſpenſe with your leiſure, I would by and by have ſome ſpeech with you: the ſatisfaction I would require, is likewiſe your owne benefit.

Iſa. I have no ſuperfluous leiſure, my ſtay muſt be ſtolen out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while.

Duk. Son, I have over-heard what hath paſt betweene you and your ſiſter. *Angelo* had never the purpoſe to corrupt her; onely he hath made an aſſay of her vertue, to practiſe his judgement with the diſpoſition of natures. She (having the truth of honor in her) hath made him that gracious deniall, which he is moſt glad to receive: I am Confeſſor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true, therefore prepare your ſelfe to death: doe not ſatisfie your reſolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you muſt dye, goe to your knees, and make ready.

Cla. Let me aske my ſiſter pardon, I am ſo out of love with life, that I will ſue to be rid of it. *Exit.*

Duk. Hold you there: farewell: *Provoſt*, a word with you.

Pro. What's your will (father?)

Duk. That now you are come, you will be gone: leave me a while with the Maid, my mind promiſes with my habit, no loſſe ſhall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time. *Exit.*

Duk. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodneſſe that is cheape in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodneſſe; but grace being the ſoule of your complexion, ſhall keepe the body of it ever faire: the aſſault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath convaid to my underſtanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I ſhould wonder at *Angelo*: how will you doe to content this Subſtitute, and to ſave your brother?

Iſab. I am now going to reſolve him: I had rather my brother dye by the Law, then my ſonne ſhould be unlawfully borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo*: if ever he returne, and I can ſpeake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or diſcover his government.

Duk. That ſhall not be much amiſſe: yet as the matter now ſtands, he will avoyd your accuſation: he made triall of you onely. Therefore faſten your eare on my adviſings, to the love I have in doing good; a remedy preſents it ſelfe. I doe make my ſelfe beleeve that you may moſt uprighteouſly doe a poore wronged Lady a merited benefit; redeeme your brother from the angry Law; doe no ſtaine to your owne gracious perſon, and much pleaſe the abſent Duke, if peradventure he ſhall ever returne to have hearing of this buſineſſe.

Iſab. Let me heare you ſpeake farther; I have ſpirit to doe any thing that appeares not foule in the truth of my ſpirit.

Duke. Vertue is bold, and goodneſſe never fearefull: Have you not heard ſpeake of *Mariana* the ſiſter of *Fredericke* the great Souldier, who miſcarried at Sea?

Iſab. I have heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She ſhould this *Angelo* have married: was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the ſolemnity, her brother *Fredericke* was wrackt at Sea, having in that periſhed veſſell, the dowry of his ſiſter: but marke how heavily this befell to the poore Gentlewoman, there ſhe loſt a noble and renouned brother, in his love toward her, ever moſt kind and naturall: with him the portion and ſinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combynate-husband, this well ſeeming *Angelo.*

Iſab. Can this be ſo? did *Angelo* ſo leave her?

Duk. Left her in her teares, and dried not one of them with his comfort: ſwallowed his vowes whole, pretending in her, diſcoveries of diſhonor: in few, beſtow'd her on her owne lamentation, which ſhe yet weares for his ſake: and he, a marble to her eares, is waſhed with them, but relents not.

Iſab. What a merit were it in death to take this poore maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live? But how out of this can ſhe availe?

Duk. It is a rupture that you may eaſily heale: and the cure of it not onely ſaves your brother, but keepes you from diſhonor in doing it.

Iſab. Shew me how (good father.)

Duk. This forenamed Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her firſt affection: his unjuſt unkindneſſe (that in all reaſon ſhould have quenched her love) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and unruly: Goe you to *Angelo*, anſwer his requiring with a plauſible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely referre your ſelfe to this advantage, firſt, that your ſtay with him may not be long: that the time may have all ſhadow, and ſilence in it: and the place anſwer to convenience: this being granted in courſe, and now followes all: we ſhall adviſe this wronged maid to ſteed up your appointment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it ſelfe hereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and heere, by this is your brother ſaved, your honor untainted, the poore *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy ſcaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you thinke well to carry this as you may, the doubleneſſe of the benefit defends the deceit from reproofe. What thinke you of it?

Iſab. The image of it gives me content already, and I truſt it will grow to a moſt proſperous perfection.

Duk. It lyes much in your holding up: haſte you ſpeedily to *Angelo*, if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promiſe of ſatisfaction: I will preſently to S^t^. *Lukes*, there at the moated-Grange reſides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and diſpatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Iſa. I thanke you for this comfort: fare you well good father. *Exit.*

Enter Elbow, Clowne, Officers.

El. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and ſell men and women like beaſts, we ſhall have all the world drinke browne and white baſtard.

Duk. Oh heavens, what ſtuffe is heere?

Clow. Twas never merry world ſince of two uſuries the merrieſt was put downe, and the worſer allow'd by order of Law; a fur'd gowne to keepe him warme; and fur'd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to ſignifie, that craft being richer then innocency, ſtands for the facing.

Elbow. Come your way Sir: 'bleſſe you good father Frier.

Duk. And you good brother father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry

Elbo. Marry ſir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Theefe too ſir: for we have found upon him Sir, a ſtrange Picke-locke, which we have ſent to the Deputy.

Duk. Fye, ſirrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd,
The evill that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy meanes to live. Doe thou but thinke
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a backe
From ſuch a filthy vice: ſay to thy ſelfe,
From their abhominable and beaſtly touches
I drinke, I eate away my ſelfe, and live:
Canſt thou beleeve thy living is a life,
So ſtinkingly depending? Goe mend, goe mend.

Clo. Indeed, it do's ſtinke in ſome ſort, Sir:
But yet Sir I would prove ——

Duk. Nay, if the divell have given thee proofes for ſin
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to priſon Officer;
Correction, and inſtruction muſt both worke
Ere this rude beaſt will profit.

Elb. He muſt before the Deputy Sir, he ha's given him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-maſter: if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good goe a mile on his errand.

Duk. That we were all, as ſome would ſeeme to be
Free from our faults, as faults from ſeeming free.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His necke will come to your waſt, a Cord ſir.

Clo. I ſpy comfort, I cry baile: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now noble *Pompey*? What, at the wheels of *Cæſar*? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none of *Pigmalions* Images newly made woman to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What ſaiſt thou to this Tune, Matter, and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th laſt raine? Ha? What ſaiſt thou Trot? Is the world as it was Man? Which is the way? Is it ſad, and few words? Or how? The tricke of it?

Duk. Still thus, and thus: ſtill worſe?

Luc. How doth my deere Morſell, thy Miſtris? Procures ſhe ſtill? Ha?

Clo. Troth ſir, ſhe hath eaten up all her Beefe, and ſhe is her ſelfe in the tub.

Luc. Why 'tis good: It is the right of it: it muſt be ſo. Ever your freſh Whore, and your pouder'd Baud, an unſhun'd conſequence, it muſt be ſo. Art going to priſon *Pompey*?

Clo. Yes faith ſir.

Luc. Why 'tis not amiſſe *Pompey*: farewell: goe ſay I ſent thee thether: for debt *Pompey*? Or how?

Elb. For being a baud, for being a baud.

Luc. Well, then impriſon him: If impriſonment be the due of a baud, why 'tis his right. Baud is he doubtleſſe, and of antiquity too: Baud borne. Farewell good *Pompey*: Commend me to the priſon *Pompey*, you will turne good husband now *Pompey*, you will keepe the houſe.

Clo. I hope Sir, your good Worſhip will be my baile?

Luc. No indeed will I not *Pompey*, it is not the weare: I will pray (*Pompey*) to encreaſe your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu truſty *Pompey*.
Bleſſe you Friar.

Duke. And you.

Luc. Do's *Bridget* paint ſtill, *Pompey*? Ha?

Elb. Come your wayes ſir, come.

Clo. You will not baile me then Sir?

Luc. Then *Pompey*, not now: what newes abroad *Fryer*? What newes?

Elb. Come your wayes ſir, come.

Luc. Goe to kennell (*Pompey*) goe: *Exeunt.*
What newes *Fryer* of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Luc. Some ſay he is with the Emperour of *Ruſſia*: other ſome, he is in *Rome*: but where is he thinke you?

Duke. I know not where: but whereſoever, I wiſh him well.

Luc. It was a mad fantaſticall tricke of him to ſteale from the State, and uſurpe the beggery he was never borne to: Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in his abſence: hee puts tranſgreſſion too't.

Duke. He do's well in't.

Luc. A little more lenitie to Lechery would doe no harme in him: Something too crabbed that way, *Fryer*.

Duk. It is too generall a vice, and ſeverity muſt cure it.

Luc. Yes in good ſooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied, but it is impoſſible to extirpe it quite, Frier, till eating and drinking be put downe. They ſay this *Angelo* was not made by Man and Woman, after this downe-right way of Creation: is it true, thinke you?

Duk. How ſhould he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid ſpawn'd him. Some, that he was begot betweene two Stock-fiſhes. But it is certaine, that when he makes water, his Vrine is congeal'd ice, that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative, that's infallible.

Duk. You are pleaſant ſir, and ſpeake apace.

Luc. Why, what a ruthleſſe thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a Cod-peece, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is abſent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Baſtards, he would have paide for the Nurſing a thouſand. He had ſome feeling of the ſport, he knew the ſervice, and that inſtructed him to mercy.

Duk. I never heard the abſent Duke much detected for Women, he was not enclin'd that way.

Luc. Oh Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duk. 'Tis not poſſible.

Luc. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty: and his uſe was, to put a ducket in her Clack-diſh; the Duke had Crochets in him. He would be drunke too, that let me informe you.

Duk. You doe him wrong, ſurely.

Luc. Sir, I was an inward of his: a ſhye fellow was the Duke, and I beleeve I know the cauſe of his withdrawing.

Duke. What (I prethee) might be the cauſe?

Luc. No, pardon: 'Tis a ſecret muſt be lockt within the teeth and the lipes: but this I can let you underſtand, the greater file of the ſubject held the Duke to be wiſe.

Duk. Wiſe? Why no queſtion but he was.

Luc. A very ſuperficiall, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duk. Either this is envy in you, folly, or miſtaking: The very ſtreame of his life, and the buſineſſe he hath helmed, muſt upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but teſtimonied in his owne bringings forth, and he ſhall appeare to the envious, a Scholler, a Stateſman, and a Souldier: therefore you ſpeake unskilfully: or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkned in your malice.

Luc. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duk. Love talkes with better knowledge, and knowledge with deare love.

Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know.

Duk. I can hardly beleeve that, ſince you know not what you ſpeake. But if ever the Duke returne (as our prayers are he may) let me deſire you to make your anſwer before him: if it be honeſt you have ſpoke, you have courage to maintaine it; I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you your name?

Luc. Sir my name is *Lucio*, well knowne to the Duke.

Duk. He ſhall know you better Sir, if I may live to report you.

Luc. I feare you not.

Duk. O, you hope the Duke will returne no more: or you imagine me too unhurtfull an oppoſite: but indeed I can doe you little harme: You'll for-ſweare this againe?

Luc. Ile be hang'd first: Thou art deceiv'd in mee Friar. But no more of this. Canſt thou tell if *Claudio* dye to morrow, or no?

Duk. Why ſhould he dye Sir?

Luc. Why? For filling a bottle with a Tunne-diſh: I would the Duke we talke of were return'd againe: this ungenitur'd Agent wil un-people the Province with Continency. Sparrowes muſt not build in his houſe-eeves, becauſe they are lecherous: The Duke yet would have darke deeds darkely anſwered, he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd. Marry this *Claudio* is condemned for untruſſing. Farewell good Friar, I prethee pray for me: The Duke (I ſay to thee againe) would eate Mutton on Fridayes. He's now paſt it, yet (and I ſay to thee) he would mouth with a beggar, though ſhe ſmelt browne-bread and Garlicke: ſay that I ſaid ſo: Farewell. *Exit.*

Duke. No might, nor greatneſſe in mortality
Can cenſure ſcape: Back-wounding calumny
The whiteſt vertue ſtrikes. What King ſo ſtrong,
Can tye the gall up in the ſlanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Eſcalus, Provoſt, and Baud.

Eſc. Goe, away with her to priſon.

Baud. Good my lord be good to me, your Honor is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord.

Eſc. Double, and trebble admonition, and ſtill forfeite in the ſame kind? This would make mercy ſweare and play the Tirant.

Pro. A Baud of eleven yeares continuance, may it pleaſe your Honor.

Baud. My lord, this is one *Lucio's* information againſt me, Miſtris *Kate Keepe-downe* was with child by him in the Dukes time, hee promis'd her marriage: his Child is a yeere and a quarter old come *Philip* and *Iacob*: I have kept it my ſelfe; and ſee how he goes about to abuſe me.

Eſca. That fellow is a fellow of much Licenſe: Let him be call'd before us. Away with her to priſon: Goe to, no more words. *Provoſt*, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd, *Claudio* muſt dye to morrow: Let him be furniſh'd with Divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it ſhould not be ſo with him.

Pro. So pleaſe you, this Friar hath beene with him, and advis'd him for th'entertainment of death.

Eſca. Good'even, good father.

Duk. Bliſſe, and goodneſſe on you.

Eſca. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this Country, though my chance is now
To uſe it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea,
In ſpecial buſineſſe from his Holineſſe.

Eſca. What newes abroad i'th World?

Duk. None, but that there is ſo great a Feavor on goodneſſe, that the diſſolution of it muſt cure it. Novelty is onely in requeſt, and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of courſe, as it is vertuous to be conſtant in any undertaking. There is ſcarſe truth enough alive to make Societies ſecure, but Security enough to make Fellowſhips accurſt. Much upon this riddle runnes the wiſedome of the world: This newes is old enough, yet it is every dayes newes. I pray you Sir, of what diſpoſition was the Duke?

Eſca. One, that above all other ſtrifes,
Contended eſpecially to know himſelfe.

Duk. What pleaſure was he given to?

Eſca. Rather rejoycing to ſee another merry, then merry at any thing which profeſt to make him rejoyce. A Gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove proſperous; and let me deſire to know, how you find *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to underſtand, that you have lent him viſitation.

Duk. He profeſſes to have received no ſiniſter meaſure from his Iudge, but moſt willingly humbles himſelfe to the determination of Iuſtice: yet had he framed to himſelfe (by the inſtruction of his frailty) many deceiving promiſes of life, which I (by my good leiſure) have diſcredited to him, and now is he reſolv'd to dye.

Eſca. You have paid the heavens your Function, and the priſoner the very debt of your Calling. I have labour'd for the poore Gentleman, to the extremeſt ſhore of my modeſty, but my brother-juſtice have I found ſo ſevere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed juſtice.

Duk. If his owne life,
Anſwer the ſtraitneſſe of his proceeding,
It ſhall become him well: wherein if he chance to faile, he hath ſentenc'd himſelfe.

Eſ. I am going to viſit the priſoner, Fare you wel. *Exit.*

Duk. Peace be with you.
He who the ſword of Heaven will beare,
Should be as holy, as ſeveare:
Patterne in himſelfe to know,
Grace to ſtand, and Vertue goe:
More, nor leſſe to others paying,
Then by ſelfe-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whoſe cruell ſtriking,
Kils for faults of his owne liking:
Twice trebble ſhame on *Angelo*,
To weede my vice, and let his grow.
Oh, what may Man within him hide,
Though Angell on the outward ſide?
How may likeneſſe made in crimes,
Making practiſe on the Times,
To draw with idle Spiders ſtrings
Moſt ponderous and ſubſtantiall things?
Craft againſt vice, I muſt apply.
With *Angelo* to night ſhall lye
His old betroathed (but deſpiſed:)
So diſguiſe ſhall by th'diſguiſed
Pay with falſhood, falſe exacting,
And performe an old contracting. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scœna Prima.

Enter Mariana, and Boy ſinging.

Song. *Take, oh take thoſe lips away,*
that ſo ſweetly were forſworne,
And thoſe eyes: the breake of day
lights that doe miſlead the Morne;
But my kiſſes bring againe, bring againe,
Seales of love, but ſeal'd in vaine, ſeal'd in vaine.

Enter Duke.

Mari. Breake off thy ſong, and haſte thee quick away,
Here comes a man of comfort, whoſe adviſe
Hath often ſtill'd my brawling diſcontent.
I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wiſh
You had not found me here ſo muſicall.
Let me excuſe me, and beleeve me ſo,
My mirth it much diſpleaſ'd, but pleaſ'd my woe.

Duk. 'Tis good: though Muſicke oft hath ſuch a charme
To make bad, good; and good provoake to harme.
I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me here to day? much upon this time have I promiſ'd heere to meete.

Mari. You have not beene enquir'd after: I have ſat here all day.

Enter Iſabell.

Duk. I doe conſtantly beleeve you: the time is come even now. I ſhall crave your forbearance a little, may be I will call upon you anone for ſome advantage to your ſelfe.

Mari. I am alwayes bound to you. *Exit.*

Duk. Very well met, and well come:
What is the newes from this good Deputy?

Iſa. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Bricke,
Whoſe weſterne ſide is with a Vineyard back't;
And to that Vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger Key:
This other doth command a little doore,
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leades,
There have I made my promiſe, upon the
Heavy middle of the night, to call upon him.

Duk. But ſhall you on your knowledge find this way?

Iſa. I have tane a due and wary note upon't,
With whiſpering, and moſt guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did ſhow me
The way twice ore.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Betweene you'greed, concerning her obſervance?

Iſa. No: none but onely a repaire ith' darke,
And that I have poſſeſt him, my moſt ſtay
Can be but briefe: for I have made him know,
I have a Servant comes with me along
That ſtayes upon me, whoſe perſwaſion is,
I come about my brother.

Duk. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made knowne to *Mariana*

Enter Mariana.

A word of this: what hoa, within; come forth,
I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
She comes to doe you good.

Iſa. I doe deſire the like.

Duk. Doe you perſwade your ſelfe that I reſpect you?

Mari. Good Frier, I know you doe, and have found it.

Duk. Take then this your companion by the hand
Who hath a ſtory ready for your eare:
I ſhall attend your leiſure, but make haſte
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Wilt pleaſe you walke aſide? *Exit.*

Duk. Oh Place, and greatneſſe: millions of falſe eyes
Are ſtucke upon thee: volumes of report
Runne with theſe falſe, and moſt contrarious Queſts
Vpon thy doings: thouſand ſcapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreame,
And racke thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

Enter Mariana, and Iſabell.

Iſa. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you adviſe it.

Duk. It is not my conſent,
But my entreaty too.

Iſa. Little have you to ſay.
When you depart from him, but ſoft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mar. Feare me not.

Duk. Nor gentle daughter, feare you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together 'tis no ſinne,
Sith that the Iuſtice of your title to him
Doth flouriſh the deceit. Come, let us goe,
Our Corne's to reape, for yet our Tithes to ſow. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Provoſt, and Clowne.

Pro. Come hither ſirha; can you cut off a mans head?

Clo. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can:
But if he be a married man, he's his wives head,
And I can never cut off a womans head.

Pro. Come ſir, leave me your ſnatches, and yeeld mee a direct anſwer. To morrow morning are to dye *Claudio*, and *Barnardine*: here is in our priſon a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take it on you to aſſiſt him, it ſhall redeeme you from your Gyves: if not, you ſhall have your full time of impriſonment, and your deliverance with an unpittied whipping; for you have beene a notorious baud.

Clo. Sir, I have beene an unlawfull baud, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawfull hangman: I would be glad to receive ſome inſtruction from my fellow partner.

Pro. What hoa, *Abhorſon*: where's *Abhorſon* there?

Enter Abhorſon.

Abho. Doe you call ſir?

Pro. Sirha, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow in your execution: if you thinke it meet, compound with him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you, if not, uſe him for the preſent, and diſmiſſe him, he cannot plead his eſtimation with you: he hath beene a Bawd.

Abbo. A Baud Sir? fie upon him, he will diſcredit our myſtery.

Pro. Goe too Sir, you waigh equally; a feather will turne the Scale. *Exit.*

Clo. Pray ſir, by your good favour: for ſurely ſir, a good favor you have, but that you have a hanging looke: Doe you call ſir, your occupation a Myſtery?

Abbo. I Sir, a Miſtery.

Clo. Painting Sir, I have heard ſay, is a Miſtery: and your Whores ſir, being members of my occupation, vſing painting, doe prove my Occupation, a Miſtery: but what Miſtery there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abbo. Sir, it is a Miſtery.

Clo Proofe.

Abbo. Every true mans apparell fits your Theeſe.

Clo. If it be too little for your theeſe, your true man thinkes it bigge enough. If it be too big for your Theeſe, your Theeſe thinkes it little enough: So every true mans apparell fits your Theeſe.

Enter Provoſt.

Pro. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will ſerve him: For I doe find your Hangman is a more penitent Trade then your Baud: he doth oftner aske forgiveneſſe.

Pro. You ſirah, provide your blocke and your Axe to morrow, foure a clocke.

Abbo. Come on (Baud) I will inſtruct thee in my Trade: follow.

Clo. I doe deſire to learne ſir: and I hope, if you have occaſion to uſe me for your owne turne, you ſhall find me y'are. For truly ſir, for your kindneſſe, I owe you a good turne. *Exit.*

Pro. Call hither *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:
Th'one has my pitty; not a jot the other,
Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Looke, here's the Warrant *Claudio*, for thy death,
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow
Thou muſt be made immortall. Where's *Barnardine*?

Cla. As faſt lock'd up in ſleepe, as guiltleſſe labour,
When it lyes ſtarkely in the Travellers bones.
He will not wake.

Pro. Who can doe good on him?
Well, goe, prepare your ſelfe. But harke, what noiſe?
Heaven give your ſpirits comfort: by, and by,
I hope it is ſome pardon, or repreeve
For the moſt gentle *Claudio*. Welcome father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The beſt, and wholſomſt ſpirits of the night,
Invellop you, good *Provoſt*: who call'd heere of late?

Pro. Now ſince the Curphew rung.

Duk. Not *Iſabell*.

Pro. No.

Duke. They will then er't be long.

Pro. What comfort is for *Claudio*?

Duke. There's ſome in hope.

Pro. It is a bitter Deputy.

Duk. Not ſo, not ſo: his life is paralel'd
Even with the ſtroke and line of his great Iuſtice:
He doth with holy abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelfe, which he ſpurres on his powre
To qualifie in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous,
But this being ſo, he's juſt. Now are they come.
This is a gentle *Provoſt*, ſildome when
The ſteeled Gaoler is the friend of men:
How now? what noiſe? That ſpirit's poſſeſt with haſte,
That wounds th'unſiſting Poſterne with theſe ſtrokes.

Pro. There he muſt ſtay untill the Officer
Ariſe to let him in: he is call'd up.

Duk. Have you no countermand for *Claudio* yet?
But he muſt dye to morrow?

Pro. None Sir, none.

Duk. As neere the dawning *Provoſt*, as it is,
You ſhall heare more ere Morning.

Pro. Happely
You ſomething know: yet I beleeve there comes
No countermand: no ſuch example have we:
Beſides, upon the very ſiege of juſtice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publike eare
Profeſt the contrary.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Duk. This is his lords man.

Pro. And heere comes *Claudio*'s pardon.

Meſſ. My lord hath ſent you this note,
And by me this further charge:
That you ſwerve not from the ſmalleſt Article of it,
Neither in time, matter, or other circumſtance.
Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almoſt day.

Pro. I ſhall obey him.

Duk. This is his Pardon purchas'd by ſuch ſinne,
For which the Pardoner himſelfe is in:
Hence hath offence his quicke celerity,
When it is borne in high Authority.
When Vice makes Mercy; Mercy's ſo extended,
That for the faults love, is th'offender friended.
Now Sir, what newes?

Pro. I told you:
Lord *Angelo* (be-like) thinking me remiſſe
In mine Office, awakens me
With this unwonted putting on, methinkes ſtrangely:
For he hath not us'd it before.

Duk. Pray you let's heare.

The Letter.

Whatſoever you may heare to the contrary, let Claudio *be executed by foure of the clocke, and in the afternoone* Barnardine: *For my better ſatisfaction, let me have* Claudios *head ſent me by five. Let this be duely performed with a thought that more depends on it, then we muſt yet deliver. Thus faile not to doe your office, as you will anſwer it at your perill.*

What ſay you to this Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in th'afternoone?

Pro. A Bohemian borne: But here nurſt up and bred,
One that is a priſoner nine yeeres old.

Duk. How came it, that the abſent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to doe ſo.

Pro. His friends ſtill wrought Repreeves for him: And indeed his fact till now in the government of lord *Angelo*, came not to an undoubtfull proofe.

Duk. It is now apparent?

Pro. Moſt manifeſt, and not denied by himſelfe.

Duk. Hath he borne himſelfe penitently in priſon?
How ſeemes he to be touch'd?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken ſleepe, careleſſe, wreakeleſſe, and feareleſſe of what's paſt, preſent, or to come: inſenſible of mortality, and deſperately mortall.

Duk. He wants advice.

Pro. He will heare none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the priſon: give him leave to eſcape hence, hee would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many dayes entirely drunke. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and ſhew'd him a ſeeming warrant for it, it hath not moved him at all.

Duk. More of him anon: There is written in your brow *Provoſt*, honeſty and conſtancy; if I reade it not truely, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldneſſe of my cunning, I will lay my ſelfe in hazard: *Claudio*, whom heere you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the Law, than *Angelo* who hath ſentenc'd him. To make you underſtand this in a manifeſted effect, I crave but foure dayes reſpit: for the which, you are to doe me both a preſent, and a dangerous courteſie.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what?

Duk. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alacke, how may I doe it? Having the houre limited, and an expreſſe command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my caſe as *Claudio's*, to croſſe this in the ſmalleſt.

Duk. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you,
If my inſtructions may be your guide,
Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed,
And his head borne to *Angelo*.

Pro. *Angelo* hath ſeene them both,
And will diſcover the favour.

Duk. Oh, death's a great diſguiſer, and you may adde to it; Shave the head, and tye the beard, and ſay it was the deſire of the penitent to be ſo bar'de before his death: you know the courſe is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more then thankes and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profeſſe, I will plead againſt it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good father, it is againſt my oath.

Duk. Were you ſworne to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Pro. To him, and to his Subſtitutes.

Duk. You will thinke you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the juſtice of your dealing?

Pro. But what like lyehood is in that?

Duk. Not a reſemblance, but a certainty; yet ſince I ſee you fearefull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor perſwaſion, can with eaſe attempt you, I will goe further then I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Looke you Sir, here is the hand and Seale of the Duke: you know the Charracter I doubt not, and the Signet is not ſtrange to you?

Pro. I know them both.

Duk. The Contents of this, is the returne of the Duke; you ſhall anon over-reade it at your pleaſure: where you ſhall find within theſe two dayes, he will be here. This is a thing that *Angelo* knows not, for he this very day receives letters of ſtrange tenor, perchance of the Dukes death, perchance entering into ſome Monaſtery, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke, th'unfolding Starre calles up the Shepheard; put not your ſelfe into amazement, how theſe things ſhould be; all difficulties are but eaſie when they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardines* head: I will give him a preſent ſhrift, and adviſe him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this ſhall abſolutely reſolve you: Come away, it is almoſt cleere dawne. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our houſe of profeſſion: one would thinke it were Miſtris *Over-dons* owne houſe, for heere bee many of her old Cuſtomers. Firſt, here's yong M^{r}. *Raſh*, he's in for a commodity of browne paper, and old Ginger, ninescore and ſeventeene pounds, of which he made five Markes ready money: marry then, Ginger was not much in requeſt, for the old Women were all dead. Then is there heere one M^{r}. *Caper*, at the ſuite of Maſter *Three-Pile* the Mercer, for ſome foure ſuites of Peach-colour'd Satten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here, yong *Dizy*, and yong M^{r}. *Deepe-vow*, and M^{r}. *Copperſpure*, and Maſter *Starve-Lackey* the Rapier and dagger man, and yong *Drop-heire* that kild luſty *Pudding*, and M^{r}. *Forthlight* the Tilter, and brave M^{r}. *Shooty* the great Traveller, and wilde *Halfe-Canne* that ſtabb'd Pots, and I thinke forty more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the lords ſake.

Enter Abhorſon.

Abho. Sirah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Clo. Maſter *Barnardine*, you muſt riſe and be hang'd, Maſter *Barnardine*.

Abh. What hoa *Barnardine*.

Barnardine within.

Bar. A pox o'your throats: who makes that noyſe there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends Sir, the Hangman:
You muſt be ſo good Sir to riſe, and be put to death.

Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am ſleepy.

Abh. Tell him he muſt awake,
And that quickly too.

Clo. Pray Maſter *Barnardine*, awake till you are executed, and ſleepe afterwards.

Abh. Goe in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is comming Sir, he is comming: I heare his Straw ruſſle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abh. Is the Axe upon the blocke, ſirah?

Clo. Very ready Sir.

Bar. How now *Abhorſon*?
What's the newes with you?

Abh. Truly Sir, I would deſire you to clap into your prayers: for looke you, the Warrant's come.

Bar. You Rogue, I have beene drinking all night,
I am not fitted for't.

Clo. Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinkes all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may ſleepe the ſounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abh. Looke you Sir, here comes your ghoſtly father: doe we jeſt now thinke you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how haſtily you are to depart, I am come to adviſe you,
Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have beene drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they ſhall beat out my braines with billets: I will not conſent to dye this day, that's certaine.

Duk. Oh ſir, you muſt: and therefore I beſeech you
Looke forward on the journy you ſhall goe.

Bar. I ſweare I will not dye to day for any mans perſwaſion.

Duk. But heare you:

Bar. Not a word: if you have any thing to ſay to me, come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day. *Exit.*

Enter Provoſt.

Duk. Vnfit to live, or dye: oh gravell heart.

After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.
Pro. Now Sir, how doe you find the priſoner?
Duk. A creature unpre-par'd, unmeet for death,
And to tranſport him in the minde he is,
Were damnable.
Pro. Here in the priſon, father,
There died this morning of a cruell Feaver,
One *Ragozine*, a moſt notorious Pirate,
A man of *Claudio's* yeares: his beard, and head
Iuſt of colour. What if we doe omit
This Reprobate, till he were well enclin'd,
And ſatisfie the Deputy with the viſage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?
Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heaven provides:
Diſpatch it preſently, the houre drawes on
Prefixt by *Angelo*: See this be done,
And ſent according to command, whiles I
Perſwade this rude wretch willingly to dye.
Pro. This ſhall be done (good father) preſently:
But *Barnardine* muſt dye this afternoone,
And how ſhall we continue *Claudio*,
To ſave me from the danger that might come,
If he were knowne alive?
Duk. Let this be done.
Put them in ſecret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*,
Ere twice the Sun hath made his journall greeting
To yond generation, you ſhall find
Your ſafety maniſeſted.
Pro. I am your free dependant. *Exit.*
Duk. Quicke, diſpatch, and ſend the head to *Angelo*.
Now will I write Letters to *Angelo*,
(The *Provoſt* he ſhall beare them) whoſe contents
Shall witneſſe to him I am neere at home:
And that by great injunctions I am bound
To enter publickely: him ile deſire
To meet me at the conſecrated Fount,
A League below the Citty: and from thence,
By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme.
We ſhall proceed with *Angelo*.
Enter Provoſt.
Pro. Heere is the head, Ile carry it my ſelfe.
Duk. Convenient is it: Make a ſwift returne,
For I would commune with you of ſuch things,
That want no eare but yours,
Pro. Ile make all ſpeed. *Exit.*
Iſabell within.
Iſa. Peace hoa, be heere.
Duk. The tongue of *Iſabell*. She's come to know,
If yet her brothers pardon be come hither:
But I will keepe her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of deſpaire,
When it is leaſt expected.
Enter Iſabella.
Iſa. Hoa, by your leave.
Duk. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.
Iſa. The better given me be ſo holy a man,
Hath yet the Deputy ſent my brothers pardon?
Duk. He hath releaſ'd him, *Iſabell*, from the world,
His head is off, and ſent to *Angelo*.
Iſa. Nay, but it is not ſo.
Duk. It is no other.
Shew your wiſedome daughter in your cloſe patience.
Iſa. Oh, I will to him, and plucke out his eyes.
Duke. You ſhall not be admitted to his ſight.
Iſa. Vnhappy *Claudio*, wretched *Iſabell*,
Injurious world, moſt damned *Angelo*.
Duk. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot.
Forbeare it therfore, give your cauſe to heaven,
Marke what I ſay, which you ſhall find
By every ſillable a faithfull verity.
The Duke comes home to morrow: nay dry your eyes,
One of our Covent, and his Confeſſor
Gives me this inſtance: Already he hath carried
Notice to *Eſcalus* and *Angelo*,
Who doe prepare to meete him at the gates,
There to give up their powre: if you can pace your wiſdome,
In that good path that I would wiſh it goe,
And you ſhall have your boſome on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And generall Honor.
Iſa. I am directed by you.
Duk. This Letter then to Friar *Peter* give,
'Tis that he ſent me of the Dukes returne:
Say, by this token, I deſire his company
At *Mariana's* houſe to night. Her cauſe, and yours
Ile perfect him withall, and he ſhall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuſe him home and home. For my poore ſelfe,
I am combined by a ſacred Vow,
And ſhall be abſent. Wend you with this Letter:
Command theſe fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; truſt not my holy Order
If I pervert your courſe: who's heere?
Enter Luci.
Luc. Good'even;
Frier, where's the Proveſt?
Duke. Not within Sir,

Luc. Oh pretty *Iſabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to ſee thine eyes ſo red: thou muſt be pacient; I am faine to dine and ſup with water and bran: I dare not for my head fill my belly. One fruitfull Meale would ſet mee too't: but they ſay the Duke will be heere to Morrow. By my troth *Iſabell* I lov'd thy brother, if the old fantaſticall Duke of darke corners had beene at home, he had lived.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marveilous little beholding to your reports, but the beſt is, he lives not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knoweſt not the Duke ſo well as I doe: he's a better woodman then thou tak'ſt him for.

Duke. Well: you'll anſwer this one day. Fare ye well.
Luc. Nay tarry, Ile goe along with thee.
I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already ſir if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Luc. I was once before him for getting a Wench with child.

Duk. Did you ſuch a thing?
Luc. Yes marry did I; but I was faine to forſweare it,
They would elſe have married me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir you company is fairer then honeſt, reſt you well.

Luc. By my troth Ile goe with thee to the lanes end: if baudy talke offend you, we'll have very little of: nay Friar I am a kind of a Burre, I ſhall ſticke. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Angelo, and Eſcalus.
Eſc. Every Letter he hath writ, hath diſvouch'd other.

Ang. In moſt uneven and diſtracted manner, his actions ſhew much like to madneſſe, pray heaven his wiſedome be not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and deliver our authorities there?

Eſc. I gheſſe not.

Ang. And why ſhould we proclaime it in an houre before his entring, that if any crave redreſſe of injuſtice, they ſhould exhibite their petitions in the ſtreet?

Eſc. He ſhewes his reaſon for that: to have a diſpatch of Complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which ſhall then have no power to ſtand againſt vs.

Ang. Well: I beſeech you let it be proclaim'd betimes i'th morne, Ile call you at your houſe: give notice to ſuch men of ſort and ſuit as are to meet him.

Eſc. I ſhall ſir: fare you well. *Exit.*

Ang. Good night.
This deed unſhapes me quite, makes me unpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowred Maide,
And by an eminent Body, that enforc'd
The Law againſt it? But that her tender ſhame
Will not proclaime againſt her Maiden loſſe,
How might ſhe tongue me? yet reaſon dares her no,
For my Authority beares of a credent bulke,
That no particular ſcandall once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He ſhould have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth with dangerous ſenſe,
Might in the times to come have ta'ne revenge
By ſo receiving a diſhonour'd life,
With ranſome of ſuch ſhame: would yet he had liv'd.
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not. *Exit.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Duke and Fryer Peter.

Duk. Theſe Letters at fit time deliver me.
The Provoſt knowes our purpoſe and our plot,
The matter being a foote, keepe your inſtruction
And hold you ever to our ſpeciall drift,
Though ſometimes you doe blench from this to that
As cauſe doth miniſter: Goe call at *Flavia*'s houſe,
And tell him where I ſtay: give the like notice
To *Valencius*, *Rowland*, and to *Craſſus*,
And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate:
But ſend me *Flavius* firſt.

Peter. It ſhall be ſpeeded well.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thanke thee *Varrius*, thou haſt made good haſt,
Come; we will walke: There's other of our friends
Will greet us heere anon: my gentle *Varrius.* *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Iſabella and Mariana.

Iſab. To ſpeake ſo indirectly I am loath,
I would ſay the truth, but to accuſe him ſo
That is your part, yet I am adviſ'd to doe it,
He ſayes, to vaile full purpoſe.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Iſa. Beſides, he tels me, that if peradventure
He ſpeake againſt me on the adverſe ſide,
I ſhould not thinke it ſtrange, for 'tis a Phyſicke
That's bitter, to ſweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would Fryer *Peter.*——

Iſab. Oh peace, the Fryer is come.

Peter. Come I have found you out a ſtand moſt fit,
Where you may have ſuch vantage on the Duke
He ſhall not paſſe you:
Twice have the Trumpets ſounded.
The generous and graveſt Citizens
Have hent the gates, and very neere upon
The Duke is entring:
Therefore hence away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Eſcalus, Lucio, Citizens at ſeverall doores.

Duke. My very worthy Coſen, fairely met,
Our old and faithfull friend, we are glad to ſee you.

Ang. Eſc. Happy returne be to your Royall Grace.

Duke. Many and hearty thankings be to you both:
We have made enquiry of you, and we heare
Such goodneſſe of your Iuſtice, that our ſoule
Cannot but yeeld you forth to publike thankes
Forerunning more requitall.

Ang. You make my bonds ſtill greater.

Du. Oh your deſert ſpeakes loud, and I ſhould wrong
To locke it in the wards of covert boſome
When it deſerves with Characters of Braſſe
A forted reſidence 'gainſt the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion: Give we your hand
And let the ſubject ſee, to make them know
That outward curteſies would faine proclaime
Favours that keepe within: Come *Eſcalus*,
You muſt walke by us on our other hand:
And good ſupporters are you.

Enter Peter and Iſabella.

Peter. Now is your time
Speake loud, and kneele before him.

Iſab. Iuſtice, O Royall Duke, vaile your regard
Vpon a wrong'd (I would faine have ſaid a Maid)
Oh worthy Prince diſhonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me, in my true complaint,
And given me Iuſtice, Iuſtice, Iuſtice, Iuſtice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs;
In what, by whom? be briefe:
Here is Lord *Angelo* ſhall give you Iuſtice,
Reveale your ſelfe to him.

Iſab. Oh worthy Duke,
You bid me ſeeke redemption of the Divell,
Heare me your ſelfe: for that which I muſt ſpeake
Muſt either puniſh me, not being beleev'd,
Or wring redreſſe from you:
Heare me: oh heare me, heere.

Ang. My Lord, her wits, I feare me, are not firme:
She hath been a ſuitor to me, for her brother
Cut off by courſe of Iuſtice.

Iſab. By courſe of Iuſtice!

Ang. And ſhe will ſpeake moſt bitterly.

Iſab. Moſt ſtrange: but yet moſt truely will I ſpeake,
That *Angelo*'s forſworne, is it not ſtrange?
That *Angelo*'s a murtherer, is't not ſtrange?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous theefe,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator,
Is it not ſtrange? and ſtrange?
Du. Nay it is ten times ſtrange?
Iſa. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true, as it is ſtrange;
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th'end of reckning.
Du. Away with her: poore ſoule
She ſpeakes this, in th'infirmity of ſenſe.
Iſab. Oh Prince, I conjure thee, as thou beleev'ſt
There is another comfort, than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneſſe: make not impoſſible
That which but ſeemes unlike, 'tis not impoſſible
But one, the wickedſt Caitiffe on the ground
May ſeeme as ſhie, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute:
As *Angelo*, even ſo may *Angelo*
In all his dreſſings, caracts, titles, formes,
Be an arch-villaine: Beleeve it, royall Prince
If he be leſſe, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for badneſſe.
Du. By mine honeſty
If ſhe be mad, as I beleeve no other,
Her madneſſe hath the oddeſt frame of ſenſe,
Such a dependancy of thing on thing,
As ere I heard in madneſſe.
Iſab. Oh gracious Duke
Harpe not on that; nor doe not baniſh reaſon
For inequality, but let your reaſon ſerve
To make the truth appeare, where it ſeemes hid,
And hide the falſe ſeemes true.
Duke. Many that are not mad
Have ſure more lacke of reaſon:
What would you ſay?
Iſab. I am the ſiſter of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd upon the act of Fornication
To loſe his head, condemn'd by *Angelo*:
I, (in probation of a Siſterhood)
Was ſent to by my brother; one *Lucio*
As then the Meſſenger.
Luc. That's I, and't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and deſir'd her,
To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo*:
For her poore brothers pardon.
Iſab. That's he indeed.
Du. You were not bid to ſpeake.
Luc. No, my good Lord,
Nor wiſh'd to hold my peace.
Du. I wiſh you now then,
Pray you take note of it: and when you have
A buſineſſe for your ſelfe: pray heaven you then
Be perfect.
Luc. I warrant your honour.
Du. The warrant's for your ſelfe: take heed to't.
Iſab. This Gentleman told ſomething of my Tale.
Luc. Right.
Du. It may be right, but you are i'th wrong
To ſpeake before your time, proceed.
Iſab. I went
To this pernicious Caytiffe Deputy.
Du. That's ſomewhat madly ſpoken.
Iſab. Pardon it,
The phraſe is to the matter.
Du. Mended againe: the matter: proceed.
Iſab. In briefe, to ſet the needleſſe by:
How I perſwaded, how I praid, and kneel'd,
How he refeld me, and how I replide
(For this was of much length) the vilde concluſion
I now begin with griefe and ſhame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaſte body
To his concupiſcible intemperate luſt
Releaſe my brother; and after much debatement,
My ſiſterly remorſe, confutes mine honour,
And I did yeeld to him: But the next morne betimes,
His purpoſe ſurfetting, he ſends a warrant
For my poore brothers head.
Du. This is moſt likely.
Iſab. Oh that it were as like as it is true.
Du. By heaven (fond wretch) yͧ know'ſt not what thou (ſpeak'ſt,
Or elſe thou art ſuborn'd againſt his honour
In hatefull practiſe: firſt his Integrity
Stands without blemiſh: next it imports no reaſon,
That with ſuch vehemency he ſhould purſue
Faults proper to himſelfe: if he had ſo offended
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himſelfe,
And not have cut him off: ſome one hath ſet you on:
Confeſſe the truth, and ſay by whoſe advice
Thou cam'ſt here to complaine.
Iſab. And is this all?
Then oh you bleſſed Miniſters above,
Keepe me in patience, and with ripened time
Vnfold the evill which is here wrapt up
In countenance: heaven ſhield your Grace from woe,
As I thus wrong'd, hence unbeleeved goe.
Du. I know you'ld faine be gone: An Officer:
To priſon with her: Shall we thus permit
A blaſting and a ſcandalous breath to fall,
On him ſo neere us? This needs muſt be a practiſe;
Who knew of your intent and comming hither?
Iſab. One that I would were here, *Fryer Lodowicke*.
Du. A ghoſtly Father belike:
Who knowes that *Lodowicke*?
Luc. My Lord, I know him, 'tis a medling Fryer,
I doe not like the man: had he beene Lay, my Lord,
For certaine words he ſpake againſt your Grace
In your retirement, I had ſwing'd him ſoundly.
Du. Words againſt me? this'a good Fryer belike
And to ſet on this wretched woman here
Againſt our Subſtitute: Let this Fryer be found.
Luc. But yeſternight my Lord, ſhe and that Fryer
I ſaw them at the priſon: a ſawcy Fryer,
A very ſcurvy fellow.
Peter. Bleſſed be your Royall Grace:
I have ſtood by my Lord, and I have heard
Your Royall eare abus'd: firſt hath this woman
Moſt wrongfully accus'd your Subſtitute,
Who is as free from touch, or ſoyle with her
As ſhe from one ungot.
Du. We did beleeve no leſſe.
Know you that Fryer *Lodowicke* which ſhe ſpeakes of?
Peter. I know him for a man Divine and holy,
Not ſcurvy, nor a temporary medler
As he's reported by this Gentleman:
And on my truſt, a man that never yet
Did (as he vouches) miſreport your Grace.
Luc. My Lord, moſt villanouſly, beleeve it.
Peter. Well: he in time may come to cleare himſelfe;
But at this inſtant he is ſicke, my Lord:

Of a ſtrange Feaver : upon his meere requeſt
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended againſt Lord *Angelo*, came I hither
To ſpeake as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and falſe : and what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full cleare
Whenſoever he's convented : Firſt, for this woman,
To juſtifie this worthy Nobleman,
So vulgarly and perſonally accus'd,
Her ſhall you heare diſproved to her eyes,
Till ſhe herſelfe confeſſe it.

Duke. Good Fryer let's heare it :
Doe you not ſmile at this, Lord *Angelo*?
Oh heaven, the vanity of wretched fooles.
Give vs ſome ſeates, Come Coſen *Angelo*,
In this Ile be impartiall : be you judge
Of your owne Cauſe : Is this the Witneſſe Fryer ?

Enter Mariana.

First, let her ſhew her face, and after ſpeake.

Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not ſhew my face
Vntill my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married ?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duke. Are you a Maid?

Mar. No my Lord,

Duke. A Widdow then ?

Mar. Neither my Lord.

Duke. Why are you nothing then : neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife ?

Luc. My Lord, ſhe may be a Punke : for many of them, are neither Maid, Widdow, nor Wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow : I would he had ſome cauſe to prattle for himſelfe.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I doe confeſſe I nere was married,
And I confeſſe beſides, I am no Maid,
I have knowne my husband, yet my husband
Knowes not that ever he knew me.

Luc. He was drunke then, my Lord, it can be no better.

Du. For the benefit of ſilence, would thou wert ſo to.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Du. This is no witneſſe for Lord *Angelo*.

Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord.
Shee that accuſes him of Fornication,
In ſelfe-ſame manner doth accuſe my husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with ſuch a time,
When Ile depoſe I had him in mine Armes
With all th'effect of Love.

Ang. Charges ſhe moe then me?

Mar. Not that I know.

Du. No ? you ſay your husband.

Mar. Why juſt my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,
Who thinkes he knowes, that he neere knew my body,
But knowes, he thinkes, that he knowes *Iſabels*.

Ang. This is a ſtrange abuſe : Let's ſee thy face.

Mar. My husband bids me, now I will unmaske.
This is that face, thou cruell *Angelo*
Which once thou ſworſt, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which with a vow'd contract
Was faſt belockt in thine : This is the body
That tooke away the match from *Iſabell*,
And did ſupply thee at thy Garden-houſe
In her Imagin'd perſon.

Du. Know you this woman ?

Luc. Carnally ſhe ſayes.

Du. Sirrha, no more.

Luc. Enough my Lord.

Ang. My Lord, I muſt confeſſe, I know this woman,
And five yeares ſince there was ſome ſpeech of marriage
Betwixt my ſelfe and her : which was broke off,
Partly for that her promis'd proportions
Came ſhort of Compoſition : but in chiefe
For that her reputation was diſ-valued
In levity : Since which time of five yeeres
I never ſpake with her, ſaw her, nor heard from her
Vpon my faith and honour.

Mar. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath
As there is ſenſe in truth, and truth in vertue,
I am affianced this mans wife, as ſtrongly
As words could make up Vowes : And my good Lord,
But Tueſday night laſt gone, in's Garden houſe,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in ſafety raiſe me from my knees,
Or elſe for ever be confixed here
A Marble Monument.

Ang. I did but ſmile till now,
Now, good my Lord, give me the ſcope of Iuſtice,
My patience here is touch'd : I doe perceive
Theſe poore informall women, are no more
But inſtruments of ſome more mightier member
That ſets them on. Let me have way, my Lord,
To finde this practiſe out.

Duke. I, with my heart,
And puniſh them to your height of pleaſure.
Thou fooliſh Fryer, and thou pernicious woman
Compact with her that's gone : think'ſt thou thy oathes,
Though they would ſweare downe each particular Saint,
Were teſtimonies gainſt his worth, and credit
That's ſeald in approbation? you, Lord *Eſcalus*,
Sit with my Cozen, lend him your kinde paines
To finde out this abuſe, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another Fryer that ſet them on,
Let him be ſent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed
Hath ſet the women on to this complaint ;
Your *Provoſt* knowes the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duk. Goe, doe it inſtantly :
And you my Noble and well-warranted Coſen
Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth,
Doe with your injuries as ſeemes you beſt
In any chaſtiſement ; I for a while
Will leave you ; but ſtirre not you till you have
Well determin'd upon theſe Slanderers. *Exit.*

Eſc. My Lord, wee'll doe it throughly : Signior *Lucio*, did not you ſay, you knew that Fryer *Lodowicke* to bee a diſhoneſt perſon ?

Luc. *Cucullus non facit Monachum*, honeſt in nothing but in his Cloathes, and one that hath ſpoke moſt villanous ſpeeches of the Duke.

Eſc. We ſhall intreat you to abide here till he come, and inforce them againſt him : wee ſhall finde this Fryer a notable fellow.

Luc. As any in *Vienna* on my word.

Eſca. Call that ſame *Iſabell* here once againe, I would ſpeake with her : pray you, my Lord, give mee leave to queſtion, you ſhall ſee how Ile handle her.

Luc. Not better then he, by her owne report.

Eſca. Say you ?

Luc. Marry ſir, I thinke, if you handled her privately

She ſhould ſooner confeſſe,perchance publikely ſhe'll bee aſham'd.

Enter Duke,Provoſt,Iſabella.

Eſc. I will goe darkely to worke with her.

Luc. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

Eſc. Come on Miſtris, here's a Gentlewoman Denies all that you have ſaid.

Luc. My Lord,here comes the Raſcall I ſpoke of,
Here with the *Provoſt*.

*Eſt.*In very good time: ſpeake not you to him, till we call upon you.

Luc. Mum.

Eſc. Come ſir,did you ſet theſe women on to ſlander Lord *Angelo*? they have confeſ'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis falſe.

Eſc. How? know you where you are?

Duke. Reſpect to your great place; and let the Divell
Be ſometime honour'd,for his burning throne.
Where is the Duke? 'tis he ſhould heare me ſpeake.

Eſc. The Duke's in us: and we will heare you ſpeake,
Looke you ſpeake juſtly.

Duke. Boldly at leaſt. But oh poore ſoules,
Come you to ſeeke the Lambe here of the Fox?
Good night to your redreſſe: is the Duke gone?
Then is your cauſe gone too: The Duke's unjuſt,
Thus to retort your manifeſt appeale,
And put your tryall in the villaines mouth,
Which here you come to accuſe.

Luc. This is the Raſcall: this is he I ſpoke of.

Eſt. Why thou unreverend and unhallowed Fryer:
Is't not enough thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe women,
To accuſe this worthy man? but in fowle mouth,
And in the witneſſe of his proper eare,
To call him villaine; and then to glance from him,
To th'Duke himſelfe,to taxe him with Injuſtice?
Take him hence;to th'racke with him: we'll towze you
Ioynt by joynt,but we will know his purpoſe:
What? unjuſt?

Duke. Be not ſo hot: the Duke dare
No more ſtretch this finger of mine,then he
Dare racke his owne: his Subject am I not,
Nor here Provinciall: My buſineſſe in this State
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*,
Where I have ſeene corruption boyle and bubble,
Till it ore-runne the Stew: Lawes for all faults,
But faults ſo countenanc'd,that the ſtrong Statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a Barbers ſhop,
As much in mocke,as marke.

Eſc. Slander to th'State:
Away with him to priſon.

Ang. What can you vouch againſt him Signior *Lucio*?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Luc. 'Tis he,my Lord: come hither goodman baldpate,doe you know me?

Duke. I remember you ſir by the ſound of your voyce, I met you at the priſon in the abſence of the Duke.

Luc. Oh,did you ſo? and doe you remember what you ſaid of the Duke?

Duke. Moſt notedly ſir.

Luc. Doe you ſo ſir: And was the Duke a fleſh-monger, a foole,and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You muſt (ſir) change perſons with me,ere you make that my report: you indeed ſpoke ſo of him, and much more, much worſe.

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I plucke thee by the noſe,for thy ſpeeches?

Duke. I proteſt,I love the Duke as I love my ſelfe.

Ang. Harke how the villaine would cloſe now, after his treaſonable abuſes.

Eſc. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away with him to priſon: Where is the *Provoſt*? away with him to priſon: lay bolts enough upon him: let him ſpeake no more: away with thoſe Giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay ſir,ſtay a while.

Ang. What,reſiſts he? helpe him *Lucio*.

Luc. Come ſir,come ſir,come ſir: foh ſir, why you baldpated lying Raſcall: you muſt be hooded muſt you? ſhow your knaves viſage with a poxe to you: ſhow your ſheepe-biting face, and bee hang'd an houre: will't not off?

Duke. Thou art the firſt knave that ere mad'ſt a Duke.
Firſt *Provoſt*,let me bayle theſe gentle three:
Sneake not away ſir,for the Fryer and you,
Muſt have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may prove worſe then hanging.

Duke. What you have ſpoke,I pardon: ſit you downe,
We'll borrow place of him; Sir,by your leave:
Ha'ſt thou or word or wit,or impudence,
That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha'ſt,
Rely upon it,till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh my dread Lord,
I ſhould be guiltier then my guiltineſſe,
To thinke I can be undiſcernable,
When I perceive your Grace,like power Divine,
Hath look'd upon my paſſes. Then good Prince,
No longer Seſſion hold vpon my ſhame,
But let my triall be mine owne Confeſſion:
Immediate ſentence then,and ſequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither *Mariana*,
Say: was't thou ever contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was my Lord.

Duke, Goe take her hence,and marry her inſtantly.
Doe you the office(Fryer)which conſummate,
Returne him here againe: goe with him Provoſt. *Exit.*

Eſc. My Lord I am more amaz'd at his diſhonour,
Then at the ſtrangeneſſe of it.

Duke. Come hither *Iſabel*,
Your Fryer is now your Prince: As I was then
Advertiſing,and holy to your buſineſſe,
(Not changing heart with habit) I am ſtill,
Atturnied at your ſervice.

Iſab. Oh give me pardon
That I,your vaſſaile, have imploy'd and pain'd,
Your unknowne Soveraignety.

Duke. You are pardon'd *Iſabel*:
And now deare Maide,be you as free to us.
Your brothers death,I know,ſits at your heart:
And you may marveile,why I obſcur'd my ſelfe,
Labouring to ſave his life; and would not rather
Make raſh remonſtrance of my hidden power,
Then let him ſo be loſt: Oh moſt kinde Maid,
It was the ſwift celerity of his death,
Which I did thinke with ſlower foote came on,
That brain'd my purpoſe: but peace be with him,
That life is better life paſt fearing death,
Then that which lives to feare: make it your comfort,

So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Provoſt.

Iſa. I doe my Lord.

Duke For this new-married man, approching here,
Whoſe ſalt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honour; you muſt pardon
For *Mariana's* ſake: But as he adjudg'd your Brother,
Being criminall, in double violation
Of ſacred chaſtitie, and of promiſe-breach,
Thereon dependant for your brothers life,
The very mercy of the Law cryes out
Moſt audible, even from his proper tongue,
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*, death for death:
Haſte ſtill payes haſte, and leaſure anſweres leaſure;
Like doth quit like, and *Meaſure* ſtill for *Meaſure*:
Then *Angelo* thy fault's thus manifeſted:
Which though thou wouldſt deny, denyes thee vantage.
We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke
Where *Claudio* ſtoop'd to death, and with like haſte.
Away with him.

Mar. Oh my moſt gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?

Duke It is your husband mock'd you with a husband,
Conſenting to the ſafe-guard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit: elſe Imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproch your life,
And choake your good to come: for his poſſeſſions,
Although by confiſcation they are ours;
We doe enſtate, and widdow you withall,
To buy you a better husband.

Mar. Oh my deere Lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him, we are definitive.

Mar. Gentle my Liege.

Duke. You doe but loſe your labour.
Away with him to death: Now ſir, to you.

Mar. Oh my good Lord, ſweet *Iſabel*, take my part,
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,
Ile lend you all my life to doe you ſervice.

Duke. Againſt all ſenſe you doe importune her,
Should ſhe kneele downe, in mercy of this fact,
Her brothers ghoſt his paved bed would breake,
And take her hence in horror.

Mar. Iſabel:
Sweet *Iſabel*, doe yet but kneele by me,
Hold up your hands, ſay nothing: I'le ſpeake all.
They ſay beſt men are moulded out of faults,
And for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a little bad: So may my husband.
Oh *Iſabel*: will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dyes for *Claudio's* death.

Iſab. Moſt bounteous Sir.
Looke, if it pleaſe you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly thinke,
A due ſincerity governed his deeds,
Till he did looke on me: Since it is ſo,
Let him not dye: my brother had but Iuſtice,
In that he did the thing for which he di'd.
For *Angelo*, his act did not ore-take his bad intent,
And muſt be buried but as an intent
That periſh'd by the way: thoughts are no ſubjects
Intents, but meerely thoughts.

Mar. Meerely my Lord.

Duke. Your ſuite's unprofitable: ſtand up I ſay:
I have bethought me of another fault.
Provoſt, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unuſuall houre?

Pro. It was commanded ſo.

Duk. Had you a ſpeciall warrant for the deed?

Pro. No my good Lord, it was by private meſſage.

Duke. For which I doe diſcharge you of your office,
Give up your keyes.

Pro. Pardon me, Noble Lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me after more advice,
For teſtimony whereof, one in the priſon
That ſhould by private order elſe have dy'd,
I have reſerv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Pro. His name is *Barnardine.*

Duke. I wouldſt thou hadſt done ſo by *Claudio*:
Goe fetch him hither, let me looke upon him.

Eſc. I am ſorry, one ſo learned, and ſo wiſe
As you, Lord *Angelo*, have ſtill appear'd,
Should ſlip ſo groſly, both in the heat of blood
And lacke of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am ſorry, that ſuch ſorrow I procure,
And ſo deepe ſticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly then mercy,
'Tis my deſerving, and I doe intreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Provoſt, Claudio, Iulietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine*?

Pro. This my Lord.

Duke. There was a Fryer told me of this man.
Sirrha, thou art ſaid to have a ſtubborne ſoule
That apprehends no further then this world,
And ſquar'ſt thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd,
But for thoſe earthly faults, I quit them all,
I pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come: *Fryer*, adviſe him,
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?

Pro. This is another priſoner that I ſav'd,
Who ſhould have dy'd when *Claudio* loſt his head,
As like almoſt to *Claudio*, as himſelfe.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his ſake
Is he pardon'd, and for your lovely ſake
Give me your hand, and ſay you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:
By this Lord *Angelo* perceives hee's ſafe,
Me thinkes I ſee a quickning in his eye:
Well *Angelo*, your evill quits you well.
Looke that you love your wife: her worth, worth yours.
I finde an apt remiſſion in my ſelfe:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon,
You ſirrha, that knew me for a foole, a Coward,
One all of Luxurie, an Aſſe, a mad man:
Wherein have I ſo deſerv'd of you
That you extoll me thus?

Luc. 'Faith my Lord, I ſpoke it but according to the tricke: if you will hang me for it, you may: but I had rather it would pleaſe you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt firſt ſir, and hang'd after.
Proclaime it *Provoſt* round about the City;
If any woman wrong'd by this lew'd fellow
(As I have heard him ſweare himſelfe there's one
Whom he begot with childe) let her appeare,
And he ſhall marry her: the nuptiall finiſh'd,
Let him be whip'd and hang'd.

Luc. I beſeech your Highneſſe doe not marry mee to a Whore: your Highneſſe ſaid even now, I made you a Duke, good my Lord doe not recompence me, in making me a Cuckold.

Duke. Vpon mine honor thou ſhalt marry her.
Thy ſlanders I forgive, and therewithall
Remit thy other forfeits : take him to priſon,
And ſee our pleaſure herein executed.

Luc. Marrying a punke my Lord, is preſſing to death,
Whipping and hanging.

Duk. Slandering a Prince deſerves it.
She *Claudio* that you wrong'd, looke you reſtore.
Ioy to you *Mariana*, love her *Angelo* :
I have confes'd her, and I know her vertue.
Thankes good friend, *Eſcalus*, for thy much goodneſſe,
There's more behind that is more gratulate.
Thankes *Provoſt* for thy care, and ſecrecy,
We ſhall imploy thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio's*,
Th'offence pardons it ſelfe. Deere *Iſabell*,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing eare incline ;
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So bring us to our Pallace, where wee'll ſhow
What's yet behind, thats meete you all ſhould know.

The Scene Vienna.

Names of all the Actors.

Vincentio: the Duke.
Angelo, the Deputy.
Eſcalus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a yong Gentleman.
Lucio, a fantaſtique.
2. Other like Gentlemen.
Provoſt.
Thomas. } *2. Friers.*
Peter.
Elbow, a ſimple Conſtable.
Froth, a fooliſh Gentleman.
Clowne.
Abhorſon, an Executioner.
Barnardine, a diſſolute priſoner.
Iſabella, ſiſter to Claudio.
Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.
Iuliet, beloved of Claudio.
Franciſca, a Nun.
Miſtris Over-don, a Bawd.

FINIS.

The Comedie of Errors.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter the Duke of Epheſus, with the Merchant of Syracuſa, Iaylor, and other attendants.

Merchant.

PRoceed *Salinus* to procure my fall,
And by the doome of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of *Siracuſa*, plead no more.
I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes;
The enmitie and diſcord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To merchants our well-dealing Countrimen,
Who wanting gilders to redeeme their lives,
Have ſeal'd his rigorous ſtatutes with their blouds,
Excludes all pitty from our threatening lookes:
For ſince the mortall and inteſtine iarres
Twixt thy ſeditious Countrimen and us,
It hath in ſolemne Synodes beene decreed,
Both by the *Siracuſians* and our ſelves,
T'admit no trafficke to our adverſe townes:
Nay more, if any borne at *Epheſus*
Be ſeene at any *Siracuſian* Marts and Faires:
Againe, if any *Siracuſian* borne
Come to the Bay of *Epheſus*, he dies:
His goods confiſcate to the Dukes diſpoſe,
Vnleſſe a thouſand markes be levied
To quit the penalty, and ranſome him:
Thy ſubſtance, valued at the higheſt rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred Markes,
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.
Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewiſe with the evening Sunne.
Duk. Well *Siracuſian*; ſay in briefe the cauſe
Why thou departedſt from thy natiue home?
And for what cauſe thou cam'ſt to *Epheſus*?
Mer. A heavier taske could not have beene impos'd,
Then I to ſpeake my griefe unſpeakeable:
Yet that the world may witneſſe, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
Ile utter what my ſorrow gives me leave.
In *Syracuſa* was I borne, and wedde
Vnto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap beene bad:
With her I liv'd in joy, our wealth increaſt
By proſperous voyages I often made
To *Epidamium*, till my factors death:
And he great ſtore of goods at randone leaving,
Drew me from kinde embracements of my ſpouſe;
From whom my abſence was not ſixe moneths olde,
Before her ſelfe (almoſt at fainting under
The pleaſing puniſhment that women beare)
Had made proviſion for her following me,
And ſoone, and ſafe arrived where I was:
There had ſhe not beene long, but ſhe became
a joyfull mother of two goodly ſonnes:
And, which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,
As could not be diſtinguiſh'd but by names.
That very howre, and in the ſelfſame Inne,
A poore meane woman was delivered
Of ſuch a burthen, Male twins both alike:
Thoſe, for their parents were exceeding poore,
I bought, and brought up to attend my ſonnes.
My wife, not meanely proud of two ſuch boyes,
Made daily motions for our home returne:
Vnwilling I agreed, alas, too ſoone we came aboord.
A league from *Epidamium* had we ſayld
Before the alwaies winde-obeying deepe
Gave any tragicke Inſtance of our harme:
But longer did we not retaine much hope;
For what obſcured light the heavens did grant,
Did but convay unto our fearefull mindes
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death;
Which though my ſelfe would gladly have imbrac'd,
Yet the inceſſant weeping of my wife,
Weeping before for what ſhe ſaw muſt come,
And pitteous playnings of the prety babes
That mourn'd for faſhion, ignorant what to feare,
Forſt me to ſeeke delayes for them and me,
And this it was: (for other meanes was none)
The Sailors ſought for ſafety by our boate,
And left the ſhip then ſinking-ripe to us.
My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,
Had faſtened him unto a ſmall ſpare Maſt,
Such as ſea-faring men provide for ſtormes:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whil'ſt I had beene like heedfull of the other.
The children thus diſpo'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Faſtned our ſelves at eyther end the maſt,
And floating ſtraight, obedient to the ſtreame,
Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the Sunne gazing upon the earth,
Diſperſt thoſe vapours that offended us,
And by the benefit of his wiſh'd light
The ſeas waxe calme, and we diſcovered
Two ſhippes from farre, making amaine to us:
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this;
But ere they came, oh let me ſay no more,
Gather the ſequell by that went before.
Duke. Nay forward old man, doe not breake off ſo,

For we may pitty, though not pardon thee.
Merch. Oh had the gods done ſo, I had not now
Worthily tearm'd them mercileſſe to us:
For ere the ſhips could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne up upon,
Our helpefull ſhip was ſplitted in the midſt;
So that in this unjuſt divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike,
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for,
Her part, poore ſoule, ſeeming as burdened,
With leſſer waight, but not with leſſer woe,
Was carried with more ſpeed before the winde,
And in our ſight they three were taken up
By Fiſhermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length another ſhip had ſeiz'd on us,
And knowing whom it was their hap to ſave,
Gave helpefull welcome to their ſhip-wrackt gueſts,
And would have reft the Fiſhers of their prey,
Had not their barke beene very ſlow of ſaile;
And therefore homeward did they bend their courſe.
Thus have you heard me ſever'd from my bliſſe,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell ſad ſtories of my owne miſhaps.
Duke. And for the ſakes of them thou ſorroweſt for,
Doe me the favour tu dilate at full,
What hath befalne of them and thee till now.
Merch. My yongeſt boy, aud yet my eldeſt care,
At eighteene yeares became inquiſitive
After his brother; and importun'd me
That his attendant, (for his caſe was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might beare him company in the queſt of him:
Whom whil'ſt I laboured of a love to ſee,
I hazarded the loſſe of whom I lov'd.
Five Sommers have I ſpent in fartheſt *Greece*,
Roming cleane through the bounds of *Aſia*,
And coaſting homeward, came to *Epheſus*:
Hopeleſſe to finde, yet loath to leave unſought
Or that, or any place that harbours men:
But heere muſt end the ſtory of my life,
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travells warrant me they live.
Duk. Hapleſſe *Egeon* whom the fates have markt
To beare th' extremitie of dire miſhap:
Now truſt me, were it not againſt our Lawes,
Againſt my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes would, they may not diſanull,
My ſoule ſhould ſue as advocate for thee:
But though thou art adjudged to the death,
And paſſed ſentence may not be recal'd
But to our honours great diſparagement:
Yet will I favour thee in what I can,
Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day
To ſeeke thy helpe by beneficiall helpe,
Try all the friends thou haſt in *Epheſus*,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the ſumme,
And live: if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
Iaylor take him to thy cuſtodie.
Iaylor. I will my Lord.
Merch. Hopeleſſe and helpeleſſe doth *Egeon* wend,
But to procraſtinate his liveleſſe end. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antipholis, Erotes, a Merchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore give out you are of *Epidamium*,
Leſt that your goods too ſoone be confiſcate:
This very day a *Syracuſan* Merchant
Is apprehended for arrivall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the ſtatute of the towne,
Dies ere the weary Sunne ſet in the Weſt:
There is your monie that I had to keepe.
Ant. Goe beare it to the Centaure, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there *Dromio*, tell I come to thee;
Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,
Within this houre it will be dinner time:
Peruſe the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then returne and ſleepe within mine Inne,
For with long travaile I am ſtiffe and wearie.
Get thee away.
Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, having ſo good a meanes.
Exit Dromio.
Ant. A truſtie villaine ſir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholly,
Lightens my humor with his merry jeſts:
What, will you walke with me about the towne,
And then goe to the Inne and dine with me?
E. Mer. I am invited ſir to certaine Merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon, ſoone at five a clocke,
Pleaſe you, Ile meete with you upon the Mart,
And afterward conſort you till bed time:
My preſent buſineſſe cals me from you now.
Ant. Farewell till then: I will goe looſe my life,
And wander up and downe to view the Citie.
E. Mer. Sir I commend you to your owne content.
Exeunt.
Ant. He that commends me to my owne content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get:
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean ſeekes another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Vnſeene, inquiſitive) confounds himſelfe,
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In queſt of him (unhappie) looſe my ſelfe.

Enter Dromio of Epheſus.

Here comes the almanacke of my true date:
What now? How chance thou art return'd ſo ſoone.
E. Dro. Return'd ſo ſoone, rather approacht too late:
The Capon burnes, the Pig fals from the ſpit;
The clocke hath ſtrucken twelue upon the bell:
My Miſtris made it one upon my cheeke:
She is ſo hot becauſe the meate is colde:
The meate is cold becauſe you come not home;
You come not home, becauſe you have no ſtomacke:
You have no ſtomacke, having broke your faſt:
But we that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.
Ant. Stop in your winde ſir, tell me this I pray,
Where have you left the mony that I gave you?
E. Dro. Oh? ſixe pence that I had a wenſday laſt,
To pay the Sadler for my Miſtris crupper:
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.
Ant. I am not in a ſportive humor now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie?
We being ſtrangers here, how dar'ſt thou truſt
So great a charge from thine owne cuſtodie.
E. Dro. I pray you jeſt ſir as you ſit at dinner:
I from my Miſtris come to you in poſt:
If I returne I ſhall be poſt indeede.

For ſhe will ſcoure your fault upon my pate :
Methinkes your maw, like mine, ſhould be you cooke,
And ſtrike you home without a meſſenger.

Ant. Come *Dromio*, come, theſe jeſts are out of ſeaſon,
Reſerue them till a merrier houre then this :
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee ?

E. Dro. To me ſir ? why you gave no gold to me ?

Ant. Come on ſir knave, have done your fooliſhnes,
And tell me how thou haſt diſpos'd thy charge.

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the Mart
Home to your houſe, (the *Phœnix* ſir) to dinner;
My Miſtris and her ſiſter ſtaies for you.

Ant. Now as I am a Chriſtian anſwer me,
In what ſafe place you have beſtow'd my monie :
Or I ſhall breake that merrie ſconce of yours
That ſtands on trickes, when I am undiſpos'd :
Where is the thouſand Markes thou hadſt of me ?

E. Dro. I have ſome markes of yours upon my pate;
Some of my Miſtris markes upon my ſhoulders :
But not a thouſand markes betweene you both.
If I ſhould pay your worſhip thoſe againe,
Perchance you will not beare them patiently.

Ant. Thy Miſtris markes? what miſtris ſlave haſt thou?

E. Dro. Your worſhips wife, my Miſtris at the *Phœnix*;
She that doth faſt till you come home to dinner :
And prayes that you will hie you home to dinnner.

Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus unto my face
Being forbid? There take you that ſir knave.

E. Dro. What meane you ſir, for God ſake hold your (hands:
Nay, and you will not ſir, Ile take my heeles.

Exit Dromio Ep.

Ant. Vpon my life by ſome device or other,
The villaine is ore-wrought of all my mony.
They ſay this towne is full of coſenage ;
As nimble Iuglers that deceive the eye :
Darke-working Sorcerers that change the minde :
Soule-killing Witches, that deforme the body :
Diſguiſed Cheaters, prating Mountebankes;
And many ſuch like liberties of ſinne :
If it prove ſo, I will be gone the ſooner :
Ile to the Centaure to goe ſeeke this ſlave,
I greatly feare my monie is not ſafe. *Exit.*

Actus Secunda.

Enter Adriana, wiſe to Antipholis Sereptus, with Luciana her Siſter.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the ſlave return'd,
That in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeeke his Maſter?
Sure *Luciana* it is two a clocke.

Luc. Perhaps ſome Merchans hath invited him,
And from the Mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner :
Good Siſter Let us dine, and never fret ;
A man is Maſter of his libertie ;
Time is their Maſter, and when they ſee time,
They'll goe or come ; if ſo, be patient Siſter.

Adr. Why ſhould their libertie then ours be more?

Luc. Becauſe their buſineſſe ſtill lyes out adore.

Adr. Looke when I ſerve him ſo, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but aſſes will be bridled ſo.

Luc. Why, headſtrong liberty is laſht with woe :
There's nothing ſituate under heavens eye,
But hath his bound in earth, in ſea, in skie.
The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowles
Are their males ſubjects, and at their controules :
Man more divine, the Maſter of all theſe,
Lord of the wide world, and wide watry ſeas,
Indued with intellectuall ſence and ſoule,
Of more preheminence then fiſh and fowle.
Are maſters to their females, and their Lords :
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adri. This ſervitude makes you to keepe unwed.

Luci. Not this but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you wold bear ſome ſway

Luc. Ere I learne love, Ile practiſe to obey.

Adr. How if your husband ſtart ſome other where?

Luc. Till he come home againe, I would forbeare.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel though ſhe pauſe,
They can be meeke, that have no other cauſe :
A wretched ſoule bruis'd with adverſitie,
We bid be quiet when we heare it crie.
But were we burdned with like waight of paine,
As much, or more, we ſhould our ſelves complaine :
So thou that haſt no unkinde mate to greeve thee,
With urging helpeleſſe patience would releeve me ;
But if thou live to ſee like right bereft,
This foole-beg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luci. Well, I will marry one day but to trie :
Heere comes your man, now is your husband nie.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardie maſter now at hand ?

E. Dro. Nay, hee's at two hands with mee, and that my two eares can witneſſe.

Adr. Say, didſt thou ſpeake with him ? knowſt thou his minde?

E. Dro. I, I, he told his minde upon mine eare,
Beſhrew his hand, I ſcarce could underſtand it.

Luc. Spake he ſo doubtfully, thou couldſt not feele his meaning.

E. Dro. Nay, hee ſtrooke ſo plainely, I could too well feele his blowes; and withall ſo doubtfully, that I could ſcarce underſtand them.

Adri. But ſay, I prethee, is he comming home ?
It ſeemes he hath great care to pleaſe his wife.

E. Dro. Why Miſtreſſe, ſure my Maſter is horne mad.

Adri. Horne mad, thou villaine ?

E. Dro. I meane not Cuckold-mad,
But ſure he is ſtarke mad:
When I deſir'd him to come home to dinner;
He ask'd me for a 1000. markes in gold:
'Tis dinner time quoth I : my gold, quoth he ;
Your meat doth burne, quoth I : my gold quoth he :
Will you come, quoth I ; my gold quoth he;
Where is the thouſand markes I gave thee villaine?
The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd : my gold quoth he :
My miſtreſſe, ſir, quoth I : hang up thy miſtreſſe :
I know not thy miſtreſſe, out on my miſtreſſe.

Luci. Quoth who ?

E. Dr. Quoth my Maſter, I know quoth he, no houſe no wife, no miſtreſſe : ſo that my arrant due unto my tongue, I thanke him, I bare home upon thy ſhoulders: for in concluſioe, he did beate me there.

Adr. Go backe againe thou ſlave, & fetch him home.

Dro. Goe backe againe, and be new beaten home ?
For Gods ſake ſend ſome other meſſenger.

Adri. Backe ſlave, or I will breake thy pate acroſſe.
Dro. And he will bleſſe that croſſe with other beating:
Betweene you, I ſhall have a holy head.
Adri. Hence prating peſant, fetch thy maſter home.
Dro. Am I ſo round with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you doe ſpurne me thus:
You ſpurne me hence, and he will ſpurne me hither,
If I laſt in this ſervice, you muſt caſe me in leather. *Exit.*
Luci. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face:
Adri. His company muſt do his minions grace,
Whil'ſt I at home ſtarve for a merrie looke:
Hath homely age th'alluring beauty tooke
From my poore cheeke? then he hath waſted it.
Are my diſcourſes dull? Barren my wit,
If voluble aud ſharpe diſcourſe be mar'd,
Vnkindneſſe blots it more then marble hard.
Doe their gay veſtments his affections baite?
That's not my fault, he's maſter of my ſtate.
What ruins are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,
A ſunnie looke of his, would ſoone repaire.
But, (too unruly Deere,) he breakes the pale,
And feedes from home; poore I am but his ſtale.
Luci. Selfe-harming Iealouſie; fie beat it hence.
Ad. Vnfeeling fools can with ſuch wrongs diſpence:
I know his eye doth homage other-where,
Or elſe, what lets it but he would be here?
Siſter, you know he promis'd me a chaine,
Would that alone, alone he would detaine,
So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed:
I ſee the Iewell beſt enamaled
Will loſe his beautie: yet the gold bides ſtill
That others touch, and often touching will:
Since that my beautie cannot pleaſe his eie,
Ile weepe (what's left) away and weeping die.
Luc. How manie fond fooles ſerve mad Iealouſie?
Exeunt.

Enter Antipolis Erotes.

Ant. The gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedfull ſlave
Is wandred forth in care to ſeeke me out
By computation and mine hoſts report.
I could not ſpeake with *Dromio*, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the Mart: ſee here he comes.

Enter Dromio Siracuſan.

How now ſir, is your merrie humor alter'd?
As you love ſtrokes, ſo jeſt with me againe:
You know no *Centaur*? you receiv'd no gold?
Your miſtris ſent to have me home to dinner?
My houſe was at the *Phœnix*? Waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madlie thou didſt anſwere me?
S. Dro. What anſwer ſir? when ſpake I ſuch a word?
E. Ant. Even now, even here, not halfe an houre ſince:
S. Dro. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence
Home to the *Centaur* with the gold you gave me?
Ant. Villaine, thou didſt denie the golds receit,
And toldſt me of a Miſtris, and a dinner.
For which I hope thou feltſt I was diſpleas'd.
S. Dro. I am glad to ſee you in this merrie veine,
What meanes this jeſt, I pray you Maſter tell me?
Ant. Yea, do'ſt thou jeere and flowt me in the teeth?
Thinkſt yͧ I jeſt? hold, take thou that, and that. *Beats Dro.*
S. Dr. Hold ſir, for Gods ſake, now your jeſt is earneſt,
Vpon what bargaine doe you give it me?
Antiph. Becauſe that I familiarlie ſometimes
Doe uſe you for my foole, and chat with you,
Your ſawcineſſe will jeſt upou my love,
And make a Common of my ſerious houres:
When the Sunne ſhines, let fooliſh gnats make ſport,
But creepe in crannies, when he hides his beames;
If you will jeſt with me, know my aſpect,
And faſhion your demeanor to my lookes,
Or I will beat this method in your ſconce.

S. Dro. Scocne call you it? ſo you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head, and you uſe theſe blows long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and Inſconce it too, or elſe I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders, but I pray ſir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Doſt thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing ſir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. I ſir, and wherefore; for they ſay, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why firſt for flouting me, and then wherefore, for urging it the ſecond time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of ſeaſon, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither rime nor reaſon. Well ſir, I thanke you.

Ant. Thanke me ſir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry ſir, for this ſomething that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. Ile make you amends next, to give you nothing for ſomething. But ſay ſir, is it dinner time?

S. Dro. No ſir, I thinke the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time ſir, what's that?

S. Dro. Baſting.

Ant. Well ſir, then 'twill be drie.

S. Dro. If it be ſir, I pray you eate not of it.

Ant. Your reaſon?

S. Dro. Leſt it make you chollericke, and purchaſe me another drie baſting.

Ant. Well ſir, learne to jeſt in good time, there's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durſt have denied that before you were ſo chollericke.

Anti. By what rule ſir?

S. Dro. Marry ſir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald pate of Father time himſelfe.

Ant. Let's heare it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his haire that growes bald by nature.

Ant. May he not doe it by fine and recoverie?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recover the loſt haire of another man.

Ant. Why, is Time ſuch a niggard of haire, being (as it is) ſo plentifull an excrement?

S. Dro. Becauſe it is a bleſſing that hee beſtowes on beaſts, and what he hath ſcanted them in haire, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more haire then wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of thoſe but he hath the wit to loſe his haire.

Ant. Why thou didſt conclude hairie men plaine dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the ſooner loſt; yet he looſeth it in a kinde of jollitie.

An. For what reaſon?

S. Dro. For two, and ſound ones too.

An. Nay not ſound ones I pray you.
S. Dro. Sure ones then.
An. Nay, not ſure in a thing falſing.
S. Dro. Certaine ones then.
An. Name them.
S. Dro. The one to ſave the mony that he ſpends in trying: the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in his porrage.
An. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.
S. Dro. Marry and did ſir: namely, no time to recover haire loſt by Nature.
An. But your reaſon was not ſubſtantiall, why there is no time to recover.
S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himſelfe is bald, and therefore to the worlds end, will have bald followers.
An. I knew 'twould bee a bald concluſion: but ſoft, who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I, *Antipholis*, looke ſtrange and frowne,
Some other Miſtreſſe hath ſome ſweet aſpects:
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou un-urg'd wouldſt vow,
That never words were muſicke to thine eare,
That never object pleaſing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand;
That never meat ſweet-ſavour'd in thy taſte;
Vnleſſe I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, (my Husband) oh how comes it,
That thou art then eſtranged from thy ſelfe?
Thy ſelfe I call it, being ſtrange to me:
That undividable Incorporate
Am better than thy deere ſelfes better part.
Ah doe not teare away thy ſelfe from me;
For know my love: as eaſie maiſt thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulfe,
And take unmingled thence that drop againe
Without addition or diminiſhing,
As take from me thy ſelfe, and not me too.
How dearely would it touch thee to the quicke,
Shouldſt thou heare I were licencious?
And that this body conſecrate to thee,
By Ruffian Luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Wouldſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurne at me,
And hurle the name of husband in my face,
And teare the ſtain'd ſkin of my Harlot brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding ring,
And breake it with a deepe-divorcing vow?
I know thou canſt, and therefore ſee thou do it.
I am poſſeſt with an adulterate blot,
My bloud is mingled with the crime of luſt:
For if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I doe digeſt the poyſon of my fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted by thy contagion.
Keepe then faire league and truce with thy true bed,
I live diſtain'd, thou undiſhonoured.
Antip. Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not:
In *Epheſus* I am but two houres old,
As ſtrange unto your towne, as to your talke,
Who every word by all my wit being ſcan'd,
Wants wit in all, one word to underſtand.
Luci. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to uſe my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner,
Ant. By *Dromio*? *Drom.* By me.
Adr. By thee, and thus thou didſt returne from him.
That he did buffet thee, and in his blowes,
Denied my houſe for his, me for his wife.
Ant. Did you converſe ſir with this gentlewoman:
What is the courſe and drift of your compact?
S. Dro. I ſir? I never ſaw her till this time.
Ant. Villaine thou lieſt, for even her very words,
Didſt thou deliver to me on the Mart.
S. Dro. I never ſpake with her in all my life.
Ant. How can ſhe thus then call us by our names?
Vnleſſe it be by inſpiration.
Adr. How ill agrees it with you gravitie,
To counterfeit thus groſely with your ſlave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my moode;
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come I will faſten on this ſleeve of thine:
Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine:
Whoſe weakneſſe married to thy ſtranger ſtate,
Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate:
If ought poſſeſſe thee from me, it is droſſe,
Vſurping Ivie, Brier, or idle Moſſe,
Who all for want of pruning, with intruſion,
Infect thy ſap, and live on thy confuſion.
Ant. To me ſhe ſpeakes, ſhee moves mee for her theame;
What, was I married to her in my dreame?
Or ſleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?
What error drives our eyes and eares amiſſe?
Vntill I know this ſure uncertaintie,
Ile entertaine the free'd fallacie.
Luc. *Dromio*, goe bid the ſervants ſpred for dinner.
S. Dro. Oh for my beads, I croſſe me for a ſinner.
This is the fairie land, oh ſpite of ſpights,
We talke with Goblins, Owles and Elves Sprights;
If we obay them not, this will inſue:
They'l ſucke our breath, or pinch us blacke and blew.
Luc. Why prat'ſt thou to thy ſelfe,
Dromio, thou *Dromio*, ſnaile, thou ſlug, thou ſot.
S. Dro. I am transformed Maſter, am I not?
Ant. I thinke thou art in minde, and ſo am I.
S. Dro. Nay Maſter, both in minde, and in my ſhape
Ant. Thou haſt thine owne forme.
S. Dro. No, I am an Ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Aſſe.
S. Dro. 'Tis true ſhe rides me, and I long for graſſe.
'Tis ſo, I am an Aſſe, elſe it could never be,
But I ſhould know her as well as ſhe knowes me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a foole,
To put the finger in thy eye and weepe;
Whil'ſt man and maſter laughes my woes to ſcorne:
Come ſir to dinner, *Dromio* keepe the gate:
Husband Ile dine above with you to day,
And ſhrive you of a thouſand idle prankes:
Sirra, if any aske you for your Maſter,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come ſiſter, *Dromio* play the Porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well adviſde:
Knowne unto theſe, and to my ſelfe diſguiſde!
Ile ſay as they ſay, and perſever ſo:
And in this miſt at all adventures go.
S. Dro. Maſter, ſhall I be Porter at the gate?
Adr. I, and let none enter, leaſt I breake your pate.
Luci. Come, come, *Antipholis*, we dine too late.

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

Enter Antipholis of Epheſus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldſmith, and Balthazar the Merchant.

E. Ant. Good ſignior *Angelo* you muſt excuſe us all,
My wife is ſhrewiſh when I keepe not howres;
Say that I lingerd with you at your ſhop
To ſee the making of her Carkanet,
And that to morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villaine that would face me downe
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him;
And charg'd him with a thouſand markes in gold,
And that I did denie my wife and houſe;
Thou drunkard thou, what didſt thou meane by this?

E. Dro. Say what you will ſir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart I have your hand to ſhow;
If the skin were parchmēt, & ẏ blows you gave were ink,
Your hand-writing would tell you what I thinke.

E. Ant. I thinke thou art an aſſe.

E. Dro. Marry ſo it doth appeare
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blowes I beare:
I ſhould kicke being kickt, and being at that paſſe,
You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an aſſe.

E. An. Y'are ſad ſignior *Balthazar*, pray God our cheer
May anſwer my good will, and your good welcom here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap ſir, & your welcom deer.

E. Ant. Oh ſignior *Balthazar*, either at fleſh or fiſh.
A table full of welcome, makes ſcarce one daintie diſh.

Bal. Good meat ſir is cōmon that every churle affords.

Ant. And welcome more common, for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a merrie feaſt.

Ant. I, to a niggardly Hoſt, and more ſparing gueſt:
But though my cates be meane, take them in good part,
Better cheere may you have, but not with better hart.
But ſoft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let us in.

E. Dro. *Maud, Briget, Marian, Ciſly, Gillian, Ginn.*

S. Dro. Mome, Malt-horſe, Capon, Coxcombe, Idiot, Patch,
Either get thee from the dore, or ſit downe at the hatch:
Doſt thou conjure for wenches, that ẏ calſt for ſuch ſtore,
When one is one too many, goe get the from the doore.

E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my Maſter ſtayes in the ſtreet.

S. Dro. Let him walke from whence he came, leſt he catch cold on's feet.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the dore.

S. Dro. Right ſir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to day.

S. Dro. Nor to day here you muſt not come againe when you may.

Ant. What art thou that keep'ſt mee out from the houſe I owe?

S. Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is *Dromio.*

E. Dro. O villaine, thou haſt ſtolne both mine office and my name,
The one ne're got me credit, the other mickle blame:
If thou hadſt bid *Dromio* to day in my place,
Thou wouldſt have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an aſſe.

Enter Luce.

Luc. What a coile is there *Dromio*? who are thoſe at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my maſter in *Luce.*

Luc. Faith no, hee comes too late, and ſo tell your Maſter.

E. Dro. O Lord I muſt laugh, have at you with a Proverbe.
Shall I ſet in my ſtaffe.

Luc. Have at you with another, that's when? can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be called *Luce, Luce* thou haſt anſwer'd him well.

Ant. Doe you heare you minion, you'll let us in I hope?

Luce. I thought to have askt you.

S. Dro. And you ſaid no.

E. Dro. So come helpe, well ſtrooke, there was blow for blow.

Ant. Thou baggage let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whoſe ſake?

E. Drom. Maſter, knocke the doore hard.

Luc. Let him knocke till it ake.

Ant. You'll crie for this minion, if I beate the doore downe.

Luc. What needs all that, and a paire of ſtocks in the towne?

Enter Adriana.

Adr. Who is that at the doore ẏ keepes all this noiſe?

S. Dro. By my troth your towne is troubled with unruly boyes.

Anti. Are you there Wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife ſir knave? go get you from the dore.

E. Dro. If you went in paine Maſter, this knave wold goe ſore.

Angelo. Heere is neither cheere ſir, nor welcome, we would faine have either.

Baltz. In debating which was beſt, wee ſhall part with neither.

E. Dro. They ſtand at the doore, Maſter, bid them welcome hither.

Ant. There is ſomething in the winde, that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would ſay ſo Maſter, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warme within: you ſtand heere in the cold.
It would make a man as mad as a Bucke to be ſo bought and ſold.

Ant. Go fetch me ſomething, Ile breake ope the gate.

S. Dro. Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake your knaves pate.

E. Dro. A man may breake a word with you ſir, and words are but winde:
I and breake it in your face, ſo he breake it not behinde.

S. Dro. It ſeemes thou want'ſt breaking, out upon thee hinde.

E. Dro. Heer's too much, out upon thee, I pray thee let me in.

S. Dro. I, when fowles have no feathers and fiſh have no fin.

Ant. Well, Ile breake in: goe borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, Maſter meane you ſo;

For a fiſh without a fin, ther's a fowle without a feather,
If a crow help us in ſirra, wee'll plucke a crow together.
Ant. Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.
Balth. Have patience ſir, oh let it not be ſo,
Heerein you warre againſt your reputation,
And draw within the compaſſe of ſuſpect
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this your long experience of your wiſedome,
Her ſober vertue, yeares and modeſtie,
Plead on your part ſome cauſe to you unknowne;
And doubt not ſir, but ſhe will well excuſe
Why at this time the dores are made againſt you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the Tyger all to dinner,
And about evening come your ſelfe alone,
To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint:
If by ſtrong hand you offer to breake in
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common rowt
Againſt your yet ungalled eſtimation.
That may with foule intruſion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion;
For ever hows'd, where it once gets poſſeſſion.
Ant. You have prevail'd, I will depart in quiet,
And in deſpight of mirth meane to be merrie:
I know a wench of excellent diſcourſe,
Prettie and wittie; wilde, and yet too gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I meane
My wife (but I proteſt without deſert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withall:
To her will we to dinner, get you home
And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made,
Bring it I pray you to the *Porpentine*,
For there's the houſe: That chaine I will beſtow
(Be it for nothing but to ſpight my wife)
Vpon my hoſteſſe there, good ſir make haſte:
Since mine owne doores refuſe to entertaine me,
Ile knocke elſe-where, to ſee if they'll diſdaine me.
Ang. Ile meet you at that place ſome houre ſir hence.
Ant. Do ſo, this jeſt ſhall coſt me ſome expence.
Exeunt.

Enter Luciana, with Antipholis of Siracuſa.

Iulia. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husbands office? ſhall *Antipholis*
Even in the ſpring of Love, thy Love-ſprings rot?
Shall love in buildings grow ſo ruinate?
If you did wed my ſiſter for her wealth,
Then for her wealths-ſake uſe her with more kindneſſe:
Or if you like elſe-where, doe it by ſtealth,
Muffle your falſe love with ſome ſhew of blindneſſe:
Let not my ſiſter reade it in your eye:
Be not thy tongue thy owne ſhames Orator:
Looke ſweet, ſpeake faire, become diſloyaltie:
Apparell vice like vertues harbenger:
Beare a faire preſence, though your heart be tainted,
Teach ſinne the carriage of a holy Saint,
Be ſecret falſe: what need ſhe be acquainted?
What ſimple thiefe brags of his owne attaine?
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her reade it in thy lookes at boord:
Shame hath a baſtard fame, well mannaged,
Ill deeds are doubled with an evill word:
Alas poore women, make us not beleeve
(Being compact of credit) that you love us,
Though others have the arme, ſhew us the ſleeve:
We in your motion turne, and you may move us.
Then gentle brother get you in againe;
Comfort my ſiſter, cheere her, call her wife;
'Tis holy ſport to be a little vaine,
When the ſweet breath of flatterie conquers ſtrife.
S. Ant. Sweet Miſtris: what your name is elſe I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:
Leſſe in your knowledge, and your grace you ſhow not,
Then our earths wonder, more then earth divine.
Teach me deere creature how to thinke and ſpeake:
Lay open to my earthy groſſe conceit:
Smothred in errors, feeble, ſhaddow, weake,
The foulded meaning of your words deceit;
Againſt my ſoules pure truth, why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknowne field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transforme me then, and to your powre Ile yeeld.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping ſiſter is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed a homage doe I owe:
Farre more, farre more, to you doe I decline:
Oh traine me not ſweet Mermaide with thy note
To drowne me in thy ſiſters floud of teares:
Sing Siren for thy ſelfe, and I will dote:
Spred ore the ſilver waves thy golden haires;
And as a bed Ile take thee, and there lie:
And in that glorious ſuppoſition thinke,
He gaines by death, that hath ſuch meanes to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if ſhe ſinke.
Luc. What are you mad, that you do reaſon ſo?
Ant. Not mad, but mated, how I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that ſpringeth from your eie.
Ant. For gazing on your beames, faire ſun being by.
Luc. Gaze when you ſhould, and that will cleere your ſight.
Aat. As good to winke ſweet love, as looke on night.
Luc. Why call you me love? call my ſiſter ſo.
Ant. Thy ſiſters ſiſter.
Luc. That's my ſiſter.
Dnt. No: it is thy ſelfe, mine owne ſelfes better part:
Mine eies cleere eie, my deere hearts dearer heart,
My foode, my fortune, and my ſweet hopes aime;
My ſole earths heaven, and my heavens claime.
Luc. All this my ſiſter is, or elſe ſhould be.
Ant. Call thy ſelfe ſiſter ſweet, for I am thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee leade my life;
Thou haſt no husband yet, nor I no wife;
Give me thy hand.
Luc. Oh ſoft ſir, hold you ſtill:
Ile fetch my ſiſter to get her good will.

Enter Dromio, Siracuſia.

Ant. Why how now *Dromio*, where run'ſt thou ſo faſt?
S.Dro. Doe you know me ſir? Am I *Dromio*? Am I your man? Am I my ſelfe?
Aut. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thy ſelfe.
Dro. I am an aſſe, I am a womans man, and beſides my ſelfe.
Ant. What womans man? and how beſides thy ſelfe?
Dro. Marrie ſir, beſides my ſelfe, I am due to a woman: One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. What claime laies ſhe to thee?

Dro. Marry ſir, ſuch claime as you would lay to your horſe, and ſhe would have me as a beaſt; not that I being a beaſt ſhe would have me, but that ſhe being a verie beaſtly creature layes claime to me.

Ant. What is ſhe?

Dro. A very reverent body: I ſuch a one, as a man may not ſpeake of, without he ſay ſir reverence: I have but leane lucke in the match, and yet is ſhe a wondrous fat marriage.

Anti. How doſt thou meane a fat marriage?

Dro. Marry ſir, ſhe's the Kitchin wench, and all greaſe, and I know not what uſe to put her too, but to make a Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne a *Poland* Winter: If ſhe lives till doomeſday, ſhe'l burne a weeke longer then the whole World.

Ant. What complexion is ſhe of?

Dro. Swart like my ſhooe, but her face nothing like ſo cleane kept: for why? ſhe ſweates a man may goe over-ſhooes in the grime of it.

Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. No ſir, 'tis in graine, *Noahs* flood could not do it.

Ant. What's her name?

Dro. *Nell* Sir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not meaſure her from hip to hip.

Ant. Then ſhe beares ſome bredth?

Dro. No longer from head to foot, then from hippe to hippe: ſhe is ſphericall like a globe: I could find out Countries in her.

Ant. In what part of her body ſtands *Ireland*?

Dro. Marry ſir in her buttockes, I found it out by the bogges.

Ant. Where *Scotland*?

Dro. I found it by the barrenneſſe, hard in the palme of the hand.

Ant. Where *France*?

Dro. In her forehead, arm'd and reverted, making warre againſt her haire.

Ant. Where *England*?

Dro. I look'd for the chalky Cliffes, but I could find no whiteneſſe in them. But I gueſſe, it ſtood in her chin by the ſalt rheume that ranne betweene *France*, and it.

Ant. Where *Spaine*?

Dro. Faith I ſaw it not: but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies*?

Dro. Oh ſir, upon her noſe, all ore embelliſhed with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aſpect to the hot breath of Spaine, who ſent whole Armadoes of Carracts to be ballaſt at her noſe.

Ant. Where ſtood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

Dro. Oh ſir, I did not looke ſo low. To conclude, this drudge or Diviner layd claime to mee, call'd mee *Dromio*, ſwore I was aſſur'd to her, told me what privie markes I had about mee, as the markes of my ſhoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme, that I amaz'd ranne from her as a witch. And I thinke, if my breſt had not beene made of faith, and my heart of ſteele, ſhe had transform'd me to a Curtall dog, & made me turne i'th wheele.

Ant. Go hie thee preſently, poſt to the rode,
And if the winde blow any way from ſhore,
I will not harbour in this towne to night.
If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart,
Where I will walke till thou returne to me:
If everie one knowes us, and we know none,
'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.

Dro. As from a Beare a man would run for life,
So flie I from her that would be my wife. *Exit.*

Ant. There's none but witches do inhabite heere,
And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence:
She that doth call me husband, even my ſoule
Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire ſiſter
Poſſeſt with ſuch a gentle ſoveraigne grace,
Of ſuch inchanting preſence and diſcourſe,
Hath almoſt made me Traitor to my ſelfe:
But leaſt my ſelfe be guilty to ſelfe wrong,
Ile ſtop mine eares againſt the Mermaides ſong.

Enter Angelo with the Chaine.

Ang. M. *Antipholis.*

Ant. I that's my name,

Ang. I know it well ſir, loe here's the chaine,
I thought to have tane you at the *Porpentine*,
The chaine unfiniſh'd made me ſtay thus long.

Ant. What is your will that I ſhall do with this?

Ang. What pleaſe your ſelfe ſir: I have made it for you.

Ant. Made it for me ſir! I beſpoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you have:
Go home with it, and pleaſe your Wife withall,
And ſoone at ſupper time Ile viſit you,
And then receive my mony for the chaine.

Ant. I pray you ſir receive the monie now,
For feare you ne're ſee chaine, nor mony more.

Ang. You are a merry man ſir, fare you well. *Exit.*

Dro. What I ſhould thinke of this, I cannot tell:
But this I thinke, there's no man is ſo vaine,
That would refuſe ſo faire an offer'd Chaine.
I ſee a man heere needs not live by ſhifts,
When in the ſtreets he meetes ſuch Golden gifts:
Ile to the Mart, and there for *Dromio* ſtay,
If any ſhip put out, then ſtrait away. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter a Merchant, Goldſmith, and an Officer.

Mer. You know ſince Pentecoſt the ſum is due,
And ſince I have not much importun'd you,
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Perſia*, and want Gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make preſent ſatisfaction,
Or Ile attach you by this Officer.

Gold. Even juſt the ſum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by *Antipholis*,
And in the inſtant that I met with you,
He had of me a Chaine: at five a clocke
I ſhall receive the money for the ſame:
Pleaſeth you walke with me downe to his houſe,
I will diſcharge my bond, and thanke yoo too.

Enter Antipholis Epheſ. Dromio from the Courtizans.

Offi. That labour may you ſave: See where he comes.

Ant. While I go to the Goldſmiths houſe, goe thou

And buy a ropes end, that will I beſtow
Among my wife, and their confederates,
For locking me out of my doores by day:
But ſoft I ſee the Goldſmith; get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope and bring it home to me.
Dro. I buy a thouſand pound a yeare, I buy a rope.
Exit Dromio
Eph. Ant. A man is well holpe up that truſts to you,
I promiſed your preſence, and the Chaine,
But neither Chaine nor Goldſmith came to me:
Belike you thought our love would laſt too long
If it were chain'd together: and therefore came not.
Gold. Saving your merry humor, here's the note
How much your Chaine weighs to the utmoſt Raccat,
The fineneſſe of the Gold, and chargefull faſhion,
Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more
Then I ſtand debted to this Gentleman,
I pray you ſee him preſently diſcharg'd,
For he is bound to Sea, and ſtayes but for it.
Anti. I am not furniſh'd with the preſent mony:
Beſides I have ſome buſineſſe in the towne,
Good Signior take the ſtranger to my houſe,
And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife
Diſburſe the ſumme, on the receit thereof,
Perchance I will be there as ſoone as you.
Gold. Then you will bring the Chaine to her your ſelfe.
Ant. No beare it with you, leaſt I come not time enough.
Gold. Well ſir, I will? Have you the Chaine about you?
Ant. And if I have not ſir, I hope you have:
Or elſe you may returne without your money.
Gold. Nay come I pray you ſir, give me the Chaine:
Both winde and tide ſtayes for the Gentleman,
And I too blame have held him here too long.
Ant. Good Lord, you uſe this dalliance to excuſe
Your breach of promiſe to the *Porpentine*,
I ſhould have chid you for not bringing it,
But like a ſhrew you firſt begin to brawle.
Mer. The houre ſteales on, I pray you ſir diſpatch.
Gold. You heare how he importunes me, the Chaine:
Ant. Why give it to my wife, and fetch your mony.
Gold. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either ſend the Chaine, or ſend me by ſome token.
Ant. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,
Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me ſee it.
Mer. My buſineſſe cannot brooke this dalliance,
Good ſir ſay, whe'r you'l anſwer me, or no:
If not, Ile leave him to the Officer.
Ant. I anſwer you? Why ſhould I anſwer you?
Gold. The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.
Ant. I owe you none till I receive the Chaine.
Gold. You know I gave it you halfe an houre ſince.
Ant. You gave me none, you wrong mee much to ſay ſo.
Gold. You wrong me ſir in denying it:
Conſider how it ſtands upon my credit.
Mar. Well Officer, arreſt him at my ſuite.
Off. I doe, and charge you in the Dukes name to obey me.
Gold. This touches me in reputation.
Either conſent to pay the ſum for me,
Or I attach you by this Officer.
Ant. Conſent to pay that I never had:
Arreſt me fooliſh fellow if thou dar'ſt.
Gold. Heere is thy fee, arreſt him, Officer.
I would not ſpare my brother in this caſe,
If he ſhould ſcorne me ſo apparantly.
Offi. I do arreſt you ſir, you heare the ſuite.
Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee baile.
But ſirrah you ſhall buy this ſport as deere,
As all the mettall in your ſhop will anſwer.
Gold. Sir, ſir, I ſhall have Law in *Epheſus*,
To your notorious ſhame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio Sira. from the Bay.

Dro. Maſter, there's a Barke of *Epidamium*,
That ſtayes but till her Owner comes aboord,
Then ſir ſhe beares away. Our fraughtage ſir,
I have convei'd aboord, and I haue brought
The Oyle, the *Balſamum*, and Aqua-vitæ.
The ſhip is in her trim, the merrie winde
Blowes faire from land: they ſtay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Maſter, and your ſelfe.
An. How now! a Madman! Why thou peeviſh ſheep
What ſhip of *Epidamium* ſtayes for me?
S. Dro. A ſhip you ſent me to, to hier waftage.
Ant. Thou drunken ſlave, I ſent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpoſe and what end.
S. Dro. You ſent me for a ropes end as ſoone,
You ſent me to the Bay ſir, for a Barke.
Ant. I will debate this matter at more leiſure
And teach your eares to liſt me with more heed:
To *Adriana* Villaine hie thee ſtraight:
Give her this key, and tell her in the Deske
That's cover'd o're with Turkiſh Tapiſtrie,
There is a purſe of Duckets, let her ſend it:
Tell her, I am arreſted in the ſtreete,
And that ſhall baile me: hie thee ſlave, be gone,
On Officer to priſon, till it come. *Exeunt.*
S. Dro. To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,
Where Dowſabell did claime me for her husband,
She is too bigge I hope for me to compaſſe,
Thither I muſt, although againſt my will:
For ſervants muſt their Maſters mindes fulfill. *Exit.*

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee ſo,
Might'ſt thou perceive auſteerely in his eye,
That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no:
Look'd he or red or pale, or ſad or merrily?
What obſervation mad'ſt th[illegible] in this caſe?
Of his hearts Meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. Firſt he denide you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant he did me none: the more my ſpight.
Luc. Then ſwore he that he was a ſtranger heere.
Adr. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworne he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what ſaid he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what perſwaſion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words, that in an honeſt ſuit might move.
Firſt, he did prayſe my beautie, then my ſpeech.
Adr. Did'ſt ſpeake him faire?
Luc. Have patience I beſeech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me ſtill,
My tongue, though not my heart, ſhall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and ſere,
Ill-fac'd, worſe bodied, ſhapeleſſe every where:
Vicious, ungentle, fooliſh, blunt, unkinde,

Stigmaticall in making worſe the minde.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of ſuch a one?
No evill loſt is wail'd, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah but I thinke him better then I ſay:
And yet would herein others eyes were worſe:
Farre from her neſt the Lapwing cries away;
My heart prayes for him, though my tongue doe curſe.

Enter S. Dromio.

Dro. Here, goe: the deske, the purſe, ſweet now make haſte.

Luc. How haſt thou loſt thy breath?

S. Dro. By running faſt.

Adr. Where is thy Maſter *Dromio*? Is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worſe then hell:
A divell in an everlaſting garment hath him;
One whoſe hard heart is button'd up with ſteele:
A Feind, a Fairie, pittileſſe and ruffe:
A Wolfe, nay worſe, a fellow all in buffe,
A backfriend, a ſhoulder-clapper, one that countermãds
The paſſages of allies, creekes, and narrow lands:
A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,
One that before the Iudgmẽt carries poore ſoules to hel.

Adr. Why man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I doe not know the matter, he is reſted on the caſe.

Adr. What is he arreſted? tell me at whoſe ſuite?

S. Dro. I know not at whoſe ſuite he is arreſted, well; but is in a ſuite of buffe which reſted him, that can I tell: Will you ſend him Miſtris redemption, the monie in his deske?

Adr. Go fetch it Siſter: this I wonder at.

Exit Luciana.

That he vnknowne to me ſhould be in debt:
Tell me, was he areſted on a band?

S. *Dro.* Not on a band, but on a ſtronger thing:
A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring?

Adria. What, the chaine?

S. Dro. No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke ſtrikes one.

Adr. The houres come backe! that did I never heare.

S. Dro. Oh yes, if any houre meete a Serjeant, a turnes backe for very feare.

Adri. As if time were in debt: how fondly do'ſt thou reaſon?

S. Dro. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more then he's worth to ſeaſon.
Nay, he's a theefe too: have you not heard men ſay,
That time comes ſtealing on by night and day?
If I be in debt and theft, and a Serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reaſon to turne backe an houre in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go *Dromio*, there's the mony, beare it ſtraight,
And bring thy Maſter home immediately.
Come ſiſter, I am preſt downe with conceit:
Conceit, my comfort and my injurie. *Exit.*

Enter Antipholis Siracuſia.

An. S. There's not a man I meete but doth ſalute me
As if I were their well acquainted friend,
And everie one doth call me by my name:
Some tender monie to me, ſome invite me;
Some other give me thankes for kindneſſes;
Some offer me Commodities to buy.
Even now a tailor cal'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me Silkes that he had bought for me,
And therewithall tooke meaſure of my body.
Sure theſe are but imaginarie wiles,
And Lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

Enter Dromio. Sir.

S. Dro. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for: what have you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd?

Ant. What gold is this? What *Adam* do'ſt thou meane?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradiſe: but that *Adam* that keepes the priſon; hee that goes in the calves-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall: hee that came behinde you ſir, like an evill angel, and bid you forſake your liberty.

Ant. I underſtand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why 'tis a plaine caſe: he that went like a Baſe Viole in a caſe of leather; the man ſir, that when gentlemen are tired gives them a ſob, and reſts them: he ſir, that takes pitty on decaied men, and gives them ſuites of durance: he that ſets up his reſt to doe more exploits with his Mace, then a Moris Pike.

Ant. What! thou mean'ſt an officer?

S. Dro. I ſir, the Serjeant of the Band: he that brings any man to anſwer it that breakes his Band: one that thinkes a man alwayes going to bed, and ſaieth, God give you good reſt.

Ant. Well ſir, there reſt in your foolerie:
Is there any ſhip puts forth to night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why ſir, I brought you word an houre ſince, that the Barke *Expedition* put forth to night, and then were you hindred by the Serjeant to tarry for the *Hoy Delay*: Here are the angels that you ſent for to deliver you.

Ant. The fellow is diſtract and ſo am I,
And here we wander in illuſions:
Some bleſſed power deliver us from hence.

Enter a Curtizan.

Cur. Well met, well met, Maſter *Antipholis*:
I ſee ſir you have found the Gold-ſmith now:
Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day?

Ant. Sathan avoide, I charge thee tempt me not.

S. Dro. Maſter, is this Miſtris *Sathan*?

Ant. It is the divell.

S. *Dro.* Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe is the divels dam: And here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes that the wenches ſay God dam me, That's as much to ſay, God make me a light wench: It is written, they appeare to men like angels of light, light is an effect of fire, and fire will burne: *ergo*, light wenches will burne, come not neere her.

Cur. Your man and you are marveilous merry ſir.
Will you goe with me, wee'll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Maſter, if you doe, expect ſpoon-meate, or beſpeake a long ſpoone.

Ant. Why *Dromio*?

S. Dro. Marrie he muſt have a long ſpoone that muſt eate with the divell.

Ant. Avoid then fiend, what tel'ſt thou me of ſupping?
Thou art, (as you are all) a ſorcereſſe:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gon.

Cur. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Diamond the chaine you promis'd,
And Ile be gone ſir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some divels aske but the parings of ones naile, a ruſh, a haire, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherrie-ſtone: but ſhe more covetous, would have a chaine: Maſter be wiſe, and if you give it her, the divell will ſhak her Chaine, and fright us with it.

Cur. I pray you ſir my Ring, or elſe the Chaine,
I hope you do not meane to cheate me ſo?

Ant. Auant thou witch: Come *Dromio* let us go.

S. Dro. Flie pride ſayes the Pea-cocke, Miſtris that you know. *Exeunt.*

Cur. Now out of doubt *Antipholis* is mad,
Elſe would he never ſo demeane himſelfe,
A Ring he hath of mine worth fortie Duckets,
And for the ſame he promis'd me a Chaine,
Both one and other he denies me now:
The reaſon that I gather he is mad,
(Beſides this preſent inſtance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,
Of his owne doores being ſhut againſt his entrance,
Belike his wife acquainted with his fits,
On purpoſe ſhut the doores againſt his way.
My way is now to hie home to his houſe,
And tell his wife that being Lunaticke,
He ruſh'd into my houſe, and tooke perforce
My Ring away. This courſe I fitteſt chooſe,
For fortie Duckets is too much to looſe. *Exit.*

Enter Antipholus Epheſ. with a Iailor.

An. Feare me not man, I will not breake away,
Ile give thee ere I leave thee ſo much mony
To warrant thee as I am reſted for.
My wife is in a wayward moode to day,
And will not lightly truſt the Meſſenger,
That I ſhould be attach'd in *Epheſus*,
I tell you 'twill ſound harſhly in her eares.

Enter Dromio Eph. with a ropes end.

Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie.
How now ſir? Have you that I ſent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

Anti. But where's the Money?

E. Dro. Why ſir, I gave the Monie for the Rope.

Ant. Five hundred Duckets villaine for a rope?

E. Dro. Ile ſerve you ſir five hundred at the rate.

Ant. To what end did I bid thee high thee home?

E. Dro. To a ropes end ſir, and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. And to that end ſir, I will welcome you.

Offi. Good ſir be patient.

E. Dro. Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in adverſitie.

Offi. Good now hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perſwade him to hold his hands.

Anti. Thou whoreſon ſenſeleſſe Villaine.

E. Dro. I would I were ſenſeleſſe ſir, that I might not feele your blowes.

Anti. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blowes, and ſo is an Aſſe.

E. Dro. I am an Aſſe indeede, you may proove it by my long eares. I have ſerved him from the houre of my Nativitie to this inſtant, and have nothing at his hands for my ſervice but blowes. When I am cold, he heates me with beating: when I am warme, he cooles me with beating: I am wak'd with it when I ſleepe, rais'd with it when I ſit, driven out of doores with it when I goe from home, welcom'd home with it when I returne, nay I beare it on my ſhoulders, as a begger woont her brat and I thinke when he hath lam'd me, I ſhall begge with it from doore to doore.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtizan, and a Schoole-maſter, called Pinch.

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is comming yonder.

E. Dro. Miſtris *reſpice finem*, reſpect your end, or rather the propheſie like the Parrot, beware the ropes end.

Anti. Wilt thou ſtill talke? *Beats Dro.*

Cur. How ſay you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adri. His incivility confirmes no leſſe:
Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Conjurer,
Eſtabliſh him in his true ſence againe,
And I will pleaſe you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how fiery and how ſharpe he lookes,

Cur. Marke, how he trembles in his extaſie.

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let mee feele your pulſe.

Ant. There is my hand, and let it feele your eare.

Pinch. I charge thee Sathan, hous'd within this man
To yeeld poſſeſſion to my holie praiers,
And to thy ſtate of darkeneſſe hie thee ſtraight,
I conjure thee by all the Saints in heaven.

Ant. Peace doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh that thou wer't not, poore diſtreſſed ſoule.

Ant. You Minion you, are theſe your Cuſtomers?
Did this companion with the ſaffron face
Revell and feaſt it at my houſe to day,
Whil'ſt upon me the guiltie doores were ſhut,
And I denied to enter in my houſe.

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home
Where would you had remaind untill this time,
Free from theſe ſlanders, and this open ſhame.

Ant. Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what ſayeſt thou?

Dro. Sir ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.

Ant. Were not my doores lockt up, and I ſhut out?

Dro. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you ſhut out.

Anti: And did not ſhe her ſelfe revile me there?

Dro. *Sans* Fable, ſhe her ſelfe revil'd you there.

Ant. Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and ſcorne me?

Dro. *Certis* ſhe did, the kitchin veſtall ſcorn'd you:

Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. In veritie you did, my bones beare witneſſe,
That ſince have felt the vigor of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to ſmooth him in theſe contraries?

Pinch. It is no ſhame, the fellow finds his veine,
And yeelding to him, humors well his frenſie,

Ant. Thou haſt ſubornd the Goldſmith to arreſt me.

Adr. Alas, I ſent you Monie to redeeme you,
By *Dromio* heere, who came in haſt for it.

Dro. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might,
But ſurely Maſter not a ragge of Monie.

Ant. Wentſt not thou to her for a purſe of Duckets?

Adri. He came to me and I deliver'd it.

Luci. And I am witneſſe with her that ſhe did:

Dro. God and the Rope-maker beare me witneſſe,
That I was ſent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Miſtris, both Man and Maſter is poſſeſt,
I know it by their pale and deadly lookes.

They muſt be bound and laide in ſome darke roome.
Ant. Say wherefore didſt thou locke me forth to day,
And why doſt thou denie the bagge of gold?
Adr. I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.
Dro. And gentle M. I receiv'd no gold:
But I confeſſe ſir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Diſſembling Villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both.
Ant. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all,
And are confederate with a damned packe,
To make a loathſome abject ſcorne of me:
But with theſe nailes Ile plucke out theſe falſe eyes,
That would behold in me this ſhamefull ſport.

Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him:
He ſtrives.

Adr. Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come neere me.
Pinch. More company, the fiend is ſtrong within him.
Luc. Aye me poore man, how pale and wan he looks.
Ant. What, will you murther me, thou Iailor thou?
I am thy priſoner, wilt thou ſuffer them to make a reſcue?
Off. Maſters let him goe: he is my priſoner, and you ſhall not have him.
Pinch. Go binde this man, for he is franticke too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeviſh officer?
Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man
Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelfe?
Off. He is my priſoner, if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will diſcharge thee ere I goe from thee,
Beare me forthwith unto his Creditor,
And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it.
Good Maſter Doctor ſee him ſafe convey'd
Home to my houſe, oh moſt unhappy day.
Ant. Oh moſt unhappy ſtrumpet.
Dro. Maſter, I am heere entred in bond for you.
Ant. Out on thee Villaine wherefore doſt thou mad mee?
Dro. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good maſter, cry the divell.
Luc. God helpe poore ſoules, how idlely doe they talke.
Adr. Goe beare him hence, ſiſter go you with me:
Say now, whoſe ſuite is he arreſted at?
Exeunt. Manet Offic. Adri. Luci. Courtizan.
Off. One *Angelo* a Goldſmith, do you know him?
Adr. I know the man: what is the ſumme he owes?
Off. Two hundred Duckets.
Adr. Say, how growes it due.
Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.
Adr. He did beſpeake a chaine for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your husband all in rage to day
Came to my houſe, and tooke away my Ring,
The Ring I ſaw upon his finger now,
Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine,
Adr. It may be ſo, but I did never ſee it.
Come Iailor, bring me where the Goldſmith is,
I long to know the truth heereof at large.

Enter Antipholis Siracuſian with his Rapier drawne,
and Dromio Sirac.

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are looſe againe.
Adr. And come with naked ſwords,
Let's call more helpe to have them bound againe.
Runne all out.
Off. Away, they'l kill us
Exeunt omnes, as faſt as may be, frighted.
S. Ant. I ſee theſe Witches are affraid of ſwords.
S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from you.
Ant. Come to the Centaure, fetch our ſtuffe from thence:
I long that we were ſafe and ſound aboord.
Dro. Faith ſtay heere this night, they will ſurely do us no harme: you ſaw they ſpake us faire, give us gold: me thinkes they are ſuch a gentle Nation, that but for the Mountaine of mad fleſh that claimes mariage of me, I could finde in my heart to ſtay heere ſtill, and turne Witch.
Ant. I will not ſtay to night for all the towne,
Therefore away, to get our ſtuffe aboord. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldſmith.

Gold. I am ſorry Sir that I have hindred you,
But I proteſt he had the Chaine of me,
Though moſt diſhoneſtly he did denie it.
Mer. How is the man eſteeem'd heere in the Citie?
Gold. Of very reverent reputation ſir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd.
Second to none that lives here in the Citie:
His word might beare my wealth at any time.
Mer. Speake ſoftly, yonder as I thinke he walkes.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio againe.

Gold. 'Tis ſo: and that ſelfe chaine about his necke,
Which he forſwore (moſt monſtrouſly) to have.
Good ſir draw neere to me, Ile ſpeake to him:
Signior *Antipholis*, I wonder much
That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble,
And not without ſome ſcandall to your ſelfe,
With circumſtance and oathes, ſo to denie
This chaine, which now you weare ſo openly.
Beſide the charge, the ſhame, impriſonment,
You have done wrong to this my honeſt friend,
Who but for ſtaying on our Controverſie,
Had hoiſted ſaile, and put to ſea to day:
This chaine you had of me, can you denie it?
Ant. I thinke I had, I never did deny it.
Mer. Yes that you did ſir, and forſwore it too.
Ant. Who heard me to denie it or forſweare it?
Mer. Theſe eares of mine thou knowſt did hear thee:
Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pitty that thou liv'ſt
To walke where any honeſt men reſort.
Ant. Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,
Ile prove mine honor, and mine honeſty
Againſt thee preſently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand:
Mer. I dare and do defie thee for a villaine.

They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, & others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for God ſake, he is mad,
Some get within him, take his ſword away:
Binde *Dromio* too, and beare them to my houſe.
S. Dro. Runne maſter run, for Gods ſake take a houſe,
This is ſome Priorie, in, or we are ſpoyl'd.
Exeunt to the Priorie.

Enter Lady Abbeſſe.

Abb. Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poore diſtracted husband hence,
Let us come in, that we may binde him faſt,
And beare him home for his recovery.
Gold. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
Mer. I am ſorry now that I did draw on him.
Ab. How long hath this poſſeſſion held the man?
Adr. This weeke he hath beene heavy, ſower, ſad,
And much much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoone his paſſion
Ne're brake into extremity of rage.
Ab. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wracke at Sea,
Buried ſome deare friend, hath not elſe his eye
Strai'd his affection in unlawfull love,
A ſinne prevailing much in youthfull men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrowes is he ſubject too?
Adr. To none of theſe except it be the laſt,
Namely, ſome love that drew him oft from home.
Ab. You ſhould for that have reprehended him.
Ad. Why ſo I did.
Ab. I, but not rough enough.
Ad. As roughly as my modeſty would let me.
Ab. Haply in private.
Ad. And in aſſemblies too.
Ab. I, but not enough.
Ad. It was the copie of our conference.
In bed he ſlept not for my urging it,
At boord he fed not for my urging it:
Alone, it was the ſubject of my Theame:
In company I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him, it was vilde and bad.
Ab. And thereof came it that the man was mad.
The venome clamours of a jealous woman,
Poyſons more deadly then a mad dogs tooth.
It ſeemes his ſleepes were hindred by thy rayling,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou ſai'ſt his meate was ſawc'd with thy upbraidings,
Vnquiet meales makes ill diſgeſtions,
Thereof the raging fire of feaver bred,
And what's a Feaver but a fit of Madneſſe?
Thy ſayeſt his ſports were hindred by thy brawles:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue
But muddy and dull melancholly,
Kinſman to grim and comfortleſſe deſpaire,
And at her heeles a huge infectious troope
Of pale diſtemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in ſport, and life-preſerving reſt
To be diſturb'd, would mad or man or beaſt:
The conſequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have ſcar'd thy husband from the uſe of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildely,
When he demean'd himſelfe rough, rude, and wildely.
Why beare you theſe rebukes, and anſwer not?
Ad. She did betray me to my owne reproofe,
Good people enter and lay hold on him.
Ab. No, not a creature enters in my houſe.
Ad. Then let your ſervants bring my husband forth.
Ab. Neither: he tooke this place for ſanctuary,
And it ſhall priviledge him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits againe,
Or loſe my labour in aſſaying it.
Ad. I will attend my husband, be his nurſe,
Diet his ſickneſſe, for it is my Office,
And will have no Atturney but my ſelfe,
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Ab. Be patient, for I will not let him ſtirre,
Till I have us'd the approved meanes I have,
With wholſome ſirrups, drugges, and holy prayers
To make of him a formall man againe:
It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,
A charitable dutie of my order,
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Ad. I will not hence, and leave my husband heere:
And ill it doth beſeeme your holineſſe
To ſeparate the husband and the wife.
Ab. Be quiet and depart, thou ſhalt not have him.
Luc. Complaine unto the Duke of this indignity.
Ad. Come goe, I will fall proſtrate at his feet,
And never riſe untill my teares and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in perſon hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbeſſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Merchant and Goldſmith.

Mer. By this I thinke the Dyall points at five:
Anon I'me ſure the Duke himſelfe in perſon
Comes this way to the Melancholly vale;
The place of depth, and ſorry execution,
Behinde the ditches of the Abbey here.
Gold. Vpon what cauſe?
Mer. To ſee a reverent *Siracuſian* Merchant,
Who put unluckily into this Bay
Againſt the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne,
Beheaded publikely for his offence.
Gold. See where they come, we will behold his death.

Enter Adriana and Lucio.

Luc. Kneele to the Duke before he paſſe the Abbey.

Enter the Duke of Epheſus, and the Merchant of Siracuſe, bareheaded, with the Headſ-man, and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once againe proclaime it publikely,
If any friend will pay the ſumme for him,
He ſhall not die, ſo much we tender him.

Enter Adriana.

Adr. Iuſtice moſt ſacred Duke againſt the Abbeſſe.
Duke. She is a vertuous and a reverend Lady,
It cannot be that ſhe hath done thee wrong.
Ad. May it pleaſe your Grace, *Antipholis* my husband.
Whom I made Lord of me, and all I had,
(At your impotent Letters) this ill day,
A moſt outragious fit of madneſſe tooke him,
That deſp'rately he hurried through the ſtreet,
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,
Doing diſpleaſure to the Citizens,
By ruſhing in their houſes: bearing thence
Rings, Iewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and ſent him home,
Whil'ſt to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not, by what ſtrong eſcape
He broke from thoſe that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himſelfe,
Each one with irefull paſſion, with drawne Swords
Met us againe, and madly bent on us,
Chac'd us away: till raiſing of more aide,
We came againe to binde them: then they fled
Into this Abbey, whither we purſu'd them,
And here the Abbeſſe ſhuts the gates on us,
And will not ſuffer us to fetch him out,
Nor ſend him forth, that we may beare him hence.

Therefore moſt gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.
Duke. Long ſince thy husband ſerv'd me in my Warres,
And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word,
When thou didſt make him maſter of thy bed,
To doe him all the grace and good I could.
Goe ſome of you knocke at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbeſſe come to me:
I will determine this before I ſtirre.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. O Miſtriſſe, Miſtris, ſhift and ſave your ſelfe,
My Maſter and his man are both broke looſe,
Beaten the Maides a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whoſe beard they have ſindg'd off with brands of fire,
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pailes of pudled myre to quench the haire;
My M^{r}. preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Sciſſors nickes him like a foole:
And ſure (unleſſe you ſend ſome other preſent helpe)
Betweene them they will kill the Conjurer.
Ad. Peace foole, thy Maſter and his man are here,
And that is falſe thou doſt report of us.
Meß. Miſtris, upon my life I tell you true,
I have not breath'd almoſt ſince I did ſee it.
He cryes for you, and vowes if he can take you,
To ſcorch your face, and to disfigure you:

Cry within.

Harke, harke, I heare him Miſtris: flie, be gone.
Duke. Come, ſtand by me, feare nothing: guard with Halberds.
Ad. Ay me, it is my husband: witneſſe you,
That he is borne about inviſible,
Even now we houſ'd him in the Abbey here,
And now hee's there, paſt thought of humane reaſon.

Enter Antipholis, and E. Dromio of Epheſus.

E.Ant. Iuſtice moſt gracious Duke, oh grant me Iuſtice,
Even for the ſervice that long ſince I did thee,
When I beſtrid thee in the warres, and tooke
Deepe skarres to ſave thy life; even for the blood
That then I loſt for thee, now grant me Iuſtice.
Mer.Fat. Vnleſſe the feare of death doth make mee dote, I ſee my ſonne *Antipholis* and *Dromio*.
E.Ant. Iuſtice (ſweet Prince) againſt that woman (there:
She whom thou gav'ſt to me to be my wife;
That hath abuſed and diſhonoured me,
Even in the ſtrength and height of injury:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That ſhe this day hath ſhameleſſe throwne on me.
Duke. Diſcover how, and thou ſhalt finde me juſt.
E.2Ant. This day (great Duke) ſhe ſhut the doores upon me.
Whilſt ſhe with Harlots feaſted in my houſe.
Duke. A grievous fault: ſay woman didſt thou ſo?
Ad. No, my good Lord. My ſelfe, he, and my Siſter,
To day did dine together: ſo befall my ſoule,
As this is falſe he burthens me withall.
Luc. Ne're may I looke on day, nor ſleepe on night,
But ſhe tels to your Highneſſe ſimple truth.
Gold. O perjur'd woman! They are both forſworne,
In this the Mad man juſtly chargeth them.
E.Ant. My Liege, I am adviſed what I ſay,
Neither diſturbed with the effect of Wine,
Nor heady-raſh provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiſer mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That Goldſmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witneſſe it: for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to goe fetch a Chaine,
Promiſing to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where *Balthaſar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not comming thither,
I went to ſeeke him. In the ſtreet I met him,
And in his company that Gentleman.
There did this perjur'd Goldſmith ſweare me downe,
That I this day from him receiv'd the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I ſaw not. For the which,
He did arreſt me with an Officer.
I did obey, and ſent my Peſant home
For certaine Duckets: he with none return'd.
Then fairely I beſpoke the Officer
To goe in perſon with me to my houſe.
By'th'way, we met my wife, her ſiſter, and a rabble more
Of vilde Confederates: Along with them
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine;
A meere Anatomy, a Mountebanke,
A thred-bare Iugler, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy-hollow-ey'd-ſharpe-looking-wretch;
A living dead man. This pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth tooke on him as a Conjurer:
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no-face (as t'were) out-facing me,
Cryes out, I was poſſeſt. Then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a darke and dankiſh vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds aſunder,
I gain'd my freedome; and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace, whom I beſeech
To give me ample ſatisfaction
For theſe deepe ſhames, and great indignities.
Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus farre I witneſſe with him:
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he ſuch a Chaine of thee, or no?
Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in here,
Theſe people ſaw the Chaine about his necke.
Mer. Beſides, I will be ſworne theſe eares of mine,
Heard you confeſſe you had the Chaine of him,
After you firſt forſwore it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my ſword on you:
And then you fled into this Abbey here,
From whence I thinke you are come by miracle.
E.Ant. I never came within theſe Abbey wals,
Nor ever didſt thou draw thy ſword on me:
I never ſaw the Chaine, ſo helpe me heaven:
And this is falſe you burthen me withall.
Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this?
I thinke you all have drunke of *Circes* Cup:
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been.
If he were mad he would not pleade ſo coldly:
You ſay he din'd at home, the Goldſmith here
Denies that ſaying. Sirra, what ſay you?
E.Dro. Sir hee din'd with her there, at the Porpentine.
Cur. He did, and from my finger ſnatcht that Ring.
E.Ant. Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the Abbey heere?
Curt. As ſure (my Leige) as I doe ſee your Grace.
Duke. Why this is ſtrange: Goe call the Abbeſſe hither.
I thinke you are all mated, or ſtarke made.

Exit one to the Abbeſſe.

Fa. Moſt mighty Duke, vouchſafe me ſpeake a word:
Haply I ſee a friend will ſave my life,
And pay the ſumme that may deliver me.
Duke. Speake freely *Syracuſan* what thou wilt.
Fath. Is not your name ſir call'd *Antipholis*?
And is not that your bondman *Dromio*?
E.Dro. Within this houre I was his bondman ſir,
But he I thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man, unbound.
Fath. I am ſure both of you remember me.
Dro. Our ſelves we doe remember ſir by you:
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not *Pinches* Patient, are you ſir?
Father. Why looke you ſtrange on me? you know me well.
E, Ant. I never ſaw you in my life till now.
Fa. Oh! griefe hath chang'd me ſince you ſaw me laſt,
And carefull houres with times deformed hand,
Have written ſtrange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, doſt thou not know my voyce?
Ant. Neither.
Fat. *Dromio*, nor thou.
Dro. No truſt me ſir, nor I.
Fat. I am ſure thou doſt?
E.Dromio. I ſir, but I am ſure I doe not, and whatſoever a man denies, you are now bound to beleeve him.
Fat. Not know my voyce! oh times extremity,
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poore tongue
In ſeven ſhort yeares, that here my onely ſonne
Knowes not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming Winters drizled ſnow,
And all the Conduits of my blood froze up:
Yet hath my night of life ſome memorie:
My waſting lampes ſome fading glimmer left;
My dull deafe eares a little uſe to heare:
All theſe old witneſſes, I cannot erre.
Tell me, thou art my ſonne *Antipholis*.
Ant. I never ſaw my Father in my life.
Fa. But ſeven yeares ſince, in *Syracuſa* Boy,
Thou know'ſt we parted, but perhaps my ſonne,
Thou ſham'ſt to acknowledge me in miſery.
Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can witneſſe with me that it is not ſo,
I ne're ſaw *Siracuſa* in my life.
Duke. I tell thee *Siracuſan*, twenty yeares
Have I been Patron to *Antipholis*,
During which time he ne're ſaw *Syracuſa*:
I ſee thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbeſſe with Antipholis Siracuſan,
and Dromio Sir.

Abbeſſe. Moſt mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

All gather to ſee them.

Adr. I ſee two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of theſe men is *genius* to the other:
And ſo of theſe, which is the naturall man,
And which the ſpirit? Who deciphers them?
S.Dromio. I Sir am *Dromio*, command him away.
E.Dro. I Sir am *Dromio*, pray let me ſtay.
S.Ant. *Egeon* art thou not? or elſe his ghoſt.
S. Drom. Oh my old Maſter, who hath bound him heere?
Abb. Who ever bound him, I will looſe his bonds,
And gaine a husband by his liberty:
Speake old *Egeon*, if thou bee'ſt the man
That had'ſt a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
That bore thee at a burthen two faire ſonnes?
Oh if thou bee'ſt the ſame *Egeon*, ſpeake:
And ſpeake unto the ſame *Æmilia*.
Duke. Why heere begins his Morning ſtory right:
Theſe two *Antipholis*, theſe two ſo like,
And thoſe two *Dromio's*, one in ſemblance:
Beſides her urging of her wracke at ſea,
Theſe are the Parents to theſe children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Fat. If I dreame not, thou art *Æmilia*,
If thou art ſhe, tell me, where is that ſonne
That floated with thee on the fatall rafte.
Abb. By men of *Epidamium*, he, and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;
But by and by, rude Fiſhermen of *Corinth*
By force tooke *Dromio*, and my ſonne from them,
And me they left with thoſe of *Epidamium*.
What then became of them, I cannot tell:
I, to this fortune that you ſee me in.
Duke. *Antipholis* thou cam'ſt from *Corinth* firſt.
S.Ant. No ſir, not I, I came from *Siracuſe*.
Duke. Stay, ſtand apart, I know not which is which.
E. Ant. I came from *Corinth* my moſt gracious Lord.
E.Dro. And I with him.
E. Ant. Brought to this Towne by that moſt famous Warriour,
Duke *Menaphon*, your moſt renowned Vncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?
S.Ant. I, gentle Miſtris.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
E. Ant. No, I ſay nay to that.
S. Ant. And ſo doe I, yet did ſhe call me ſo:
And this faire Gentlewoman here
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I ſhall have leiſure to make good,
If this be not a dreame I ſee and heare.
Goldſmith. That is the Chaine ſir, which you had of mee.
S. Ant. I thinke it be ſir, I deny it not.
E, Ant. And you ſir for this Chaine arreſted me.
Gold. I thinke I did ſir, I deny it not.
Adr. I ſent you money ſir to be your baile
By *Dromio*, but I thinke he brought it not.
E.Dro. No, none by me.
S.Ant. This purſe of Duckets I receiv'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:
I ſee wee ſtill did meet each others man,
And I was tane for him, and he for me,
And thereupon theſe errors are aroſe.
E.Ant. Theſe Duckets pawne I for my Father here.
Duke. It ſhall not need, thy father hath his life.
Cur. Sir I muſt have that Diamond from you.
E. Ant. There take it, and much thankes for my good cheere.
Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchſafe to take the paines
To goe with us into the Abbey here,
And heare at large diſcourſed all our fortunes,
And all that are aſſembled in this place:
That by this ſimpathized one dayes error,
Have ſuffered wrong. Goe, keepe us company.

And we ſhall make full ſatisfaction.
Thirty three yeares have I beene gone in travell
Of you my ſonnes, and till this preſent houre
My heavy burthens are delivered:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Nativity,
Goe to a Goſſips feaſt, and goe with me,
After ſo long griefe ſuch Nativity.

Duke. With all my heart, Ile Goſſip at this feaſt.

Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and two Brothers.

S.Dro. Maſt. ſhall I fetch your ſtuffe from ſhipboord?

E.An. *Dromio*, what ſtuffe of mine haſt thou imbark'd.

S.Dro. Your goods that lay at hoſt ſir in the Centaur.

S.Ant. He ſpeakes to me, I am your Maſter *Dromio.*
Come, goe with us, we'll looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, rejoyce with him. *Exit.*

S.Dro. There is a fat friend at your Maſters houſe,
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:
She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife.

E.D. Me thinkes you are my glaſſe, and not my brother:
I ſee by you, I am a ſweet fac'd youth,
Will you walke in to ſee their Goſſipping?

S.Dro. Not I ſir, you are my Elder.

E.Dro. That's a queſtion, how ſhall I try it.

S.Dro. Wee'll draw Cuts for the Signior, till then, leade thou firſt.

E.Dro. Nay then thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's goe hand in hand, not one before another.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

Much adoe about Nothing.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Leonato Governour of Meſſina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a Meſſenger.

Leonato.

I Learne in this Letter, that *Don Peter* of *Arragon* comes this night to *Meſſina.*

Meſſ. He is very neere by this: he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen have you loſt in this action?

Meſ. But few of any ſort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice it ſelfe, when the atchiever brings home full numbers: I find heere, that *Don Peter* hath beſtowed much honour on a yong *Florentine*, called *Claudio.*

Meſ. Much deſerv'd on his part, and equally remembred by Don *Pedro*, he hath borne himſelfe beyond the promiſe of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feates of a Lyon, he hath indeed better bettred expectation, than you muſt expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an Vnckle here in *Meſſina*, will be very much glad of it.

Meſ. I have already delivered him Letters, and there appeares much joy in him, even ſo much that joy could not ſhew it ſelfe modeſt enough, without a badge of bitterneſſe.

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Meſ. In great meaſure.

Leo. A kinde overflow of kindeneſſe: there are no faces truer, then thoſe that are ſo waſh'd, how much better is it to weepe at joy, then to joy at weeping?

Bea. I pray you, is Signior *Mountanto* return'd from the warres, or no?

Meſ. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none ſuch in the Army of any ſort.

Leo. What is he that you aske for Neece?

Hero. My Couſin meanes Signior *Benedicke* of *Padua.*

Meſ. O he's return'd, and as pleaſant as ever he was.

Beat. He ſet up his bils heere in *Meſſina*, and challeng'd Cupid at the Flight: and my Vncles foole reading the Challenge, ſubſcrib'd for Cupid, and Challeng'd him at the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath hee kill'd and eaten in theſe warres? But how many hath he kill'd? for indeed, I promis'd to eate all of his killing.

Leon. 'Faith Neece, you taxe Signior *Benedicke* too much, but hee'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Meſ. He hath done good ſervice Lady in thoſe wars.

Meſ. You had muſty victuall, and hee hath holpe to eate it: hee's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent ſtomacke.

Meſ. And a good ſouldier too Lady.

Beat. And a good ſouldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

Meſ. A Lord to a Lord, a Man to a Man, ſtuft with all honourable vertues.

Beat. It is ſo indeed, he is no leſſe then a ſtuft man: but for the ſtuffing well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You muſt not (ſir) miſtake my Neece, there is a kinde of merry War betwixt Signior *Benedicke* and her: they never meet, but there's a skirmiſh of wit betweene them.

Bea. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our laſt conflict, foure of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: ſo that if hee have wit enough to keepe himſelfe warme, let him beare it for a difference betweene himſelfe and his horſe: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reaſonable creature. Who is his Companion now? He hath every month a new ſworne brother.

Meſ. I'st poſſible?

Beat. Very eaſily poſſible: he weares his faith but as the faſhion of his hat, it ever changes with the next blocke.

Meſ. I ſee (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your bookes.

Beat. No, and he were, I would burne my ſtudy. But I pray you who is his companion? Is there no young ſquarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the Divell?

Meſ. He is moſt in the company of the right noble *Clandio.*

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a diſeaſe: he is ſooner caught then the Peſtilence, and the taker runnes preſently madde. God helpe the noble *Claudio*, if he have caught the *Benedicke*, it will coſt him a thouſand pound ere it be cur'd.

Meſ. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Beat. Doe good friend.

Leo. You'll ne're run mad Neece.

Bea. No, not till a hot Ianuary.

Meſ. *Don Pedro* is approach'd.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balthazar, and Iohn the baſtard.

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meete your trouble: the faſhion of the world is to avoyd coſt, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my houſe in the likeneſſe of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort ſhould remaine: but when you depart from me, ſorrow abides, and happineſſe takes his leave.

Pedro. You imbrace your charge more willingly: I thinke this is your daughter.

Leo. Her mother hath many times told me ſo.

Ben. Were you in doubt that you askt her?

Leo. Signior *Benedicke*, no, for then were you a childe.

Pedro. You have it full *Benedicke*, wee may gheſſe by this, what you are, being a man, truely the Lady fathers her ſelfe: be happy Lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Ben. If Signior *Leonato* be her Father, ſhee would not have his head on her ſhoulders for all *Meſsina*, as like him as ſhe is.

Beat. I wonder that you will ſtill be talking, Signior *Benedicke*, no body markes you.

Ben. What my deare Lady Diſdaine! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it poſſible Diſdaine ſhould die, while ſhee hath ſuch meet food to feed it, as Signior *Benedicke*? Courteſie it ſelfe muſt convert to Diſdaine, if you come in her preſence.

Bene. Then is Courteſie a turne-coat, but it is certaine I am loved of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truely I love none.

Beat. A deere happineſſe to women, they would elſe have beene troubled with a pernicious Sutor, I thanke God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare my Dog barke at a Crow, then a man ſweare he loves me.

Ben. God keepe your Ladiſhip ſtill in that minde, ſo ſome Gentleman or other ſhall ſcape a Predeſtinate ſcratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worſe, and 'twere ſuch a face as yours were.

Ben. Well, you are a rare Parrat-teacher.

Beat. A Bird of my tongue, is better then a beaſt of yours.

Ben. I would my horſe had the ſpeed of your tongue, and ſo good a continuer, but keepe your way a Gods name, I have done.

Beat. You alwayes end with a Iades tricke, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the ſumme of all: *Leonato*, Signior *Claudio*, and Signior *Benedicke*; my deare friend *Leonato*, hath invited you all, I tell him we ſhall ſtay here, at the leaſt a moneth, and he heartily prayes ſome occaſion may detaine us longer: I dare ſweare hee is no hypocrite, but prayes from his heart.

Leon. If you ſweare, my Lord, you ſhall not bee forſworne, let me bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all dutie.

Iohn. I thanke you, I am not of many words, but I thanke you.

Leon. Pleaſe it your Grace leade on?

Pedro. Your hand *Leonato*, we will goe together.

Exeunt. Manet Benedicke and Claudio.

Clau. *Benedicke*, didſt thou note the daughter of Signior *Leonato*?

Ben. I noted her not, but I lookt on her.

Clau. Is ſhe not a modeſt yong Ladie?

Ben. Doe you queſtion me as an honeſt man ſhould doe, for my ſimple true judgement? or would you have me ſpeake after my cuſtome, as being a profeſſed tyrant to their ſexe?

Clau. No, I prethee ſpeake in ſober judgement.

Ben. Why yfaith me thinkes ſhee's too low for a hie praiſe, too browne for a faire praiſe, and too little for a great praiſe, onely this commendation I can affoord her, that were ſhe other than ſhe is, ſhee were unhandſome, and being no other but as ſhe is, I doe not like her.

Clau. Thou think'ſt I am in ſport, I pray thee tell mee truely how thou lik'ſt her.

Ben. Would you buy her, that you enquier after her?

Clau. Can the world buy ſuch a Iewell?

Ben. Yea, and a caſe to put it into, but ſpeake you this with a ſad brow? Or doe you play the flowting Iacke, to tell us Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Come, in what Key ſhall a man take you to goe in the ſong?

Clau. In mine eye, ſhe is the ſweeteſt Ladie that ever I lookt on.

Ben. I can ſee yet without Spectacles, and I ſee no ſuch matter: there's her Coſin, and ſhe were not poſſeſt with a fury, exceedes her as much in beautie, as the firſt of May doth the laſt of December: but I hope you have no intent to turne husband, have you?

Clau. I would ſcarce truſt my ſelfe, though I had ſworne the contrary, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Ben. Iſt come to this? in faith hath not the world one man but he will weare his cap with ſuſpition? ſhall I never ſee a Batchellor of threeſcore againe? goe to yfaith, and thou wilt needes thruſt thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and ſigh away ſundayes: looke *Don Pedro* is returned to ſeeke you.

Enter Don Pedro, Iohn the Baſtard.

Pedr. What ſecret hath held you here, that you followed not to *Leonatoes*?

Bened. I would your Grace would conſtraine mee to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegeance.

Ben. You heare, Count *Claudio*, I can be ſecret as a dumbe man, I would have you thinke ſo (but on my allegeance, marke you this, on my allegeance) hee is in love, With whom? now that is your Graces part: marke how ſhort his anſwer is, with *Hero*, *Leonatoes* ſhort daughter.

Clau. If this were ſo, ſo were it uttred.

Ben. Like the old Tale, my Lord, it is not ſo, nor 'twas not ſo: but indeed, God forbid it ſhould be ſo.

Clau. If my paſſion change not ſhortly, God forbid it ſhould be otherwiſe.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Lady is very well worthy.

Clau. You ſpeake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth I ſpeake my thought.

Clau. And in faith, my Lord, I ſpoke mine.

Ben. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I ſpeake mine.

Clau. That I love her, I feele.

Ped. That ſhe is worthy, I know.

Ben. That I neither feele how ſhee ſhould bee loved, nor know how ſhe ſhould be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I wil die in it at the ſtake.

Ped. Thou waſt ever an obſtinate Heretique in the deſpight of Beauty.

Clau. And never could maintaine his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thanke her: that ſhe brought me up, I likewiſe give her moſt humble thankes: but that I will have a rechate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an inviſible baldricke, all women ſhall pardon me: becauſe I will not doe them the wrong to miſtruſt any, I will doe my ſelfe the right to truſt none: and the fine is, (for the which I may goe the finer) I will live a Batchellor.

Pedro. I ſhall ſee thee ere I dye, looke pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with ſickeneſſe, or with hunger, my lord, not with love: prove that ever I looſe more blood with love, then I will get againe with drinking, picke out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers penne, and hang me up at the doore of a brothel-houſe for the ſigne of blind Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dooſt fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I doe, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, and ſhoot at me, and he that hit's me, let him be clapt on the ſhoulder, and cal'd *Adam.*

Pedro. Well, as time ſhall try: In time the ſavage Bull doth beare the yoake.

Bene. The ſavage bull may, but if ever the ſenſible *Benedicke* beare it, plucke off the bulles hornes, and ſet them in my forehead, and let me be vildely painted, and in ſuch great Letters as they write, heere is good horſe to hire: let them ſignifie under my ſigne, here you may ſee *Benedicke* the married man.

Clau. If this ſhould ever happen, thou wouldſt bee horne mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not ſpent all his Quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Bene. I looke for an earth quake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the houres, in the meane time, good Signior *Benedicke*, repaire to *Leonatoes*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not faile him at ſupper, for indeed he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almoſt matter enough in me for ſuch an Embaſſage, and ſo I commit you.

Clau. To the tuition of God. From my houſe, if I had it.

Pedro. The ſixt of *Iuly*. Your loving friend, *Benedicke*.

Bene. Nay mocke not, mocke not; the body of your diſcourſe is ſometime guarded with fragments, and the guardes are but ſlightly baſted on neither, ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conſcience, and ſo I leave you. *Exit.*

Clau. My Leige, your Highneſſe now may doe mee good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learne
Any hard Leſſon that may doe thee good.

Clau. Hath *Leonato* any ſonne my lord?

Pedro. No child but *Hero*, ſhe's his onely heire.
Doſt thou affect her *Claudio*?

Clau. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a ſouldiers eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher taske in hand,
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that warre-thoughts
Have left their places vacant: in their roomes,
Come thronging ſoft and delicate deſires,
All prompting me how faire yong *Hero* is,
Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warres.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover preſently,
And tire the hearer with a booke of words:
If thou doſt love faire *Hero*, cheriſh it,
And I will breake with her: waſt not to this end,
That thov beganſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtory?

Clau. How ſweetly doe you miniſter to love,
That know loves griefe by his complexion!
But leſt my liking might too ſodaine ſeeme,
I would have ſalu'd it with a longer treatiſe.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broder then the
The faireſt grant is the neceſſity: (flood?
Looke what will ſerve, is fit: 'tis once, thou loveſt,
And I will fit thee with the remedy,
I know we ſhall have revelling to night,
I will aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell faire *Hero* I am *Claudio*,
And in her boſome Ile unclaſpe my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force
And ſtrong incounter of my amorous tale:
Then after, to her father will I breake,
And the concluſion is, ſhe ſhall be thine,
In practiſe let us put it preſently. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leonato and an old man, brother to Leonato.

Leo. How now brother, where is my coſen your ſon: hath he provided this muſicke?

Old. He is very buſie about it, but brother, I can tell you newes that you yet dreamt not of.

Lo. Are they good?

Old. As the event ſtampes them, but they have a good cover: they ſhew well outward: the Prince and Count *Claudio* walking in a thicke pleached alley in my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine: the Prince diſcovered to *Claudio* that he loved my neece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance, and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the preſent time by the top, and inſtantly breake with you of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Old. A good ſharpe fellow, I will ſend for him, and queſtion him your ſelfe.

Leo. No, no: we will hold it as a dreame, till it appeare it ſelfe: but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that ſhe may be the better prepared for anſwer, if peradventure this be true: goe you and tell her of it: coſins, you know what you have to doe, O I cry you mercy friend, goe you with me and I will uſe your skill, good coſin have a care this buſie time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Iohn the Baſtard, and Conrade his companion.

Con. What the good yeere my Lord, why are you thus out of meaſure ſad?

Iohn. There is no meaſure in the occaſion that breeds, therefore the ſadneſſe is without limit.

Con. You ſhould heare reaſon.

Iohn. And when I have heard it, what bleſſing bringeth it?

Con. If not a preſent remedy, yet a patient ſufferance.

Iob. I wonder that thou (being as thou ſaiſt thou art, borne under *Saturne*) goeſt about to apply a mortall medicine, to a mortifying miſcheife: I cannot hide what I am: I muſt be ſad when I have cauſe, and ſmile at no mans jeſts; eate when I have ſtomacke, and wait for no mans leiſure: ſleepe when I am drowſie, and tend on no mans buſineſſe; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you muſt not make the fulll ſhow of this till you may doe it without controllment, you have of late ſtood out againſt your brother, and he hath tane you newly into his grace, where it is impoſſible you ſhould take root, but by the faire weather that you make your ſelfe, it is needfull that you frame the ſeaſon for your owne harveſt.

Iohn. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a roſe in his grace, and it better fits my bloud to be diſdain'd of all, then to faſhion a carriage to rob love from any: in this (though I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man) it muſt not be denyed but I am a plaine dealing villaine, I am truſted with a muſſell, and enfranchiſde with a clog, therefore I have decreed, not to ſing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meane time, let me be that I am, and ſeeke not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no uſe of your diſcontent?

Iohn. I will make all uſe of it, for I uſe it onely. Who comes heere? what newes *Borachio*?

Enter Borachio.

Bor. I came yonder from a great ſupper, the Prince your brother is royally entertained by *Leonato*, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

Iohn. Will it ſerve for any Modell to build miſcheiſe on? What is he for a foole that betrothes himſelfe to unquietneſſe?

Bor. Marry it is your brothers right hand.

Iohn. Who, the moſt exquiſite *Claudio*?

Bor. Even he.

Iohn. A proper ſquier, and who, and who, which way lookes he?

Bor. Marry on *Hero*, the daughter and Heire of *Leonato*.

Iohn. A very forward March-chicke, how come you to this?

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was ſmoaking a muſty roome, comes me the Prince and *Claudio*, hand in hand in ſad conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince ſhould wooe *Hero* for himſelfe, and having obtained'd her, give her to Count *Claudio*.

Iohn. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food to my diſpleaſure, that young ſtart-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can croſſe him any way, I bleſſe my ſelfe every way; you are both ſure, and will aſſiſt me?

Conr. To the death my Lord.

Iohn. Let us to the great ſupper, their cheere is the greater that I am ſubdued, would the Cooke were of my mind: ſhall we goe prove what's to be done?

Bor. We'll wait upon your Lordſhip.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, and a kinſman.

Leona. Was not Count *Iohn* here at ſupper?

Brot. I ſaw him not.

Beat. How tartly that Gentleman lookes, I never can ſee him, but I am heart-burn'd an houre after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made juſt in the mid-way betweene him and *Benedicke*, the one is too like an image and ſayes nothing, and the other too like my Ladies eldeſt ſonne, evermore tatling.

Leon. Then halfe Signior *Benedickes* tongue in Count *Iohns* mouth, and halfe Count *Iohns* melancholy in Signior *Benedickes* face——.

Beat. With a good legge, and a good foot unckle, and money enough in his purſe, ſuch a man would winne any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth Neece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be ſo ſhrewd of thy tongue.

Brot. Infaith ſhe's too curſt.

Beat. Too curſt is more then curſt, I ſhall leſſen Gods ſending that way: for it is ſaid, God ſends a curſt Cow ſhort hornes, but to a Cow too curſt he ſends none.

Leon. So, by being too curſt, God will ſend you no hornes.

Beat. Iuſt, if he ſend me no husband, for the which bleſſing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lye in the woollen.

Leona. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What ſhould I doe with him? dreſſe him in my apparell, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? he that hath a beard, is more then a youth: and he that hath no beard, is leſſe then a man: and he that is more then a youth, is not for me: and he that is leſſe then a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take ſixepence in earneſt of the Berrord, and leade his Apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, goe you into hell.

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the Devill meete me like an old Cuckold with hornes on his head, and ſay, get you to heaven *Beatrice*, get you to heaven, heere's no place for you maids, ſo deliver I up my Apes, and away to Saint *Peter*: for the heavens, he ſhewes me where the Batchellers ſit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Brot. Well neece, I truſt you will be rul'd by your father.

Beat. Yes faith, it is my coſens duty to make curtſie, and ſay, as it pleaſe you: but yet for all that coſin, let him be a handſome fellow, or elſe make an other curtſie, and ſay, father, as it pleaſes me.

Leon. Well neece, I hope to ſee you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of ſome other mettall then earth, would it not grieve a woman to be overmaſtred with a peece of valiant duſt? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marle? no uncle, ile none: *Adams* ſonnes are my brethren, and truly I hold it a ſinne to match in my kinred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you, if the Prince doe ſolicit you in that kind, you know your anſwer.

Beat. The fault will be in the muſicke coſin, if you be not wood in good time: if the Prince be too important, tell him there is meaſure in every thing, and ſo dance out the anſwer, for heare me *Hero*, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jigge, a meaſure, and a cinquepace: the firſt ſuite is hot and haſty like a Scotch jigge (and full as fantaſticall) the wedding mannerly modeſt, (as a meaſure) ful of ſtate and aunchentry, and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinquepace faſter and faſter, till he ſinkes into his grave.

Leonata. Coſin you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

Beatrice. I have a good eye unckle, I can ſee a Church by day light.

Leon. The revellers are entring brother, make good roome.

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthaſar, or dumbe Iohn, Maskers with a drum.

Pedro. Lady, will you walke about with your friend?

Hero. So you walke ſoftly, and looke ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the walke, and eſpecially when I walke away.

Pedro, With me in your company.

Hero. I may ſay ſo when I pleaſe.

Pedro. And when pleaſe you to ſay ſo?

Hero. When I like your favour, for God defend the Lute ſhould be like the caſe.

Pedro. My viſor is *Philemons* roofe, within the houſe is love.

Hero. Why then your viſor ſhould be thatcht.

Pedro. Speake low if you ſpeake Love.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Mar. So would not I for your owne ſake, for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Mar. I ſay my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Mar. God match me with a good dancer.

Balt. Amen.

Mar. And God keepe him out of my ſight when the dance is done: anſwer Clarke.

Balt. No more words, the Clarke is anſwered.

Vrſula. I know you well enough, you are Signior *Anthonio.*

Anth. At a word, I am not.

Vrſula. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Anth. To tell you true, I counterfet him.

Vrſu. You could never doe him ſo ill well, unleſſe you were the very man: here's his dry hand up and downe, you are he, you are he.

Antho. At a word I am not.

Vrſula. Come, come, doe you thinke I doe not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it ſelfe? goe to, mumme, you are he, graces will appeare, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you ſo?

Bene. No, you ſhall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was diſdainefull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Signior *Benedicke* that ſaid ſo.

Bene. What's he?

I am ſure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, beleve me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?

Beat. Why he is the Princes jeaſter, a very dull foole, onely his gift is, in deviſing impoſſible ſlanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany, for hee both pleaſeth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him; I am ſure he is in the Fleet, I would he had boorded me.

Bene. When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what you ſay.

Beat. Doe, doe, hee'l but breake a compariſon or two on me, which peradventure (not markt, or not laugh'd at) ſtrikes him into melancholly, and then there's a Partridge wing ſaved, for the foole will eate no ſupper that night. We muſt follow the Leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Bea. Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. *Exeunt.*

Muſicke for the dance.

Iohn. Sure my brother is amorous on *Hero,* and hath withdrawne her father to breake with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one viſor remaines.

Bora. And that is *Claudio,* I know him by his bearing.

Iohn. Are not you ſignior *Benedicke*?

Clau. You know me well, I am hee.

Iohn. Signior, you are very neere my brother in his love, he is enamor'd on *Hero,* I pray you diſſwade him from her, ſhe is no equall for his birth: you may doe the part of an honeſt man in it.

Clau. How know you he loves her?

Iohn. I heard him ſweare his affection.

Bora. So did I too, and he ſwore he would marry her to night.

Iohn. Come, let us to the banquet. *Exit. manet. Clau.*

Clau. Thus anſwer I in name of *Benedicke,*
But heare theſe ill newes with the eares of *Claudio:*
'Tis certaine ſo, the Prince wooes for himſelfe:
Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Save in the Office and affaires of love:
Therefore all hearts in love uſe their owne tongues,
Let every eye negotiate for it ſelfe,
And truſt no Agent: for beauty is a witch,
Againſt whoſe charmes, faith melteth into blood:
This is an accident of hourely proofe,
Which I miſtruſted not. Farewell therefore *Hero.*

Enter Benedicke.

Bene. Count *Claudio.*

Clau. Yea the ſame.

Bene. Come, will you goe with me?

Clau. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next Willow, about your owne buſineſſe, Count. What faſhion will you weare the Garland off? About your necke, like an Vſurers chaine? Or under your arme, like a Lieutenants ſcarfe? You muſt weare it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero.*

Clau. I wiſh him joy of her.

Bene. Why that's ſpoken like an honeſt Drovier, ſo they ſell Bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince would have ſerved you thus?

Clau. I pray you leave me.

Bene. Ho no! you ſtrike like the blindman, 'twas the boy that ſtole your meate, and you'll beat the poſt.

Clau. If it will not be, Ile leave you. *Exit.*

Bene. Alas poore hurt ſoule, now will he creepe into ſedges: but that my Lady *Beatrice* ſhould know me, and not know mee: the Princes foole! Ha? It may be I goe under that title, becauſe I am merry: you but ſo I am apt to doe my ſelfe wrong: I am not ſo reputed, it is the baſe (though bitter) diſpoſition of *Beatrice,* that put's the world into her perſon, and ſo gives me out: well, Ile be revenged as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, did you ſee him?

Ben.

Bene. Troth my Lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame, I found him heere as melancholly as a Lodge in a Warren, I told him, and I thinke, told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young Lady, and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forſaken, or to bind him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt, what's his fault?

Bene. The flat tranſgreſſion of a Schoole-boy, who being over-joyed with finding a birds neſt, ſhewes it his companion, and he ſteales it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a truſt, a tranſgreſſion? the tranſgreſſion is in the ſtealer.

Bene. Yet it had not beene amiſſe the rod had beene made, and the garland too, for the garland he might have worne himſelfe, and the rod he might have beſtowed on you, who (as I take it) have ſtolne his birds neſt.

Pedro. I will but teach them to ſing, and reſtore them to the owner.

Bene. If their ſinging anſwer your ſaying, by my faith you ſay honeſtly.

Pedro. The Lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrell to you, the Gentleman that danſt with her, told her ſhe is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O ſhe miſuſde me paſt the indurance of a blocke: an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would have anſwered her: my very viſor began to aſſume life, and ſcold with her: ſhe told mee, not thinking I had beene my ſelfe, that I was the Princes Ieſter, and that I was duller then a great thaw, hudling jeſt upon jeſt, with ſuch impoſſible conveiance upon me, that I ſtood like a man at a marke, with a whole army ſhooting at me: ſhe ſpeakes poynyards, and every word ſtabbes: if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no living neere her, ſhe would infect to the north ſtarre: I would not marry her, though ſhe were indowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he tranſgreſt, ſhe would have made *Hercules* have turnd ſpit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you ſhall find her the infernall Ate in good apparell. I would to God ſome ſcholler would conjure her, for certainely while ſhe is heere, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a ſanctuary, and people ſinne upon purpoſe, becauſe they would goe thither, ſo indeed all diſquiet, horror, and perturbation followes her.

Enter Claudio, and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.

Pedro. Looke heere ſhe comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any ſervice to the worlds end? I will goe on the ſlighteſt arrand now to the Antypodes that you can deviſe to ſend me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furtheſt inch of Aſia: bring you the length of *Preſter Iohns* foot: fetch you a haire off the great *Chams* beard: doe you any embaſſage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words conference, with this Harpy: you have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to deſire your good company.

Bene. O God ſir, heeres a diſh I love not, I cannot indure this Ladyes tongue. *Exit.*

Pedro. Come Lady, come, you have loſt the heart of Signior *Benedicke*.

Beat. Indeed my lord, he lent it me a while, and I gave him uſe for it, a double heart for a ſingle one, marry once before he wonne it of me, with falſe dice, therefore your Grace may well ſay I have loſt it.

Pedro. You have put him downe Lady, you have put him downe.

Beat. So I would not he ſhould doe me, my lord, leſt I ſhould proove the mother of fooles: I have brought Count *Claudio*, whom you ſent me to ſeeke.

Pedro. Why how now Count, wherefore are you ſad?

Clau. Not ſad my lord.

Pedro. How then? ſicke?

Clau. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The Count is neither ſad, nor ſicke, nor merry, nor well: but civill Count, civill as an Orange, and ſomething of a jealous complexion.

Pedro. Ifaith Lady, I thinke your blazon to be true, though I be ſworne, if he bee ſo, his conceit is falſe: heere *Claudio*, I have wooed in thy name, and faire *Hero* is won, I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Leona. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace ſay, Amen to it.

Beat. Speake Count, tis your Qu.

Clau. Silence is the perfecteſt Herault of joy, I were but little happy if I could ſay, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I give away my ſelfe for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speake coſin, or (if you cannot) ſtop his mouth with a kiſſe, and let not him ſpeake neither.

Pedro. Infaith Lady you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea my lord I thanke it, poore foole it keepes on the windy ſide of care, my coſin tells him in his eare that he is in my heart.

Clau. And ſo ſhe doth coſin.

Beat. Good lord for alliance: thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am ſun-burn'd, I may ſit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your fathers getting: hath your Grace ne're a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Prince. Will you have me? Lady.

Beat. No, my lord, unleſſe I might have another for working-dayes, your Grace is too coſtly to weare every day: but I beſeech your Grace pardon me, I was borne to ſpeake all mirth, and no matter.

Prince. Your ſilence moſt offends me, and to be merry, beſt becomes you, for out of queſtion, you were borne in a merry houre.

Beat. No ſure my lord, my mother cryed, but then there was a ſtarre danſt, and under that was I borne: coſins God give you joy.

Leona. Neece, will you looke to thoſe things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy Vncle, by your Graces pardon. *Exit Beatrice.*

Prince. By my troth a pleaſant ſpirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her my lord, ſhe is never ſad, but when ſhe ſleepes, and not ever ſad then: for I have heard my daughter ſay, ſhe hath often dreamt of unhappineſſe, and wakt her ſelfe with laughing.

Pedro. Shee cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no meanes, ſhe mockes all her wooers out of ſuite.

Prince. She were an excellent wife for *Benedicke*.

Leona. O lord, my lord, if they were but a weeke married, maried, they would talke themſelves mad.

Prince. Count *Claudio*, when meane you to goe to Church?

Clau. To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches, till Love have all his rites.

Leona. Not till monday, my deare ſonne, which is hence a juſt ſeven night, and a time too briefe too, to have all things anſwer mind.

Prince. Come, you ſhake the head at ſo long a breathing, but I warrant thee *Claudio*, the time ſhall not goe dully by us, I will in the *interim*, undertake one of *Hercules* labours, which is, to bring Signior *Benedicke* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountaine of affection, th'one with th'other, I would faine have it a match, and I doubt not but to faſhion it, if you three will but miniſter ſuch aſſiſtance as I ſhall give you direction.

Leona. My lord, I am for you, though it coſt me ten nights watchings.

Clau. And I my lord.

Prin. And you too gentle *Hero*?

Hero. I will doe any modeſt office, my lord, to helpe my coſin to a good husband.

Prin. And *Benedicke* is not the unhopefulleſt husband that I know: thus farre can I praiſe him, he is of a noble ſtraine, of approved valour, and confirm'd honeſty. I will teach you how to humour your coſin, that ſhe ſhall fall in love with *Benedicke*, and I, with your two helpes, will ſo practiſe on *Benedicke*, that in deſpight of his quicke wit, and his queaſie ſtomacke, he ſhall fall in love with *Beatrice*: if we can doe this, *Cupid* is no longer an Archer, his glory ſhall be ours, for we are the onely love-gods, goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iohn and Borachio.

Ioh. It is ſo, the Count *Claudio* ſhall marry the daughter of *Leonato*.

Bora. Yea my lord, but I can croſſe it.

Iohn. Any barre, any croſſe, any impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am ſicke in diſpleaſure to him, and whatſoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine, how canſt thou croſſe this marriage?

Bor. Not honeſtly my lord, but ſo covertly, that no diſhoneſty ſhall appeare in me,

Ioh. Shew me briefely how.

Bor. I thinke I told your lordſhip a yeere ſince, how much I am in the favour of *Margaret*, the waiting gentlewoman to *Hero*.

Iohn. I remember.

Bor. I can at any unſeaſonable inſtant of the night, appoint her to looke out at her Ladies chamber window.

Iohn. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bor. The poyſon of that lyes in you to temper, goe you to the Prince your brother, ſpare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned *Claudio*, whoſe eſtimation doe you mightily hold up, to a contaminated ſtale, ſuch a one as *Hero*.

Iohn. What proofe ſhall I make of that?

Bor. Proofe enough, to miſuſe the Prince, to vexe *Claudio*, to undoe *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*, looke you for any other iſſue?

Iohn. Onely to deſpight them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bor. Goe then, find me a meete houre, to draw on *Pedro* and the Count *Claudio* alone, tell them that you know that *Hero* loves me, intend a kind of zeale both to the Prince and *Claudio* (as in a love of your brothers honor who hath made this match) and his friends reputation, who is thus like to be coſen'd with the ſemblance of a maid, that you have diſcover'd thus: they will ſcarcely beleeve this without triall: offer them inſtances which ſhall beare no leſſe likelyehood, than to ſee me at her chamber window, heare me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; heare *Margaret* terme me *Claudio*, and bring them to ſee this the very night before the intended wedding, for in the meane time, I will ſo faſhion the matter, that *Hero* ſhall be abſent, and there ſhall appeare ſuch ſeeming truths of *Heroes* diſloyalty, that jealouſie ſhall be call'd aſſurance, and all the preparation ouerthrowne.

Iohn. Grow this to what adverſe iſſue it can, I will put it in practiſe: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thouſand ducates.

Bor. Be thou conſtant in the accuſation, and my cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

Iohn. I will preſently goe learne their day of marriage. *Exit.*

Enter Benedicke alone.

Bene. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am heere already ſir. *Exit.*

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and heere againe. I doe much wonder, that one man ſeeing how much another man is a foole, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will after he hath laught at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, become the argument of his owne ſcorne, by falling in love, and ſuch a man is *Claudio*, I have knowne when there was no muſicke with him but the drum and the fife, and now had he rather heare the taber and the pipe: I have knowne when he would have walkt ten mile a foot, to ſee a good armor, and now will he lye ten nights awake carving the faſhion of a new dublet: he was wont to ſpeake plaine, and to the purpoſe (like an honeſt man and a ſouldier) and now is he turn'd orthography, his words are a very fantaſticall banquet, juſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes: may I be ſo converted, and ſee with theſe eyes? I cannot tell, I thinke not: I will not bee ſworne, but love may transforme me to an oyſter, but Ile take my oath on it, till he have made an oyſter of me, he ſhall never make me ſuch a foole: one woman is faire, yet I am well: another is wiſe, yet I am well: another vertuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman ſhall not come in my grace: rich ſhe ſhall be, that's certaine: wiſe, or Ile none; vertuous, or Ile never cheapen her: faire, or Ile never looke on her: milde, or come not neere me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of good diſcourſe: an excellent Muſitian, and her haire ſhall be of what colour it pleaſe God, hah! the Prince and Monſieur Love, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Iacke Wilſon.

Princ. Come, ſhall we heare this muſicke?

Claud. Yea my good lord: how ſtill the evening is,
As huſht on purpoſe to grace harmony.

Prin. See you where *Benedicke* hath hid himſelfe?

Clau. O very well my lord: the muſicke ended,
We'll fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth.

Princ. Come *Balthazar*, we'll heare that ſong againe.

Balth. O good my lord, taxe not ſo bad a voyce,
To ſlander muſicke any more then once.

Prince. It is the witneſſe ſtill of excellency,
To put a ſtrange face on his owne perfection,
I pray thee ſing, and let me wooe no more.

Balth. Becauſe you talke of wooing, I will ſing,
Since many a wooer doth commence his ſuit,
To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he ſweare he loves.

Prince. Nay pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Doe it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Prince. Why theſe are very crotchets that he ſpeakes,
Note notes forſooth, and nothing.

Bene. Now divine ayre, now is his ſoule raviſht, is it not ſtrange that ſheepes guts ſhould hale ſoules out of mens bodies? well, a horne for my money when all's done.

The Song.

Sigh no more Ladies, ſigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foote in Sea, and one on ſhore,
To one thing conſtant never:
Then ſigh not ſo, but let them goe,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all yours ſounds of woe,
Into hey nony, nony.

Sing no more ditties, ſing no more,
Of dumps ſo dull and heavy,
The fraud of men were ever ſo,
Since ſummer firſt was leavy;
Then ſigh not ſo, &c.

Prince. By my troth a good ſong.

Balth. And an ill ſinger, my lord.

Prince. Ha, no, no, faith, thou ſingſt well enough for a ſhift.

Bene. And he had beene a dog that ſhould have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voyce bode no miſchiefe, I had as leife have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Prince. Yea marry, doſt thou heare *Balthazar*? I pray thee get us ſome excellent muſick: for to morrow night we would have it at the Lady *Heroes* chamber window.

Balth. The beſt I can my lord. *Exit Balthazar.*

Prince. Doe ſo, farewell. Come hither *Leonato*, what was it you told me of to day, that your Niece *Beatrice* was in love with Signior *Benedicke*?

Clau. O I, ſtalke on, ſtalke on, the foule ſits. I did never thinke that Lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither, but moſt wonderfull, that ſhe ſhould ſo dote on Signior *Benedicke*, whom ſhe hath in all outward behaviours ſeemed ever to abhorre.

Bene. Is't poſſible? ſits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth my lord, I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but that ſhe loves him with an inraged affection, it is paſt the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be ſhe doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of paſſion, came ſo neere the life of paſſion as ſhe diſcovers it.

Prince. Why what effects of paſſion ſhewes ſhe?

Claud. Bait the hooke well, the fiſh will bite.

Leon. What effects my lord? ſhe will ſit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did indeed.

Prin. How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would have thought her ſpirit had beene invincible againſt all aſſaults of affection.

Leo. I would have ſworne it had, my lord, eſpecially againſt *Benedicke*.

Bene. I ſhould thinke this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow ſpeakes it: knavery cannot ſure hide himſelfe in ſuch reverence.

Claud. He hath tane th'infection, hold it up.

Prince. Hath ſhe made her affection knowne to *Benedicke*?

Leonato. No, and ſweares ſhe never will, that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, ſo your daughter ſayes: ſhall I, ſayes ſhe, that have ſo oft encountred him with ſcorne, write to him that I love him?

Leo This ſayes ſhee now when ſhe is beginning to write to him, for ſhee'll be up twenty times a night, and there will ſhe ſit in her ſmocke, till ſhe have writ a ſheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

Cla. Now you talke of a ſheet of paper, I remember a pretty jeſt your daughter told us of.

Leon. O when ſhe had writ it, and was reading it over, ſhe found *Benedicke* and *Beatrice* betweene the ſheete.

Clau. That.

Leon. O ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand halfpence, raild at her ſelfe, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt to write, to one that ſhe knew would flout her: I meaſure him, ſayes ſhe, by my owne ſpirit, for I ſhould flout him if he writ to me, yea though I love him, I ſhould.

Clau. Then downe upon her knees ſhe falls, weepes, ſobs, beats her heart, teares her hayre, prayes, curſes, O ſweet *Benedicke*, God give me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter ſayes ſo, and the extaſie hath ſo much overborne her, that my daughter is ſometime afeard ſhe will doe a deſperate out-rage to her ſelfe, it is very true.

Princ. It were good that *Benedicke* knew of it by ſome other, if ſhe will not diſcover it.

Clau. To what end? he would but make a ſport of it, and torment the poore Lady worſe.

Prin. And he ſhould, it were an almes to hang him, ſhe's an excellent ſweet Lady, and (out of all ſuſpition,) ſhe is vertuous.

Clau. And ſhe is exceeding wiſe.

Prin. In every thing, but in loving *Benedicke*.

Leon. O my lord, wiſedome and bloud combating in ſo tender a body, we have ten proofes to one, that bloud hath the victory, I am ſory for her, as I have juſt cauſe, being her Vncle, and her Guardian.

Prince. I would ſhe had beſtowed this dotage on me, I would have daft all other reſpects, and made her halfe my ſelfe: I pray you tell *Benedicke* of it, and heare what he will ſay.

Leon. Were it good thinke you?

Cla. *Hero* thinkes ſurely ſhe will dye, for ſhe ſayes ſhe will dye, if he love her not, and ſhe will dye ere ſhee make her love knowne, and ſhe will dye if he wooe her, rather than ſhe will bate one breath of her accuſtomed croſſeneſſe.

Prin. She doth well, if ſhe ſhould make tender of her

love,

loue,'tis very poſſible hee'l ſcorne it,for the man(as you know all)hath a contemptible ſpirit.

Clau. He is a very proper man.

Prin. He hath indeed a good outward happines.

Clau. 'Fore God,and in my minde very wiſe.

Prin. He doth indeed ſhew ſome ſparkes that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Prin. As *Hector*, I aſſure you, and in the managing of quarrels you may ſee he is wiſe , for either hee auoydes them with great diſcretion , or vndertakes them with a Chriſtian-like feare.

Leon. If hee doe feare God , a muſt neceſſarily keepe peace,if hee breake the peace , hee ought to enter into a quarrell with feare and trembling.

Prin. And ſo will he doe, for the man doth fear God, howſoever it ſeemes not in him , by ſome large ieaſts he will make : well, I am ſorry for your niece , ſhall we go ſee *Benedicke*, and tell him of her loue?

Claud. Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out with good counſell.

Leon. Nay that's impoſſible, ſhe may weare her heart out firſt.

Prin. Well,we will heare further of it by your daughther, let it coole the while. I loue *Benedicke* well , and I could wiſh he would modeſtly examine himſelfe,to ſee how much he is vnworthy to haue ſo good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walke?dinner is ready.

Clau. If he do not doat on her vpon this , I will never truſt my expectation.

Prin. Let there be the ſame Net ſpread for her,and that muſt your daughter and her gentlewoman carry : the ſport will be,when they hold one an opinion of anothers dotage,and no ſuch matter,that's the Scene that I would ſee,which will be meerely a dumbe ſhew:let vs ſend her to call him into dinner. *Exeun:.*

Bene. This can be no tricke, the conference was ſadly borne,they haue the truth of this from *Hero*,they ſeeme to pitie the Lady : it ſeemes her affections have the full bent : love me ? why it muſt be requited : I heare how I am cenſur'd, they ſay I will beare my ſelfe proudly , if I perceiue the love come from her : they ſay too,that ſhe will rather die than giue any ſigne of affection:I did never thinke to marry , I muſt not ſeeme proud,happy are they that heare their detractions , and can put them to mending : they ſay the Lady is faire , 'tis a truth , I can beare them witneſſe : and vertuous,tis ſo , I cannot reprooue it, and wiſe, but for louing me,by my troth it is no addition to her witte , nor no great argument of her folly;for I wil be horribly in love with her,I may chance haue ſome odde quirkes and remaines of witte broken on me , becauſe I haue rail'd ſo long againſt marriage: but doth not the appetite alter?a man loves the meat in his youth,that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quips and ſentences, and theſe paper bullets of the braine awe a man from the careere of his humour ? No , the world muſt be peopled. When I ſaid I would die a batcheler,I did not think I ſhould liue till I were maried:here comes *Beatrice*:by this day, ſhee's a faire Lady,I doe ſpie ſome markes of loue in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Againſt my will I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Faire *Beatrice*, I thanke you for your paines.

Beat. I tooke no more paines for thoſe thankes, then you take paines to thanke me,if it had beene painefull ; I would not haue come.

Bene. You take pleaſure then in the meſſage.

Beat. Yea juſt ſo much as you may take upon a knives point, and choake a daw withall : you have no ſtomacke ſignior, fare you well. *Exit.*

Bene. Ha , againſt my will I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner : there's a double meaning in that : I tooke no more paines for thoſe thankes then you tooke paines to thanke me, that's as much as to ſay , any paines that I take for you is as eaſie as thankes : if I do not take pitty of her I am a villaine , if I do not love her I am a Iew, I will go get her picture. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Vrſula.

Hero. Good *Margaret* runne thee to the parlour,
There ſhalt thou finde my Coſin *Beatrice*,
Propoſing with the Prince and *Claudio*,
Whiſper her eare, and tell her I and *Vrſula*
Walke in the Orchard, and our whole diſcourſe
Is all of her, ſay that thou over-heardſt vs,
And bid her ſteale into the pleached bower,
Where hony-ſuckles ripened by the ſunne,
Forbid the ſunne to enter : like favourites,
Made proud by Princes, that aduance their pride,
Againſt that power that bred it, there will ſhe hide her,
To liſten to our purpoſe , this is thy office,
Beare thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. Ile make her come I warrant preſently. *Exit.*

Hero. Now *Vrſula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and downe,
Our talke muſt onely be of *Benedicke*,
When I do name him, let it be thy part,
To praiſe him more then euer Man did merit,
My talke to thee muſt be how *Benedicke*
Is ſicke in love with *Beatrice* : of this matter,
Is little *Cupids* crafty arrow made,
That onely wounds by heare-ſay:now begin,

Enter Beatrice.

For looke where *Beatrice* like a Lapwing runs
Cloſe by the ground,to heare our conference.

Vrſ. The pleaſant'ſt angling is to ſee the fiſh
Cut with her golden ores the ſiluer ſtreame,
And greedily devovre the treacherous baite:
So angle we for *Beatrice*,who even now,
Is couched in the wood-bine coverture,
Feare you not my part of the Dialogue.

Her. Then go we neare her that her eare loſe nothing,
Of the falſe ſweete baite that we lay for it:
No truely *Vrſula*,ſhe is too diſdainfull,
I know her ſpirits are as coy and wilde,
As Haggerds of the rocke.

Vrſula. But are you ſure,
That *Benedicke* loves *Beatrice* ſo intirely?

Her. So ſaies the Prince,and my new trothed Lord.

Vrſ. And did they bid you tell her of it,Madam?

Her. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it,
But I perſwaded them,if they lou'd *Benedicke*,

To wiſh him wraſtle with affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.

Vrſula. Why did you ſo, doth not the Gentleman
Deſerve as full as fortunate a bed,
As ever *Beatrice* ſhall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know he doth deſerve,
As much as may be yeelded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a womans heart,
Of prowder ſtuffe then that of *Beatrice*:
Diſdaine and Scorne ride ſparkling in her eye,
Miſ-prizing what they looke on, and her wit
Values it ſelfe ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeemes weake: ſhe cannot love,
Nor take no ſhape nor proiect of affection,
Shee is ſo ſelfe indeared.

Vrſula. Sure I thinke ſo,
And therefore certainely it were not good
She knew his loue, leſt ſhe make ſport at it.

Hero. Why you ſpeake truth, I never yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd.
But ſhe would ſpell him backward: if faire fac'd,
She would ſweare the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter:
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,
Made a foule blot: if tall, a launce ill-headed:
If low, an agot very vildlie cut:
If ſpeaking, why a vane blowne with all windes,
If ſilent, why a blocke moved with none.
So turnes ſhe every man the wrong ſide out,
And never gives to Truth and Vertue, that
Which ſimpleneſſe and merit purchaſeth.

Vrſu. Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, not to be ſo odde, and from all faſhions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her ſo? if I ſhould ſpeake,
She would mocke me into ayre, O ſhe would laugh me
Out of my ſelfe, preſſe me to death with wit.
Therefore let *Benedicke* like couered fire,
Conſume away in ſighes, waſte inwardly:
It were a bitter death, to die with mockes,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Vrſu, Yet tell her of it, heare what ſhe will ſay.

Hero. No, rather I will goe to *Benedicke*,
And counſaile him to fight againſt his paſſion,
And truly Ile deviſe ſome honeſt ſlanders,
To ſtaine my coſin with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impoiſon liking.

Vrſu. O doe not do your coſin ſuch a wrong,
She cannot be ſo much without true judgement,
Having ſo ſwift and excellent a wit
As ſhe is priſde to have, as to refuſe
So rare a Gentleman as ſignior *Benedicke*.

Hero. He is the onely man of Italy,
Alwaies excepted, my deare *Claudio*.

Vrſu. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,
Speaking my fancy: Signior *Benedicke*,
For ſhape, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes formoſt in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

Vrſu. His excellence did earne it ere he had it:
When are you married Madame?

Hero. Why every day to morrow, come goe in,
Ile ſhew thee ſome attires, and have thy counſell,
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to morrow.

Vrſu. Shee's tane I warrant you,
We have caught her Madame?

Hero. If it prove ſo, then loving goes by haps,
Some *Cupid* kills with arrowes, ſome with traps. *Exit.*

Beat. What fire is in mine eares? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and ſcorne ſo much?
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adew,
No glory lives behinde the backe of ſuch.
And *Benedicke*, love on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wilde heart to thy loving hand:
If thou doſt love, my kindeneſſe ſhall incite thee
To binde our loves up in a holy band.
For others ſay thou doſt deſerve, and I
Beleeve it better then reportingly. *Exit.*

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.

Prince. I do but ſtay till your marriage be conſummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Clau. Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you'l vouchſafe me.

Prin. Nay, that would be as great a ſoyle in the new gloſſe of your marriage, as to ſhew a childe his new coat and forbid him to weare it, I will onely bee bold with *Benedicke* for his companie; for from the crowne of his head, to the ſole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupids* bow-ſtring, and the little hang-man dare not ſhoot at him, he hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes, his tongue ſpeakes.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have bin.

Leo. So ſay I; methinkes you are ſadder.

Clau. I hope he be in love.

Prin. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of bloud in him to be truly toucht with love, if he be ſad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Prin. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Clau. You muſt hang it firſt, and draw it afterwards.

Prin. What? ſigh for the tooth-ach.

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worme.

Bene. Well, every one cannot maiſter a griefe, but hee that has it.

Clau. Yet ſay I, he is in love.

Prin. There is no appearance of fancie in him, unleſſe it be a fancy that he hath to ſtrange diſguiſes, as to bee a Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: unleſſe hee have a fancy to this foolery, as it appeares hee hath, hee is no foole for fancy, as you would have it to appeare he his.

Clau. If he be not in love with ſome woman, there is no beleeving old ſignes, a bruſhes his hat a mornings; What ſhould that bode?

Prin. Hath any man ſeene him at the Barbers?

Clau. No, but the Barbers man hath beene ſeen with him, and the old ornament of his cheeke hath alreadie ſtuft tennis balls.

Leon. Indeed he looks yonger than he did, by the loſſe of a beard.

Prin. Nay a rubs himſelfe with Ciuit, can you ſmell him out by that?

Clau. That's as much as to ſay, the ſweet youth's in love.

Prin. The greateſt note of it is his melancholy.

Clau. And when was he wont to waſh his face?

Prin. Yea, or to paint himſelfe? for the which I heare what they ſay of him.

Clau. Nay, but his jeſting ſpirit, which is now crept into a lute-ſtring, and now govern'd by ſtops.

Prin. Indeed that tels a heavy tale for him:conclude, he is in love.

Clau. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Prin. That would I know too, I warrāt one that knows him not.

Clau. Yes,and his ill conditions,and in deſpight of all, dies for him.

Prin. Shee ſhall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charme for the tooth-ake, old ſignior, walke aſide with mee, I have ſtudied eight or nine wiſe words to ſpeake to you, which theſe hobby-horſes muſt not heare.

Prin. For my life to breake with him about *Beatrice.*

Clau. 'Tis even ſo, *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this played their parts with *Beatrice*,and then the two Beares will not bite one another when they meete.

Enter Iohn the Baſtard.

Baſt. My Lord and brother, God ſave you.

Prin. Good den brother.

Baſt. If your leiſure ſerv'd, I would ſpeake with you.

Prin. In priuate?

Baſt. If it pleaſe you ,yet Count *Claudio* may heare, for what I would ſpeake of,concernes him.

Prin. What's the matter?

Baſta. Meanes your Lordſhip to be married to morrow?

Prin. You know he does.

Baſt. I know not that when he knowes what I know.

Clau. If there be any impediment, I pray you diſcover it.

Baſt. You may thinke I love you not, let that appeare hereaefter, & ayme better at me by that I now will manifeſt, for my brother(I thinke,he holds you well,and in dearenesſe of heart) hath holpe to effect your enſuing marriage:ſurely ſute ill ſpent,and labour ill beſtowed.

Prin. Why, what's the matter?

Baſt. I came hither to tell you, and circumſtances ſhortned ,(for ſhe hath beene too long a talking of) the Lady is diſloyall.

Clau. Who! *Hero*?

Baſt. Even ſhee, *Leonatoes Hero*, your *Hero*,every mans *Hero.*

Clau. Diſloyall?

Baſt. The word is too good to paint out her wickedneſſe, I could ſay ſhe were worſe, thinke you of a worſe title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant: goe but with mee to night, you ſhall ſee her chamber window entred, even the night before her wedding day, if you love her, then to morrow wed her: but it would better fit your honour to change your minde.

Clau. May this be ſo?

Prin. I will not thinke it.

Baſt. If you dare not truſt that you ſee, confeſſe not that you know: if you will follow mee, I will ſhew you enough, and when you have ſeene more, & heard more, proceed accordingly.

Clau. If I ſee any thing to night, why I ſhould not marry her to morrow in the congregation,where I ſhold wedde, there will I ſhame her.

Prin. And as I wooed for thee to obtaine her, I will joyne with thee to diſgrace her.

Baſt. I will diſparage her no farther, till you are my witneſſes, beare it coldly but till night, and let the iſſue ſhew it ſelfe.

Prin. O day untowardly turned?

Clau. O miſchiefe ſtrangely thwarting!

Baſt. O plague right well prevented! ſo will you ſay, when have ſeene the ſequele. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dogbery and his compartner with the watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or elſe it were pitty but they ſhould ſuffer ſaluation body and ſoule.

Dog. Nay, that were a puniſhment too good for them, if they ſhould have any allegiance in them, being choſen for the Princes watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour *Dogbery.*

Dog. Firſt, who thinke you the moſt deſartleſſe man to be Conſtable?

Watch. 1. *Hugh Ote-cake* ſir, or *George Sea-coale*, for they can write and reade.

Dog. Come hither neighbour Sea-coale, God hath bleſt you with a good name: to be a wel-favoured man, is the gift of fortune, but to write and reade, comes by Nature.

Watch. 2. Both which Maſter Conſtable

Dog. You have: I knew it would bee your anſwere: well,for your favour ſir, why give God thankes,& make no boaſt of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appeare when there is no neede of ſuch vanity, you are thought heere to be the moſt ſenſleſſe and fit man for the Conſtable of the watch: therefore beare you the lanthorne: this is your charge: You ſhall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man ſtand in the Princes name.

Watch. 2. How if a will not ſtand?

Dog. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and preſently call the reſt of the Watch together, and thanke God you are ridde of a knave.

Verg. If he will not ſtand when he is bidden, hee is none of the Princes ſubiects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes ſubjects: you ſhall alſo make no noiſe in the ſtreetes: for, for the Watch to babble and talke, is moſt tollerable, and not to be indured.

Watch. We will rather ſleepe than talke, wee know what belongs to a Watch.

Dog. Why you ſpeake like an ancient and moſt quiet watchman,for I cannot ſee how ſleeping ſhould offend: only have a care that your bills be not ſtolne: well, you are to call at all the Alehouſes, and bid them that are drunke get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why then let them alone till they are ſober, if they make you not then the better anſwere,you may ſay, they are not the men you tooke them for.

Watch. Well ſir.

Dog. If you meet a theefe, you may ſuſpect him, by vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for ſuch kinde of men, the leſſe you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honeſty.

Watch. If wee know him to be a thiefe, ſhall wee not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly by your office you may, but I thinke they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the moſt peaceable way for you, if you do take a theefe,is,to let him ſhew himſelfe what he is;and ſteale out of your company.

Ver. You have bin alwaies cal'd a mercifull mā partner.

Dog. Truely I would not hang a dog by my will,much more a man who hath any honeſty in him.

Verges. If you heare a child crie in the night, you muſt call to the nurſe, and bid her ſtill it.

Watch. How if the nurſe be aſleepe and will not heare us?

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the childe wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not heare her Lambe when it baes, will never anſwer a calfe when he bleates.

Verges. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you conſtable are to preſent the Princes owne perſon, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may ſtaie him.

Verges. Nay birlady that I thinke a cannot.

Dog. Five ſhillings to one on't with any man that knowes the Statutes, he may ſtaie him, marry not without the prince be willing, for indeed the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to ſtay a man againſt his will.

Verges. Birlady I thinke it be ſo.

Dog. Ha, ah ha, well maiſters good night, and there be any matter of weight chances, call up me, keepe your fellowes counſailes, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

Watch. Well maiſters, we heare our charge, let us go ſitt here upon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honeſt neighbors. I pray you watch about ſignior *Leonatoes* doore, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coile to night, adiew, be vigilant I beſeech you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bor. What, *Conrade*?

Watch. Peace, ſtir not.

Bor. *Conrade* I ſay.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Mas and my elbow itcht, I thought there would a ſcabbe follow.

Con. I will owe thee an anſwere for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bor. Stand thee cloſe then under this penthouſe, for it driſſels raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. Some treaſon maiſters, yet ſtand cloſe.

Bor. Therefore know, I have earned of *Don Iohn* a thouſand Ducates.

Con. Is it poſſible that any villanie ſhould be ſo deare?

Bor. Thou ſhould'ſt rather aske if it were poſſible any villanie ſhould bee ſo rich? for when rich villains have neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That ſhewes thou art unconfirm'd, thou knoweſt that the faſhion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparell.

Bor. I meane the faſhion.

Con. Yes the faſhion is the faſhion.

Bor. Tuſh, I may as well ſay the foole's the foole, but ſeeſt thou not what a deformed theefe this faſhion is?

Watch. I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe, this vii. yeares, a goes up and downe like a gentle-man: I remember his name.

Bor. Did'ſt thou not heare ſome body?

Con. No, 'twas the vane on the houſe.

Bor. Seeſt thou not (I ſay) what a deformed thiefe this faſhion is, how giddily a turnes about all the Hotblouds, betweene foureteene & fiue & thirty, ſometimes faſhioning them like *Pharaoes* ſouldiours in the rechie painting, ſometime lik god Bels prieſts in the old Church window, ſomtime like the ſhaven *Hercules* in the ſmircht worm-eaten tapeſtrie, where his cod-peece ſeemes as maſſie as his club.

Con. All this I ſee, and ſee that the faſhion weares out more apparell then the man; but art not thou thy ſelfe giddie with the faſhion too that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the faſhion?

Bor. Not ſo neither, but know that I have to night wooed *Margaret* the Lady *Heroes* gentle-woman, by the name of *Hero*, ſhe leanes me out at her miſtris chamber-window, bids me a thouſand times good night: I tell this tale vildly. I ſhould firſt tell thee how the Prince *Claudio* and my Maiſter planted, and placed, and poſſeſſed by my Maiſter *Don Iohn*, ſaw a far off in the Orchard this amiable incounter.

Con. And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero*?

Bor. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the divell my Maiſter knew ſhe was *Margaret*, and partly by his oathes, which firſt poſſeſt them, partly by the darke night which did deceive them, but chiefely, by my villanie, which did confirme any ſlander that *Don Iohn* had made, away went *Claudio* enraged, ſwore hee would meete her as he was apointed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole congregation ſhame her with what he ſaw o're night, and ſend her home againe without a husband.

Watch. 1. We charge you in the Princes name ſtand.

Watch. 2. Call up the right maiſter Conſtable, we have here recouered the moſt dangerous peece of lechery, that ever was knowne in the Common-wealth.

Watch. 1. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, a weares a locke.

Con. Maiſters, maiſters.

Watch. 2. Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant you,

Con. Maiſters, never ſpeake, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bor. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of theſe mens bils.

Con. A commodity in queſtion I warrant you, come weele obey you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Urſula.

Hero. Good *Urſula* wake my coſin *Beatrice*, and deſire her to riſe.

Urſu. I will Lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urſ. Well.

Mar. Troth I thinke your other rebato were better.

Bero. No pray thee good *Meg*, Ile weare this.

Mar. By my troth's not ſo good, and I warrant your coſin will ſay ſo.

Bero. My coſin's a foole, and thou art another, ile weare none but this.

Mar. I like the new tire within excellently, if the haire were a thought browner: and your gown's a moſt rare faſhion yfaith, I ſaw the Dutcheſſe of *Millaines* gowne that they praiſe ſo.

Bero. O that exceedes they ſay,

Mar. By my troth's but a night-gowne in reſpect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd with ſilver, ſet with pearles, downe ſleeves, ſide ſleeves, and skirts, round underborn with a blewiſh tinſel, but for a fine queint gracefull and excellent faſhion, yours is worth ten on't.

Bero. God

Hero. God give mee joy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marga. 'Twill be heavier ſoone, by the waight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not aſham'd?

Marga. Of what Lady? of ſpeaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I thinke you would have me ſay, ſaving your reverence a husband: and bad thinking do not wreſt true ſpeaking, Ile offend no body, is there any harme in the heavier for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwiſe 'tis light and not heavy, aske my Lady *Beatrice* elſe, here ſhe comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good marrow Coze.

Beat. Good morrow ſweet *Hero.*

Hero. Why how now? do you ſpeake in the ſick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

Mar. Claps into Light a love, (that goes without a burden,) do you ſing it and Ile dance it.

Beat. Ye light alove with your heeles, then if your husband have ſtables enough, you'll looke he ſhall lacke no barnes.

Mar. O illegitimate conſtruction! I ſcorne that with my heeles.

Beat. 'Tis almoſt five a clocke coſin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

Mar. For a hauke, a horſe, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar. Well, and you be not turn'd Turke, there's no more ſailing by the ſtarre.

Beat. What meanes the foole trow?

Mar. Nothing I, but God ſend every one their hearts deſire.

Hero. Theſe gloves the Count ſent mee, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am ſtuft coſin, I cannot ſmell.

Mar. A maid and ſtuft! there's goodly catching of colde.

Beat. O God helpe me, God helpe me, how long have you profeſt apprehenſion?

Mar. Ever ſince you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not ſeene enough, you ſhould weare it in your cap, by my troth I am ſicke.

Mar. Get you ſome of this diſtill'd *carduus benedictus* and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

Hero. Theere thou prickſt her with a thiſſell.

Beat. *Benedictus*, why *benedictus*? you have ſome morall in this *benedictus*.

Mar. Morall? no by my troth, I have no morall meaning, I meant plaine holy thiſſell, you may thinke perchance that I thinke you are in love, nay birlady I am not ſuch a foole to thinke what I liſt, nor I liſt not to thinke what I can, nor indeed I cannot thinke, if I would thinke my hart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet *Benedicke* was ſuch another, and now is he become a man, he ſwore hee would never marry, and yet now in deſpight of his heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you may be converted I know not, but me thinkes you looke with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keepes.

Mar. Not a falſe gallop.

Enter Vrſula.

Vrſu. Madam, with draw, the Prince, the Count, ſignior *Benedicke*, Don *Iohn*, and all the gallants of the towne are come to fetch you to Church.

Hero. Helpe to dreſſe me good coze, good *Meg*, good *Vrſula.*

Enter Leonato, and the Conſtable, and the Headborough.

Leonato. What would you with me, honeſt neighbour?

Conſt. Dog. Mary ſir I would have ſome confidence with you, that decernes you nearely.

Leon. Briefe I pray you, for you ſee it is a buſie time with me.

Conſt. Dog. Mary this it is ſir.

Headb. Yes in truth it is ſir.

Leon. What is it my good friends?

Con. Dog. Goodman Verges ſir ſpeakes a little of the matter, an old man ſir, and his wits are not ſo blunt, as God helpe I would deſire they were, but infaith honeſt as the skin betweene his browes.

Head. Yes I thanke God, I am as honeſt as any man living, that is an old man, and no honeſter then I.

Con. Dog. Compariſons are odorous, palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Con. Dog. It pleaſes your worſhip to ſay ſo, but we are the poore Dukes Officers, but truly for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to beſtow it all of your worſhip.

Leon. All thy tediouſneſſe on me, ah?

Con. Dog. Yea, and 'twere a thouſand times more than 'tis, for I heare as good exclamation on your Worſhip as of any man in the City, and though I be but a poore man, I am glad to heare it.

Head. And ſo am I.

Leon. I would faine know what you have to ſay.

Head. Marry ſir our watch to night, excepting your worſhips preſence, have tane a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Meſſina.

Con. Dog. A good old man ſir, he will be talking as they ſay, when the age is in the wit is out, God helpe us, it is a world to ſee: well ſaid yfaith neighbour *Verges*, well, God's a good man, and two men ride of horſe, one muſt ride behind, an honeſt ſoule yfaith ſir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to be worſhipt, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too ſhort of you.

Con. Dog. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I muſt leave you.

Con. Dog. One word ſir, our watch ſir have indeed comprehended two aſpitious perſons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worſhip.

Leon. Take their examination your ſelfe, and bring it me, I am now in great haſte, as may appeare unto you.

Conſt. It ſhall be ſuffigance. (*Exit.*

Leon. Drinke ſome wine ere you goe: fare you well.

Meſſ. My Lord, they ſtay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Ile wait upon them, I am ready.

Dogb. Goe good partner, goe get you to *Francis Seecoale*, bid him bring his pen and inkehorne to the Gaole: we are now to examine thoſe men.

Verges. And we muſt doe it wiſely.

Dogb. Wee will ſpare for no witte I warrant you:

heere's that ſhall driue ſome of them to a non-come, only get the learned writer to ſet downe our excommunication, and meet me at the Iaile. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Prince, Baſtard, Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedicke, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leo. Come Frier *Francis*, be briefe, onely to the plaine forme of marriage, and you ſhall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fran. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Clau. No.

Leo. To be maried to her, Frier, you come to marrie her.

Frier. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

Hero. I doe.

Frier. If either of you know any inward impediment why you ſhould not be conjoyned, I charge you on your ſoules to utter it.

Clau. Know you any, *Hero?*

Hero. None my Lord.

Frier. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his anſwer, None.

Clau. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Bene. How now! interjections? why then, ſome be of laughing, as ha, ha, he.

Clau. Stand thee by Frier, father, by your leave,
Will you with free and vnconſtrained ſoule
Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely ſonne as God did give her me.

Clau. And what have I to give you back, whoſe worth
May counterpoiſe this rich and precious gift?

Prin. Nothing, unleſſe you render her againe.

Clau. Sweet Prince, you learne me noble thankfulnes:
There *Leonato*, take her backe againe,
Give not this rotten Orenge to your friend,
Shee's but the ſigne and ſemblance of her honour:
Behold how like a maid ſhe bluſhes heere!
O what authority and ſhew of truth
Can cunning ſinne cover it ſelfe withall!
Comes not that bloud, as modeſt evidence,
To witneſſe ſimple Vertue? would you not ſweare
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maide,
By theſe exterior ſhewes? But ſhe is none:
She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her bluſh is guiltineſſe, not modeſtie.

Leo. What do you meane, my Lord?

Clau. Not to be married,
Not knit my ſoule to an approved wanton.

Leon. Deere my Lord, if you in your owne proofe,
Have vanquiſht the reſiſtance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity. (her,

Clau. I know what you would ſay: if I have knowne
You will ſay, ſhe did imbrace me as a husband,
And ſo extenuate the forehand ſinne: No *Leonato*,
I never tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhewed
Baſhfull ſincerity and comely loue.

Hero. And ſem'd I ever otherwiſe to you?

Clau. Out on thee ſeeming, I will write againſt it,
You ſeeme to me as *Diane* in her Orbe,
As chaſte as is the budde ere it be blowne:
But you are more intemperate in your blood,
Than *Venus*, or thoſe pampred animalls,
That rage in ſavage ſenſuality.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth ſpeake ſo wide?

Leon. Sweete Prince, why ſpeake not you?

Prin. What ſhould I ſpeeke?
I ſtand diſhonour'd that have gone about,
To linke my deare friend to a common ſtale.

Leon. Are theſe things ſpoken, or do I but dreame?

Baſt. Sir, they are ſpoken, and theſe things are true.

Bene. This lookes not like a nuptiall.

Hero. True, O God!

Clau. Leonato, ſtand I here?
Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother?
Is this face *Heroes*? are our eyes our owne?

Leon. All this is ſo, but what of this my Lord?

Clau. Let me but move one queſtion to your daughter,
And by that fatherly and kindly power,
That you have in her, bid her anſwer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do ſo as thou art my childe.

Hero. O God defend me, how am I beſet,
What kinde of catechizing call you this?

Leo. To make you anſwer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that name
With any juſt reproach?

Clau. Marry that can *Hero*,
Hero it ſelfe can blot out *Heroes* vertue.
What man was he, talkt with you yeſternight,
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now if you are a maid anſwer to this.

Hero. I talkt with no man at that howre my Lord.

Prin. Why then you are no maiden. *Leonato*,
I am ſorry you muſt heare: upon mine honor,
My ſelfe, my brother, and this grieved Count
Did ſee her, heare her, at that howre laſt night,
Talke with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeed moſt like a liberall villaine,
Confeſt the vile encounters they have had
A thouſand times in ſecret.

Iohn. Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord,
Not to be ſpoken of,
There is not chaſtity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them: thus pretty Lady
I am ſorry for thy much miſgovernement.

Clau. O *Hero*! what a *Hero* hadſt thou beene
If halfe thy outward graces had beene placed
About thy thoughts and counſailes of thy heart?
But fare thee well, moſt foule, moſt faire, farewell
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity,
For thee Ile locke up all the gates of Love,
And on my eie-lids ſhall Conjecture hang,
To turne all beauty into thoughts of harme,
And never ſhall it more be gracious.

Leo. Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why how now coſin, wherfore ſink you down?

Baſt. Come, let vs go: theſe things come thus to light,
Smother her ſpirits up.

Bene. How doth the Lady?

Beat. Dead I thinke, helpe vncle,
Hero, why *Hero*, Vncle, Signor *Benedicke*, Frier.

Leo. O Fate! take not away thy heauy hand,
Death is the faireſt cover for her ſhame
That may be wiſht for.

Beat. How now coſin *Hero*?
Fri. Have comfort Lady.
Leo. Doſt thou looke up?
Fri. Yea, wherefore ſhould ſhe not?
Leo. Wherefore? Why doth not every earthly thing
Cry ſhame upon her? Could ſhe heere denie
The ſtorie that is printed in her blood?
Do not live *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I thinke thou wouldſt not quickly die,
Thought I thy ſpirits were ſtronger then thy ſhames,
My ſelfe would on the reareward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I, for that at frugall Natures frame?
One too much by thee: why had I one?
Why ever was't thou lovely in my eies?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Tooke up a beggars iſſue at my gates,
Who ſmeered thus, and mir'd with infamie,
I might have ſaid, no part of it is mine:
This ſhame derives it ſelfe from unknowne loines,
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on, mine ſo much,
That I my ſelfe, was to my ſelfe not mine:
Valewing of her, why ſhe, O ſhe is falne
Into a pit of Inke, that the wide ſea
Hath drops too few to waſh her cleane againe,
And ſalt too little, which may ſeaſon give
To her foule tainted fleſh.

Bene. Sir, ſir, be patient: for my part, I am ſo attired in wonder, I know not what to ſay.

Bea. O on my ſoule my coſin is belied.
Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow laſt night?
Bea. No truly: not, although vntill laſt night,
I have this twelvemonth bin her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is ſtronger made
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.
Would the Prince lie, and *Claudio* would he lie
Who lov'd her ſo, that ſpeaking of her foulneſſe,
Waſh'd it with teares? Hence from her, let her die.

Fri. Heare me a little, for I have onely bene ſilent ſo long, and given way vnto this courſe of fortune, by noting of the Lady, I have markt
A thouſand bluſhing apparitions,
To ſtart into her face, a thouſand innocent ſhames,
In Angel whitneſſe beare away thoſe bluſhes,
And in her eie there hath appear'd a fire
To burne the errors that theſe Princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth. Call me a foole,
Truſt not my reading, nor my obſeruations,
Which with experimentall ſeale doth warrant
The tenure of my booke: truſt not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor diuinity,
If this ſweet Lady lye not guiltleſſe heere,
Vnder ſome biting error.
Leo. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou ſeeſt that all the Grace that ſhe hath left,
Is, that ſhe will not adde to her damnation
A ſinne of perjury, ſhe not denies it:
Why ſeek'ſt thou then to cover with excuſe,
That which appeares in proper nakedneſſe?
Fri. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?
Hero. They know that do accuſe me, I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Then that which maiden modeſtie doth warrant,
Let all my ſinnes lacke mercy. O my Father,
Prove you that any man with me converſt,
At houres unmeete, or that I yeſternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuſe me, hate me, torture me to death.
Fri. There is ſome ſtrange miſpriſion in the Prince.
Ben. Two of them have the very bent of honor,
And if their wiſedomes be miſled in this:
The practiſe of it lives in *Iohn* the baſtard,
Whoſe ſpirits toile in frame of villanies.
Leo. I know not: if they ſpeake but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall teare her: If they wrong her honour,
The proudeſt of them ſhall well heare of it.
Time hath not yet ſo dried this bloud of mine,
Nor age ſo eate up my invention,
Nor Fortune made ſuch havocke of my meanes,
Nor my bad life reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall finde, awak'd in ſuch a kinde,
Both ſtrength of limbe, and policie of minde,
Ability in meanes, and choiſe of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
Fri. Pauſe awhile,
And let my counſell ſway you in this caſe,
Your daughter heere the Princeſſe (left for dead)
Let her awhile be ſecretly kept in,
And publiſh it, that ſhe is dead indeed:
Maintaine a mourning oſtentation,
And on your Families old monument,
Hang mournfull Epitaphes, and do all rites,
That appertaine vnto a buriall.
Leo. What ſhall become of this? What will this do?
Fri. Marry this well carried, ſhall on her behalfe,
Change ſlander to remorſe, that is ſome good,
But not for that dreame I on this ſtrange courſe,
But on this travaile looke for greater birth:
She dying, as it muſt be ſo maintain'd,
Vpon the inſtant that ſhe was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pittied, and excus'd
Of every hearer: for it ſo fals out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loſt,
Why then we racke the value, then we finde
The vertue that poſſeſſion would not ſhew us
Whiles it was ours, ſo will it fare with *Claudio*:
When he ſhall heare ſhe dyed upon his words,
Th'Idea of her life ſhall ſweetly creepe
Into his ſtudy of imagination.
And every lovely Organ of her life,
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habite:
More moving, delicate, and ful of life,
Into the eye and proſpect of his ſoule
Than when ſhe liv'd indeed: then ſhall he mourne,
If ever Love had intereſt in his Liver,
And wiſh he had not ſo accuſed her:
No, though he thought his accuſation true:
Let this be ſo, and doubt not but ſucceſſe
Will faſhion the event in better ſhape,
Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.
But if all ayme but this be levell'd falſe,
The ſuppoſition of the Ladies death,
Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
And if it ſort not well, you may conceale her,
As beſt befits her wounded reputation,
In ſome recluſive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, mindes and injuries.
Bene. Signior *Leonato*, let the Frier adviſe you,
And though you know my inwardneſſe and love
Is very much vnto the Prince and *Claudio*,

Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,
As ſecretly and juſtly, as your ſoule
Should with your body.

Leo. Being that I flow in greefe,
The ſmalleſt twine may leade me.

Frier. 'Tis well conſented, preſently away,
For to ſtrange ſores, ſtrangely they ſtraine the cure,
Come Lady, die to live, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, have patience & endure. *Exit.*

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.

Bene. I will not deſire that.

Beat. You have no reaſon, I doe it freely.

Bene. Surely I do beleeve your fair coſin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deſerve of mee that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to ſhew ſuch friendſhip?

Beat. A very even way, but no ſuch friend.

Bene. May a man doe it?

Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world ſo well as you, is not that ſtrange?

Beat. As ſtrange as the thing I know not, it were as poſſible for me to ſay, I loved nothing ſo well as you, but beleeve me not, and yet I lie not, I confeſſe nothing, nor I deny nothing, I am ſorry for my couſin.

Bene. By my ſword *Beatrice* thou lov'ſt me.

Beat. Do not ſweare by it and eat it.

Bene. I will ſweare by it that you love mee, and I will make him eat it that ſayes I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no ſawce that can be deviſed to it, I proteſt I love thee.

Beat. Why then God forgive me.

Bene. What offence ſweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have ſtayed me in a happy howre, I was about to proteſt I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with ſo much of my heart, that none is left to proteſt.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio*.

Bene. Ha, not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to denie, farewell.

Bene. Tarrie ſweet *Beatrice*.

Beat. I am gone, though I am heere, there is no love in you, nay I pray you let me go.

Bene. *Beatrice.*

Beat. Infaith I will go.

Bene. Wee'll be friends firſt.

Beat. You dare eaſier be friends with mee, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

Beat. Is a not approved in the height a villaine, that hath ſlandered, ſcorned, diſhonoured my kinſwoman? O that I were a man! what, beare her in hand untill they come to take hands, and then with publike accuſation uncovered ſlander, unmittigated rancour? O God that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Heare me *Beatrice*.

Beat. Talke with a man out at a window, a proper ſaying.

Bene. Nay but *Beatrice*.

Beat. Sweet *Hero*, ſhe is wrong'd, ſhee is ſlandered, ſhe is vndone.

Bene. Bett?

Beat. Princes and Counties! ſurely a Princely teſtimony, a goodly Count-Comfect, a ſweet Gallant ſurely, O that I were a man for his ſake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake! But manhood is melted into curtſies, valour into complement, and men are onely turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that onely tels a lie, and ſweares it: I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therfore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry good *Beatrice*, by this hand I love thee.

Beat. Vſe it for my love ſome other way then ſwearing by it.

Bened. Thinke you in your ſoule the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero*?

Beat. Yea, as ſure as I have a thought, or a ſoule.

Bene. Enough, I am engagde, I will challenge him, I will kiſſe your hand, and ſo leave you: by this hand *Claudio* ſhall render me deere account: as you heare of me, ſo thinke of me: go comfort your coosin, I muſt ſay ſhe is dead, and ſo farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Conſtables, Borachio, and the Towne Clerke in gownes.

Keeper. Is our whole diſſembly appeard?

Cowley. O a ſtoole and cuſhion for the Sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Andrew. Marry that am I, and my partner.

Cowley. Nay that's certaine, wee have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined, let them come before maſter Conſtable.

Kemp. Yea marry, let them come before mee, what is your name friend?

Bor. *Borachio.*

Kem. Pray write downe *Borachio*. Yours ſirra.

Con. I am a Gentleman ſir, and my name is *Conrade*.

Keo. Write downe Maſter gentleman *Conrade*: maiſters, do you ſerve God: maiſters, it is proved already that you are little better than falſe knaves, and it will go neere to be thought ſo ſhortly, how anſwer you for your ſelves?

Con. Marry ſir, we ſay we are none.

Kemp. A marvellous witty fellow I aſſure you, but I will go about with him: come you hither ſirra, a word in your eare ſir, I ſay to you, it is thought you are falſe knaves.

Bor. Sir, I ſay to you, we are none.

Kemp. Well, ſtand aſide, 'fore God they are both in a tale: have you writ drowne that they are none?

Sext. Maiſter Conſtable, you go not the way to examine, your muſt call forth the watch that are their accuſers.

Kem. Yea marry, that's the efteſt way, let the watch come forth: maſters, I charge you in the Princes name, accuſe theſe men.

Watch 1. This man ſaid ſir, that *Don Iohn* the Princes brother was a villaine.

Kemp. Write down, Prince *Iohn* a villaine: why this is flat perjurie, to call a Princes brother villaine.

Bor. Maiſter Conſtable.

Kem. Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy looke, I promiſe thee.

Sexton. What heard you him ſay elſe?

Watch 2. Mary that he had received a thouſand Dukates of *Don Iohn*, for accuſing the Lady *Hero* wrongfully.

Kemp. Flat Burglarie as ever was committed.

Conſt. Yea by th'maſſe that it is.

Sexton. What elſe fellow?

Watch. 1. And that Count *Claudio* did meane upon his words, to diſgrace *Hero* before the whole aſſembly, and not marry her.

Kemp. O villaine! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlaſting redemption for this.

Sexton. Whas elſe?

Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more maiſters then you can deny, Prince *Iohn* is this morning ſecretly ſtolne away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the griefe of this ſodainely died: Maiſter Conſtable, let theſe men be bound, and brought to *Leonato*, I will goe before, and ſhew him their examination.

Conſt. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sex. Let them be in the hands of *Coxcombe*.

Kem. Gods my life, where's the Sexton? let him write downe the Princes Officer *Coxcombe*: come, binde them thou naughty varlet.

Couley. Away, you are an aſſe, you are an aſſe.

Kemp. Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place? doſt thou not ſuſpect my yeeres? O that hee were heere to write mee downe an aſſe! but maiſters, remember that I am an aſſe: though it be not written down, yet forget not yͭ I am an aſſe: No thou villaine, yͧ art full of piety as ſhall be prov'd upon thee by good witneſſe, I am a wiſe fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a houſhoulder, and which is more, as pretty a peece of fleſh as any in Meſſina, and one that knowes the Law, goe to, and a rich fellow enough, go to, and a fellow that hath had loſſes, and one that hath two gownes, and every thing handſome about him: bring him away: O that I had been writ downe an aſſe! *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Leonato and his brother.

Brother. If you goe on thus, you will kill your ſelfe,
And 'tis not wiſedome thus to ſecond griefe,
Againſt your ſelfe.

Leon. I pray thee ceaſe thy counſaile,
Which falls into mine eares as profitleſſe,
As water in a ſiue: give not me counſaile,
Nor let no comfort els delight mine eare,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs doth ſute with mine.
Bring me a father that ſo lov'd his childe,
Whoſe joy of her is over-whelmed like mine.
And bid him ſpeake of patience,
Meaſure his woe the length and bredth of mine,
And let it anſwere every ſtraine for ſtraine,
As thus for thus, and ſuch a griefe for ſuch,
In every lineament, branch, ſhape, and forme:
If ſuch a one will ſmile and ſtroke his beard,
And ſorrow, wagge, crie hem, when he ſhould grone,
Patch griefe with proverbs, make misfortune drunke,
With-candle-waſters: bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience:
But there is no ſuch man, for brother, men
Can counſaile, and ſpeake comfort to that griefe,
Which they themſelves not feele, but taſting it,
Their counſaile turnes to paſſion, which before,
Would give preceptiall medicine to rage,
Fetter ſtrong madneſſe in a ſilken thred,
Charme ache with ayre, and agony with words.
No, no, 'tis all mens office, to ſpeake patience
To thoſe that wring vnder the load of ſorrow:
But no mans vertue nor ſufficiencie
To be ſo morall, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelfe: therefore give me no counſaile,
My griefs cry lowder then advertiſement.

Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leo. I pray thee peace, I will be fleſh and bloud,
For there was never yet Philoſopher,
That could endure the tooth-ake patiently,
How ever they have writ the ſtile of gods,
And made a puſh at chance and ſufferance.

Broth. Yet bend not all the harme upon your ſelfe,
Make thoſe that doe offend you, ſuffer too.

Leon. There thou ſpeak'ſt reaſon, nay I will doe ſo,
My ſoule doth tell me, *Hero* is belied,
And that ſhall *Claudio* know, ſo ſhall the Prince,
And all of them that thus diſhonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Brot. Here comes the *Prince* and *Claudio* haſtily.

Prin. Good den, good den.

Clau. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Heare you my Lords?

Prin. We have ſome haſte *Leonato*.

Leo. Some haſte my Lord! well, fare you well my Lord,
Are you ſo haſty now? well, all is one.

Prin. Nay, do not quarrell with us, good old man.

Brot. If he could right himſelfe with quarrelling,
Some of us would ly low.

Clau. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry thou doſt wrong me, thou diſſembler, thou:
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy ſword,
I feare thee not.

Clau. Marry beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould give your age ſuch cauſe of feare,
Infaith my hand meant nothing to my ſword.

Leo. Tuſh, tuſh, man, never fleere and jeſt at me,
I ſpeake not like a dotard, nor a foole,
As under priviledge of age to bragge,
What I have done being yong, or what would doe,
Were I not old, know *Claudio* to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd my innocent childe and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,
And with grey haires and bruiſe of many daies,
Doe challenge thee to triall of a man,
I ſay thou haſt belied mine innocent childe.
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lies buried with her anceſtors:
O in a tombe where never ſcandall ſlept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villanie.

Clau. My villany?

Leon. Thine *Claudio*, thine I ſay.

Prin. You ſay not right old man.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord,
Ile prove it on his body if he dare,
Deſpight his nice fence, and his active practiſe,
His Maie of youth, and bloome of luſtihood.

Clau. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leo. Canſt thou ſo daffe me? thou haſt kild my child,
If thou kilſt me boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.

Bro. He ſhall kill two of us, and men indeed,
But that's no matter, let him kill one firſt:

Win me and weare me, let him anſwere me,
Come follow me boy, come ſir boy, come follow me
Sir boy, ile whip you from your foyning fence,
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother.

Bro. Content your ſelfe, God knows I lov'd my neece;
And ſhe is dead, ſlander'd to death by villaines,
That dare as well anſwer a man indeed,
As I dare take a ſerpent by the tongue.
Boyes, apes, braggarts, Iackes, milke-ſops.

Leon. Brother *Anthony*.

Brot. Hold you content, what man? I know them, yea
And what they weigh, even to the vtmoſt ſcruple,
Scambling, out-facing, faſhion-mongring boyes,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave, and ſlander,
Goe antiquely and ſhow outward hidiouſneſſe,
And ſpeake of halfe a dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durſt.
And this is all.

Leon. But brother *Anthony*.

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deale in this.

Pri. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience,
My heart is ſory for your daughters death:
But on my honour ſhe was charg'd with nothing
But was true, and very full of proofe.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord.

Prin. I will not heare you.

Enter Benedicke.

Leo. No! come brother, away, I will be heard.

Exeunt ambo.

Bro. And ſhall, or ſome of us will ſmart for it.

Prin. See, ſee, here comes the man we went to ſeeke.

Clau. Now ſignior, what newes?

Ben. Good day my Lord.

Prin. Welcome ſignior, you are almoſt come to part almoſt a fray.

Clau. Wee had like to have had our two noſes ſnapt off with two old men without teeth.

Prin. *Leonato* and his brother, what think'ſt thou? had wee fought, I doubt we ſhould have beene too yong for them.

Ben. In a falſe quarrell there is no true valour, I came to ſeeke you both.

Clau. We have beene up and downe to ſeeke thee, for we are high proofe melancholly, and would faine have it beaten away, wilt thou uſe thy wit?

Ben. It is in my ſcabberd, ſhall I draw it?

Prin. Doeſt thou weare thy wit by thy ſide?

Clau. Never any did ſo, though very many have beene beſide their wit, I will bid thee draw, as we do the minſtrels, draw to pleaſure us.

Prin. As I am an honeſt man he lookes pale, art thou ſicke, or angry?

Clau. What! courage man: what though care kil'd a cat, thou haſt mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I ſhall meete your wit in the careere, and you charge it againſt me, I pray you chuſe another ſubject.

Clau. Nay then give him another ſtaffe, this laſt was broke croſſe.

Prin. By this light, he changes more and more, I think he be angry indeed.

Clau. If he be, he knowes how to turne his girdle.

Ben. Shall I ſpeake a word in your eare?

Clau. God bleſſe me from a challenge.

Ben. You are a villaine, I jeſt not, I will make it good how yow dare, with what you dare, and when you dare: do me right, or I will proteſt your cowardiſe: you have kill'd a ſweete Lady, and her death ſhall fall heavy on you, let me heare from you.

Clau. Well, I will meete you, ſo I may have good cheare.

Prin. What, a feaſt?

Clau. I faith I thanke him, he hath bid me to a calves head and a Capon, the which if I do not carve moſt curiouſly, ſay my knife's naught, ſhall I not finde a woodcocke too?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes eaſily.

Prin. Ile tell thee how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day: I ſaid thou hadſt a fine wit: true ſaies ſhe, a fine little one: n[illegible] ſaid I, a great wit: right ſaies ſhee, a great groſſe one: nay ſaid I, a good wit: juſt ſaid ſhe, it hurts no body: nay ſaid I, the gentleman is wiſe: certain ſaid ſhe, a wiſe gentleman: nay ſaid I, he hath the tongues: that I beleeve ſaid ſhee, for hee ſwore a thing to me on munday night, which he forſwore on tueſday morning: there's a double touge, there's two tongues: thus did ſhee an howre together tranſ-ſhape thy particular vertues, yet at laſt ſhe concluded with a ſigh, thou waſt the propreſt man in Italy.

Clau. For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid ſhee car'd not.

Prin. Yea that ſhe did, but yet for all that, and if ſhee did not hate him deadly, ſhe would love him dearely, the old mans daughter told us all.

Clau. All, all, and moreover, God ſaw him when hee was hid in the garden.

Prin. But when ſhall we ſet the ſavage Bulls hornes on the ſenſible *Benedicks* head?

Clau. Yea and text vnder-neath, heere dwells *Benedicke* the married man.

Bene. Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will leave you now to your goſſep-like humor, you breake jeſts as braggards do their blades, which God be thanked hurt not: my Lord, for your many courteſies I thank you, I muſt diſcontinue your company, your brother the Baſtard is fled from *Meſſina*: you have among you, kill'd a ſweete and innocent Lady: for my Lord Lackebeard there, he and I ſhall meete, and till then peace be with him.

Prin. He is in earneſt.

Clau. In moſt profound earneſt, aud Ile warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

Prin. And hath challeng'd thee.

Clau. Moſt ſincerely.

Prin. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, and leaves off his wit.

Enter Conſtable, Conrade, and Borachio.

Clau. He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape a Doctor to ſuch a man.

Prin. But ſoft you, let me ſee, plucke up my heart, and be ſad, did he not ſay my brother was fled?

Conſt. Come you ſir, if juſtice cannot tame you, ſhee ſhall ne're weigh more reaſons in her ballance, nay, and you be a curſing hypocrite once, you muſt be lookt to.

Prin. How now, two of my brothers men bound? *Borachio* one,

Clau. Harken after their offence my Lord.

Prin. Officers, what offence have theſe men done:

Con. Marrie

Conſt. Marrie ſir; they have committed falſe report, moreover they have ſpoken untruths, ſecondarily they are ſlanders, ſixt and laſtly; they have belyed a Ladie, thirdly, they have verified unjuſt things, and to conclude they are lying knaves.

Prin. Firſt I aske thee what they have done, thirdly I aske thee what's their offence, ſixt and laſtly why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Clau. Rightly reaſoned, and in his owne diviſion, and by my troth there's one meaning well ſuted.

Prin. Whom have you offended maiſters, that you are thus bound to your anſwer? this learned Conſtable is too cunning to be vnderſtood, what's your offence?

Bor. Sweete Prince, let me go no farther to mine anſwere: do you heare me, and let this Count kill mee: I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wiſedomes could not diſcover, theſe ſhallow fooles have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confeſſing to this man; how *Don Iohn* your brother incenſed me to ſlander the Lady *Hero*, how you were brought into the Orchard, and ſaw me court *Margaret* in *Heroes* garments, how you diſgrac'd her when you ſhould marrie her: my villanie they have upon record, which I had rather ſeale with my death, then repeate over to my ſhame: the Lady is dead upon mine and my maiſters falſe accuſation: and briefely, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villaine.

Prin. Runs not this ſpeech like yron through your bloud?

Clau. I have drunke poiſon whiles he vtter'd it.

Prin. But did my Brother ſet thee on to this?

Bor. Yea, and paid me rich for the practiſe of it.

Prin. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery,
And fled he is upon this villany.

Clau. Sweet *Hero*, now thy image doth appeare
In the rare ſemblance that I lov'd it firſt.

Conſt. Come, bring away the plaintiffes, by this time our *Sexton* hath reformed *Signior Leonato* of the matter: and maiſters, do not forget to ſpecifie when time & place ſhall ſerve, that I am an Aſſe.

Con. 2. Here, here comes maiſter *Signior Leonato*, and the *Sexton* too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villaine? let me ſee his eyes,
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoide him: which of theſe is he?

Bor. If you woul know your wronger, looke on me.

Leon. Art thou art thou the ſlave that with thy breath
haſt kild mine innocent childe?

Bor. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not ſo villaine, thou belieſt thy ſelfe,
Here ſtand a paire of honourable men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it:
I thanke you Princes for my daughters death,
Record it with your high and worthy deedes,
'Twas bravely done, if you bethinke you of it.

Clau. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I muſt ſpeake, chooſe your revenge your ſelfe,
Impoſe me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my ſinne, yet ſinn'd I not,
But in miſtaking.

Prin. By my ſoule nor I,
And yet to ſatisfie this good old man,
I would bend vnder any heavy waight,
That heele enjoyne me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you daughter live,
That were impoſſible, but I praie you both,
Poſſeſſe the people in *Meſſina* here,
How innocent ſhe died, and if your love
Can labour aught in ſad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her toomb,
And ſing it to her bones, ſing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my houſe,
And ſince you could not be my ſonne in law,
Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almoſt the copie of my childe that's dead,
And ſhe alone is heire to both of us,
Give her the right you ſhould have giv'n her coſin,
And ſo dies my revenge.

Clau. O noble ſir!
Your overkindneſſe doth wring teares from me,
I do embrace your offer, and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poore *Claudio*.

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your comming,
To night I take my leave: this naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*,
Who I beleeve was packt in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bor. No by my ſoule ſhe was not,
Nor knew not what ſhe did when ſhe ſpoke to me,
But alwaies hath bin juſt and vertuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Conſt. Moreover ſir, which indeed is not under white and blacke, this plaintiffe here, the offendour did call mee aſſe, I beſeech you let it be remembred in his puniſhment, and alſo the watch heard them talke of one Deformed, they ſay he weares a key in his eare and a lock hanging by it, and borrowes mony in Gods name, the which he hath us'd ſo long, and never paied, that now men grow hard-harted and will lend nothing for Gods ſake: praie you examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thanke thee for thy care and honeſt paines.

Conſt. Your worſhip ſpeakes like a moſt thankefull & reverend youth, and I praiſe God for you.

Leon. There's for thy paines.

Conſt. God ſave the foundation.

Leon. Goe, I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner, and I thanke thee.

Conſt. I leave an arrant knave with your worſhip, which I beſeech your worſhip to correct your ſelfe, for the example of others: God keepe your worſhippe, I wiſh your worſhip well, God reſtore you to health, I humbly give you leave to depart, and if a merrie meeting may bee wiſht, God prohibite it: come neighbour.

Leon. Vntill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Exeunt.

Brot. Farewell my Lords, wee looke for you to morrow.

Prin. We will not faile.

Clau. To night ile mourne with *Hero*.

Leon. Bring you theſe fellowes on, wee'l talke with *Margaret*, how her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

Exeunt.

Enter Benedicke and Margaret.

Ben. Pray thee ſweete Miſtris *Margaret*, deſerve well at my hands, by helping me to the ſpeech of *Beatrice*.

Mar. Will you then writte me a Sonnet in praiſe of my beautie?

Bene. In ſo high a ſtile *Margaret*, that no man living ſhall come over it, for in moſt comely truth thou deſerveſt it.

Mar. To have no man come over me, why, ſhall I alwaies keepe below ſtaires?

Bene. Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.

Mar. And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A moſt manly wit *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman: and ſo I pray thee call *Beatrice*, I giue thee the bucklers.

Mar. Give us the ſwords, wee have bucklers of our owne.

Bene. If you uſe them *Margaret*, you muſt put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maides.

Mar. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I thinke hath legges. *Exit Margarite.*

Bene. And therefore will come. The god of love that ſits above, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pittifull I deſerve. I meane in ſinging, but in loving, Leander the good ſwimmer, Troilous the firſt imployer of pandars, and a whole booke full of theſe quondam carpet-mongers, whoſe name yet runne ſmoothly in the even rode of a blanke verſe, why they were never ſo truely turned over as my poore ſelfe in love: marry I cannot ſhew it rime, I have tried, I can finde out no rime to Ladie but badie an innocents rime: for ſcorne, horne, a hard rime: for ſchoole foole, a babling rime: very ominous endings, no, I was not borne vnder a riming Plannet, for I cannot wooe in feſtivall tearmes:

Enter Beatrice.

Sweete *Beatrice* would'ſt thou come when I cal'd thee?

Beat. Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O ſtay but till then.

Beat. Then, is ſpoken: fare you well now, and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath paſt betweene you and *Claudio.*

Bene. Onely foule words, and thereupon I will kiſſe thee.

Beat. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule winde is but foule breath, and foule breath is noiſome, therefore I will depart unkiſt.

Bene. Thou haſt frighted the word out of his right ſence, ſo forcible is thy wit, but I muſt tell thee plainely, *Claudio* vndergoes my challenge, and either I muſt ſhortly heare from him, or I will ſubſcribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didſt thou firſt fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd ſo politique a ſtate of evill, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you firſt ſuffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithite, I do ſuffer love indeede, for I love thee againſt my will.

Bert. In ſpight of your heart I thinke, alas poore heart, if you ſpight it for my ſake, I will ſpight it for yours, for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bened. Thou and I are too wiſe to wooe peaceablie.

Beat. It appeares not in this confeſſion, there's not one wiſe man among twenty that will praiſe himſelfe.

Bene. An old, an old inſtance *Beatrice*, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not erect in this age his owne tombe ere he dies, hee ſhall live no longer in monuments, then the Bels ring, and the Widdow weepes.

Beat. And how long is that thinke you?

Bene. Queſtion, why an hower in clamour and a quarter in rhewme, therfore is it moſt expedient for the wiſe, if Don worme (his conſcience) finde no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my ſelfe ſo much for praiſing my ſelfe, who I my ſelfe will beare witneſſe is praiſe worthy, and now tell me how doth your coſin?

Beat: Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Enter Vrſula.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend, there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haſte.

Vrſ. Madam, you muſt come to your Vncle, yonders old coile at home, it is proved my Lady *Hero* hath bin falſely accuſde, the *Prince* and *Claudio* mightily abuſde, and *Don Iohn* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come preſently?

Beat. Will you go heare this newes Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes: and moreover, I will goe with thee to thy Vncles. *Exeunt.*

Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with Tapers.

Clau. Is this the monument of *Leonato*?

Lord. It is my Lord. *Epitaph.*

Done to death by ſlanderous tongues,
Was the Hero *that here lies:*
Death in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life that died with ſhame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tombe,
Praiſing her when I am dombe.

Clau. Now muſick ſound and ſing your ſolemne hymne.

Song.

Pardon goddeſſe of the night,
Those that ſlew thy virgin knight,
For the which with ſongs of woe,
Round about her tombe they goe:
Midnight aſſiſt our mone, helpe vs to ſigh and grone.
Heavily, heavily.
Graues yawne and yeelde your dead,
Till death be vttered,
Heavenly heavenly.

Lo. Now unto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do (this right.

Prin. Good morrow maiſters, put your Torches out,
The wolves have preied, and looke, the gentle day
Before the wheeles of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowſie Eaſt with ſpots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us, fare you well.

Clau. Good morrow maiſters, each his ſeverall way.

Prin. Come let us hence, and put on other weedes,
And then to *Leonatoes* we will goe.

Clau. And Hymen now with luckier iſſue ſpeed;

Then this for whom we rendred up this woe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leonato, Bene. Marg. Vrſula, old man, Frier, Hero.

Frier. Did I not tell you ſhe was innocent?

Leo. So are the *Prince* and *Claudio* who accus'd her,
Vpon the errour that you heard debated:
But *Margaret* was in ſome fault for this,
Although againſt her will as it appeares,
In the true courſe of all the queſtion.

Old. Well, I am glad that all things ſort ſo well.

Ben. And ſo am I, being elſe by faith enforc'd,
To call yong *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.

Leo. Well daughter, and yong Gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a Chamber by your ſelves,
And when I ſend for you, come hither mask'd:
The *Prince* and *Claudio* promis'd by this houre
To viſit me, you know your office Brother,
You muſt be father to your Brothers daughter,
And give her to yong *Claudio*. *Exeunt Ladies.*

Old. Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance.

Ben. Frier, I muſt intreat your paines, I thinke.

Frier. To doe what Signior?

Ben. To binde me, or undoe me, one of them:
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is good Signior,
Your Neece regards me with an eye of favour.

Old. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis moſt true.

Ben. And I doe with an eye of love requite her.

Leo. The ſight whereof I thinke you had from me,
From *Claudio*, and the *Prince*, but what's your will?

Ben. Your anſwer ſir is Enigmaticall,
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May ſtand with ours, this day to be conjoyn'd,
I'th ſtate of honourable marriage,
In which good Frier I ſhall deſire your helpe.

Leo. My heart is with your liking.

Fryer. And my helpe.

Enter Prince and Claudio with attendants.

Prin. Good morrow to this faire aſſembly.

Leo. Good morrow *Prince*, good morrow *Claudio*,
We here attend you, are you yet determin'd,
To day to marry with my brothers daughter?

Clau. Ile hold my minde were ſhe an Ethiope.

Leo. Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready.

Prin. Good morrow *Benedicke*, why what's the matter?
That you have ſuch a February face,
So full of froſt, of ſtorme, and clowdineſſe.

Clau. I thinke he thinkes upon the ſavage bull:
Tuſh, feare not man, we'll tip thy hornes with gold,
And all *Europa* ſhall rejoyce at thee,
As once *Europa* did at luſty *Iove*,
When he would play the noble beaſt in love.

Ben. Bull *Iove* ſir, had an amiable low,
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leapt your fathers Cow,
A got a Calfe in that ſame noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have juſt his bleat.

Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Vrſula.

Cla. For this I owe you: here comes other recknings.
Which is the Lady I muſt ſeize upon?

Leo. This ſame is ſhe, and I doe give you her.

Cla. Why then ſhe's mine, ſweet let me ſee your face.

Leon. No that you ſhall not, till you take her hand,
Before this Frier, and ſweare to marry her.

Clau. Give me your hand before this holy Frier,
I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd I was your other wife,
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Clau. Another *Hero*?

Hero. Nothing certainer.
One *Hero* died, but I doe live,
And ſurely as I live, I am a maid.

Prin. The former *Hero*, *Hero* that is dead.

Leon. Shee died my Lord, but whiles her ſlander liv'd.

Frier. All this amazement can I qualifie,
When after that the holy rites are ended,
Ile tell you largely of faire *Heroes* death:
Meane time let wonder ſeeme familiar,
And to the chappell let us preſently.

Ben. Soft and faire Frier, which is *Beatrice*?

Beat. I anſwer to that name, what is your will?

Bene. Doe not you love me?

Beat. Why no, no more then reaſon.

Bene. Why then your Vncle, and the Prince, & *Claudio*,
have beene deceived, they ſwore you did.

Beat. Doe not you love me?

Bene. Troth no, no more then reaſon.

Beat. Why then my Coſin *Margaret* and *Vrſula*
Are much deceiu'd, for they did ſweare you did.

Bene. They ſwore you were almoſt ſicke for me.

Beat. They ſwore you were wel-nye dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter, then you doe not love me?

Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come Coſin, I am ſure you love the gentleman.

Clau. And Ile be ſworne upon't that he loves her,
For heres a paper written in his hand,
A halting ſonnet of his owne pure braine,
Faſhioned to *Beatrice*.

Hero. And heeres another,
Writ in my coſins hand, ſtolne from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto *Benedicke*.

Bene. A miracle, here's our owne hands againſt our hearts: come I will have thee, but by this light I take thee for pittie.

Beat. I would not denie you, but by this good day, I yeeld upon great perſwaſion, and partly to ſave your life, for I was told, you were in a conſumption.

Leon. Peace I will ſtop your mouth.

Prin. How doſt thou *Benedicke* the married man?

Bene. Ile tell thee what Prince: a Colledge of witte-crackers cannot flout mee out of my humour, doſt thou thinke I care for a Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man will be beaten with braines, a ſhall weare nothing handſome about him: in briefe, ſince I do purpoſe to marry, I will thinke nothing to any purpoſe that the world can ſay againſt it: and therefore never flout at me, for I have ſaid againſt it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my concluſion: for thy part *Claudio*, I did thinke to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinſman, live unbruis'd, and love my coſin.

Cla. I had well hop'd ÿ wouldeſt have denied *Beatrice*, ÿ I might have cudgel'd thee out of thy ſingle life, to make thee a double dealer, which out of queſtion thou wilt be, if my Couſin do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends, let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives heeles.

Leon. Wee'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. Firſt, of my word, therefore play muſicke. *Prince*, thou art ſad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife, there is no ſtaffe more reverend then one tipt with horn. *Enter Meſ.*

Meſſen. My Lord, your brother *Iohn* is tane in flight,
And brought with armed men backe to *Meſſina*.

Bene. Thinke not on him till to morrow, ile deviſe thee brave puniſhments for him: ſtrike up Pipers. *Dance.*

FINIS.

Loves Labour's loſt.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Ferdinand King of Navarre, Biron, Longavile, and Dumaine.

Ferdinand.

LEt Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regiſtred upon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace us in the diſgrace of death:
When ſpight of cormorant devouring Time,
Th'endevour of this preſent breath may buy
That honour which ſhall bate his Sythes keene edge,
And make us heires of all eternitie.
Therefore brave Conquerors (for ſo you are)
That warre againſt your owne affections,
And the huge Army of the worlds deſires;
Our late Edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force,
Navarre ſhall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court ſhall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living Art.
You three, *Biron*, *Dumaine*, and *Longavile*,
Have ſworne for three yeeres terme to live with me,
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe thoſe ſtatutes
That are recorded in this ſcedule here.
Your oathes are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names:
That his owne hand may ſtrike his honour downe,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch herein:
If you are arm'd to doe, as ſworne to doe,
Subſcribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe them to.
Long. I am reſolv'd, 'tis but a three yeeres faſt:
The minde ſhall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches have leane pates: and dainty bits,
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.
Dumain. My loving Lord, *Dumaine* is mortified,
The groſſer manner of theſe worlds delights,
He throwes upon the groſſe worlds baſer ſlaves:
To love, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,
With all theſe living in Philoſophy.
Biron. I can but ſay their proteſtation over,
So much (deare Liege) I have already ſworne,
That is, to live and ſtudy here three yeeres.
But there are other ſtrict obſervances:
As not to ſee a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:
And but one meale on every day beſide:
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to ſleepe but three houres in the night,
And not be ſeene to winke of all the day.
When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,
And make a darke night too of halfe the day:
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O, theſe are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,
Not to ſee Ladies, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleepe.
Ferd. Your oath is paſt to paſſe away from theſe.
Biron. Let me ſay no my Liege, and if you pleaſe,
I onely ſwore to ſtudy with your Grace,
And ſtay here in your Court for three yeares ſpace.
Long. You ſwore to that *Biron*, and to the reſt.
Bir. By yea and nay ſir, then I ſwore in jeſt.
What is the end of ſtudy, let me know?
Ferd. Why that to know which elſe wee ſhould not know.
Bir. Things hid and bard (you meane) from common ſenſe.
Ferd. I, that is ſtudies god-like recompence.
Bir. Come on then, I will ſweare to ſtudy ſo,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to ſtudy where I well may dine,
When I to faſt expreſly am forbid.
Or ſtudy where to meet ſome Miſtreſſe fine,
When Miſtreſſes from common ſenſe are hid.
Or having ſworne too hard a keeping oath,
Study to breake it, and not breake my troth.
If ſtudies gaine be thus, and this be ſo,
Study knowes that which yet it doth not know,
Sweare me to this, and I will ne're ſay no.
Ferd. Theſe be the ſtops that hinder ſtudy quite,
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.
Bir. Why? all delights are vaine, and that moſt vaine,
Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,
As painefully to poare upon a booke,
To ſeeke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falſly blinde the eye-ſight of his looke:
Light ſeeking light, doth light beguile:
So ere you find where light in darkneſſe lies,
Your light growes darke by loſing of your eyes.
Study me how to pleaſe the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye,
Who dazling ſo, that eye ſhall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heavens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe ſearch'd with ſawcy lookes:
Small have continuall plodders ever wonne,
Save baſe authoritie from others Bookes.
Theſe earthly Godfathers of heavens lights,
That give a name to every fixed ſtarre,
Have no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Then thoſe that walke, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
And every Godfather can give a name.
Ferd. How well hee's read, to reaſon againſt reading.

Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding.

Lon. He weedes the Corne, and ſtill lets grow the weeding.

Bir. The Spring is neare when Greene Geeſe are a breeding.

Dum. How followes that?

Bir. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reaſon nothing.

Bir. Something then in rime.

Ferd. *Biron* is like an envious ſneaping Froſt,
That bites the firſt borne Infants of the Spring.

Bir. Well, ſay I am, why ſhould proud Summer boaſt,
Before the Birds have any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I joy in any abortive birth?
At Chriſtmas I no more deſire a Roſe,
Than wiſh a Snow in Mayes new fangled ſhowes:
But like of each thing that in ſeaſon growes.
So you to ſtudy now it is too late,
That were to clymbe ore the houſe t'unlocke the gate.

Fer. Well, ſit you out: goe home *Biron*: adue.

Bir. No my good Lord, I have ſworn to ſtay with you.
And though I have for barbariſme ſpoke more,
Then for that Angell knowledge you can ſay,
Yet confident Ile keepe what I have ſwore,
And bide the pennance of each three yeeres day.
Give me the Paper let me reade the ſame,
And to the ſtrict'ſt decrees Ile write my name.

Fer. How well this yeelding reſcues thee from ſhame.

Bir. *Item.* That no woman ſhall come within a mile of my Court.
Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Foure dayes agoe.

Bir. Let's ſee the penalty.
On paine of looſing her tongue.
Who devis'd this penalty?

Lon. Marry that did I.

Bir. Sweet Lord, and why?

Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penalty,
A dangerous Law againſt gentility.

Item, If any man be ſeene to talke with a woman within the tearme of three yeares, hee ſhall endure ſuch publique ſhame as the reſt of the Court ſhall poſſibly deviſe..

Bir. This Article my Liege your ſelfe muſt breake,
For well you know here comes in Embaſſie
The *French* Kings daughter, with your ſelfe to ſpeake:
A Maide of Grace and compleat Majeſty,
About ſurrender up of *Aquitaine*:
To her decrepit, ſicke, and bed-rid Father.
Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
Or vainely comes the admired Princeſſe hither.

Fer. What ſay you Lords?
Why, this was quite forgot.

Bir. So ſtudy evermore is overſhot,
While it doth ſtudy to have what it would,
It doth forget to doe the thing it ſhould:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won as Townes with fire, ſo won, ſo loſt.

Fer. We muſt of force diſpence with this Decree,
She muſt lie here on meere neceſſity.

Bir. Neceſſity will make us all forſworne
Three thouſand times within this three yeares ſpace:
For every man with his affects is borne,
Not by might maſtred, but by ſpeciall grace.
If I breake faith, this word ſhall breake for me,
I am forſworne on meere neceſſitie.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the leaſt degree,
Stands in attainder of eternall ſhame.
Suggeſtions are to others as to me:
But I beleeve although I ſeeme ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keepe his oath.
But is there no quicke recreation granted?

Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is haunted
With a conceited Travailer of *Spaine*,
A man in all the world new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his braine:
One, whom the muſicke of his owne vaine tongue,
Doth raviſh like inchanting harmony:
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as vmpire of their mutinie.
This childe of fancie that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our ſtudies ſhall relate,
In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight:
From tawny *Spaine* loſt in the worlds debate.
How you delight my Lords, I know not I,
But I proteſt I love to heare him lie,
And I will uſe him for my Minſtrelſie.

Bir. *Armado* is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire, new words, Faſhions owne Knight.

Lon. *Coſtard* the ſwaine and he ſhall be our ſport,
And ſo to ſtudie, three yeeres is but ſhort.

Enter a Conſtable with Coſtard with a Letter.

Conſt Which is the Dukes owne perſon.

Bir. This fellow, What would'ſt?.

Con. I my ſelfe reprehend his owne perſon, for I am his Graces Tharborough: But I would ſee his owne perſon in fleſh and bloud.

Bir. This is he.

Con. Signior *Arme, Arme* commends you:
There's villany abroad, this letter will tell you more.

Clow. Sir, the Contempts thereof are as touching mee.

Fer. A Letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

Bir. How low ſoever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Lon. A high hope for a low heaven, God grant us patience.

Bir. To heare, or forbeare hearing.

Lon. To heare meekely ſir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbeare both.

Bir. Well ſir, be it as the ſtile ſhall give us cauſe to clime in the merrineſſe.

Clow. The matter is to me ſir, as concerning *Iaquenetta*. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Bir. In what manner?

Clow. In manner and forme following ſir all thoſe three. I was ſeene with her in the Mannor houſe, ſitting with her upon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put together, is in manner and forme following. Now ſir for the Manner; Is the manner of a man to ſpeake to a Woman, for the Forme in ſome forme.

Bir. For the following ſir.

Clow. As it ſhall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.

Fer. Will you heare this Letter with attention?

Bir. As we would heare an Oracle.

Clo. Such is the ſimplicity of man to hearken after the fleſh.

Ferdinand.

G*Reat Deputy, the Welkins Vicegerent, and ſole dominator of* Navarre, *my ſoules earthes God, and bodies foſtring Patrone:*

Coſt. Not a word of *Coſtard* yet.

Ferd. So it is.

Coſt. It may be ſo: but if he ſay it is ſo, he is in telling true: but ſo.

Ferd. Peace,

Clow. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No words,

Clow. Of other mens ſecrets I beſeech you.

Ferd. So it is, beſieged with ſable coloured melancholly, I did commend the blacke oppreſſing humour to the moſt wholeſome Phyſicke of thy health giving ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my ſelfe to walke: the time When? about the ſixt houre, When Beaſts moſt graſe, Birds beſt pecke, and men ſit downe to that nouriſhment which is called Supper: So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I meane I walkt upon, it is ycliped, Thy Parke. Then for the place Where? where I meane I did encounter that obſcene and moſt prepoſterous event that draweth from my ſnow white Pen the Ebon-coloured Inke, which heere thou vieweſt, beholdeſt, ſurvayeſt or ſeeſt. But to the place Where: It ſtandeth North North-Eaſt and by Eaſt from the Weſt corner of thy curious knotted Garden; There did I ſee that low ſpirited Swaine, that baſe Minow of thy myrth, (*Clowne.* Mee?) *that unlettered ſmall-knowing ſoule,* (*Clow.* me?) *that ſhallow vaſſal* (*Clow.* Still Me?) *which as I remember, hight* Coſtard, (*Clow.* O me) *ſorted and conſorted contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaimed Edict and Continent Canon: Which with, O with, but with this I paſſion to ſay wherewith:*

Clo. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eve, *a female; or for thy more underſtanding a woman: him, I (as my ever eſteemed dutie prickes me on) have ſent to thee, to receive the meed of puniſhment by the ſweet Graces Officer* Anthony Dull, *a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and eſtimation.*

Anth. Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you? I am *Anthony Dull.*

Ferd. For Iaquenetta *(ſo is the weaker veſſell called) which I apprehended with the aforeſaid Swain, I keep her as a veſſell of thy Lawes fury, and ſhall at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.*

Don Adriana de Armado.

Bir. This is not ſo well as I looked for, but the beſt that ever I heard.

Ferd. I the beſt for the worſt. But ſirra, What ſay you to this?

Clo. Sir I confeſſe the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clo. I doe confeſſe much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Ferd. It was proclaimed a yeeres impriſonment to bee taken with a Wench.

Clo: It was taken with none ſir, I was taken with a Damoſell.

Ferd. Well, it was proclaimed Damoſell.

Clo. This was no Damoſell neither ſir, ſhee was a Virgin.

Ferd. It is ſo varied too, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clo. If it were, I deny her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maide will not ſerve your turne ſir.

Clo. This Maide will ſerve my turne ſir.

Fer. Sir I will pronounce your ſentence: You ſhall faſt a Weeke with Branne and Water.

Clo. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porrigde.

Ferd. And *Don Armado* ſhall be your Keeper.
My Lord *Biron*, ſee him deliver'd ore,
And goe we Lords to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworne. *Exeunt.*

Bir. Ile lay my head to any good mans Hat,
Theſe oathes and Lawes will prove an idle ſcorne.
Sirra, come on.

Clo. I ſuffer for the truth ſir: for true it is, I was taken with *Iaquenetta*, and *Iaquenetta* is a true Girle, and therefore welcome the ſowre cup of proſperity, affliction may one day ſmile againe, and untill then ſit downe ſorrow. *Exit.*

Enter Armado a Braggart, and Moth his Page.

Brag. Boy, What ſigne is it when a man of great ſpirit growes melancholly?

Boy. A great ſigne ſir, that he will looke ſad.

Brag. Why? ſadneſſe is one and the ſelfe-ſame thing deare Impe.

Boy. No, no, O Lord ſir no.

Brag. How canſt thou part ſadneſſe and melancholly, my tender *Iuvenall?*

Boy. By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough Signior.

Brag. Why tough Signior? Why tough ſignior?

Boy. Why tender *Iuvenall?* Why tender *Iuvenall?*

Boy. I ſpoke it tender *Iuvenall*, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy yong dayes, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough Signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How meane you ſir, I pretty, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying pretty?

Brag. Thou pretty, becauſe little.

Boy. Little pretty, becauſe little: wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore apt, becauſe quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praiſe Maſter?

Brag. In thy condigne praiſe.

Boy. I will praiſe an Eele with the ſame praiſe.

Brag. What? that an Eele is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Eele is quicke.

Brag. I doe ſay thou art quicke in anſweres. Thou heat'ſt my blood.

Boy. I am anſwer'd ſir.

Brag. I love not to be croſt.

Boy. He ſpeaks the clean contrary, croſſes love not him.

Br. I have promis'd to ſtudy iij yeeres with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an houre ſir.

Brag. Impoſſible.

Boy How many is one thrice told?

Brag. I am ill at reckning, it fits the ſpirit of a Tapſter.

Boy. You are a Gentleman and a Gameſter ſir.

Brag. I confeſſe both, they are both the varniſh of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am ſure you know how much the groſſe ſumme of deuſ-aſe amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the baſe vulgar call three. *Br.* True.

Boy. Why ſir is this ſuch a peece of ſtudy? Now here's three ſtudied, ere you'll thrice winke, and how eaſie it is to put yeares to the word three, and ſtudy three yeeres in two words, the dancing horſe will tell you

Brag. A moſt fine figure.

Boy. To Prove you a Cypher.

Brag. I will hereupon confeſſe I am in love: and as it is baſe for a Souldier to love; ſo am I in love with a baſe Wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection, would deliver mee from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Deſire priſoner, and ranſome him to any French Courtier for a new deviſ'd curteſie. I thinke ſcorne to ſigh, mee thinkes I ſhould out-ſweare *Cupid*. Comfort me Boy, What great men have beene in love?

Boy. *Hercules*, Maſter.

Brag. Moſt ſweet *Hercules*: more authority deare Boy, name more; and ſweet my childe let them bee men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. *Sampſon*, Maſter, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for hee carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in love.

Brag. O well-knit *Sampſon*, ſtrong joynted *Sampſon*; I doe excell thee in my Rapier, as much as thou didſt mee in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was *Sampſons* Love my deare *Moth*?

Boy. A woman, Maſter.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Brag. Tell me preciſely of what Complexion?

Boy. Of the Sea-water Greene ſir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I have read ſir, and the beſt of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Lovers: but to have a Love of that colour, me thinkes *Sampſon* had ſmall reaſon for it. He ſurely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was ſo ſir, for ſhe had a greene wit.

Brag. My Love is moſt immaculate white and red.

Boy. Moſt immaculate thoughts Maſter, are mask'd under ſuch colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue aſſiſt mee.

Brag. Sweet invocation of a childe, moſt pretty and patheticall.

Boy. If ſhe be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne're be knowne:
For bluſhing cheekes by faults are bred,
And feares by pale white ſhowne:
Then if ſhe feare, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know,
For ſtill her cheekes poſſeſſe the ſame,
Which native ſhe doth owe:

A dangerous rime Maſter againſt the reaſon of white and redde.

Brag. Is there not a Ballet Boy, of the King and the Begger?

Boy. The world was very guilty of ſuch a Ballet, ſome three Ages ſince, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither ſerve for the writing, nor the tune.

Brag. I will have that ſubject newly writ ore, that I may example my digreſſion by ſome mighty preſident. Boy, I doe love that Countrey Girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall Hinde *Coſtard*: ſhee deſerves well.

Boy. To be whip'd: and yet a better Love then my Maſter.

Brag. Sing Boy, my ſpirit growes heavy in love.

Boy. And that's great marvell, loving a light Wench.

Brag. I ſay ſing.

Boy. Forbeare till this company be paſt.

Enter Clowne, Conſtable, *and* Wench.

Conſt. Sir, the Dukes pleaſure, is that you keepe *Coſtard* ſafe, and you muſt let him take no delight, nor no pennance, but he muſt faſt three dayes a weeke: for this Damſell, I muſt keepe her at the Parke, ſhee is allow'd for the Day-woman. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Brag. I doe betray my ſelfe with bluſhing: Maide.

Maid. Man.

Brag. I will viſit thee at the Lodg.

Maid. That's here by.

Brag. I know where it is ſituate.

Maid. Lord how wiſe you are!

Brag. I will tell thee wonders.

Maid. With that face?

Brag. I love thee.

Maid. So I heard you ſay.

Brag. And ſo farewell.

Maid. Faire weather after you.

Come *Iaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*

Brag. Villaine, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Clo. Well ſir, I hope when I doe it, I ſhall doe it on a full ſtomacke.

Brag. Thou ſhalt be heavily puniſhed.

Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Con. Take away this Villaine, ſhut him up.

Boy. Come you tranſgreſſing ſlave, away.

Clow. Let me not be pent up ſir, I will be faſt being looſe.

Boy. No ſir, that were faſt and looſe: thou ſhalt to priſon.

Clow. Well, if ever I doe ſee the merry dayes of deſolation that I have ſeene, ſome ſhall ſee.

Boy. What ſhall ſome ſee?

Clow. Nay nothing, Maſter *Moth*, but what they looke upon. It is not for priſoners to be ſilent in their words, and therefore I will ſay nothing: I thanke God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. *Exit.*

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is baſe) where her ſhooe (which is baſer) guided by her foote (which is baſeſt) doth tread. I ſhall be forſworne (which is a great argument of falſhood) if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falſly attempted? Love is a familiar, Love is a Divell. There is no evill Angell but Love, yet *Sampſon* was ſo tempted, and hee had an excellent ſtrength: Yet was *Salomon* ſo ſeduced, and hee had a very good wit. *Cupids* But-ſhaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubbe, and therefore too much oddes for a *Spaniards* Rapier: The firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my turne: the *Paſſado* hee reſpects not, the *Duello* hee regards not; his diſgrace is to bee called Boy, but his glory is to ſubdue men. Adue Valour, ruſt Rapier, bee ſtill Drum, for your manager is in love; yea, hee loveth. Aſſiſt me ſome extemporall god of Rime, for I am ſure I ſhall turne Sonnet. Deviſe Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus Secunda.

Enter the Princeſſe of France, with three attending Ladies, and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madam ſummon up your deareſt ſpirits,
Conſider whom the King your Father ſends:
To whom he ſends, and what's his Embaſſie.
Your ſelfe, held precious in the worlds eſteeme,
To parlee with the ſole inheritour
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matcleſſe *Navarre*: the plea of no leſſe weight
Than *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene.
Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When ſhe did ſtarve the generall world beſide,
And prodigally gave them all to you.
Prin. Good L. *Boyet*, my beauty though but meane,
Needes not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not uttred by baſe ſale of Chapmens tongues:
I am leſſe proud to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much willing to be counted wiſe,
In ſpending thus your wit in praiſe of mine.
But now to taske the tasker, good *Boyet*,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noyſe abroad *Navarre* hath made a vow,
Till painefull ſtudy ſhall out-weare three yeares,
No woman may approach his ſilent Court:
Therefore to's ſeemeth it a needfull courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden Gates,
To know his pleaſure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthineſſe, we ſingle you,
As our beſt moving faire Soliciter:
Tell him the Daughter of the King of *France*,
On ſerious buſineſſe, craving quicke diſpatch,
Importunes perſonall conference with his Grace.
Haſte, ſignifie ſo much, while we attend,
Like humble viſag'd Sutors his high will.
Boyet. Proud of imployment, willingly I goe. *Exit.*
Prin. All pride is willing pride, and your's is ſo:
Who are the Votaries my loving Lords, that are vowfellowes with this vertuous Duke?
Lor. *Longavile* is one.
Prin. Know you the man?
1 *Lad.* I knew him Madam at a marriage Feaſt,
Betweene L. *Perigort* and the beauteous heire
Of *Iaques Fauconbridge* ſolemnized.
In *Normandy* ſaw I this *Longavile*,
A man of ſoveraigne parts he is eſteem'd:
Well fitted in the Arts, glorious in Armes:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The onely ſoyle of his faire vertues gloſſe,
(If vertues gloſſe will ſtaine with any ſoyle,)
Is a ſharpe wit match'd with too blunt a will:
Whoſe edge hath power to cut, whoſe will ſtill wils,
It ſhould none ſpare that come within his power.
Prin. Some merry mocking Lord belike, iſt ſo?
Lad. 1. They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humors know.
Prin. Such ſhort liv'd wits doe wither as they grow.
Who are the reſt?
2. *Lad.* The yong *Dumaine*, a well accompliſh'd youth,
Of all that Vertue love, for Vertue loved.
Moſt power to doe moſt harme, leaſt knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill ſhape good,
And ſhape to win grace though he had no wit.
I ſaw him at the Duke *Alanzoes* once,
And much too little of that good I ſaw,
Is my report to his great worthineſſe.
Roſa. Another of theſe Students at that time,
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth.
Birone they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth,
I never ſpent an houres talke withall.
His eye begets occaſion for wit,
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turnes to a mirth-moving jeſt.
Which his faire tongue (conceits Expoſitor)
Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged eares play Trewant at his Tales,
And yonger hearings are quite raviſhed.
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.
Prin. God bleſſe my Ladies, are they all in love?
That every one her owne hath garniſhed,
With ſuch bedecking ornaments of praiſe.
Ma. Heere comes *Boyet.*

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance Lord?
Boyet. *Navarre* had notice of your faire approach;
And he and his Competitors in oath,
Were all addreſt to meete you gentle Lady
Before I came: Marry thus I have learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes heere to beſiege his Court,
Than ſeeke a diſpenſation for his oath:
To let you enter his unpeopled houſe.

Enter Navar, Longavile, Dumaine, and Birone.

Heere comes *Navarre.*
Nav. Faire Princeſſe, welcome to the Court of *Navar.*
Prin. Faire I give you backe againe, and welcome I have not yet: the roofe of this Court is too high to bee yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too baſe to bee mine.
Nav. You ſhall be welcome Madam to my Court.
Prin. I will be welcome then, Conduct me thither.
Nav. Heare me deare Lady, I have ſworne an oath.
Frin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, hee'l be forſworne.
Nav. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.
Prin. Why, will ſhall breake it will, and nothing elſe.
Nav. Your Ladiſhip is ignorant what it is.
Frin. Were my Lord ſo, his ignorance were wiſe,
Where now his knowledge muſt prove ignorance.
I heare your Grace hath ſworne out Houſ-keeping:
'Tis deadly ſinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And ſinne to breake it:
But pardon me, I am too ſodaine bold,
To teach a Teacher ill beſeemeth me.
Vouchſafe to reade the purpoſe of my comming,
And ſodainely reſolve me in my ſuite.
Nav. Madam, I will, if ſodainly I may.
Prin. You will the ſooner that I were away,
For you'll prove perjur'd if you make me ſtay.
Bir. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Roſa. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Bir. I know you did,
Roſa. How needleſſe was it then to aske the queſtion ?
Bir. You muſt not be ſo quicke.
Ro. 'Tis long of you that ſpur mee with ſuch queſtions.
Bir. Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.
Raſo. Not till it leave the Rider in the mire.
Bir. What time a day ?
Roſa. The houre that fooles ſhould aske.
Bir. Now faire befall your maske.
Roſa. Faire fall the face it covers.
Bir. And ſend you many lovers.
Roſa. Amen, ſo you be none.
Bir. Nay then will I be gone.
Fer. Madame, your father heere doth intimate,
The paiment of a hundred thouſand Crownes,
Being but th'one halfe, of an intire ſumme,
Disburſed by my father in his warres.
But ſay that he, or we, as neither have
Receiv'd that ſumme; yet there remaines unpaid
A hundred thouſand more: in ſurety of the which,
One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to us,
Although not valued to the moneys worth.
If then the King your father will reſtore
But that one halfe which is unſatisfied,
We will give up our right in *Aquitaine*,
And hold faire friendſhip with his Majeſty:
But that it ſeemes he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid,
An hundred thouſand Crownes, and not demands
One paiment of a hundred thouſand Crownes,
To have his title live in *Aquitaine*.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And have the money by our father lent,
Then *Aquitaine*, ſo guelded as it is.
Deare Princeſſe, were not his requeſts ſo farre
From reaſons yeelding, your faire ſelfe ſhould make
A yeelding 'gainſt ſome reaſon in my breſt,
And goe well ſatisfied to *France* againe.
Prin. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo unſeeming to confeſſe receit
Of that which hath ſo faithfully beene paid.
Fer. I doe proteſt I never heard of it,
And if you prove it, Ile repay it backe,
Or yeeld up *Aquitaine*.
Prin. We arreſt your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For ſuch a ſumme, from ſpeciall Officers,
Of *Charles* his Father.
Fer. Satisfie me ſo.
Boyet. So pleaſe your Grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other ſpecialties are bound,
To morrow you ſhall have a ſight of them.
Fer. It ſhall ſuffice me; at which enterview,
All liberall reaſon would I yeeld unto:
Meane time, receive ſuch welcome at my hand,
As Honour, without breach of Honor may
Make tender of, to thy true worthineſſe.
You may not come faire Princeſſe in my gates,
But heere without you ſhall be ſo receiv'd,
As you ſhall deeme your ſelfe lodg'd in my heart,
Though ſo deni'd farther harbour in my houſe:
Your owne good thoughts excuſe me, and farewell,
To morrow we ſhall viſit you againe.
Prin. Sweet health and faire deſires conſort your grace.
Fer. Thy owne wiſh, wiſh I thee, in every place. *Exit.*

Boy. Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart.
La. Ro. Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to ſee it.
Boy. I would you heard it grone.
La. Ro. Is the ſoule ſicke ?
Boy. Sicke at the heart.
La. Ro. Alacke, let it bloud.
Boy. Would that doe it good ?
La. Ro. My Phiſicke ſayes I.
Bo. Will your prick't with your eye.
La. Ro. *No poynt*, with my knife.
Boy. Now God ſave thy life.
La. Ro. And yours from long living.
Bir. I cannot ſtay thankſgiving. *Exit.*

Enter Dumaine.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: what Lady is that ſame?
Boy. The heire of *Alanſon*, *Roſalin* her name.
Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounſier fare you well. *Exit.*

Enter Longavile.

Long. I beſeech you a word: what is ſhe in the white?
Boy. A woman ſometimes, if you ſaw her in the light.
Long. Perchance light in the light: I deſire her name.
Boy. She hath but one for her ſelfe,
To deſire that were a ſhame.
Lon. Pray you ſir, whoſe daughter?
Boy. Her mothers, I have heard.
Long. Gods bleſſing a your beard.
Boy. Good ſir be not offended,
She is an heire of *Faulconbridge*.
Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
Shee is a moſt ſweet Lady. *Exit. Long.*
Boy. Not unlike ſir, that may be.

Enter Birone.

Bir. What's her name in the cap.
Boy. *Katherine* by good hap.
Bir. Is ſhe wedded, or no.
Boy. To her will ſir, or ſo.
Bir. You are welcome ſir, adiew.
Boy. Fare well to me ſir, and welcome to you. *Exit.*
La. Ma. That laſt is *Birone*, the mery mad-cap Lord.
Not a word with him, but a jeſt.
Boy. And every jeſt but a word.
Pri. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.
Lad. Ma. Two hot Sheepes mary;
And wherefore not Ships ? (lips.
Boy. No ſheepe (ſweet Lamb) unleſſe we feed on your
La. You ſheepe and I paſture: ſhall that finiſh the jeſt?
Boy. So you grant paſture for me.
La. Not ſo gentle beaſt.
My lips are no Common, though ſeverall they be.
Boy. Belonging to whom ?
La. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling, but gentles agree.
This civill warre of wits were much better uſed
On *Navar* and his bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd.
Boy. If my obſervation (which very ſeldome lyes
By the hearts ſtill rhetoricke, diſcloſed with eyes)
Deceive me not now, *Navar* is infected.
Prin. With what ?
Boy. With that which we Lovers intitle affected.
Prin. Your reaſon.
Boy. Why all his behaviours doe make their retire,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough deſire.
His heart like an Agot with your print impreſſed,

Proud with his forme, in his eye pride expreſſed.
His tongue all impatient to ſpeake and not ſee,
Did ſtumble with haſte in his eye-ſight to be,
All ſenſes to that ſence did make their repaire,
To feele onely looking on faireſt of faire:
Me thought all his ſences were lockt in his eye,
As Iewels in Chriſtall for ſome Prince to buy. (glaſt,
Who tendring their owne worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you paſt.
His faces owne margent did coate ſuch amazes,
That all eyes ſaw his eyes inchanted with gazes.
Ile give you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,
And you give him for my ſake, but one loving kiſſe.

Prin. Come to our Pavillion, *Boyet* is diſpoſde.

Boy. But to ſpeake that in words, which his eye hath
I onely have made a mouth of his eye, (diſcloſ'd,
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lye.

Lad. Ro. Thou art an old Love-monger, and ſpeakeſt ſkillfully.

Lad. Ma. He is *Cupids* Grandfather, and learnes news of him.

Lad. 2. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boy. Doe you heare my mad wenches?

Lad. 1. No

Boy. What then, doe you ſee?

Lad. 2. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Tertia.

Enter Braggart, and Boy.

Song.

Bra. Warble child, make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.

Boy. Concolinell.

Brag. Sweet Ayer, goe tenderneſſe of yeares: take this Key, give enlargement to the ſwaine, bring him feſtinatly hither: I muſt imploy him in a letter to my Love.

Boy. Will you win your love with a French braule?

Brag. How meaneſt thou, brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat maſter, but to jigge off a tune at the tongues end, canary to it with the feete, humour it with turning up your eye: ſigh a note and ſing a note, ſometime through the throate: if you ſwallowed love with ſinging, love ſometime through the noſe, as if you ſnuft up love by ſmelling love, with your hat penthouſe-like ore the ſhop of your eyes, with your armes croſt on your thinbelly doublet, (like a Rabbet on a ſpit) or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting, and keepe not too long in one tune, but a ſnip and away: theſe are complements, theſe are humours, theſe betray nice wenches that would be betraied without theſe, and make them men of note: doe you note men that moſt are affected to theſe?

Brag. How haſt thou purchaſed this experience?

Boy. By my penne of obſervation.

Brag. But O, but O.

Boy. The Hobby-horſe is forgot.

Brag. Cal'ſt thou my love Hobbi-horſe.

Boy. No Maſter, the Hobbi-horſe is but a Colt, and your Love perhaps, a Hackny: But have you forgot your Love?

Brag. Almoſt I had.

Boy. Negligent ſtudent, learne her by heart.

Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy.

Boy. And out of heart Maſter: all thoſe three I will prove.

Brag. What wilt thou prove?

Boy. A man, if I live (and this) by, in, and without, upon the inſtant: by heart you love her, becauſe you heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, becauſe your heart is in love with her: and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Brag. I am all theſe three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he muſt carry me a letter.

Boy. A meſſage well ſimpathiz'd, a Horſe to be embaſſadour for an Aſſe.

Brag. Ha, ha, What ſayeſt thou?

Boy. Marry ſir, you muſt ſend the Aſſe upon the Horſe, for he is very ſlow gated: but I goe.

Brag. The way is but ſhort, away.

Boy. As ſwift as Lead ſir.

Bra. Thy meaning pretty ingenious, is not Lead a mettall heavy, dull, and ſlow?

Boy. *Minime* honeſt Maſter, or rather Maſter no.

Brag. I ſay Lead is ſlow.

Boy. You are too ſwift ſir to ſay ſo.
Is that Lead ſlow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweet ſmoke of Rhetorike,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:
I ſhoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thump then, and I flee. *Exit.*

Brag. A moſt acute Iuvenal, voluble and free of grace,
By thy favour ſweet Welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy face.
Moſt rude melancholly, Valour gives thee place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page, and Clowne.

Pag. A wonder Maſter, here's a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin.

Arm. Some enigma, ſome riddle, no *Lenvoy* begin.

Clo. No egma, no riddle, no *Lenvoy*, no ſalve, in the male ſir. Or ſir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *Lenvoy*, no *Lenvoy*, or Salve ſir, but a Plantan.

Arm. By vertue thou inforceſt laughter, thy ſilly thought, my ſpleene, the heaving of my lunges provokes me to ridiculous ſmiling: O pardon me my ſtarres, doth the inconſiderate take *ſalve* for *Lenvoy*, and the world *Lenvoy* for a *ſalve*?

Pag. Doe the wiſe thinke them other, is not *Lenvoy* a *ſalve*?

Arm. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or diſcourſe to make (plaine,
Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore beene ſaine.
Now will I begin your morrall, and doe you follow with my *Lenvoy*.

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were ſtill at oddes, being but three.

Pag. Vntill the Gooſe came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.

A good *Lenvoy*, ending in the Gooſe: would you deſire more?

Clo. The Boy hath ſold him a bargaine, a Gooſe, that's

Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Gooſe be fat.
To ſell a bargaine well is as cunning as faſt and looſe:
Let me ſee a fat *Lenvoy*, I that's a fat Gooſe.
Arma. Come hither, come hither;
How did this argument begin?
Boy. By ſaying that a *Coſtard* was broken in a ſhin.
Then cal'd you for the *Lenvoy*.
Clow. True, and I for a Plantan:
Thus came your argument in:
Then the Boyes fat *Lenvoy*, the Gooſe that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Arma. But tell me: How was there a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin?

Pag. I will tell you ſencibly.
Clow. Thou haſt no feeling of it *Moth*,
I will ſpeake that *Lenvoy*.
I *Coſtard* running out, that was ſafely within,
Fell over the threſhould, and broke my ſhin.
Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.
Clow. Till there be more matter in the ſhin.
Arm. Sirra *Coſtard*, I will infranchiſe thee.

Clow. O, marry me to one *Francis*, I ſmell ſome *Lenvoy*, ſome Gooſe in this.

Arm. By my ſweet ſoule, I meane, ſetting thee at liberty. Enfreedoming thy perſon; thou wert Immured, reſtrained, captivated, bound.

Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me looſe.

Arma. I give thee thy liberty, ſet thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this: Beare this ſignificant to the country Maide *Iaquenetta*: there is remuneration, for the beſt ward of mine honors is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow.— *Exit.*

Pag. Like the ſequell I.
Signeur *Coſtard* adew. *Exit.*
Clow. My ſweet ounce of mans fleſh, my in-cony Iew:
Now will I looke to his remuneration.

Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-farthings: There-farthings remuneration, What's the price of this yncle? i.d.no, Ile give you a remuneration: Why? It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then a French-Crowne. I will never buy and ſell out of this word.

Enter Birone.

Bir. O my good knave *Coſtard*, exceedingly well met.

Clow. Pray you ſir, How much Carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Bir. What is a remuneration?
Coſt. Marry ſir, halfe penny farthing.
Bir. O, Why then three farthings worth of Silke.
Coſt. I thanke your worſhip, God be wy you.
Bir. O ſtay ſlave, I muſt employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Doe one thing for me that I ſhall intreate.
Clow. When would you have it done ſir?
Bir. O this after-noone.
Clow. Well, I will doe it ſir: Fare you well.
Bir. O thou knoweſt not what it is.
Clow. I ſhall know ſir, when I have done it.
Bir. Why villaine thou muſt know firſt.
Clo. I will come to your worſhip to morrow morning.
Bir. It muſt be done this after-noone,
Harke ſlave, it is but this:
The Princeſſe comes to hunt here in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Lady:
When tongues ſpeake ſweetly, then they name her name,
And *Roſaline* they call her, aske for her:
And to her white hand ſee thou doe commend
This ſeal'd up counſaile. There's thy guerdon: goe.

Clo. Guerdon, O ſweet guerdon, better then remuneration, a levenpence-farthing better: moſt ſweet guerdon. I will doe it ſir in print: guerdon, remuneration. *Exit.*

Bir. O! and I forſooth in love,
I that have beene loves whip?
A very Beadle to a humerous ſigh: A Criticke,
Nay, a night-watch Conſtable.
A domineering pedant ore the Boy,
Then whom no mortall ſo magnificent.
This wimpled, whyning, purblind waiward Boy,
This ſignior *Iunios* gyant dwarfe, don *Cupid*,
Regent of Love-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annointed ſoveraigne of ſighes and groanes:
Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Plackets, King of Codpeeces.
Sole Emperator and great generall
Of trotting Parrators (O my little heart.)
And I to be a Corporall of his field,
And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope?
What? I love! I ſue.! I ſeeke a wife,
A woman, that is like a Germane Clocke,
Still a repairing: ever out of frame,
And never going a right, being but a Watch:
But being watcht, that it may ſtill goe right.
Nay, to be perjurde, which is worſt of all:
And among three, to love the worſt of all,
A whitly wanton, with a velvet brow.
With two pitch bals ſtucke in her face for eyes.
I, and by heaven, one that will doe the deed,
Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her guarde.
And I to ſigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her, goe to: it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impoſe for my neglect,
Of his almighty dreadfull little might.
Well, I will love, write, ſigh, pray, ſue, and grone,
Some men muſt love my Lady, and ſome *Ione*.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Princeſſe, a Forreſter, her Ladies, and her Lords.

Prin. Was that the King that ſpurd his horſe ſo hard,
Againſt the ſteepe unriſing of the hill?
Boy. I know not, but I thinke it was not he.
Prin. Who ere a was, a ſhew'd a mounting mind:
Well Lords, to day we ſhall have our diſpatch,
On Saterday we will returne to *France*.
Then *Forreſter* my friend, Where is the Buſh
That we muſt ſtand and play the murtherer in?
For. Hereby upon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the faireſt ſhoote.
Prin. I thanke my beauty, I am faire that ſhoote,
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt the faireſt ſhoote.
For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not ſo.
Prin. What, what? Firſt praiſe me, then againe ſay no.
O ſhore liv'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe.

For. Yes Madam faire.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now,
Where faire is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glaſſe) take this for telling true:
Faire paiment for foule words, is more then due.
For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, ſee, my beauty will be ſav'd by merit.
O hereſie in faire, fit for theſe dayes,
A giving hand, though foule, ſhall have faire praiſe.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well, is then accounted ill:
Thus will I ſave my credit in the ſhoote,
Not wounding, pitty would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my skill,
That more for praiſe, than purpoſe meant to kill.
And out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes:
Glory growes guilty of deteſted crimes,
When for Fames ſake, to praiſe an outward part,
We bend to that, the working of the heart.
As I for praiſe alone now ſeeke to ſpill
The poore Deere blood, that my heart meanes no ill.
Boy. Doe not curſt wives hold that ſelfe-ſoveraignty
Onely for praiſe ſake, when they ſtrive to be
Lords ore their Lords?
Prin. Onely for praiſe, and praiſe we may afford,
To any Lady that ſubdewes a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head Lady?

Prin. Thou ſhalt know her fellow, by the reſt that have no heads.

Clo, Which is the greateſt Lady, the higheſt?
Prin. The thickeſt, and the talleſt.
Clo. The thickeſt, and the talleſt: it is ſo, truth is truth.
And your waſte Miſtris, were as ſlender as my wit,
One a theſe Maides girdles for your waſte ſhould be fit.
Are not you the chiefe woman? You are the thickeſt here.
Prin. What's your will ſir? What's your will?
Clo. I have a Letter from Monſier *Birone,*
To one Lady *Roſaline,*
Prin. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of (mine.
Stand aſide good bearer.
Boyet, you can carve,
Breake up this Capon.
Boy. I am bound to ſerve.
This Letter is miſtooke: it importeth none here:
It is write to *Iaquenetta.*
Prin. We will reade it, I ſweare.
Breake the necke of the Waxe, and every one give eare.

Boyet reades.

BY heaven, that thou art faire, is moſt infallible: true that thou art beauteous, truth it ſelfe that thou art lovely: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beautious, truer then truth it ſelfe: have comiſeration on thy heroicall Vaſſall. The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate King *Cophetua* ſet eye upon the pernicious and indubitate Begger *Zenelophon*: and he it was that might rightly ſay, *Veni, vidi, vici*: Which to Anatomize in the vulgar, O baſe and obſcure vulgar; *videlicet,* He came, Saw, and overcame: he came one; ſee; two; covercame three. Who came? the King. Why did he come? to ſee. Why did he ſee? to overcome. To whom came he? to the Begger. What ſaw he? the Begger. Who overcame he? the Begger. The concluſion is victory: On whoſe ſide? the King: the captive is inricht: On whoſe ſide? the Beggers. The cataſtrophe is a Nuptiall: On whoſe ſide? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for ſo ſtands the compariſon) thou the Begger, for ſo witneſſeth thy lowlineſſe. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I inforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreate thy love? I will. What, ſhalt thou exchange for ragges, roabes: for tittles titles, for thy ſelfe me. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine in the deareſt deſigne of induſtry,

Don Adriana de Armado.

Thus doſt thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
Gainſt thee thou Lambe, that ſtandeſt as his prey:
Submiſſive fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou ſtrive (poore ſoule) what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repaſture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feather is he that indited this Letter? What vaine? What Wethercocke? Did you ever heare better?

Boy. I am much deceived, but I remember the ſtile.
Prin. Elſe your memory is bad, going ore it erewhile.
Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court
A Phantaſme, a Monarcho, and one that makes ſport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates
Prin. Thou fellow, a word.
Who gave thee this Letter?
Clow. I told you, my Lord.
Prin. To whom ſhould'ſt thou give it?
Clow. From my Lord to my Lady.
Prin. From which Lord, to which Lady?
Clow. From my Lord *Berowne,* a good maſter of mine,
To a Lady of *France,* that he call'd *Roſaline.*
Prin. Thou haſt miſtaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here ſweet, put up this, 'twill be thine another day.
Exeunt.
Boy. Who is the ſhooter? Who is the ſhooter?
Roſa. Shall I teach you to know.
Boy. I my continent of beauty.
Roſa. Why ſhe that beares the Bow. Finely put off.
Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marry,
Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miſcarry.
Finely put on.
Roſa. Well then, I am the ſhooter.
Boy. And who is your Deare?
Roſa. If we chooſe by hornes, your ſelfe come not neare. Finely put on indeed.
Mari. You ſtill wrangle with her *Boyet,* and ſhe ſtrikes at the brow.
Boy. But ſhee her ſelfe is hit lower:
Have I hit her now.

Roſa. Shall I come upon thee with an old ſaying, that was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as touching the hit it.

Boy. So I may anſwer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queene *Guinover* of *Britaine* was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Roſa. Thou canſt not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canſt not hit it my good man.

Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot:
And I cannot, another can. *Exit.*

Clo. By my troth moſt pleaſant, how both did fit it.

Mar. A marke marveilous well ſhot, for they both did hit.

Boy. A marke, O marke but that marke: a marke ſayes my Lady.
Let the marke have a pricke in't, to meate at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.

Clo. Indeed a' muſt ſhoote nearer, or heele ne're hit the clout.

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike you hand is in.

Clo. Then will ſhe get the upſhoot by cleaving the Pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talke greaſely, your lips grow foule.

Clo. She's too hard for you at pricks, ſir challenge her to boule.

Boy. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good Oule.

Clo. By my ſoule a Swaine, a moſt ſimple Clowne.
Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I have put him downe.
O my troth moſt ſweete jeſts, moſt incony vulgar wit,
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely, as it were, ſo fit.
Armado ath to ſide, O a moſt dainty man.
To ſee him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan.
To ſee him kiſſe his hand, and how moſt ſweetly a will ſweare:
And his Page at other ſide, that handfull of wit,
Ah heavens, it is a moſt patheticall nit.
Sowla, ſowla. *Exeunt.*

Showte within.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant, and Nathaniel.

Nath. Very reverent ſport truely, and done in the teſtimony of a good conſcience.

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) ſanguis in blood, ripe as a Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Iewell in the eare of *Celo* the sky: the welken the heaven, and anon falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the ſoyle, the land, the earth.

Curat. Nath. Truly Maſter *Holofernes*, the epythites are ſweetly varied like a ſcholler at the leaſt: but ſir I aſſure yee, it was a Bucke of the firſt head.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel, haud credo.*

Dul. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation: yet a kind of inſinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *oſtentare*, to ſhow as it were his inclination after his undreſſed, unpoliſhed, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed faſhion, to inſert againe my *haud credo* for a Deare.

Dul. I ſaid the Deare was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Twice ſod ſimplicity, *bis coctus*, O thou monſter ignorance, how deformed dooſt thou looke?

Nath. Sir he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.
He hath not eate paper as it were:
He hath not drunke inke.
His intellect is not repleniſhed, he is onely an animall, onely ſenſible in the duller parts: and ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankefull ſhould be: which we taſte and feeling, are for thoſe parts that doe fructifie in us more then he.
For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiſcreet, or a foole;
So were there a patch ſet on Learning, to ſee him in a Schoole.
But *omne bene* ſay I, being of an old Fathers mind,
Many can brooke the weather, that love not the wind.

Dul. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not five weekes old as yet?

Hol. *Dictiſima* goodman *Dull*, *Dictiſima* goodman *Dull*.

Dull. What is *dictinna*?

Nath. A tittle to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone*.

Hol. The Moone was a month old when *Adam* was no more.
And wrought not to five-weekes when he came to five-ſcore.
Th'alluſion holds in the Exchange.

Dul. 'Tis true indeed, the Colluſion holds in the Exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I ſay th'alluſion holds in the Exchange.

Dul. And I ſay the poluſion holds in the Exchange: for the Moone is never but a month old: and I ſay beſide that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princeſſe kild.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princeſſe kill'd a Pricket:

Nath. *Perge*, good Maſter *Holofernes*, *perge*, ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſcurility.

Hol. I will ſomething affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The prayſfull Princeſſe pearſt and pricke
a pretty pleaſing Pricket,
Some ſay a Sore, but not a ſore,
till now made ſore with ſhooting.
The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,
then Sorell jumps from thicket:
Or Pricket-ſore, or elſe Sorell,
the people fall a hooting.
If Sore bee ſore, then ell to Sore,
makes fifty ſores O ſorell:
Of one ſore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent.

Dul. If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him with a talent.

Nath. This is a gift that I have ſimple: ſimple, a fooliſh extravagant ſpirit, full of formes, figures, ſhapes, objects, Ideas, apprehenſions, motions, revolutions. Theſe are begot in the ventricle of memory, nouriſht in the wombe of primater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occaſion: but the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankefull for it.

Hol. Sir, I praiſe the Lord for you, and ſo may my pariſhioners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the common-wealth.

Nath. *Mehercle*, If their Sonnes be ingennous, they ſhall want no inſtruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir ſapit qui pauca loquitur*, a ſoule Feminine ſaluteth us.

Enter Iaquenetta, and the Clowne.

Iaque. God give you good morrow Maſter *Parſon*.

Nath. Maſter *Parſon, quaſi Perſone*? And if one ſhould be perſt, Which is the one?

Clo. Marry Maſter Schoolemaſter, he that is likeſt to a hogſhead.

Nath. Of perſing a Hogſhead, a good luſter of conceit in a turph of Earth, fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis pretty, it is well.

Iaqu. Good Maſter *Parſon* be ſo good as reade me this Letter, it was given me by *Coſtard*, and ſent me from *Don Armatho*: I beſeech you reade it.

Nath. Fauſte precor gelida, quando, pecus omne ſub vmbra, ruminat, and ſo forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may ſpeake of thee as the traveller doth of *Venice*, *Venechi, venachea, qui non te vide, i non te piaech*. Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who underſtandeth thee not, *vt re ſol la mi fa*. Vnder pardon ſir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horrace* ſayes in his, What! my ſoule verſes.

Hol. I ſir, and very learned.

Nath. Let me heare a ſtaffe, a ſtanza, a verſe, *Lege domine*.

If Love make me forſworne, how ſhall I ſweare to loue?
Ah neuer faith could hold if not to beautie vowed.
Though to my ſelfe forſworne, to thee Ile faithfull proue.
Thoſe thoughts to me were Okes, to thee like Oſiers bowed.
Study his byas leaves, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all thoſe pleaſures live, that Art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee ſhall ſuffice,
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.
All ignorant that ſoule, that ſees thee without wonder.
Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Ioves* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.
Which not to anger bent, is muſique, and ſweet fire.
Celeſtiall as thou art, Oh pardon love this wrong,
That ſings heavens praiſe, with ſuch an earthly tongue.

Pedro. You find not the apoſtraphas, and ſo miſſe the accent. Let me ſuperuiſe the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poeſie *caret*: *Ovidius Naſo* was the man. And why in deed *Naſo*, but for ſmelling out the odoriferous floures of fancy? the jerkes of invention imitary is nothing: So doth the Hound his maſter, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horſe his rider: But *Damoſella Virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Iaque. I ſir from one mounſier *Berowne*, one of the ſtrange Queenes Lords.

Nath. I will overglance the ſuperſcript.
To the ſnow-white hand of the moſt beautious Lady, Roſaline.
I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the party written to the perſon writen unto.
Your Ladiſhips in all deſired imployment, Berowne.

Per. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and heare he hath framed a Letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progreſſion, hath miſcarried. Trip and goe my ſweet, deliver this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: ſtay not thy complement, I forgive thy duety, adue.

Maid. Good *Coſtard* goe with me;
Sir God ſave your life.

Coſt. Have with thee my girle. *Exit.*

Hol. Sir you have done this in the feare of God very religiouſly: and as a certaine father ſaith——.

Ped. Sir tell not me of the father, I doe feare Colourable colours. But to returne to the Verſes, Did they pleaſe you ſir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marveilous well for the pen.

Peda. I doe dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine, where if (being repaſt) it ſhall pleaſe you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priviledge I have with the parents of the foreſaid Child or Pupill, undertake your *bien venuto*, where I will prove thoſe Verſes to bee very unlearned, neither ſavouring of Poetry, Wit, nor Invention. I beſeech your Society.

Nath. And thanke you to: for ſociety (ſaith the text) is the happineſſe of life.

Peda. And certes the text moſt infallibly concludes it. Sir I doe invite you too, you ſhall not ſay me nay: *pauca verba*.
Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

Exeunt.

Enter Birone with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Biro. The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am courſing my ſelfe.
They have pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, ſet thee downe ſorrow; for ſo they ſay the foole ſaid, and ſo ſay I, and I the foole: Well proved wit. By the Lord this Love is as mad as *Aiax*, it kils ſheepe, it kils me, I a ſheepe: Well proved againe a my ſide. I will not love; if I doe, hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye and lye in my throate. By heaven I doe love, and it hath taught me to Rime, and to be mallicholy: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholly. Well, ſhe hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole ſent it, and the Lady hath it: ſweet Clowne, ſweeter Foole, ſweeteſt Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God give him grace to grone.

He ſtands aſide. *The King entreth.*

Kin. Ay me!

Bir. Shot by heaven: proceed ſweet *Cupid*, thou haſt thumpt him with thy Birdbolt under the left pap: in faith ſecrets.

King. So ſweet a kiſſe the golden Sunne gives not,
To thoſe freſh morning drops upon the Roſe,
As thy eye beames when their freſh Rayes have ſmot
The night of dew that on my cheeks downe flowes.
Nor ſhines the ſilver Moone one halfe ſo bright,
Through the tranſparent boſome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine give light:
Thou ſhin'ſt in every teare that I doe weepe,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee,
So rideſt thou triumphing in my woe.
Doe but behold the teares that ſwell in me,
And they thy glory through my griefe will ſhew:

But doe not love thy ſelfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glaſſes, and ſtill make me weepe.
O Queene of Queenes, how farre doſt thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How ſhall ſhe know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweet leaves ſhade folly. Who is he comes heere?

Enter Longavile. *The King ſteps aſide.*

What! *Longavill*! and reading: liſten eare.
Bir. Now in thy likeneſſe, one more foole appeare.
Long. Ay me, I am forſworne.
Bir. Why he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.
Long. In love I hope, ſweet fellowſhip in ſhame.
Bir. One drunkard loves another of the name.
Lon. Am I the firſt that have bin perjur'd ſo? (know,
Bir. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I
Thou makeſt the triumphery, the corner cap of ſociety,
The ſhape of Loves Tiburne, that hangs up ſimplicity.
Lon. I feare theſe ſtubborne lines lacke power to move.
O ſweet *Maria*, Empreſſe of my love,
Theſe numbers will I teare, and write in proſe.
Bir. O! Rimes are guards on wanton *Cupids* hoſe,
Disfigure not his Shop.
Lon. This ſame ſhall goe. *He reads the Sonnet.*
Did not the heavenly Rhetoricke of thine eye,
'Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perſwade my heart to this falſe perjury?
Vowes for thee broke deſerve not puniſhment.
A Woman I forſwore, but I will prove,
Thou being a Goddeſſe, I forſwore not thee.
My Vow was earthly, thou a heavenly Love.
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is,
Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doeſt ſhine,
Exhal'ſt this vapor-vow, in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, What foole is not ſo wiſe,
To looſe an oath, to win a Paradiſe?
Bir. This is the liver veine, which makes fleſh a deity.
A greene Gooſe, a Goddeſſe, pure pure Idolatry.
God amend us, God amend, we are much out o'th' way.

Enter Dumaine.

Lon. By whom ſhall I ſend this! (company?) Stay.
Bir. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,
Like a demy God, here ſit I in the sky,
And wretched fooles ſecrets heedfully ore-eye.
More Sackes to the myll! O heavens I have my wiſh,
Dumaine transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a diſh.
Dum. O moſt divine *Kate.*
Biro. O moſt prophane coxcombe.
Dum. By heaven the wonder of a mortall eye.
Bir. By earth ſhe is not, corporall, there you lye.
Dum. Her Amber haires for foule hath amber coted.
Bir. An Amber coloured Raven was well noted.
Dum. As upright as the Cedar.
Bir. Stoope I ſay, her ſhoulder is with-child.
Dum. As faire as day.
Bir. I as ſome dayes, but then no ſunne muſt ſhine.
Dum. O that I had my wiſh?
Long. And I had mine.
Kin. And mine too good Lord.
Bir. Amen, ſo I had mine: Is not that a good word?
Dum. I would forget her, but a Fever ſhe
Raignes in my bloud, and will remembred be.
Bir. A Fever in your bloud! why then inciſion
Would let her out in Sawcers, ſweet miſpriſion.
Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I have writ.
Bir. Once more Ile marke how Love can varry Wit.

Dumaine reades his Sonnet.

On a day, alacke the day:
Love, whoſe Month is every May,
Spied a bloſſome paſſing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre:
Through the Velvet, leaves the wind,
All unſeene, can paſſage find.
That the Lover ſicke to death,
Wiſh'd himſelfe the heavens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blow,
Ayre, would I might triumph ſo.
But alacke my hand is ſworne,
Ne're to plucke thee from thy throne:
Vow alacke for youth unmeete,
Youth ſo apt to plucke a ſweet.
Doe not call it ſinne in me,
That I am forſworne for thee.
Thou for whom Iove *would ſweare,*
Iuno *but an Æthiop were,*
And deny himſelfe for Iove,
Turning mortall for thy Love.

This will I ſend, and ſomething elſe more plaine.
That ſhall expreſſe my true-loves faſting paine,
O would the *King*, *Birone*, and *Longavile*,
Were Lovers too, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike doe dote.
Long. *Dumaine*, thy Love is farre from charity,
That in Loves griefe deſir'ſt ſociety:
You may looke pale, but I ſhould bluſh I know,
To be ore-heard, and taken napping ſo.
King. Come ſir, you bluſh: as his, your caſe is ſuch,
You chid at him, offending twice as much.
You doe not love *Maria*? *Longavile*,
Did never Sonnet for her ſake compile;
Nor never lay his wreathed armes athwart
His loving boſome, to keepe downe his heart.
I had beene cloſely ſhrowded in this buſh,
And markt you both, and for you both did bluſh.
I heard your guilty Rimes, obſeru'd your faſhion;
Saw ſighes reeke from you, noted well your paſſion.
Aye me, ſayes one! O *Iove*, the other cries!
Her haires were Gold, Criſtall the others eyes.
You would for Paradiſe breake faith and troth,
And *Iove* for your Love would infringe an oath.
What will *Birone* ſay when that he ſhall heare
A faith infringed, which ſuch a zeale did ſweare.
How will he ſcorne? how will he ſpend his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did ſee,
I would not have him know ſo much by me.
Bir. Now ſtep I forth to whip hypocriſie.
Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace haſt thou thus to reprove
Theſe wormes for loving, that are moſt in love?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princeſſe that appeares.
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:
Tuſh, none but Minſtrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not aſham'd? nay, are you not

All three of you, to be thus much ore ſhot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did ſee:
But I a Beame doe find in each of three.
O what a Scene of fool'ry have I ſeene,
Of ſighes, of grones, of ſorrow, and of teene:
O me, with what ſtrict patience have I ſat,
To ſee a King tranformed to a Gnat?
To ſee great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Salomon* tuning a Iygge?
And *Neſtor* play at puſh-pin with the boyes,
And *Critticke Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.
Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good *Dumaine*.
And gentle *Longavile*, where lyes thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the breſt.
A Candle hoa!
Kin. Too bitter is thy jeſt,
Are we betrayed thus to thy over-view?
Bir. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honeſt, I that hold it ſinne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in:
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of ſtrang inconſtancy.
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rime?
Or grone for *Ioane*? or ſpend a minutes time,
In pruning me, when ſhall you heare that I will praiſe a hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a ſtate, a brow, a breſt, a waſte, a legge, a limme.
Kin. Soft, Whither away ſo faſt?
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops ſo.
Bir. I poſt from Love, good Lover let me go.

Enter Iaquenetta, and Clowne.

Iaque. God bleſſe the King.
Kin. What Preſent haſt thou there?
Clo. Some certaine treaſon.
Kin. What makes treaſon heere?
Clo. Nay it makes nothing ſir.
Kin. If it marre nothing neither,
The treaſon and you goe in peace together.
Iaque. I beſeech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our perſon miſdoubts it: it was treaſon he ſaid.
Kin. *Birone*, reade it over. *He reades the Letter.*
Where hadſt thou it.
Iaque. Of *Coſtard*.
Kin. Where hadſt thou it?
Coſt. Of *Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio*.
Kin. How now, what is in you? why doſt thou teare it?
Bir. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needs not feare it.
Long. It did move him to paſſion, and therefore let's heare it,
Dum. It is *Birones* writting, and heere is his name.
Bir. Ah you whoreſon loggerhead, you were borne to doe me ſhame.
Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confeſſe, I confeſſe.
King. What?
Bir. That you three fooles, lackt me foole, to make up the meſſe.
He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,
Are picke-purſes in Love, and we deſerve to dye.
O diſmiſſe this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Bir. True, true, we are foure: will theſe Turtles be gone?
Kin. Hence ſirs, away. *(Exit.*
Clo. Walke aſide the true folke, and let the traytors ſtay.
Bir. Sweet Lords, ſweet Lovers, O let us imbrace:
As true we are as fleſh and bloud can be.
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heaven will ſhew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot croſſe the cauſe why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands muſt we be forſworne.
King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome love of thine? *(Roſaline,*
Bir. Did they, quoth you? Who ſees the heavenly
That (like a rude and ſavage man of *Inde*.)
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous Eaſt,
Bowes not his vaſſall head, and ſtrooken blind,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptory Eage-ſighted eye
Dares looke upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her Majeſty?
Kin. What zeale, what fury, hath inſpir'd thee now?
My Love (her Miſtris) is a gracious Moone,
She (an attending Starre) ſcarce ſeene a light.
Bir. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Birone*.
O, but for my Love, day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the cul'd ſoveraignty,
Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where ſeverall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it ſelfe doth ſeeke.
Lend me the flouriſh of all gentle tongues,
Fye painted Rethoricke, O ſhe needs it not,
To things of ſale, a ſellers praiſe belongs:
She paſſes praiſe, then praiſe too ſhort doth blot.
A withered Hermite, fiveſcore winters worne,
Might ſhake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh Age, as if new borne,
And gives the Crutch the Cradles infancy.
O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things ſhine.
King. By heaven, thy Love is blacke as Ebony.
Bir. Is Ebony like her? O word divine?
A wife of ſuch wood were felicity.
O who can give an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may ſweare beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that ſhe learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full ſo blacke.
Kin. O paradoxe, blacke is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties creſt becomes the heavens well.
Bir. Divels ſooneſt tempt reſembling ſpirits of light.
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting an vſurping haire
Should raviſh doters with a falſe aſpect:
And therefore is ſhe borne to make blacke, faire.
Her favour turnes the faſhion of the dayes,
For native bloud is counted painting now:
And therefore red that would avoyd diſpraiſe,
Paints it ſelfe blacke, to imitate her brow.
Dum. To looke like her are Chimny-ſweepers blacke.
Lon. And ſince her time, are Colliers counted bright
King. And *Aethiops* of their ſweet complexion crake.
Dum. Darke needs no Candles now, for darke is light.
Bir. Your miſtreſſes dare never come in raine,
For feare their colours ſhould be waſht away.
Kin. 'Twere good yours did: for ſir to tell you plaine,
Ile find a fairer face not waſht to day.
Bir. Ile prove her faire, or talke till dooms-day here.
Kin. No Divell will fright thee then ſo much as ſhe.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile ſtuffe ſo deere.
Lon. Looke, here's thy love, my foot and her face ſee.
Bir. O if the ſtreets were paued with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for ſuch tread.
Dum. O vile, then as ſhe goes what upward lyes?
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walk'd over head.
Kin. But what of this, are we not all in love?
Bir. Nothing ſo ſure, and thereby all forſworne.
Kin. Then leave this chat, and good *Birone* now prove
Our loving lawfull, and our faith not torne.
Dum. I marry there, ſome flattery for this evill.
Long. O ſome authority how to proceed,
Some trickes, ſome quillets, how to cheat the divell.
Dum. Some ſalve for perjury.
Bir. O 'tis more then neede.
Have at you then affections men at armes,
Conſider what you firſt did ſweare unto:
To faſt, to ſtudy, and to ſee no woman:
Flat treaſon gainſt the Kingly ſtate of youth.
Say, Can you faſt? your ſtomackes are too young:
And abſtinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to ſtudy (Lords)
In that each of you have forſworne his Booke.
Can you ſtill dreame and pore, and thereon looke?
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of ſtudies excellence,
Without the beauty of a womans face;
From womens eyes this Doctrine I derive,
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Academs,
From whence doth ſpring the true *Promethean* fire.
Why, univerſall plodding, poyſons up
The nimble ſpirits in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The ſinnowy vigour of the travailer.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You have in that forſworne the uſe of eyes:
And ſtudy too, the cauſer of your vow.
For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches ſuch beauty as a womans eye:
Learning is but an adjunct to our ſelfe,
And where we are, our learning likewiſe is.
Then when our ſelves we ſee in Ladies eyes,
Doe we not likewiſe ſee our learning there?
O we have made a Vow to ſtudy, Lords,
And in that vow we have forſworne our Bookes:
For when would you (my Leige) or you, or you?
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,
Of beauties tutors have inrich'd you with:
Other ſlow Arts intirely keepe the braine:
And therefore finding barraine practizers,
Scarce ſhew a harveſt of their heavy toyle.
But Love firſt learned in a Ladies eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the braine:
But with the motion of all elements,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It addes a precious ſeeing to the eye:
A Lovers eyes will gaze an Eagle blind.
A Lovers eare will heare the loweſt ſound.
When the ſuſpicious head of theft is ſtopt,
Loves feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.
Loves tongue proves dainty *Bachus*, groſſe in taſte,
For Valour, is not Love a *Hercules*?
Still climing trees in the *Heſperides*.
Subtill as *Sphinx*, as ſweet and muſicall,
As bright *Apollo's* Lute, ſtrung with his haire.
As bright *Apollo's* Lute, ſtrung with his haire.
And when Love ſpeakes, the voyce of all the gods,
Make heaven drowſie with the harmony.
Never durſt Poet touch a pen to write,
Untill his Inke were tempred with Loves ſighes:
O then his lines would raviſh ſavage eares;
And plant in Tyrants mild humility,
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive.
They ſparcle ſtill the right *Promethean* fire,
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Academes,
That ſhew, containe, and nouriſh all the world.
Elſe none at all in ought proves excellent.
Then fooles you were theſe women to forſweare:
Or keeping what is ſworne, you will prove fooles.
For Wiſedomes ſake (a word that all men love)
Or for Loves ſake, a word that loves all men.
Or for Mens ſake, the author of theſe Women:
Or Womens ſake, by whom we men are men,
Let us once looſe our oathes to find our ſelves,
Or elſe we looſe our ſelves, to keepe our oathes;
It is religion to be thus forſworne.
For Charity it ſelfe fulfills the Law:
And who can ſever love from Charity?
Kin. Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the field.
Bir. Advance your ſtandards, and upon them Lords.
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be firſt adviſ'd,
In confliſh that you get the Sunne of them.
Lon. Now to plaine dealing, Lay theſe glozes by,
Shall we reſolve to wooe theſe girles of France?
Kin. And winne them too, therefore let us deviſe,
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.
Bir. Firſt from the Parke let us conduct them thither,
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his faire Miſtreſſe, in the afternoone
We will with ſome ſtrange paſtime ſolace them:
Such as the ſhortneſſe of the time can ſhape,
For Revels, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres,
Fore-runne faire Love, ſtrewing her way with flowres.
Kin. Away, away, no time ſhall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.
Bir. Alone, alone ſowed Cockell, reap'd no Corne,
And Iuſtice alwayes whirles in equall meaſure:
Light Wenches may prove plagues to men forſworne,
If ſo, our Copper buyes no better treaſure.
Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Pedant, Curate, and Dull.

Peda. *Satis quid ſufficit.*

Cur. I praiſe God for you ſir, your reaſons at dinner have beene ſharpe and ſententious: pleaſant without ſcurrillity, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and ſtrange without hereſie: I did converſe this *quondam* day with a companion of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armatho.*

Ped. *Novi hominum tanquam te,* His humour is lofty, his diſcourſe peremptory: his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate majeſticall, and his generall behaviour vaine, ridiculous, and thraſonicall. He is too picked, too ſpruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Curat. A moſt ſingular and choiſe Epithat,

Draw out his Table-booke.

Ped. He draweth out the thred of his verboſity, finer then the ſtaple of his argument. I abhor ſuch phanaticall phantaſims, ſuch inſociable and poynt deviſe companions, ſuch rackers of ortagriphy, as to ſpeake dout fine, when he ſhould ſay doubt; det, when he ſhould pronounce debt; d e b t, nor det: he clepeth a Calfe, Caufe: halfe, hauſe: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abreviated ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abbominable: it inſinuateth me of infamy: *ne inteligis domine,* to make franticke, lunaticke?

Cura. *Laus deo, bene intelligo.*

Peda. *Bome boon for boon preſcian,* a little ſcarch, 'twill ſerve.

Enter Braggart, Boy.

Curat. *Vides-ne quis venit?*

Peda. *Video, & gaudio.*

Brag. Chirra.

Peda. *Quare* Chirra, not Sirra?

Brag. Men of peace well incountred.

Peda. Moſt millitary ſir, ſalutation.

Boy. They have beene at a great feaſt of Languages, and ſtole the ſcraps.

Clow. O they have liv'd long on the almes-basket of words. I marvell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not ſo long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art eaſier ſwallowed then a flapdragon.

Page. Peace, the peale begins.

Brag. Mounſier, are you not lettered?

Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke: What is Ab ſpeld backward with the horne on his head?

Peda. Ba, *pueritia* with a horne added.

Pag. Ba moſt ſeely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his learning.

Ped. *Quis quis,* thou Conſonant?

Pag. The laſt of the five Vowels if You repeat them, or the fift if I.

Ped. I will repeat them: a e I.

Pag. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.

Brag. Now by the ſalt wave of the mediteranеum, a ſweet tutch, a quicke venewe of wit, ſnip ſnap, quicke and home, it rejoyceth my intellect, true wit.

Page. Offered by a child to an old man: which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou diſputes't like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge.

Pag. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamy *vnum cita* a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

Clow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou ſhouldſt have it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy maſter, thou halfpenny purſe of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of diſcretion. O and the heavens were ſo pleaſed, that thou wert but my Baſtard; What a joyfull father wouldſt thou make me? Goe to, thou haſt it *ad dungil,* at the fingers ends, as they ſay.

Peda. Oh I ſmell falſe Latine, *dunghel* for *vnguem.*

Brad. *Artſ-man preambulat,* we will be ſingled from the barbarous. Doe you not educate youth at the Charghouſe on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. Or *Mons* the hill.

Brag. At your ſweet pleaſure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doe *ſans queſtion.*

Brag. Sir, it is the Kings moſt ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the Princeſſe at her Pavilion, in the *poſteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

Ped. The *poſterior* of the day, moſt generous ſir, is liable, congruent, and meaſurable for the after-noone: the word is well culd, choiſe, ſweet, and apt I doe aſſure you ſir, I doe aſſure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe aſſure ye very good friend: for what is inward betweene us, let it paſſe. I doe beſeech thee remember thy curteſie. I beſeech thee apparell thy head: and among other importunate and moſt ſerious deſignes, and of great import indeed too: but let that paſſe, for I muſt tell thee it will pleaſe his Grace (by the world) ſometime to leane upon my poore ſhoulder, and with his royall finger thus dally with my excrement, with my muſtachio; but ſweet heart let that paſſe. By the world I recount no fable, ſome certaine ſpeciall honours it pleaſeth his Greatneſſe to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of travell, that hath ſeene the world: but let that paſſe; the very all of all is: but ſweet heart, I doe implore ſecrecy, that the King would have me preſent the Princeſſe (ſweet chucke) with ſome delightfull oſtentation, or ſhow, or pageant, or anticke, or fire-worke: Now, underſtanding that the Curate and your ſweet ſelfe are good at ſuch eruptions, and ſodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I have acquainted you withall, to the end to crave your aſſiſtance.

Peda. Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the Nine Worthies. Sir *Holofernes,* as concerning ſome entertainment of time, ſome ſhow in the poſterior of this day, to bee rendred by our aſſiſtants at the Kings command: and this moſt gallant, illuſtrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princeſſe: I ſay none ſo fit as to preſent the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you find men worthy enough to preſent them?

Peda. *Ioſua,* your ſelfe: my ſelfe, and this gallant gentleman *Iudas Machabeus*; this Swaine (becauſe of his great limme or joynt) ſhall paſſe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules.*

Brag. Pardon ſir, error: He is not quantity enough for that Worthies thumbe, he is not ſo big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I have audience? he ſhall preſent *Hercules* in minority: his *enter* and *exit* ſhall be ſtrangling a Snake; and I will have an Apology for that purpoſe.

Pag. An excellent device: ſo if any of the audience hiſſe, you may cry, Well done *Hercules,* now thou cruſheſt the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the reſt of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my ſelfe.

Pag. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda. We attend.

Brag. We will have, if this fadge not, an Antique. I beſeech you follow.

Ped. *Via* good-man *Dull,* thou haſt ſpoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor underſtood none neither ſir.

Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or ſo: or I will play

on the taber to the Worthies, and let them dance the hey.
Ped. Moſt *Dull*, honeſt *Dull*, to our ſport away. *Exit.*

Enter Princeſſe, and Ladies.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we ſhall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: looke you, what I have from the loving King.
Roſa. Madam, came nothing elſe along with that?
Prin. Nothing but this: yes as much love in Rime,
As would be cram'd up in a ſheet of paper
Writ on both ſides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to ſeale on *Cupids* name.
Roſa. That was the way to make his god-head wax:
For he hath beene five thouſand yeeres a boy.
Kath. I, and a ſhrewd unhappy gallowes too.
Roſa. You'll ne're be friends with him, a kild your ſiſter.
Kath. He made her melancholy, ſad, and heavy,
And ſo ſhe died: had ſhe beene light like you,
Of ſuch a merry nimble ſtirring ſpirit,
She might a beene a Grandam ere ſhe died.
And ſo may you: For a light heart lives long.
Roſa. What's your darke meaning mouſe, of this light word?
Kath. A light condition in a beauty darke.
Roſa. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in ſnuffe:
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.
Roſ. Looke what you doe, you doe it ſtill i'th darke.
Kat. So doe not you, for you are a light Wench.
Roſa. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.
Ka. You waigh me not, O that's you care not for me.
Roſ. Great reaſon: for paſt care, is ſtill paſt cure.
Prin. Well bandied both, a ſet of Wit well played.
But *Roſaline*, you have a Favour too?
Who ſent it? and what is it?
Roſ. I wovld you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Favour were as great, be witneſſe this.
Nay, I have Verſes too, I thanke *Birone*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the faireſt goddeſſe on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thouſand faires.
O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.
Prin. Any thing like?
Roſ. Much in the letters, nothing in the praiſe.
Prin. Beauteous as Incke: a good concluſion.
Kat. Faire as a text B. in a Coppy booke.
Roſ. Ware penſils. How? let me not dye your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden letter.
O that your face were full of Oes.
Prin. A Pox of that jeſt, and I beſhrew all Shrowes:
But *Katherine*, what was ſent to you
From faire *Dumaine*?
Kath. Madam, this Glove.
Prin. Did he not ſend you twaine?
Kath. Yes Madam: and moreover,
Some thouſand Verſes of a faithfull Lover
A huge tranſlation of hypocriſie,
Vildly compil'd, profound ſimplicity.
Mar. This, and theſe Pearls, to me ſent *Longavile*.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.
Prin. I thinke no leſſe: Doſt thou not wiſh in heart
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter ſhort?
Mar. I, or I would theſe hands might never part.
Prin. We are wiſe girles to mocke our Lovers ſo.
Roſa. They are worſe fooles to purchaſe mocking ſo.
That ſame *Birone* ile torture ere I goe.
O that I knew he were but in by th' weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and beg, and ſeeke,
And wait the ſeaſon, and obſerve the times,
And ſpend his prodigall wits in booteles rimes.
And ſhape his ſervice all to my beheſts,
And make him proud to make me proud with jeſts.
So pertaunt like would I o'reſway his ſtate,
That he ſhould be my foole, and I his fate.
Prin. None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turn'd foole: folly in Wiſedome hatch'd,
Hath wiſedomes warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?
Roſ. The bloud of youth burnes not with ſuch exceſſe,
As gravities revolt to wantoneſſe.
Mar. Folly in fooles beares not ſo ſtrong a note,
As fool'ry in the Wiſe, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove by Wit, worth in ſimplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Heere comes *Boyet*, and mirth in his face.
Boy. O I am ſtab'd with laughter, Wher's her Grace?
Prin. Thy newes *Boyet*?
Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.
Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,
Againſt your Peace, Love doth approach, diſguis'd:
Armed in arguments, you'll be ſupriz'd.
Muſter your Wits, ſtand in your owne defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flye hence.
Prin. Saint *Dennis*, to S. *Cupid*: What are they,
That charge their breath againſt us? Say ſcout ſay.
Boy. Vnder the coole ſhade of a Siccamore,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome halfe an houre:
When loe to interrupt my purpos'd reſt,
Toward that ſhade I might behold addreſt,
The King and his companions: warily
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And over-heard, what you ſhall over-heare:
That by and by diſguis'd they will be heere.
Their Herald is a pretty knaviſh Page:
That well by heart hath con'd his embaſſage,
Action and accent did they teach him there.
Thus muſt thou ſpeake, and thus thy body beare.
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence majeſticall would put him out:
For quoth the King, an Angell ſhalt thou ſee:
Yet feare not thou, but ſpeake audaciouſly.
The Boy reply'd, an Angell is not evill:
I ſhould have fear'd her, had ſhe beene a devill.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the ſhoulder,
Making the bold wagge by their praiſes bolder.
One rub'd his elboe thus, and fleer'd, and ſwore,
A better ſpeech was never ſpoke before.
Another with his finger, and his thumb,
Cry'd *via*, we will doo't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cried, All goes well.
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell:
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zealous laughter ſo profound,
That in this ſpleene ridiculous appeares,
To checke their folly paſſions, ſolemne teares.
Prin. But what, but what, come they to viſit us?
Boy. They doe, they doe; and are apparel'd thus,
Like *Muſcovites*, or *Ruſſians*, or I geſſe.
Their purpoſe is to parlee, to court, and dance,

And every one his Love-feat will advance,
Vnto his ſeverall Miſtreſſe : which they'll know
By favours ſeverall, which they did beſtow.
Prin, And will they ſo? the Gallants ſhall be taskt :
For Ladies ; we will every one be maskt,
And not a man of them ſhall have the grace
Deſpight of ſute, to ſee a Ladies face.
Hold *Roſaline*, this Favour thou ſhalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare :
Hold, take thou this my ſweet, and give me thine,
So ſhall *Birone* take me for *Roſaline*.
And change your Favours too, ſo ſhall your Loves
Wooe contrary, deceiv'd by theſe removes.
Roſa. Come on then, weare the favours moſt in ſight.
Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?
Prin. The effect of my intent is to croſſe theirs :
They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.
Their ſeverall counſels they unboſome ſhall,
To Loves miſtooke, and ſo be mockt withall.
Vpon the next occaſion that we meete,
With Viſages diſplayed to talke and greete.
Roſa. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire us too't?
Prin. No, to the death we will not move a foot,
Nor to their pen'd ſpeech render we no grace :
But while 'tis ſpoke, each turne away her face.
Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Prin. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The reſt will ne're come in, if he be out.
There's no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport orethrowne :
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So ſhall we ſtay mocking entended game,
And they well mockt, depart away with ſhame. *Sound.*
Boy. The Trumpet ſounds, be maskt, the maskers come.

Enter Black moores with muſicke, the Boy with a ſpeech, and the reſt of the Lords diſguiſed.

Page. All haile, the richeſt Beauties on the earth.
Bir. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.
Pag. A holy parcell of the faireſt dames that ever turn'd their backes to mortall viewes.
The Ladies turne their backes to him.
Bir. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.
Pag. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes.
Out
Bir. True, out indeed.
Pag. Out of your favours heavenly ſpirit vouchſafe
Not to behold.
Bir. Once to behold, rogue.
Pag. Once to behold with your Sunne beamed eyes,
With your Sunne beamed eyes.
Bir. They will not anſwer to that Epythite,
You were beſt call it Daughter-beamed eyes.
Pag. They doe not marke me, and that brings me out.
Bir. Is this your perfectneſſe? be gon you rogue.
Roſa. What would theſe ſtrangers?
Know their minds *Boyet*.
If they doe ſpeake our language, 'tis our will
That ſome plaine man recount their purpoſes.
Know what thy would?
Boy. What would you with the Princes?
Bir. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſ. What would they, ſay they?
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſa. Why that they have, and bid them ſo be gone.
Boy. She ſayes you have it, and you may be gone.
Kin. Say to her we have meaſur'd many miles,
To tread a Meaſure with you on the graſſe.
Boy. They ſay that they have meaſur'd many a mile,
To tread a Meaſure with you on this graſſe.
Roſa. It is not ſo. Aske them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they have meaſur'd many,
The meaſure then of one is eaſly told.
Boy. If to come hither, you have meaſur'd miles,
And many miles : the Princeſſe bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill up one mile?
Bir. Tell her we meaſure them by weary ſteps.
Boy. She heares her ſelfe.
Roſa. How many weary ſteps,
Of many weary miles you have ore-gone,
Are numbred in the travell of one mile?
Bir. We number nothing that we ſpend for you,
Our duty is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may doe it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhew the ſunſhine of your face,
That we (like ſavages) may worſhip it.
Roſa. My face is but a Moone and clouded too.
Kin. Bleſſed are clouds, to doe as ſuch clouds doe.
Vouchſafe bright Moone, and theſe thy ſtarres to ſhine,
(Thoſe clouds removed) upon our watery eyne,
Roſa. O vaine peticioner, beg a greater matter,
Thou now requeſts but Mooneſhine in the water.
Kin. Then in our meaſure, vouchſafe but one change.
Thou bidſt me beg, this begging is not ſtrange.
Roſa. Play muſicke then : nay you muſt doe it ſoone.
Not yet no dance : thus change I like the Moone.
Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus eſtranged?
Roſa. You tooke the Moone at full, but now ſhee's changed?
Kin. Yet ſtill ſhe is the Moone, and I the Man.
Roſa. The muſicke playes, vouchſafe ſome motion to it : Our eares vouchſafe it.
Kin. But your legges ſhould doe it.
Roſ. Since you are ſtrangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.
Kin. Why take you hands then?
Roſa. Onely to part friends.
Curtſie ſweet hearts, and ſo the Meaſure ends.
Kin. More meaſure of this meaſure, be not nice.
Roſa. We can afford no more at ſuch a price.
Kin. Priſe your ſelves then : what buyes your company?
Roſa. Your abſence onely.
Kin. That can never be.
Roſa. Then cannot we be bought : and ſo adue,
Twice to your Viſor, and halfe once to you.
Kin. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
Roſ. In private then.
Kin. I am beſt pleaſ'd with that.
Bir. White handed Miſtris, one ſweet word with thee.
Prin. Hony, and Milke, and Suger : there is three.
Bir. Nay then two treyes, and if you grow ſo nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmſey ; well runne dice :
There's halfe a dozen ſweets.
Prin. Seventh ſweet adue, ſince you can cog,
Ile play no more with you.
Bir. One word in ſecret.
Prin. Let it not be ſweet.
Bir. Thou greev'ſt my gall.

Prin. Gall, bitter.
Bir. Therefore meete.
Du. Will you vouchſafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Faire Lady:
Mar. Say you ſo? Faire Lord:
Take you that for your faire Lady.
Dum. Pleaſe it you,
As much in private, and Ile bid adieu.
Mar. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reaſon Lady why you aske.
Mar. O for your reaſon, quickly ſir, I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your maske.
And would affoord my ſpeechleſſe vizard halfe.
Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not Veale a Calfe?
Long. A Calfe faire Lady?
Mar. No, a faire Lord Calfe.
Long. Let's part the word.
Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and weane it, it may prove an Oxe.
Long. Looke how you but to your ſelfe in theſe ſharpe mockes.
Will you give hornes chaſt Lady? Doe not ſo.
Mar. Then dye a Calfe before your hornes doe grow.
Lon. One word in private with you ere I dye.
Mar. Bleat ſoftly then, the Butcher heares you cry.
Boy. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keene
As is the Razors edge, inviſible:
Cutting a ſmaller haire then may be ſeene,
Above the ſenſe of ſence ſo ſenſible:
Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings,
Fleeter then arrows, bullets, wind, thought, ſwifter things
Roſ. Not one word more my maides, breake off, breake off.
Bir. By heaven, all dry beaten with pure ſcoffe.
Kin. Fare-well madde Wenches, you have ſimple wits. *Exeunt.*
Prin. Twenty adieus my frozen Muſcovits.
Are theſe the breed of wits ſo wondred at?
Boy. Tapers they are, with your ſweet breathes puft out.
Roſa. Wel-liking wits they have, groſſe, groſſe, fat, fat.
Prin. O poverty in wit, Kingly poore flout.
Will they not (thinke you) hang themſelves to night?
Or ever but in vizards ſhew their faces:
This pert *Birone* was out of count'nance quite.
Roſ. O! They were all in lamentable caſes.
The King was weeping ripe for a good word.
Prin. *Birone* did ſweare himſelfe out of all ſuite.
Mar. *Dumaine* was at my ſervice, and his ſword:
No point (quoth I:) my ſervant ſtraight was mute.
Ka. Lord *Longavile* ſaid I came ore his heart:
And trow you what he call'd me?
Prin. Qualme perhaps.
Kat. Yes in good faith.
Prin. Goe ſickneſſe as thou art.
Roſ. Well, better wits have worne plaine ſtatute caps,
But will you heare; the King is my love ſworne.
Prin. And quicke *Birone* hath plighted faith to me.
Kat. And *Longavile* was for my ſervice borne.
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as ſure as barke on tree.
Boy. Madam, and pretty miſtreſſes give eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne ſhapes: for it can never be,
They will digeſt this harſh indignity.
Prin. Will they returne?
Boy. They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for joy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Favours, and when they repaire,
Blow like ſweet Roſes, in this ſummer aire.
Prin. How blow? how blow? Speake to be underſtood.
Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roſes in their bud:
Diſmaskt, their damaske ſweet commixture ſhowne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roſes blowne.
Prin. Avant perplexity: What ſhall we doe,
If they returne in their owne ſhapes to wooe?
Roſa. Good Madam, if by me you'll be adviſ'd,
Let's mocke them ſtill as well knowne as diſguiſ'd:
Let us complaine to them what fooles were heare,
Diſguiſ'd like Muſcovites in ſhapeleſſe geare:
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their ſhallow ſhowes, and Prologue vildely pen'd,
And their rough carriage ſo ridiculous,
Should be preſented at our Tent to us.
Boy. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.
Prin. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes ore Land. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King and the reſt.

King. Faire ſir, God ſave you. Wher's the Princeſſe?
Boy. Gone to her Tent.
Pleaſe it your Majeſty command me any ſervice to her?
King. That ſhe vouchſafe me audience for one word.
Boy. I will, and ſo will ſhe, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Bir. This fellow pickes up wit as Pigeons peaſe,
And utters it againe, when *love* doth pleaſe,
He is Wits Pedler, and retailes his Wares,
At Wakes, and Waſſels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.
And we that ſell by groſſe, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his ſleeve.
Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eve*.
He can carve too, and liſpe: Why this is he,
That kiſt away his hand in courteſie.
This is the Ape of Forme, Monſieur the nice,
That when he playes at Tables, chides the Dice
In honorable tearmes: Nay he can ſing
A meane moſt meanly, and in Vſhering
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him ſweet.
The ſtaires as he treads on them kiſſe his feete.
This is the flower that ſmiles on every one,
To ſhew his teeth as white as Whale his bone.
And conſciences that will not dye in debt,
Pay him the duty of hony-tongued *Boyet*.
Kin. A bliſter on his ſweet tongue with my heart,
That put *Armadoes* Page out of his part.

Enter Ladies.

Bir. See where it comes. Behaviour what wer't thou,
Till this madman ſhew'd thee? And what art thou now?
Kin. All haile ſweet Madam, and faire time of day.
Prin. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceive.
Kin. Conſtrue my ſpeeches better, if you may.
Prin. Then wiſh me better, I will give you leave.
Kin. We came to viſit you, and purpoſe now
To leade you to our Court, vouchſafe it then.
Prin. This field ſhall hold me, and ſo hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.
Kin. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
The

The vertue of your eye muſt breake my oath.
Pr. You nickname vertue: vice you ſhould have ſpoke:
For vertues office never breakes men troth.
Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
As the unſullied Lilly, I proteſt,
A world of torments though I ſhould endure,
I would not yeeld to be your houſes gueſt:
So much I hate a breaking cauſe to be
Of heavenly oathes, vow'd with integrity.
Kin. O you have liv'd in deſolation heere,
Vnſeene, unviſited, much to our ſhame.
Prin. Not ſo my Lord, it is not ſo I ſweare,
We have had paſtimes heere, and pleaſant game,
A meſſe of Ruſſians left us but of late.
Kin. How Madam? Ruſſians?
Prin. I in truth, my Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtſhip and of ſtate.
Roſa. Madam ſpeake true. It is not ſo my Lord:
My Lady (to the manner of the dayes)
In curteſie gives undeſerving praiſe.
We foure indeed confronted were with foure
In Ruſſian habit: Heere they ſtayed an houre,
And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not bleſſe us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
When they are thirſty, fooles would faine have drinke.
Bir. This jeſt is dry to me. Faire gentle ſweet,
Your wit makes wiſe things fooliſh, when we greete
With eyes beſt ſeeing, heavens fiery eye:
By light we loſe light: your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge ſtore,
Wiſe things ſeeme fooliſh, and rich things but poore.
Roſ. This proves you wiſe and rich: for in my eye——
Bir. I am a foole, and full of poverty.
Roſ. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.
Bir. O, I am yours and all that I poſſeſſe.
Roſ. All the foole mine.
Bir. I cannot give you leſſe.
Roſ. Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?
Bir. Where? when? What Vizard?
Why demand you this?
Roſ. There, then, that vizard, that ſuperfluous caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhew'd the better face.
Kin. We are diſcried,
They'l mocke us now downeright.
Duk. Let us confeſſe, and turne it to a jeſt.
Prin. Amaz'd my Lord? Why lookes your Highneſſe ſadde?
Roſ. Helpe hold his browes, hee'l ſwound: why looke you pale?
Sea-ſicke I thinke comming from Muſcovy.
Bir. Thus poure the ſtarres downe plagues for perjury.
Can any face of braſſe hold longer out?
Heere ſtand I, Lady dart thy skill at me,
Bruiſe me with ſcorne, confound me with a flout.
Thruſt thy ſharpe wit quite through my ignorance.
Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:
And I will wiſh thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Ruſſian habit waite.
O! never will I truſt to ſpeeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boyes tongue.
Nor never come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers ſongue,
Taffata phraſes, ſilken tearmes preciſe,
Three-pil'd Hyperboles, ſpruce affection;
Figures pedanticall, theſe ſummer flyes,
Have blowne me full of maggot oſtentation.
I doe forſweare them, and I heere proteſt,
By this white Glove (how white the hand God knows)
Henceforth my wooing mind ſhall be expreſt
In ruſſet yeas, and honeſt kerſie noes.
And to begin Wench, ſo God helpe me law,
My love to thee is ſound, *ſans* cracke or flaw.
Roſa. Sans, ſans, I pray you.
Bir. Yet I have a tricke
Of the old rage. beare with me, I am ſicke.
Ile leave it by degrees: ſoft, let us ſee,
Write *Lord have mercy on us*, on thoſe three,
They are infected, in their hearts it lyes:
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
Theſe Lords are viſited, you are not free:
For the Lords tokens on you doe I ſee.
Prin. No, they are free that gave theſe tokens to us.
Bir. Our ſtates are forfeit, ſeeke not to undoe us.
Roſ. It is not ſo; for how can this be true,
That you ſtand forfeit, being thoſe that ſue.
Bir. Peace, for I will not have to doe with you.
Roſ. Nor ſhall not, if I doe as I intend.
Bir. Speake for your ſelves, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach us ſweet Madame, for our rude tranſgreſſion, ſome faire excuſe.
Prin. The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were you not heere but even now, diſguis'd?
Kin. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well adviſ'd?
Kin. I was faire Madam.
Prin. When you then were heere,
What did you whiſper in your Ladies eare?
Kin. That more then all the world I did reſpect her.
Prin. When ſhe ſhall challenge this, you will reject her.
Kin. Vpon mine Honor no.
Prin. Peace, peace, forbeare:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forſweare.
Kin. Deſpiſe me when I breake this oath of mine.
Prin. I will, and therefore keepe it. *Roſaline*,
What did the Ruſſian whiſper in your eare?
Roſa. Madam, he ſwore that he did hold me deare
As precious eye-ſight, and did value me
Above this World: adding there moreover,
That he would Wed me, or elſe dye my Lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him: the Noble Lord
Moſt honorably doth uphold his word.
Kin. What meane you Madame?
By my life, my troth,
I never ſwore this Lady ſuch an oath.
Roſ. By heaven you did; and to confirme it plaine,
you gave me this: But take it ſir againe.
King. My faith and this, the Princeſſe I did give,
I knew her by this Iewell on her ſleeve.
Prin. Pardon me ſir, this Iewell did ſhe weare,
And Lord *Birone* (I thanke him) is my deare.
What? Will you have me, or your Pearle againe?
Bir. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.
I ſee the tricke on't: Heere was a conſent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To daſh it like a Chriſtmas Comedy.
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight Zany,
Some mumble-newes, ſome trencher-knight, ſome Dicke
That ſmiles his cheeke in yeares, and knowes the tricke
To make my Lady laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd;

Told our intents before: which once diſclos'd,
The Ladies did change Favours, and then we
Following the ſignes, woo'd but the ſigne of ſhe.
Now to our perjury, to adde more terror,
We are againe forſworne in will and error.
Much upon this it is: and might not you
Foreſtall our ſport, to make us thus untrue?
Doe not you know my Ladies foot by'th ſquier?
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And ſtand betweene her backe ſir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jeſting merrily?
You put our Page out: goe, you are allowd
Die when you will, a ſmocke ſhall be your ſhrowd.
You leere upon me, doe you? There's an eye
Wounds like a Leaden ſword.

Boy. Full merrily hath this brave manager, this carreere beene runne.

Bir. Loe, he is tilting ſtraight. Peace, I have done.

Enter Clowne.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'ſt a faire fray.

Clo. O Lord ſir, they would kno,
Whether the three Worthies ſhall come in, or no.

Bir. What, are there but three?

Clow. No ſir, but it is vara fine,
For every one purſents three.

Bir. And three times thrice is nine.

Clo. Not ſo ſir, under correction ſir, I hope it is not ſo. You cannot beg us ſir, I can aſſure you ſir, we know what we know: I hope ſir three times thrice ſir.

Bir. Is not nine.

Clo. Vnder correction ſir, wee know where-untill it doth amount.

Bir. By *Iove*, I alwayes tooke three threes for nine.

Clo. O Lord ſir, it were pitty you ſhould get your living by reckning ſir.

Bir. How much is it?

Clo. O Lord ſir, the parties themſelves, the actors ſir will ſhew where-untill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I am (as they ſay, but to perfect one man in one poore man) *Pompion* the great ſir.

Bir. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clo. It pleaſed them to thinke me worthy of *Pompey* the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to ſtand for him.

Bir. Goe, bid them prepare. *Exit.*

Clo. We will turne it finely off ſir, we will take ſome care.

King. *Birone*, they will ſhame us:
Let them not approach.

Bir. We are ſhame-proofe my Lord: and 'tis ſome policy, to have one ſhew worſe then the Kings and his company.

Kin. I ſay they ſhall not come.

Prin. Nay my good Lord, let me ore rule you now;
That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how.
Where Zeale ſtrives to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it preſents:
Their forme confounded, makes moſt forme in mirth,
When great things labouring periſh in their birth.

Bir. A right deſcription of our ſport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Annointed, I implore ſo much expence of thy royall ſweet breath, as will vtter a brace of words.

Prin. Doth this man ſerve God?

Bir. Why aske you?

Prin. He ſpeak's not like a man of God's making.

Brag. That's all one my faire ſweet hony Monarch: For I proteſt, the Schoolmaſter is exceeding fantaſticall: Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we will put it (as they ſay) to *Fortuna delaguar*. I wiſh you the peace of mind moſt royall cupplement.

King. Here is like to be a good preſence of Worthies; He preſents *Hector* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey* the great, the Pariſh Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*, the Pedant *Iudas Machabeus*: And if theſe foure Worthies in their firſt ſhew thriue, theſe foure will change habites, and preſent the other five.

Bir. There is five in the firſt ſhew.

Kin. You are deceived, tis not ſo.

Bir. The Pedant, the *Braggart*, the Hedge-Prieſt, the
Foole, and the Boy.
A bare throw at Novum, and the whole world againe,
Cannot pricke out five ſuch, take each one in's vaine.

Kin. The ſhip is under ſaile, and here ſhe comes amaine.

Enter Pompey.

Clo. *I Pompey am.*

Boy. You lye, you are not he.

Clo. *I Pompey am.*

Boy. With Libbards head on knee.

Bir. Well ſaid old mocker,
I muſt needs be friends with thee.

Clo. *I Pompey am, Pompey ſurnam'd the big.*

Du. The great.

Clo. It is great ſir: *Pompey ſurnam'd the great*;
That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,
did make my foe to ſweat:
And travailing along this coaſt, I heere am come by chance,
And lay my Armes before the legs of this ſweet Laſſe of
France.
If your Ladiſhip would ſay thankes *Pompey*, I had done.

Prin. Great thankes great *Pompey*.

Clr. Tis not ſo much worth: but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in great.

Bir. My hat to a halfe-peny, *Pompey* proves the beſt Worthy.

Enter Curate, for Alexander.

Curat. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the worlds Commander:*
By Eaſt, Weſt, North, and South, I ſpred my conquering might
My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am Aliſander.

Boy. Your noſe ſaies no, you are not:
For it ſtands too right.

Bir. Your noſe ſmels no, in this moſt tender ſmelling Knight.

Prin. The Conqueror is diſmaid:
Proceed good *Alexander*.

Cur. *When in the world I lived, I was the worldes Commander.*

Boy. Moſt true, 'tis right: you were ſo *Aliſander*.

Bir. *Pompey* the great.

Clo. Your ſervant and *Coſtard*.

Bir. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Aliſander*.

Clo. O ſir, you have overthrowne *Aliſander* the conqueror: you will be ſcrap'd out of the painted cloth for this.

this: your Lion that holds his Pollax ſitting on a cloſe ſtoole, will be given to Ajax. He will be the ninth worthy. A Conqueror, and affraid to ſpeake? Runne away for ſhame *Aliſander*. There an't ſhall pleaſe you: a fooliſh mild man, an honeſt man, looke you, and ſoone daſht. He is a marvellous good neighbour inſooth, and a very good Bowler: but for *Aliſander*, alas you ſee, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming, will ſpeake their mind in ſome other ſort.

Clo. Stand aſide good Pompey. *Exit Clo.*

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is preſented by this Impe,
Whoſe Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*,
And when he was a babe, a child, a ſhrimpe,
Thus did he ſtrangle Serpents in his *Manus*:
Quoniam, he ſeemeth in minority,
Ergo, I come with this Apology.
Keepe ſome ſtate in thy *Exit*, and vaniſh. *Exit Boy.*

Ped. Iudas *I am*.

Dum. A Iudas?

Ped. *Not Iſcariot ſir.*
Iudas I am ycliped Machabeus.

Dum. *Iudas Machabeus* clipt, is plaine *Iudas*.

Bir. A kiſſing traitor. How art thou prov'd *Iudas*?

Ped. *Iudas I am.*

Dum. The more ſhame for you *Iudas*.

Ped. What meane you ſir?

Boy. To make *Iudas* hang himſelfe.

Ped. Begin ſir, you are my elder.

Bir. Well follow'd, *Iudas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped. I will not be put out of countenance.

Bir. Becauſe thou haſt no face.

Ped. What is this.

Boy. A Citterne head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Bir. A deaths face in a ring.

Lon. The face of an old Roman coyne, ſcarce ſeene.

Boy. The pummell of *Ceſars* Faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a Flaske.

Bir. Saint Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.

Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.

Bir. I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.
And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance.

Ped. You have put me out of countenance.

Bir. Falſe, we have given thee faces.

Ped. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Bir. And thou wer't a Lion, we would doe ſo.

Boy. Therefore as he is, an Aſſe, let him goe:
And ſo adieu ſweet *Iude*. Nay, why doſt thou ſtay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Bir. For the *Aſſe* to the *Iude*: give it him. *Iud-as* away.

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for monſieur *Iudas*, it growes darke, he may ſtumble.

Prin. Alas poore *Machabeus*, how hath he beene baited.

Enter Braggart.

Bir. Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in Armes.

Dum. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. *Hector* was but a Troyan in reſpect of this.

Boy. But is this *Hector*?

Kin. I thinke *Hector* was not ſo cleane timber'd.

Lon. His legge is too big for *Hector*.

Dum. More Calfe certaine.

Boy. No; he is beſt indued in the ſmall.

Bir. This can'ot be *Hector*.

Dum. He's a god or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Brag. *The Armipotent Mares, of Launces the almighty, gave Hector a gift.*

Dum. A gilt Nutmegge.

Bir. A Lemmon.

Lon. Stucke with Cloves.

Dum. No cloven.

Brag. *The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty,*
Gave Hector a gift, the heire of Illion;
A man ſo breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea
From morne till night, out of his Pavillion.
I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Long. That Cullambine.

Brag. Sweet Lord *Longavile* reine thy tongue.

Lon. I muſt rather give it the reine: for it runnes againſt *Hector*.

Dum. I, and *Hector*'s a Grey-hound.

Brag. The ſweet War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried:
But I will forward with my device;
Sweet Royalty beſtow on me the Sence of hearing.

Birone ſteps forth.

Prin. Speake brave *Hector*, we are much delighted.

Brag. I doe adore thy ſweet Graces ſlipper.

Boy. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Brag. *This Hector farre ſurmounted Hanniball.*

The party is gone.

Clo. Fellow *Hector*, ſhe is gone; ſhe is two moneths on her way.

Brag. What meaneſt thou?

Clo. Faith unleſſe you play the honeſt Troyan, the poore Wench is caſt away: ſhe's quicke, the child brags in her belly already: tis yours.

Brag. Doſt thou infamonize me among Potentates? Thou ſhalt dye.

Clo. Then ſhall *Hector* be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Moſt rare *Pompey*.

Boy. Renowned *Pompey*.

Bir. Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*: *Pompey* the huge.

Dum. *Hector* trembles.

Bir. *Pompey* is moved, more Atees more Atees ſtirre them, or ſtirre them on.

Dum. *Hector* will challenge him.

Bir. I, if a have no more mans blood in's belly, then will ſup a Flea.

Brag. By the North-pole I doe challenge thee.

Clo. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man; Ile ſlaſh, Ile doe it by the ſword: I pray you let me borrow my Armes againe.

Dum. Roome for the incenſed Worthies.

Clo. Ile doe it in my ſhirt.

Dum. Moſt reſolute *Pompey*.

Page. Maſter, let me take you a button hole lower: Doe you not ſee *Pompey* is uncaſing for the combat: what meane you ? you will loſe your reputation.

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my ſhirt.

Du. You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

Bir. What reaſon have you for't?

Bra. The naked truth of it is, I have no ſhirt,
I goe woolward for penance.

Boy. True, and it was injoyned him in Rome for want of Linnen: ſince when, Ile be ſworne he wore none, but a diſhclout of *Iaquenettas*, and that hee weares next his heart for a favour.

Enter a Meſſenger, Monſieur Marcade.

Mar. God ſave you Madam.

Prin. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interrupteſt our merriment.

Merc. I am ſorry Madam, for the newes I bring is heavy in my tongue. The King your father.

Prin. Dead for my life.

Mar. Even ſo: My tale is told.

Bir. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Bra. For mine owne part, I breathe free breath: I have ſeene the day of wrong, through the little hole of diſcretion, and I will right my ſelfe like a Souldier.

Exeunt Worthies.

Kin. How fare's your Majeſty?

Prin. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to night.

Kin. Madam not ſo, I doe beſeech you ſtay.

Prin. Prepare I ſay. I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endevours and entreats:
Out of a new ſad-ſoule, that you vouchſafe,
In your rich wiſedome to excuſe, or hide,
The liberall oppoſition of our ſpirits,
If over-boldly we have borne our ſelves,
In the converſe of breath (your gentleneſſe
Was guilty of it.) Farewell worthy Lord:
A heavy heart beares not an humble tongue.
Excuſe me ſo, comming ſo ſhort of thankes,
For my great ſuit, ſo eaſily obtain'd.

Kin. The extreme parts of time, extremely formes
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed:
And often at his very looſe decides
That, which long proceſſe could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the ſmiling curteſie of Love:
The holy ſuite which faine it would convince,
Yet ſince loves argument was firſt on foote,
Let not the cloud of ſorrow juſtle it
From what it purpoſed: ſince to waile friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo wholſome profitable,
As to rejoyce at friends but newly found.

Prin. I underſtand you not, my greefes are double.

Bir. Honeſt plain words, beſt pierce the eares of griefe
And by theſe badges underſtand the King,
For your faire ſakes have we neglected time,
Plaid foule play with our oathes: your beauty Ladies
Hath much deformed us, faſhioning our humors
Even to the oppoſed end of our intents.
And what in us hath ſeem'd ridiculous:
As Love is full of unbefitting ſtraines,
All wanton as a child, skipping and vaine.
Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye.
Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habits, and of formes
Varying in ſubjects as the eye doth roule,
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated preſence of looſe love
Put on by us, if in your heavenly eyes,
Have miſbecom'd our oathes and gravities.
Thoſe heavenly eyes that looke into theſe faults,
Suggeſted us to make: therefore Ladies
Our love being yours, the error that Love makes
Is likewiſe yours. We to our ſelves prove falſe,
By being once falſe, for ever to be true
To thoſe that make us both, faire Ladyes you,
And even that falſhood in it ſelfe a ſinne,
Thus purifies it ſelfe, and turnes to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your Letters, full of Love;
Your Favours, the Ambaſſadors of Love.
And in our maiden counſaile rated them,
At courtſhip, pleaſant jeſt, and curteſie,
As bumbaſt and as lining to the time:
But more devout then theſe are our reſpects
Have we not beene, and therefore met your loves
In their owne faſhion, like a merriment.

Du. Our letters Madam, ſhew'd much more then jeſt.

Long. So did our lookes.

Roſa. Wee did not coate them ſo.

King. Now at the lateſt minute of the houre,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time me thinkes too ſhort,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in;
No, no my Lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,
Full of deare guiltineſſe, and therefore this:
If for my Love (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will doe ought, this ſhall you doe for me,
Your oath I will not truſt: but goe with ſpeed
To ſome forlorne and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world:
There ſtay, untill the twelve Celeſtiall Signes
Have brought about their annuall reckoning.
If this auſtere inſociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood:
If froſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weedes
Nip not the gaudy bloſſomes of your Love,
But that it beare this triall, and laſt love:
Then at the expiration of the yeare,
Come challenge me, challenge me by theſe deſerts,
And by this Virgin palme, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine: and till that inſtant ſhut
My woefull ſelfe up in a mourning houſe,
Raining the teares of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Fathers death.
If this thou doe deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the others heart.

King. If this, or more then this, I would deny,
To flatter up theſe powers of mine with reſt,
The ſodaine hand of death cloſe up mine eye.
Hence ever then, my heart is in thy breſt.

Bir. And what to me my Love? and what to me?

Roſ. You muſt be purged too, your ſinnes are rack'd.
You are attaint with fault and perjury:
Therefore if you my favour meane to get,
A twelvemonth ſhall you ſpend, and never reſt,
But ſeeke the weary beds of people ſicke.

Dum. But what to me my love? but what to me?

Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honeſty;
With three-fold love, I wiſh you all theſe three.

Dum. O ſhall I ſay, I thanke you gentle wife?

Kat. Not ſo my Lord, a twelvemonth and a day,

Ile marke no words that ſmoothfac'd wooers ſay.
Come when the King doth to my Lady come:
Then if I have much love, Ile give you ſome.
Dum. Ile ſerve thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet ſweare not, leaſt ye be forſworne agen.
Long. What ſayes *Maria*?
Mari. At the twelve-months end,
Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.
Lon. Ile ſtay with patience: but the time is long.
Mari. The liker you, few taller are ſo yong.
Bir. Studies my Lady? Miſtris, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye:
What humble ſuite attends thy anſwer there,
Impoſe ſome ſervice on me for my Love.
Roſa. Oft have I heard of you my Lord *Birone*,
Before I ſaw you: and the worlds large tongue
Proclaimes you for a man repleate with mockes,
Full of compariſons, and wounding floutes:
Which you on all eſtates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,
And therewithall to win me, if you pleaſe,
Without the which I am not to be won:
You ſhall this twelve-month terme from day to day,
Viſite the ſpeechleſſe ſicke, and ſtill converſe
With groaning wretches: and your taske ſhall be,
With all the fierce endevour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to ſmile.
Bir. To move wilde laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be, it is impoſſible.
Mirth cannot move a ſoule in agonie.
Roſa. Why that's the way to choke a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace,
Which ſhallow laughing hearers give to fooles:
A jeſts proſperitie, lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly eares,
Deaft with the clamors of their owne deare groanes,
Will heare your idle ſcornes; continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that ſpirit,
And I ſhall finde you empty of that fault,
Right joyfull of your reformation.
Bir. A twelve-month? Well: befall what will befall
Ile jeſt a twelve-month in an Hoſpitall.
Prin. I ſweet my Lord, and ſo I take my leave.
King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.
Bir. Our wooing doth not end like an old Play:
Iacke hath not Gill: theſe Ladies courteſie
Might well have made our ſport a Comedie.
King. Come ſir, it wants a twelve-month and a day,
And then 'twill end.
Bir. That's too long for a Play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Majeſty vouchſafe me.
Prin. Was not that *Hector*?
Dum. The worthy Knight of Troy.
Brag. I will kiſſe thy Royall finger, and take leave.
I am a Votary, I have vow'd to *Iaquenetta* to hold the Plough for her ſweet love three yeeres. But moſt eſteemed greatneſſe, will you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men have compiled, in praiſe of the Owle and the Cuckow? It ſhould have followed in the end of our ſhew.
Kin. Call them forth quickly, we will doe ſo.
Brag. Holla, Approach.

Enter all.

This ſide is *Hiems*, Winter.
This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,
The other by the Cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Daſies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
And Lady-ſmocks all ſilver white,
Doe paint the Medowes with delight,
The Cuckow then on every Tree,
Mockes married men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Unpleaſing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten ſtrawes,
And merry Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their ſummer ſmockes:
The Cuckow then on every tree
Mockes married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Iſickles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Shepheard blowes his naile;
And Tom beares Logges into the Hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in paile:
When blood is nipt, and wayes be fowle,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.
A merry note,
While greaſie Ione *doth keele the pot.*

When all aloud the Wind doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parſons Saw:
And Birds ſit brooding in the Snow,
And Marrians *Noſe lookes red and raw:*
When roaſted Crabs hiſſe in the bowle,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle,
Tu-whit to who:
A merry note,
While greaſie Ione *doth keele the pot.*

Brag. The words of *Mercurie*,
Are harſh after the ſongs of *Apollo*;
You that way; we this way.
Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

A
MIDSOMMER
Nights Dreame.

Actus Primus.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, with others.

Theſeus.

NOw faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in
Another Moon: but oh, me thinks, how ſlow
This old Moon wanes? She lingers my deſires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans revennew.
Hip. Foure daies will quickly ſteep thẽſelves in nights,
Foure nights will quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a ſilver bow.
Now bent in heaven, ſhall behold the night
Of our ſolemnities.
The. Go *Philoſtrate,*
Stirre up the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble ſpirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pompe.
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my ſword,
And wonne thy love, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lyſander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theſeus*, our renowned Duke.
The. Thanks good *Egeus*: what's the news with thee?
Ego. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Againſt my childe, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth Demetrius.
My Noble Lord,
This man hath my conſent to marry her.
Stand forth Lyſander.
And my gracious Duke,
This hath bewitch'd the boſome of my childe:
Thou, thou *Lyſander*, thou haſt given her rimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my childe:
Thou haſt by Moone-light at her window ſung,
With faining voice, verſes of faining love,
And ſtolne the impreſſion of her fantaſie,
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,
Knackes, trifles, Noſe-gaies, ſweet meats (meſſengers
Of ſtrong prevailment in unhardned youth)
With cunning haſt thou filch'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To ſtuborne harſhneſſe. And my gracious Duke,
Be it ſo ſhe will not heere before your Grace,
Conſent to marry with *Demetrius*,
I beg the ancient priviledge of Athens;
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpuſe of her;
Which ſhall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately provided in that caſe.
The. What ſay you Hermia? be adviſ'd faire Maid.
To you your Father ſhould be as a God;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe
By him imprinted: and within his power,
To leave the figure, or diſfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.
Her. So is *Lyſander.*
The. In himſelfe he is.
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voice
The other muſt be held the worthier.
Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eies muſt with his judgment looke.
Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me,
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concerne my modeſtie
In ſuch a preſence heere to pleade my thoughts:
But I beſeech your Grace, that I may know
The worſt that may befall me in this caſe,
If I refuſe to wed *Demetrius.*
The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the ſociety of men.
Therefore faire Hermia queſtion your deſires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)
You can endure the livery of a Nunne,
For aye to be in ſhady Cloiſter mew'd,
To live a barren ſiſter all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitleſſe Moone,
Thrice bleſſed they that maiſter ſo their blood,
To undergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage,
But earthlier happy is the Roſe diſtill'd,
Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes, lives, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſſe.

Her. So will I grow, ſo live, ſo die my Lord,
Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent up
Vnto his Lordſhip, to whoſe unwiſhed yoake,
My ſoule conſents not to give ſoveraignty.
The. Take time to pauſe, and by the next new Moon
The ſealing day betwixt my love and me,
For everlaſting bond of fellowſhip:
Vpon that day either prepare to die,
For diſobedience to you fathers will,
Or elſe to wed *Demetrius* as hee would,
Or on *Dianaes* Altar to proteſt
For aie, auſterity, and ſingle life.
Dem. Relent ſweet *Hermia*, and *Lyſander*, yeelde
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.
Lyſ. You have her fathers love, *Demetrius*:
Let me have *Hermiaes*: do you marry him.
Egens. Scornfull *Lyſander*, true, he hath my Love;
And what is mine, my love ſhall render him.
And ſhe is mine, and all my right of her,
I do eſtate vnto *Demetrius*.
Lyſ. I am my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well poſſeſt: my love is more then his:
My fortunes every way as fairely ranck'd
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:
And (which is more then all theſe boaſts can be)
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*.
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrins, Ile auouch it to his head,
Made love to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*;
And won her ſoule: and ſhe (ſweet Lady) dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this ſpotted and inconſtant man.
The. I muſt confeſſe, that I have heard ſo much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to have ſpoke thereof:
But being over-full of ſelfe-affaires,
My minde did loſe it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egens*, you ſhall go with me,
I have ſome private ſchooling for you both.
For you faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your ſelfe,
To fit your fancies to your Fathers will;
Or elſe the Law of Athens yeelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.
Come my *Hippolita*, what cheare my love?
Demetrins and *Egens* go along:
I muſt imploy you in ſome buſineſſe
Againſt our nuptialls, and conferre with you
Of ſomething, neerely that concernes your ſelves.
Ege. With dutie and deſire we follow you. *Exeunt.*

Manet Lyſander and Hermia.

Lyſ. How now my love? Why is your cheek ſo pale?
How chance the Roſes there do fade ſo faſt?
Her. Belike for want of raine, which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempeſt of mine eyes.
Lyſ. *Hermia* for ought that ever I could reade,
Could ever heare by tale or hiſtory,
The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth,
But either it was different in blood.
Her. O croſſe! too high to be enthral'd to love.
Lyſ. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of yeares.
Her. O ſpight! too old to be ingag'd to yong.
Lyſ. Or elſe it ſtood upon the choiſe of merit.
Her. O hell! to chooſe love by anothers eye.
Lyſ. Or if there were a ſimpathie in choiſe,
Warre, death, or ſickneſſe, did lay ſiege to it;
Making it momentarie, as a ſound:
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a ſpleene) vnfolds both heaven and earth;
And ere a man hath power to ſay, behold;
The jawes of darkneſſe do devoure it up:
So quicke bright things come to confuſion.
Her. If then true Lovers have beene ever croſt,
It ſtands as an edict in deſtiny:
Then let us teach our triall patience;
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary croſſe,
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreames, and ſighes,
Wiſhes and teares; poore Fancies followers.
Lyſ. A good perſwaſion; therefore heare me *Hermia*,
I have a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,
Of great revennew, and ſhe hath no childe,
From Athens is her houſe remov'd ſeven leagues,
And ſhe reſpects me, as her onely ſonne:
There gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee,
And to that place, the ſharpe Athenian Law
Cannot purſue us. If thou lov'ſt me, then
Steale forth thy fathers houſe to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne,
(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*,
To do obſervance for a morne of May)
There will I ſtay for thee.
Her. My good *Lyſander*,
I ſweare to thee, by Cupids ſtrongeſt bow,
By his beſt arrow with the golden head,
By the ſimplicity of Venus Doves,
By that which knitteth ſoules, and proſpers love,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,
When the falſe Troyan vnder ſaile was ſeene,
By all the vowes that ever men have broke,
(In number more then ever women ſpoke)
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meete with thee.
Lyſ. Keepe promiſe love: looke here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God ſpeede faire *Helena*, whither away?
Hel. Cal you me faire? that faire againe unſay,
Demetrius loves you faire: O happy faire!
Your eyes are loadſtarres, and your tongues ſweet ayre
More tuneable then Larke to ſhepheards eare,
When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,
Sickneſſe is catching: O were favour ſo,
Your words Ide catch, faire *Hermia* ere I go,
My eare ſhould catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue ſhould catch your tongues ſweet melodie,
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The reſt Ile give to be to you tranſlated.
O teach me how you looke, and with what art
You ſway the motion of *Demetrius* hart.
Her. I frowne upon him, yet he loves me ſtill.
Hel. O that your frownes would teach my ſmiles
ſuch skil.
Her. I give him curſes, yet he gives me love.
Hel. O that my prayers could ſuch affection moove.
Her. The more I hate the more he followes me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly Helena is none of mine.
Hel. None but your beauty, wold that fault were mine
Her. Take comfort: he no more ſhall ſee my face,
Lyſander and my ſelfe will flie this place.
Before the time I did *Lyſander* ſee,
Seem'd Athens like a Paradiſe to mee.

O then, what graces in my Love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell?

Lyſ. Helen, to you our mindes we will vnfold,
To morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth behold
Her ſilver viſage, in the watry glaſſe,
Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed graſſe
(A time that Lovers flights doth ſtill conceale)
Through *Athens* gates, have we deviſ'd to ſteale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faint Primroſe beds, were wont to lye,
Emptying our boſomes, of their counſell ſweld:
There my *Lyſander*, and my ſelfe ſhall meete,
And thence from *Athens* turne away our eyes
To ſeeke new friends and ſtrange companions,
Farewell ſweet play-fellow, pray thou for us,
And good lucke grant thee thy *Demetrius*.
Keepe word *Lyſander* we muſt ſtarve our ſight,
From lovers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

Exit Hermia.

Lyſ. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,
As you on him, *Demetrius* dotes on you. *Exit Lyſander.*

Hel. How happy ſome, ore otherſome can be?
Through *Athens* I am thought as faire as ſhe.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinkes not ſo:
He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes;
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things baſe and vilde, holding no quantity,
Love can tranſpoſe to forme and dignity,
Love lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blinde.
Nor hath loves minde of any judgement taſte:
Wings and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haſte.
And therefore is Love ſaid to be a childe,
Becauſe in choiſe he often is beguil'd,
As waggiſh boyes in game themſelves forſweare;
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.
For ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyne,
He hail'd downe oathes that he was only mine.
And when this Haile ſome heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he diſſolv'd, and ſhowres of oathes did melt.
I will go tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night,
Purſue her; and for his intelligence,
If I have thankes, it is a deere expence:
But heerein meane I to enrich my paine,
To have his ſight thither, and backe againe. *Exit.*

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Ioyner, Bottome the Weaver, Flute the bellowes-mender, Snout the Tinker, and Starveling the Taylor.

Qu. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man by man, according to the ſcrip.

Qu. Here is the ſcrowle of every mans name, which is thought fit through all *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.

Bot. Firſt, good *Peter Quince*, ſay what the play treats on: then reade the names of the Actors: and ſo grow on to a point.

Qu. Marry our play is the moſt lamentable Comedy, and moſt cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbie*.

Bot. A very good peece of worke I aſſure you, and a merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors by the ſcrowle. Maiſters ſpread your ſelves.

Quince. Anſwere as I call you. *Nick Bottome* the Weaver.

Bottome. Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You *Nicke Bottome* are ſet downe for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a lover, or a tyrant?

Quince. A Lover that kils himſelfe moſt gallantly for love.

Bot. That will aske ſome teares in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience looke to their eies; I will moove ſtormes; I will condole in ſome meaſure. To the reſt yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all ſplit the raging Rocks; and ſhivering ſhocks ſhall breake the locks of priſon gates, and *Phibbus* carre ſhall ſhine from farre, and make and marre the fooliſh Fates. This was lofty. Now name the reſt of the Players. This is *Ercles* veine, a tyrants veine: a lover is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute* the bellowes-mender.

Flu. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Qu. You muſt take *Thisbie* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisbie*, a wandring Knight?

Qu. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* muſt love.

Flu. Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I have a beard comming.

Qu. That's all one, you ſhall play it in a Maske, and you may ſpeake as ſmall as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbie* too: Ile ſpeake in a monſtrous little voyce, *Thisne Thisne*, ah *Pyramus* my lover deare, thy *Thisbie* deare, and Lady deare.

Quin. No no, you muſt play *Pyramus*, and *Flute*, you *Thisby*.

Bot, Well, proceed.

Qu. *Robin Starveling* the Taylor.

Star. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quince. *Robin Starveling*, you muſt play *Thisbies* mother?

Tom Snowt, the tinker.

Snowt. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Qu. You *Pyramus* father; my ſelfe, *Thisbies* father; *Snugge* the Ioyner, you the Lyons part; and I hope there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the Lyons part written? pray you if it be, give it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudie.

Qu. You may do it *extempore*, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let mee play the Lyon too, I will roare that I will doe any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare, that I will make the Duke ſay, Let him roare againe, let him roare againe.

Qu. If you ſhould doe it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſſe and the Ladies, that they would ſhrike, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mothers ſonne.

Bottome. I graunt you friends, if that you ſhould fright the Ladies out of their Wittes, they would have no more diſcretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voyce ſo, that I will roare you as gently as any ſucking Dove; I will roare and 'twere any Nightingale.

Quince. You can play no part but *Piramus*, for *Pira-*

mus is a ſweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one ſhall ſee in a ſummers day; a moſt lovely Gentleman-like man, therfore you muſt needs play *Piramus*.

Bot. Well, I will vndertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it, in either your ſtraw-colour beard, your orange tawnie beard, your purple in graine beard, or your French-crowne colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French-Crownes have no haire at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But maiſters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you, to con them by to morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearſe: for if we meete in the Citie, we ſhalbe dog'd with company, and our deuiſes knowne. In the meane time, I will draw a bil of properties, ſuch as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bot. We will meete, and there we may rehearſe more obſcenely and couragiouſly. Take paine, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oake we meete.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-ſtrings. *Exeunt*.

Actus Secundus.

Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin goodfellow at another.

Rob. How now ſpirit, whither wander you?
Fai. Over hill, over dale, through buſh, through briar,
Over parke, over pale, through flood, through fire,
I do wander every where, ſwifter then yͤ Moons ſphere;
And I ſerve the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the (green.
The Cowſlips tall, her penſioners be,
In their gold coats, ſpots you ſee,
Thoſe be Rubies, Fairie favors,
In thoſe freckles, live their ſavors,
I muſt go ſeeke ſome dew drops heere,
And hang a pearle in every cowſlips eare.
Farewell thou Lob of ſpirits, Ile be gon,
Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon.
Rob. The King doth keepe his Revels here to night,
Take heed the Queene come not within his ſight,
For *Oberon* is paſsing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy ſtolne from an Indian King,
She never had ſo ſweet a changeling,
And jealous *Oberon* would have the childe
Knight of his traine, to trace the Forreſts wilde.
But ſhe (per force) with-holds the loved boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meete in grove, or greene,
By fountaine cleere, or ſpangled ſtar-light ſheene,
But they do ſquare, that all their Elues for feare
Creepe into Acorne cups and hide them there.
Fai. Either I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrew'd and knaviſh ſpirit
Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villagree,
Skum milke, and ſometimes labour in the querne,
And bootleſſe make the breathleſſe huſwife cherne,
And ſometime make the drinke to beare no barme,
Miſleade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,
Thoſe that Hobgoblin call you, and ſweet Pucke,
You do their worke, and they ſhall have good lucke.
Are not you he?
Rob. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright;
I am that merrie wanderer of the night:
I jeſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and beane-fed horſe beguile,
Neighing in likeneſſe of a ſilly foale,
And ſometime lurke I in a Goſſips bole,
In very likeneſſe of a roaſted crab:
And when ſhe drinkes, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale.
The wiſeſt Aunt telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three-foot ſtoole, miſtaketh me,
Then ſlip I from her bum, downe topples ſhe,
And tailour cries, and fals into a coffe.
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſweare,
A merrier houre was never waſted there.
But roome Fairy, heere comes *Oberon*.
Fai. And heere my Miſtris:
Would that we were gone.

Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine, and the Queene at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light,
Proud *Tytania*.
Qu. What, jealous *Oberon*? Fairy skip hence.
I have forſworne his bed and company.
Ob. Tarrie raſh Wanton, am not I thy Lord?
Qu. Then I muſt be thy Lady: but I know
When thou waſt ſtolne away fom Fairy Land,
And in the ſhape of *Corin*, ſate all day,
Playing on pipes of Corne, and verſing love
To amourous *Phillida*. Why art thou heere
Come from the fartheſt ſteepe of *India*?
But that forſooth the bouncing *Amazon*
Your buskin'd Miſtreſſe, and your Warrior love,
To *Theſeus* muſt be Wedded, and you come,
To give their bed joy and proſperity.
Ob. How canſt thou thus for ſhame *Tytania*,
Glance at my credite, with *Hippolita*?
Knowing I know thy love to *Theſeus*?
Didſt thou not leade him through the glimmering night
From *Peregenia*, whom he raviſhed?
And make him with faire Eagles breake his faith
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*?
Qu. Theſe are the forgeries of jealouſie,
And never ſince the middle Summers ſpring
Met we on hill, in dale, forreſt, or mead,
By paved fountaine, or by ruſhie brooke,
Or in the beached margent of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling Winde,
But with thy braules thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.
Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine,
As in revenge, have ſuck'd up from the ſea
Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land,
Hath every petty River made ſo proud,
That they have over-borne their Continents.
The Oxe hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoake in vaine,
The Ploughman loſt his ſweat, and the greene Corne
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And Crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke,

The nine mens Morris is fild up with mud,
And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread are undiſtinguiſhable.
The humane mortals want their winter heere,
No night is now with hymne or caroll bleſt;
Therefore the Moone(the governeſſe of floods)
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diſeaſes do abound.
And thorough this diſtemperature, we ſee
The ſeaſons alter; hoared-headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon Roſe,
And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icie crowne,
An odorous Chapelet of ſweet Sommer buds
Is as in mockry ſet. The ſpring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liveries, and the mazed world,
By their increaſe, now knowes not which is which;
And this ſame progeny of evills comes
From our debate, from our diſſention,
We are their parents and originall.
Ob. Do you amend it then, it lies in you,
Why ſhould *Titania* croſſe her *Oberon*?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.
Qu. Set your heart at reſt,
The Fairy land buyes not the child of me.
His mother was a Votreſſe of my Order,
And in the ſpiced *Indian* aire, by night
Full often hath ſhe goſſipt by my ſide,
And ſat with me on *Neptunes* yellow ſands,
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laught to ſee the ſailes conceive,
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde:
Which ſhe with pretty and with ſwimming gate,
Following (her wombe then rich with my yong ſquire)
Would imitate, and ſaile upon the Land,
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But ſhe being mortall of that boy did dye,
And for her ſake I do reare up her boy,
And for her ſake I will not part with him.
Ob. How long within this wood intend you ſtay?
Qu. Perchance till after *Theſeus* wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And ſee our Moone-light revels, go with us;
If not, ſhun me and I will ſpare your haunts.
Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away:
We ſhall chide downe right, if I longer ſtay. *Exeunt.*
Ob. Well, go thy way: thou ſhalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle *Pucke* come hither; thou remembreſt
Since I ſat upon a promontory,
And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew civill at her ſong,
And certaine ſtarres ſhot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids muſicke.
Pu. I remember.
Ob. That very time I ſay (but thou couldſt not)
Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Veſtall, throned by the Weſt,
And loos'd his love-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts,
But I might ſee youg *Cupids* fiery ſhaft
Quencht in the chaſte beames of the watry Moone;
And the imperiall Votreſſe paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
It fell upon a little weſterne flower:
Before, milke-white: now purple with loves wound,
And maidens call it, Love in idleneſſe.
Fetch me that flower; the hearb I ſhew'd thee once,
The juyce of it, on ſleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Vpon the next live creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,
Ere the *Leviathan* can ſwim a league.
Pu. Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes.
Exit.
Ob. Having once this juyce,
Ile watch *Titania*, when ſhe is a ſleepe,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing when ſhe waking lookes upon,
(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monkey, or on buſie Ape)
Shee ſhall purſue it, with the ſoule of love.
And ere I take this charme off from her ſight,
(As I can take it with another hearbe)
Ile make her render up her Page to me.
But who comes heere? I am inviſible,
And I will over-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore purſue me not,
Where is *Lyſander*, and faire *Hermia*?
The one Ile ſtay, the other ſtayeth me.
Thou toldſt me they were ſtolne into this wood;
And heere am I, and wood within this wood,
Becauſe I cannot meet my *Hermia*.
Hence get thee gone, and follow me no more.
Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
Is true as ſteele. Leave you your power to draw,
And I ſhall have no power to follow you.
Dem. Do I entice you? do I ſpeake you faire?
Or rather do I not in plaineſt truth,
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?
Hel. And even for that do I love thee the more;
I am your ſpainiell, and *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me, I will fawne on you.
Vſe me but as your ſpaniell; ſpurne me, ſtrike me,
Neglect me, loſe me; onely give me leaue
(Vnworthy as I am) to follow you.
What worſer place can can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high reſpect with me)
Then to be vſed as you do your dogge?
Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit,
For I am ſicke when I do looke on thee.
Hel. And I am ſicke when I looke not on you.
Dem. You doe impeach your modeſty too much,
To leave the Citty, and commit your ſelfe
Into the hands of one that loves you not,
To truſt the opportunity of night,
And the ill counſell of a deſert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.
Hel. Your vertue is my priviledge: for that
It is not night when I doe ſee your face.
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,

For you in my reſpect are all the world.
Then how can it be ſaid I am alone,
When all the world is heere to looke on me?
Dem. Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wilde beaſts.
Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you;
Runne when you will, the ſtory ſhall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chaſe;
The Dove purſues the Griffin, the milde Hinde
Makes ſpeed to catch the Tyger. Bootleſſe ſpeede,
When cowardiſe purſues, and valour flies.
Dem. I will not ſtay thy queſtions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, do not beleeve,
But I ſhall do thee miſchiefe in the wood.
Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
You do me miſchiefe. Fye *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs do ſet a ſcandall on my ſexe:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
I follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love ſo well. *Exit.*
Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leave this grove,
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeeke thy love.
Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Pu. I, there it is.
Ob. I pray thee give it me.
I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxſlips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite over-cannoped with luſcious woodbine,
With ſweet muske roſes, and with Eglantine;
There ſleepes *Tytania*, ſometime of the night,
Lul'd in theſe flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the ſnake throwes her enammel'd skinne,
Weed wide enough to wrap a Fairy in.
And with the juyce of this Ile ſtreake her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull fantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeeke through this grove;
A ſweet *Athenian* Lady is in love
With a diſdainefull youth: annoint his eyes,
But do it when the next thing he eſpies,
May be the Lady. Thou ſhalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care, that he may prove
More fond on her, then ſhe upon her love;
And looke thou meet me ere the firſt Cocke crow.
Pu. Feare not my Lord, your ſervant ſhall do ſo. *Exit.*

Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

Qu. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy ſong:
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill Cankers in the muske roſe buds,
Some warre with Reremiſe, for their leathern wings,
To make my ſmall Elves coates, and ſome keepe backe
The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders
At our queint ſpirits: Sing me now aſleepe,
Then to your offices, and let me reſt.

Fairies Sing.

You ſpotted Snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogges be not ſeene,
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,
Come not neere our Fairy Queene.
Philomele with melodie,
Sing in your ſweet Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harme, nor ſpell, nor charme,
Come our lovely Lady nye,
So good night with Lullaby.
2. *Fairy. Weaving Spiders come not heere,*
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:
Beetles blacke approach not neere:
Worme nor Snayle do no offence.
Philomele with melody, &c.
1. *Fairy. Hence away, now all is well:*
One aloofe, ſtand Centinell. *Shee ſleeps.*

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou ſeeſt when thou doſt wake,
Do it for thy true Love take:
Love and languiſh for his ſake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,
Pard, or Boare with briſtled haire,
In thy eye that ſhall appeare,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy deare,
Wake when ſome vile thing is neere.

Enter Lyſander and Hermia.

Lis. Faire love, you faint with wandring in the woods,
And to ſpeake troth, I have forgot our way:
Wee'll reſt us *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it ſo *Lyſander*: finde you out a bed,
For I upon this banke will reſt my head.
Lyſ. One turfe ſhall ſerve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two boſomes, and one troth.
Her. Nay good *Lyſander*, for my ſake my deere
Lie further off yet, do not lie ſo neere.
Lyſ. O take the ſence ſweet, of my innocence,
Love takes the meaning, in loves conference,
I meane that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it.
Two boſomes interchanged with an oath,
So then two boſomes, and a ſingle troth.
Then by your ſide, no bed-roome me deny,
For lying ſo, *Hermia*, I do not lye.
Her. Lyſander riddles very prettily:
Now much beſhrew my manners, and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay, *Lyſander* lied.
But gentle friend, for love and courteſie
Lie further off, in humane modeſty,
Such ſeparation, as may well be ſaid,
Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide,
So farre be diſtant, and good night ſweet friend:
Thy love ne're alter, till thy ſweet life end.
Lyſ. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, ſay I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Heere is my bed, ſleepe give thee all his reſt.
Her. With halfe that wiſh, the wiſhers eyes be preſt.

Enter Pucke. *They ſleepe.*

Pu. Through the Forreſt have I gone,
But *Athenian* finde I none,
On whoſe eyes I might approve
This flowers force in ſtirring love.
Night and ſilence: who is heere?
Weedes of *Athens* he doth weare:
This is he (my maiſter ſaid)
Deſpiſed the *Athenian* maide:
And heere the maiden ſleeping ſound,

On the danke and durty ground.
Pretty ſoule, ſhe durſt not lye
Neere this lacke-love, this kill-curteſie.
Churle, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak'ſt, let love forbid
Sleepe his ſeate on thy eye-lid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I muſt now to *Oberon*. *Exit.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Say, though thou kill me, ſweete *Demetrius*.
De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O wilt thou darkling leave me? do not ſo.
De. Stay on thy perill, I alone will go.
Exit Demetrius.
Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,
The more my prayer, the leſſer is my grace,
Happy is *Hermia*, whereſoere ſhe lies:
For ſhe hath bleſſed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? Not with ſalt teares.
If ſo, my eyes are oftner waſht then hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a Beare:
For beaſts that meete me, runne away for feare,
Therefore no mavaile, though *Demetrius*
Do as a monſter, fly my preſence thus.
What wicked and diſſembling glaſſe of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* ſphery eyne?
But who is here? *Lyſander* on the ground:
Deade or aſleepe? I ſee no bloud, no wound,
Lyſander, if you live, good ſir awake.
Lyſ. And run through fire I will for thy ſweet ſake.
Tranſparent *Helena*, nature here ſhews art,
That through thy boſome makes me ſee thy heart.
Where *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword!
Hel. Do not ſay ſo *Lyſander*, ſay not ſo:
What though he love your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
Yet *Hermia* ſtill loves you: then be content.
Lyſ. Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have ſpent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I love;
Who will not change a Raven for a Dove?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſway'd:
And reaſon ſayes you are the worthier Maide.
Things growing are not ripe untill their ſeaſon:
So I being yong, till now ripe not to reaſon,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reaſon becomes the Marſhall to my will,
And leades me to your eyes, where I orelooke
Loves ſtories, written in Loves richeſt booke.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deſerve this ſcorne?
Iſt not enough, iſt not enough, yong man,
That I did never, no nor never can,
Deſerve a ſweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong (good-ſooth you do)
In ſuch diſdainfull manner, me to wooe.
But fare you well: perforce I muſt confeſſe,
I thought you Lord of more true gentleneſſe.
Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd. *Exit.*
Lyſ. She ſees not *Hermia*: *Hermia* ſleepe thou there,
And never maiſt thou come *Lyſander* neere:
For as a ſurfeit of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt loathing to a ſtomacke brings:
Or as the hereſies that men do leave,
Are hated moſt of thoſe that did deceive:
So thou, my ſurfeit, and my hereſie,
Of all be hated; but the moſt of me;
And all my powers addreſſe your love and might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight. *Exit.*
Her. Helpe me *Lyſander*, helpe me; do thy beſt
To plucke this crawling ſerpent from my breſt.
Aye me, for pitty, what a dreame was here?
Lyſander looke, how I do quake with feare:
Me-thought a ſerpent eate my heart away,
And yet ſate ſmiling at his cruell prey.
Lyſander, what remov'd? *Lyſander*, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gone? No ſound, no word?
Alacke where are you? ſpeake and if you heare:
Speake of all loves; I ſwound almoſt with feare.
No, then I well perceive you are not nye,
Either death or you Ile finde immediately. *Exit*

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Clownes.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Par, pat, and here's a marvailous convenient place for our rehearſall. This greene plot ſhall bee our ſtage, this hauthorne brake our tyring houſe, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. *Peter Quince*?

Peter. What ſaiſt thou, bully *Bottome*?

Bot. There are things in this Comedy of *Piramus* and *Thisby*, that will never pleaſe. Firſt, *Piramus* muſt draw a ſword to kill himſelfe; which the Ladies cannot abide. How anſwere you that?

Snout. Berlaken, a parlous feare.

Star. I beleeve we muſt leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bottome. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue ſeeme to ſay, we will do no harme with our ſwords, and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeede: and for the more better aſſurance, tell them, that I *Piramus* am not *Piramus*, but *Bottome* the Weaver; this will put them out of feare.

Qu. Well, we will have ſuch a Prologue, and it ſhall be written in eight and ſixe.

Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be afear'd of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maiſters, you ought to conſider with your ſelves, to bring in (God ſhield us) a Lyon among Ladies, is a moſt dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde foule then your Lyon living: and wee ought to looke to it.

Snout. Therefore another Prologue muſt tell hee is not a Lyon.

Bot. Nay, you muſt name his name, and halfe his face muſt be ſeene through the Lyons necke, and he himſelfe muſt ſpeake through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect: Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would requeſt you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pitty of my life. No, I am no ſuch thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is *Snug* the joyner

Quince. Well, it ſhall be ſo; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meete by Moone-light.

Snug. Doth the Moone ſhine that night wee play our play?

Bot. A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-ſhine, finde out Moone-ſhine.

Enter Packe.

Quin. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a caſement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may ſhine in at the caſement.

Qu. I, or elſe one muſt come in with a buſh of thorns and a lanthorne, and ſay he comes to disfigure, or to preſent the perſon of Moone-ſhine. Then there is another thing, we muſt have a wall in the great Chamber; for *Piramus* and *Thisbie* (ſaies the ſtory) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Snu. You can never bring in a wall. What ſay you *Bottome?*

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent wall, and let him have ſome Plaſter, or ſome Lome, or ſome rough caſt about him, to ſignifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, ſhall *Pyramus*, and *Thisby* whiſper.

Qui. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit downe every mothers ſonne, and rehearſe your parts. *Pyramus*, you begin; when you have ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that Brake, and ſo every one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-ſpuns have we ſwaggering here,
So neere the Cradle of the Faiery Queene?
What, a Play toward? Ile be an auditor:
An Actor too perhaps, if I ſee cauſe.

Qu. Speake *Pyramus*: *Thisby* ſtand forth.

Pir. *Thisby*, the flowers of odious ſavors ſweete.

Qu. Odours, odours.

Pir. Odours ſavors ſweete,
So hath thy breath, my deareſt *Thisby* deare.
But harke, a voyce: ſtay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit. Pir.*

Pu. A ſtranger *Pyramus*, then ere plaid here.

Thiſ. Muſt I ſpeake now?

Pet. I marry muſt you. For you muſt vnderſtand he goes but to ſee a noiſe that he heard, and is to come againe.

This. Moſt radiant *Piramus*, moſt Lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant bryer,
Moſt brisky Iuuenall, and eke moſt lovely Iew,
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tyre,
Ile meete thee *Piramus*, at *Ninnies* toombe.

Pet. *Ninus* toombe man: why, you muſt not ſpeake that yet; that you anſwere to *Piramus*: you ſpeake all your part at once, cues and all. *Piramus* enter, your cue is paſt; it is never tyre.

Thiſ. O, as true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tyre:

Pir. If I were faire, *Thiſby* I were onely thine.

Pet. O monſtrous. O ſtrange. We are hanted; pray maiſters, flye maiſters, helpe.

The Clownes all Exeunt.

Pu. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through buſh, through brake, through (bryer,
Sometime a horſe Ile be, ſometime a hound:
A hogge, a headleſſe Beare, ſometime a fire,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne;
Like horſe, hound, hog, Beare, fire, at every turne. *Exit.*

Enter Piramus with the Aſſe head.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afeard. *Enter Snowt.*

Sn. O *Bottome*, thou art chang'd; What do I ſee on thee?

Bot. What do you ſee? You ſee an Aſſe-head of your owne, do you?

Enter Peter Quince.

Pet. Bleſſe thee *Bottome*, bleſſe thee; thou art tranſlated. *Exit.*

Bot. I ſee their knavery; this is to make an aſſe of me, to fright me if they Could; but. I will not ſtirre from this place, do what they can. I will walke up and downe here, and I will ſing that they ſhall heare I am not afraid.
The Wooſell cocke, ſo blacke of hew,
With Orenge-tawny bill.
The Throſtle, with his note ſo true,
The Wren and little quill.

Tita. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,
The plainſong Cuckow gray;
Whoſe note full many a man doth marke,
And dares not anſwere, nay.
For indeed, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird?
Who would give a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow, never ſo?

Tita. I pray thee gentle mortall, ſing againe,
Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſweare I love thee.
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape.
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth move me.

Bot. Me-thinkes maiſtreſſe, you ſhould have little reaſon for that: and yet to ſay the truth, reaſon and love keepe little company together, now-adayes. The more the pitty, that ſome honeſt neigbours will not mak them friends. Nay, I can gleeke upon occaſion.

Tyta. Thou art as wiſe as thou art beautifull.

Bot. Not ſo neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to ſerve mine owne turne.

Tyta. Out of this wood, do not deſire to go,
Thou ſhalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit of no common rate:
The Summer ſtill doth tend upon my ſtate,
And I do love thee; therefore go with me,
Ile give thee Fairies to attend on thee;
And they ſhall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,
And ſing, while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleepe:
And I will purge thy mortall groſſeneſſe ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an airy ſpirit go.

Enter Peaſe-bloſſome, Cobwed, Moth, Muſtard-ſeede, and foure Fairies.

Fai. Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where ſhall we go?

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman.
Hop in his walkes,and gambole in his eies,
Feede him with Apricocks,and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes,greene Figs,and Mulberries,
The honie-bags ſteale from the humble Bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormes eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to ariſe:
And pluke the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moone-beames from his ſleeping eies.
Nod to him Elues, and do him curteſies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall,haile.

2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

Bot. I cry your worſhips mercy hartily;I beſeech your worſhips name.

Cob. Cobwed.

Bot. I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance, good Maiſter *Cobwed*:if I cut my finger,I ſhall make bold with you.
Your name honeſt Gentleman?

Peaſ. Peaſe bloſſome.

Bot. I pray you commend mee to miſtreſſe *Squaſh*, your mother, and to maiſter *Peaſcod* your father. Good maiſter *Peaſe-bloſſome*,I ſhall deſire of you more acquaintance too. Your name I beſeech you ſir?

Muſ. Muſtard-ſeede.

Bot. Good maiſter *Muſtard ſeede*, I know your patience well:that ſame cowardly gyant-like Oxe-beefe hath devoured many a gentleman of your houſe. I promiſe you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I deſire you more acquaintance, good Maiſter *Muſtard-ſeede.*

Tita. Come waite upon him,lead him to my bower.
The Moone me-thinks,lookes with a watrie eie,
And when ſhe weepes,weepe every little flower,
Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtity.
Tye up my lovers tongue,bring him ſilently. *Exit.*

Enter King of Fairies,ſolus.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't;
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt dote on, in extremity.

Enter Pucke.

Here comes my meſſenger: how now mad ſpirit,
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My Miſtris with a monſter is in love,
Neere to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hower,
A crew of patches,rude Mechanicals,
That worke for bread upon *Athenian* ſtals,
Were met together to rehearſe a Play,
Intended for great *Theſeus* nuptiall day:
The ſhalloweſt thick-skin of that barren ſort,
Who *Piramus* preſented,in their ſport,
Forſooke his Scene,and entred in a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take,
An Aſſes nole I fixed on his head.
Anon his *Thisbie* muſt be anſwered,
And forth my Mimmick comes: when they him ſpie,
As Wilde-geeſe,that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or ruſſed-pated choughes,many in ſort
(Riſing and cawing at the guns report)
Sever themſelves, and madly ſweepe the skye:
So at his ſight, away his fellowes flie,
And at our ſtampe,here ore and ore one fals;
He murther cries,and helpe from *Athens* cals.
Their ſenſe thus weake,loſt with their fears thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſſe things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thornes at their apparell ſnatch,
Some ſleeves,ſome hats,from yeelders all things catch,
Iled them on in this diſtracted feare,
And left ſweete *Piramus* tranſlated there:
When in that moment(ſo it came to paſſe)
Tytania waked,and ſtraight way lov'd an Aſſe.

Ob. This fals out better then I could deviſe:
But haſt thou yet lacht the *Athenians* eyes,
With the love juyce, as I did bid thee do?

Rob. I tooke him ſleeping(that is finiſht too)
And the *Athenian* woman by his ſide,
That when he wak't,of force ſhe muſt be eyde.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand cloſe,this is the ſame *Athenian.*

Rob. This is the woman,but not this the man.

Dem. O why rebuke you him that loves you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide,but I ſhould vſe thee worſe.
For thou(I feare)haſt given me cauſe to curſe,
If thou haſt ſlaine *Lyſander* in his ſleepe,
Being ore ſhooes in bloud,plunge in the deepe,and kill me too:
The Sunne was not ſo true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have ſtollen away,
From ſleeping *Hermia*? Ile beleeve as ſoone
This whole earth may be bord,and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe,and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brothers noonetide,with th' *Antipodes.*
It cannot be but thou haſt murdred him,
So ſhould a murtherer looke,ſo dead,ſo grim.

Dem. So ſhould the murderer looke,and ſo ſhould I,
Pierſt through the heart with your ſtearne cruelty:
Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering ſpheare.

Her. What's this to my *Lyſander*? where is he?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I'de rather give his carkaſſe to my hounds.

Her. Out dog,out cur,thou driv'ſt me paſt the bounds
Of maidens patience. Haſt thou ſlaine him then?
Henceforth be never numbred among men.
Oh, once tell true,and even for my ſake,
Durſt thou a lookt upon him,being awake?
And haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping?O brave tutch:
Could not a worme, an Adder do ſo much?
And Adder did it: for with doubler tongue
Then thine(thou ſerpent)never Adder ſtung,

Dem. You ſpend your paſſion on a miſpris'd mood,
I am not guilty of *Lyſanders* blood:
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what ſhould I get therefore?

Her. A priviledge, never to ſee me more;
And from thy hated preſence part I: ſee me no more
Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce veine,
Here therefore for a while I will remaine.
So ſorrowes heauineſſe doth heauier grow:
For debt that bankrout ſlip doth ſorrow owe,
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make ſome ſtay. *Lie downe.*
Ob. What haſt thou done? Thou haſt miſtaken quite
And laid the love juyce on ſome true loves ſight:
Of thy miſpriſion, muſt perforce enſue
Some true love turn'd, and not a falſe turn'd true.
Rob. Then fate ore-rules, that one man holding troth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.
Rob. About the wood, goe ſwifter then the winde,
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.
All fancy-ſicke ſhe is, and pale of cheere,
With ſighes of love, that coſts the freſh bloud deare.
By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her heere,
Ile charme his eyes againſt ſhe doth appeare,
Rob. I go, I go, looke how I go,
Swifter then arrow from the *Tartars* bowe. *Exit.*
Ob. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sinke in apple of his eye,
When his love he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as glorïouſly
As the *Venus* of the ſky.
When thou wak'ſt if ſhe be by.
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hand,
And the youth, miſtooke by me,
Pleading for a Lovers fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant ſee?
Lord, what fooles theſe mortals be!
Ob. Stand aſide: the noyſe they make,
Will cauſe *Demetrius* to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once wooe one,
That muſt needs be ſport alone:
And thoſe things do beſt pleaſe me,
That befall prepoſterouſly.

Enter Lyſander and Helena.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think yͭ I ſhould wooe in ſcorne?
Scorne and deriſion never comes in teares:
Looke when I vow I weepe, and vowes ſo borne,
In their nativity all truth appeares.
How can theſe things in me, ſeeme ſcorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true.
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more,
When truth kils truth, O dinelish holy fray!
Theſe vowes are *Hermias*. Will you give her ore?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vowes to her and me, (put in two ſcales)
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lyſ. I had no judgement, when to her I ſwore.
Hel. Nor none in my minde, now you give her ore.
Lyſ. *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you. *Awa.*
Dem. O *Helen*, goddeſſe, nimph, perfect, divine,
To what, my love, ſhall I compare thine eyne?
Chriſtall is muddy, O how ripe in ſhow,
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* ſnow,
Fan'd with the Eaſterne winde, turnes to a crow,
When thou holdſt up thy hand. O let me kiſſe
This Princeſſe of pure white, this ſeale of bliſſe.
Hel. O ſpight! O hell! I ſee you are all bent
To ſet againſt me, for your merriment:
If you were civill, and knew curteſie,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you muſt joyne in ſoules to mocke me to?
If you are men, as men you are in ſhow,
You would not vſe a gentle Lady ſo?
To vow, and ſweare, and ſuperpraiſe my parts,
When I am ſure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are Rivals, and love *Hermia*;
And now both Rivals, to mocke *Helena*.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure teares up in a poore maids eyes,
With your deriſion; none of noble ſort,
Would ſo offend a Virgin, and extort
A poore ſoules patience, all to make you ſport.
Lyſ. You are unkind *Demetrius*; be not ſo,
For you love *Hermia*; this you know I know;
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermias* love I yeeld you up my part;
And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.
Hel. Never did mockers waſte more idle breath.
Dem. *Lyſander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none:
If ere I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her, but as gueſt-wiſe ſojourn'd,
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There to remaine.
Lyſ. It is not ſo.
De. Diſparage not the faith thou doſt not know,
Leſt to thy perill thou abide it deare.
Looke where thy Love comes, yonder is thy deare.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehenſion makes,
Wherein it doth impaire the ſeeing ſenſe,
It paies the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lyſander* found,
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to that ſound.
But why vnkindly didſt thou leave me ſo? (to go?
Lyſan. Why ſhould hee ſtay whom Love doth preſſe
Her. What love could preſſe *Lyſander* from my ſide?
Lyſ. *Lyſanders* love (that would not let him bide)
Faire *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
Then all yon fiery oes, and eies of light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leave thee ſo?
Her. You ſpeake not as you thinke; it cannot be.
Hel. Loe, ſhe is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceive they have conjoyn'd all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport in ſpight of me.
Injurious Hermia, moſt vngratefull maid,
Have you conſpir'd, have you with theſe contriv'd
To baite me, with this foule deriſion?
Is all the counſell that we two have ſhar'd,
The ſiſters vowes, the houres that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty footed time,
For parting us; O and is all forgot?
All ſchooledaies friendſhip, child-hood innocence?
We Hermia, like two Artificiall gods,
Have with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion,
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and mindes
Had beene incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet a vnion in partition,

Two lovely berries molded on one ſtem,
So with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the firſt life, coats in Heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one creſt.
And will you rent our ancient love aſunder,
To joyne with men in ſcorning your poore friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Our ſexe as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feele the injurie.
Her. I am amazed at your paſſionate words,
I ſcorne you not; It ſeemes that you ſcorne me.
Hel. Have you not ſet *Lyſander*, as in ſcorne
To follow me, and praiſe my eies and face?
And made your other love, *Demetrius*
(Who even but now did ſpurne me with his foote)
To call me goddeſſe, nimph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celeſtiall? Wherefore ſpeakes he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lyſander*
Denie your love (ſo rich within his ſoule)
And tender me (forſooth) affection,
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, ſo fortunate?
(But miſerable moſt, to love vnlov'd)
This you ſhould pitty, rather then deſpiſe.
Her. I underſtand not what you meane by this.
Hel. I, do, perſever, counterfeit ſad lookes,
Make mouthes upon me when I turne my backe,
Winke each at other, hold the ſweet jeſt up:
This ſport well carried, ſhall be chronicled.
If you have any pitty, grace, or manners,
You would not make me ſuch an argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault,
Which death or abſence ſoone ſhall remedy.
Lyſ. Stay gentle *Helena*, heare my excuſe,
My love, my ſoule, faire *Helena*.
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not ſcorne her ſo.
Dem. If ſhe cannot entreate, I can compell,
Lyſ. Thou canſt compell, no more then ſhe entreate.
Thy threats have no more ſtrength then her weak praiſe.
Helen, I love thee, by my life I doe;
I ſweare by that which I will loſe for thee,
To prove him falſe, that ſaies I love thee not.
Dem. I ſay, I love thee more then he can do.
Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, with-draw and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come.
Her. *Lyſander*, whereto tends all this?
Lyſ. Away, you *Ethiope*.
Dem. No, no, Sir, ſeeme to breake looſe;
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.
Lyſ. Hang off thou cat, thou but; vile thing let looſe,
Or I will ſhake thee from me like a ſerpent.
Her. Why are you growne ſo rude?
What change is this ſweete Love?
Lyſ. Thy love? out tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out loathed medicine; O hated poiſon hence.
Her. Do you not jeſt?
Hel. Yes ſooth, and ſo do you.
Lyſ. *Demetrius*: I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceive
A weake bond holds you; Ile not truſt your word.
Lyſ. What, ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her ſo.
Her. What, can you do me greater harme then hate?
Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Love?
Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lyſander*?
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.
Since night you lov'd me; yet ſince night you left me.
Why then you left me (O the gods forbid)
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?
Lyſ. I, by my life;
And never did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of queſtion, of doubt;
Be certaine, nothing truer: 'tis no jeſt,
That I do hate thee, and love *Helena*.
Her. O me, you jugler, you canker bloſſome,
You theefe of love; What, have you come by night,
And ſtolne my loves heart from him?
Hel. Fine yfaith:
Have you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfulneſſe? What, will you teare
Impatient anſwers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.
Her. Puppet? why ſo? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that ſhe hath made compare
Betweene our ſtatures, ſhe hath vrg'd her height,
And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,
Her height (forſooth) ſhe hath prevail'd with him.
And are you growne ſo high in his eſteeme,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh, and ſo low?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake;
How low am I? I am not yet ſo low,
But that my nailes can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was never curſt:
I have no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſſe;
I am a right maide for my cowardize;
Let her not ſtrike me: you perhaps may thinke,
Becauſe ſhe is ſomething lower then my ſelfe,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower? harke againe.
Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with me,
I evermore did love you *Hermia*,
Did ever keepe your counſels, never wronged you,
Save that in love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth unto this wood.
He followed you, for love I followd him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To ſtrike me, ſpurne me, nay to kill me too;
And now, ſo you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You ſee how ſimple, and how fond I am.
Her. Why get you gone: who iſt that hinders you?
Hel. A fooliſh heart, that I leave here behinde.
Her. What, with *Lyſander*?
Her. With *Demetrius*.
Lyſ. Be not afraid, ſhe ſhall not harme thee *Helena*.
Dem. No ſir, ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O when ſhe's angry, ſhe is keene and ſhrewd,
She was a vixen when ſhe went to ſchoole,
And though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.
Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Liſ, Get you gone you dwarfe,
You *minimus*, of hindring knot-graſſe made,
You bead, you acorne.
Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalfe that ſcornes your ſervices.

Let her alone, ſpeake not of *Helena*,
Take not her part. For if thou doſt intend
Never ſo little ſhew of love to her,
Thou ſhalt abide it.
Lyſ. Now ſhe holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'ſt, to try whoſe right,
Of thine or mine is moſt in *Helena*.
Dem. Follow? Nay, Ile go with thee cheeke by jowle.
Exit Lyſander and Demetrius.
Her. You Miſtris, all this coyle is long of you.
Nay, go not backe.
Hel. I will not truſt you I,
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt company.
Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to runne away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Oberon and Pucke.
Ob. This is thy negligence, ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe committ'ſt thy knaveries willingly.
Puck. Beleeve me, King of ſhadowes, I miſtooke,
Did not you tell me, I ſhould know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on?
And ſo farre blameleſſe proves my enterprize,
That I have nointed an Athenians eies,
And ſo farre am I glad, it ſo did ſort,
As this their jangling I eſteeme a ſport.
Ob. Thou ſeeſt theſe Lovers ſeeke a place to fight,
Hie therefore *Robin*, overcaſt the night,
The ſtarry Welkin cover thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,
And lead theſe teſty Rivals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to *Lyſander*, ſometime frame thy tongue,
Then ſtirre *Demetrius* vp with bitter wrong;
And ſometime raile thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,
Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting ſleepe
With leaden legs, and Battie-wings doth creepe;
Then cruſh this hearbe into *Lyſanders* eie,
Whoſe liquor hath this vertuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eie-bals role with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeeme a dreame, and fruitleſſe viſion,
And backe to *Athens* ſhall the Lovers wend
With league, whoſe date till death ſhall never end.
Whiles I in this affaire do thee imply,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her *Indian* Boy;
And then I will her charmed eie releaſe
From monſters view, and all things ſhall be peace.
Puck. My Fairy Lord, this muſt be done with haſte,
For nights-ſwſt Dragons cut the Clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Auroras* harbinger;
At whoſe approach Ghoſts wandring here and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; damned ſpirits all,
That in croſſe-waies and floods have buriall,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For feare leaſt day ſhould looke their ſhames vpon,
They wilfully themſelves exile from light,
And muſt for aye conſort with blacke browd night.
Ob. But we are ſpirits of another ſort:
I, with the morning love have oft made ſport,
And like a Forreſter, the groves may tread,
Even till the Eaſterne gate all fierie red,
Opening on *Neptune*, with faire bleſſed beames,
Turnes into yellow gold, his ſalt greene ſtreames.
But notwithſtanding haſte, make no delay:
We may effect this buſineſſe, yet ere day.
Puck. Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade them
up and downe: I am fear'd in field and towne. *Goblin*, lead
them up and downe: here comes one.
Enter Lyſander.
Lyſ. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*?
Speake thou now.
Rob. Here villaine, drawne & readie. Where art thou?
Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.
Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.
Enter Demetrius.
Dem. Lyſander, ſpeake againe;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speake in ſome buſh: Where doſt thou hide thy head?
Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the ſtars,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for wars,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd
That drawes a ſword on thee.
Dem. Yea, art thou there?
Ro. Follow my voice, we'l try no manhood here. *Exit.*
Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on,
When I come where he cals me, then he's gone.
The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I:
I followed faſt, but faſter he did flye; *ſhifting places.*
That fallen am I in darke vneven way,
And here will reſt me. Come thou gentle day: *lye down.*
For if but once thou ſhew me thy gray light,
Ile finde *Demetrius*, and revenge this ſpight.
Enter Robin and Demetrius.
Rob. Ho, ho, ho, coward, why com'ſt thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt. For well I wot.
Thou runſt before me, ſhifting every place,
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor looke me in the face.
Where art thou?
Rob. Come hither, I am here.
Dem. Nay then thou mock'ſt me; thou ſhalt buy this deere,
If ever I thy face by day-light ſee.
Now go thy way: faintneſſe conſtraineth me,
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed,
By daies approach looke to be viſited.
Enter Helena.
Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy houres, ſhine comforts from the Eaſt,
That I may backe to *Athens* by day-light,
From theſe that my poore company deteſt;
And ſleepe that ſometime ſhuts up ſorrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe.*
Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes up foure.
Here ſhe comes, curſt and ſad,
Cupid is a knaviſh lad,
Enter Hermia.
Thus to make poore females mad.
Her. Never ſo wearie, never ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,
I can no further crawle, no further go;
My legs can keepe no pace with my deſires.
Here will I reſt me till the breake of day,
Heavens ſhield *Lyſander*, if they meane a fray.
Rob. On the ground ſleepe ſound,
Ile apply your eie, gentle lover, remedy.
When thou wak'ſt, thou tak'ſt
True delight in the ſight of thy former Ladies eie,
And

And the Country Proverbe knowne,
That every man ſhould take his owne,
In your waking ſhall be ſhowne.
Iacke ſhall have *Iill*, nought ſhall goe ill,
The man ſhall have his Mare againe, and all ſhall be well.

They ſleepe all the Act.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King behind them.

Tita. Come, ſit thee downe upon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
And ſticke muske roſes in thy ſleeke ſmoothe head,
And kiſſe thy faire large eares, my gentle joy.

Clow. Where's *Peaſe bloſſome*?

Peaſ. Ready.

Clow. Scratch my head, *Peaſe-bloſſome.* Where's Mounſieur *Cobweb.*

Cob. Ready.

Clo. Mounſieur *Cobweb*, good Mounſieur get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red hipt humble-Bee on the top of a thiſtle; and good Mounſieur bring mee the hony bag. Doe not fret your ſelfe too much in the action, Mounſieur; and good Mounſieur have a care the hony bag breake not, I would be loth to have you overflowne with a hony-bag ſigniour. Where's Mounſieur *Muſtardſeed*?

Muſ. Ready.

Clo. Give me your newſe, Mounſieur *Muſtardſeed.* Pray you leave your courteſie good Mounſieur.

Muſ. What's your will?

Clo. Nothing good Mounſieur, but to helpe Cavalero *Cobweb* to ſcratch. I muſt to the Barbers Mounſieur, for me thinkes I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I am ſuch a tender aſſe, if my haire doe but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou heare ſome muſicke, my ſweet love?

Clo. I have a reaſonable good eare in muſicke. Let us have the tongues and the bones.

Muſicke Tongs, Rurall Muſicke,

Tita. Or ſay ſweet Love, what thou deſireſt to eate.

Clo. Truely a pecke of Provender; I could munch your good dry Oates. Me thinkes I have a great deſire to a bottle of hay: good hay, ſweet hay hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous Fairy,
That ſhall ſeeke the Squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.

Clo. I had rather have a handfull or two of dried peaſe. But I pray you let none of your people ſtirre me, I have an expoſition of ſleepe come upon me.

Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes,
Fairies be gone, and be alwayes away.
So doth the woodbine, the ſweet Honiſuckle,
Gently entwiſt; the female Iuy ſo
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme,
O how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow, and Oberon.

Ob. Welcome good *Robin*:
Seeſt thou this ſweet ſight?
Her dotage now I doe begin to pitty.
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking ſweet ſavors for this hatefull foole,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her.
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers.
And that ſame dew which ſometime on the buds,
Was wont to ſwell like round and orient pearles;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like teares that did their owne diſgrace bewaile.
When I had at my pleaſure taunted her,
And ſhe in milde termes beg'd my patience,
I then did aske of her, her changeling child,
Which ſtraight ſhe gave me, and her Fairy ſent
To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.
And now I have the Boy, I will undoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes,
And gentle *Pucke*, take this transformed ſcalpe,
From off the head of this *Athenian* ſwaine;
That he awaking when the other doe,
May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.
But firſt I will releaſe the Fairy Queene.

Be thou as thou waſt wont to be;
See as thou waſt wont to ſee.
Dians bud, or Cupids flower,
Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power.

Now my *Titania* wake you my ſweet Queene:

Tita. My *Oberon*, what viſions have I ſeene!
Me-thought I was enamoured of an Aſſe.

Ob. There lyes your love.

Tita. How came theſe things to paſſe?
Oh, how mine eyes doe loath this viſage now!

Ob. Silence a while. *Robin* take off his head:
Titania, muſicke call, and ſtrike more dead
Then cammon ſleepe; of all theſe, fine the ſenſe.

Tita. Muſicke, ho muſicke, ſuch as charmeth ſleepe.

Muſicke ſtill.

Rob. When thou awak'ſt, with thine owne fooles eyes peepe.

Ob. Sound muſicke; come my Queene, take hands with (me
And rocke the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to morrow midnight, ſolemnly
Dance in Duke *Theſeus* houſe triumphantly,
And bleſſe it to all faire poſterity.
There ſhall theſe paires of faithfull Lovers be
Wedded, with *Theſeus*, all in jollity.

Rob. Faire King attend, and marke,
I doe heare the morning Larke.

Ob. Then my Queene in ſilence ſad,
Trip we after the nights ſhade;
We the Globe can compaſſe ſoone,
Swifter then the wandring Moone.

Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I ſleeping heere was found,

Sleepers lye ſtill.

With theſe mortalls on the ground. *Exeunt.*

Winde Hornes.

Enter Theſeus, Egeus, Hippolita and all his traine.

Theſ. Goe one of you, find out the Forreſter,
For now our obſervation is perform'd;
And ſince we have the vaward of the day,
My Love ſhall heare the muſicke of my hounds.
Vncouple in the Weſterne valley, let them goe;
Diſpatch I ſay, and find the Forreſter.
We will faire Queene, up to the Mountaines top,
And marke the muſicall confuſion
Of hounds and eccho in conjunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare
With hounds of *Sparta*; never did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groves,
The skies, the fountaines, every region neere,
Seem'd all one mutuall cry. I never heard
So muſicall a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.

Theſ. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung
With eares that ſweepe away the morning dew,
Crooke-kneed, and dew-lapt, like *Theſſalian* Buls,
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bels,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hollawed to, nor cheer'd with horne,
In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly*;
Iudge when you heare. But ſoft, what nimphs are theſe?

Ega. My Lord, this is my daughter here aſleepe,
And this *Lyſander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, old *Nedars Helena*,
I wonder of this being heere together.

The. No doubt they roſe up early, to obſerve
The right of May; and hearing our intent,
Came heere in grace of our ſolemnity.
But ſpeake *Egeus*, is not this the day
That *Hermia* ſhould give anſwer of her choice?

Ega. It is my Lord.

Theſ. Goe bid the hunts-men wake them with their hornes.

Hornes and they wake.

Shout within, they all ſtart up.

Theſ. Good morrow friends: Saint *Valentine* is paſt,
Begin theſe wood-birds but to couple now?

Lyſ. Pardon my Lord.

Theſ. I pray you all ſtand up.
I know you two are Rivall enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is ſo farre from jealouſie,
To ſleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.

Lyſ. My Lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Halfe ſleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I ſweare,
I cannot truly ſay how I came heere.
But as I thinke (for truly would I ſpeake)
And now I doe bethinke me, ſo it is;
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the perill of the *Athenian* Law.

Ega. Enough, enough, my Lord: you have enough;
I beg the Law, the Law, upon his head:
They would have ſtolne away, they would *Demetrius*,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and me of my conſent;
Of my conſent, that ſhe ſhould be your wife.

Dem. My Lord, faire *Helen* told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither, to this wood,
And I in fury hither followed them;
Faire *Helena*, in fancy followed me.
But my good Lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by ſome power it is) my love
To *Hermia* (melted as the ſnow)
Seemes to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The object and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is onely *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
Was I betroth'd, ere I ſee *Hermia*,
But like a ſickeneſſe did I loath this food:
But as in health, come to my naturall taſte,
Now doe I wiſh it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

Theſ. Faire Lovers, you are fortunately met;
Of this diſcourſe we ſhall heare more anon.
Egeus, I will over-beare your will;
For in the Temple, by and by with us,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit.
And for the morning now is ſomething worne,
Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.
Away, with us to *Athens*; three and three,
We'll hold a feaſt in great ſolemnity.
Come *Hippolita*. *Exit Duke and Lords.*

Dem. Theſe things ſeeme ſmall and undiſtinguiſhable,
Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.

Her. Me-thinkes I ſee theſe things with parted eye,
When every things ſeemes double.

Hel. So me-thinkes:
And I have found *Demetrius*, like a jewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.

Dem. It ſeemes to me,
That yet we ſleepe, we dreame. Doe not you thinke,
The Duke was heere, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my Father.

Hel. And *Hippolita*.

Lyſ. And he bid us follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then we are awake; lets follow him, and by the way let us recount our dreames.

Bottome wakes. *Exit Lovers.*

Clo. When my cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer. My next is, moſt faire *Piramus*, Hey ho. *Peter Quince*? *Flute* the bellowes-mender? *Snout* the tinker? *Starveling*? Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left me aſleepe: I have had a moſt rare viſion. I had a dreame, paſt the wit of man, to ſay, what dreame it was. Man is but an Aſſe, if he goe about to expound this dreame. Me-thought I was, there is no man can tell what. Me thought I was, and me-thought I had. But man is but a patch'd foole, if he will offer to ſay, what me-thought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not ſeene, mans hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballet of this dreame, it ſhall be called *Bottomes Dreame*, becauſe it hath no bottome; and I will ſing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it at her death. *Exit.*

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisby, Snout, and Starveling.

Qui. Have you ſent to *Bottomes* houſe? Is he come home yet?

Sta. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is tranſported.

Thiſ. If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Qui. It is not poſſible: you have not a man in all *Athens*, able to diſcharge *Piramus* but he.

Thiſ. No, he hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*.

Qui. Yea, and the beſt perſon too, and he is a very Paramour, for a ſweet voyce.

Thiſ. You muſt ſay, Paragon. A Paramour is (God bleſſe us) a thing of naught.

Enter Snug the Ioyner.

Snug. Maſters, the Duke is comming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married. If our ſport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Thiſ. O ſweet bully *Bottome*: thus hath he loſt ſixpence a day, during his life; he could not have ſcaped ſixpence a day. And the Duke had not given him ſixpence a day for playing *Piramus*, Ile be hang'd. He would have deſerved it. Sixpence a day in *Piramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottome.

Bot. Where are theſe Lads? Where are theſe hearts?

Qui. *Bottome*, O moſt couragious day! O moſt happy houre!

Bot. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders; but aske me not what. For if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Qui. Let us heare, ſweet *Bottome*.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good ſtrings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meete preſently at the Palace, every man looke ore his part: for the ſhort and the long is, our play is preferred: In any caſe let *Thisby* have cleane linnen: and let not him that playes the Lion, paire his nailes, for they ſhall hang out for the Lions clawes. And moſt deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor Garlicke; for we are to utter ſweet breath, and I doe not doubt but to heare them ſay, it is a ſweet Comedy. No more words: away, goe away.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Egeus and his Lords.

Hip. 'Tis ſtrange my *Theſeus*, that theſe lovers ſpeake of
Theſ. More ſtrange then true. I never may beleeve
Theſe anticke fables, nor theſe Fairy toyes,
Lovers and mad men have ſuch ſeething braines,
Such ſhaping phantaſies, that apprehend more
Then coole reaſon ever comprehends.
The Lunaticke, the Lover, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
One ſees more divels then vaſte hell can hold;
That is the mad man. The Lover, all as franticke,
Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egypt*.
The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.
And as imagination bodies forth the formes of things
Vnknowne; the Poets pen turnes them to ſhapes,
And gives to ayre nothing, a locall habitation,
And a name. Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend ſome joy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that joy.
Or in the night, imagining ſome feare
How eaſie is a buſh ſuppos'd a Beare?

Hip. But all the ſtory of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancies images,
And growes to ſomething of great conſtancy;
But howſoever, ſtrange, and admirable.

Enter Lovers, Lyſander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Heere come the lovers, full of joy and mirth:
Ioy, gentle friends, joy and freſh dayes of love
Accompany your hearts.

Lyſ. More then to us,
Waite in your royall walkes, your boord, your bed.

Theſ. Come now, what maskes, what dances ſhall we have,
To weare away this long age of three houres:
Betweene our after ſupper, and bed-time?
Where is our uſuall manager of mirth?
What Revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing houre?
Call *Egeus*.

Ege. Heere mighty *Theſeus*.

The. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?
What maske? What muſicke? How ſhall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with ſome delight?

Ege. There is a brieſe how many ſports are riſe:
Make choiſe of which your Highneſſe will ſee first.

Lyſ. The battell with the Centaurs to be ſung
By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.

The. We'll none of that. That have I told my love
In glory of my kinſman *Hercules*.

Lyſ. The riot of the tipſie *Bachanals*,
Tearing the Thracian ſinger, in their rage?

Theſ. That is an old device, and it was plaid
When I from *Thebes* came laſt a Conqueror.

Lyſ. The thrice three Muſes, mourning for the death of learning, late deceaſt in beggery.

Theſ. That is ſome Satire keene and criticall,
Not ſorting with a nuptiall ceremony.

Lyſ. A tedious brieſe Scene of yong *Piramus*,
And his love *Thisby*; very tragicall mirth.

The. Merry and tragicall? Tedious, and brieſe? That is, hot ice, and wondrous ſtrange ſnow. How ſhall we find the concord of this diſcord?

Ege. A play there is my Lord, ſome ten words long,
Which is as brieſe, as I have knowne a play;
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious. For in all the play,
There is not one word apt, one Player fitted.
And tragicall my noble Lord it is:
For *Piramus* therein doth kill himſelfe.
Which when I ſaw rehearſt, I muſt confeſſe,
Made mine eyes water: but more merry teares,
The paſſion of loud laughter never ſhed.

Theſ. What are they that doe play it?

Ege. Hard handed men, that worke in Athens heere,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toyled their unbreathed memories
With this ſame play, againſt your nuptialls

The. And we will heare it.

Phi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I have heard
It over, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnleſſe you can find ſport in their intents,
Extreamely ſtretcht, and cond with cruell paine,
To doe you ſervice.
Theſ. I will heare that play. For never any thing,
Can be amiſſe, when ſimpleneſſe and duty tender it.
Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.
Hip. I love not to ſee wretchedneſſe orecharged;
And duty in his ſervice periſhing.
Theſ. Why gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.
Hip. He ſayes, they can doe nothing in this kind.
Theſ. The kinder we, to give them thankes for nothing:
Our ſport ſhall be, to take what they miſtake;
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble reſpect
Takes it in might, not merrit.
Where I have come, great Clearkes have purpoſed
To greete me with premeditatd welcomes;
Where I have ſeene them ſhiver and looke pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
And in concluſion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Truſt me ſweet,
Out of this ſilence yet, I pickt a welcome:
And in the modeſty of fearefull duty,
I reade as much, as from the ratling tongue
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence.
Love therefore, and tongue-tide ſimplicity,
In leaſt, ſpeake moſt, to my capacity.
Ege. So pleaſe your Grace, the Prologue is addreſt.
Duk. Let him approach. *Flor. Trum.*

Enter the Prologue. *Quince.*

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you ſhould thinke, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To ſhew our ſimple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in deſpight.
We doe not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not heere. That you ſhould here repent you,
The Actors are at hand; and by their ſhow,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to know.
Theſ. This fellow doth not ſtand upon points.
Lyſ. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: he knowes not the ſtop. A good morall my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeake, but to ſpeake true.
Hip. Indeed he hath plaid on his Prologue, like a child on the Recorder, a ſound, but not in government.
Theſ. His ſpeech was like a tangled chaine: nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is the next?

Tawyer with a Trumpet before them.

Enter Pyramus, and Thisby, Wall, Moone-ſhine, and Lyon.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this ſhow,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
This man is *Piramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous Lady, *Thisby* is certaine.
This man with lyme and rough-caſt, doth preſent
Wall, the vile wall, which did theſe lovers ſunder:
And through walls chinke (poore ſoules) they are content
To whiſper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and buſh of thorne,
Preſenteth moone-ſhine. For if you will know,
By moone-ſhine did theſe Lovers thinke no ſcorne
To meet at *Ninus* toombe, there, there to wooe:
This grizly beaſt (which Lyon hight by name)
The truſty *Thisby*, comming firſt by night,
Did ſcarre away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall;
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did ſtaine.
Anon comes *Piramus*, ſweet youth and tall,
And finds his gentle *Thisbies* Mantle, ſlaine;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He bravely broacht his boiling bloudy breaſt,
And *Thisby*, tarrying in Mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-ſhine*, *Wall*, and Lovers ſwaine,
At large diſcourſe, while here they doe remaine.

Exit all but Wall.

Theſ. I wonder if the Lion be to ſpeake.
Dem. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when many Aſſes doe.

Exit Lyon, Thisby, and Mooneſhine.

Wall. In this ſame Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one *Snowt* (by name) preſent a wall:
And ſuch a wall, as I would have you thinke,
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:
Through which the Lovers, *Piramus* and *Thisby*
Did whiſper often, very ſecretly.
This loame, this rough-caſt, and this ſtone doth ſhew,
That I am that ſame Wall; the truth is ſo.
And this the cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearefull Lovers are to whiſper.
Theſ. Would you deſire Lime and Haire to ſpeake better?
Dem. It is the wittieſt partition, that ever I heard diſcourſe, my Lord.
Theſ. *Piramus* drawes neere the Wall, ſilence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pir. O grim lookt night, O night with hue ſo blacke,
O night, which ever art, when day is not:
O night, O night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my *Thisbies* promiſe is forgot.
And thou O wall, thou ſweet and lovely wall,
That ſtandes betweene her fathers ground and mine,
Thou wall, O wall, O ſweet and lovely wall,
Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through with mine eyne.
Thankes courteous wall. *Iove* ſhield thee well for this.
But what ſee I? No *Thisby* doe I ſee.
O wicked wall, through whom I ſee no bliſſe,
Curſt be thy ſtones for thus deceiving me.
Theſ. The wall me-thinkes being ſenſible, ſhould curſe againe.
Pir. No in truth ſir, he ſhould not. *Deceiving me*,
Is *Thisbies* cue; ſhe is to enter, and I am to ſpy
Her through the wall. You ſhall ſee it will fall.

Enter Thisbie.

Pat as I told you; yonder ſhe comes.
Thiſ. O wall, full often haſt thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire *Piramus*, and me.
My cherry lips have often kiſt thy ſtones;
Thy ſtones with Lime and Haire knit up in thee.
Pyra. I heare a voyce; now will I to the chinke,
To ſpy and I can ſee my *Thisbies* face. *Thisby*?
Thiſ. My love thou art, my Love I thinke.
Pir. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy Lovers grace,
And like *Limander* am I truſty ſtill.
Thiſ. And I like *Helen* till the Fates me kill.
Pir. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, was ſo true.
Thiſ. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pir. O kiſſe me through the hole of this vile wall.
Thiſ. I kiſſe the wals hole, not your lips at all.
Pir. Wilt thou at *Ninnies* tombe meete me ſtraight way?
Thiſ. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.
Wall. Thus have I *Wall*, my part diſcharged ſo;
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth goe. *Exit Clow.*

Duk. Now is the morall downe betweene the two Neighbours.

Dem. No remedy my Lord, when Wals are ſo wilfull, to heare without warning.

Dut. This is the ſillieſt ſtuffe that ere I heard.

Duk. The beſt in this kind are but ſhadowes, and the worſt are no worſe if imagination amend them.

Dut. It muſt be your imagination then, and not theirs.

Duk. If we imagine no worſe of them then they of themſelves, they may paſſe for excellent men. Here comes two noble beaſts, in a man and a Lion.

Enter Lyon, and Moone ſhine.

Lyon. You Ladyes, you (whoſe gentle hearts do feare
The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creepes on floore)
May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,
When Lion rough in wildeſt rage doth roare.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the Ioyner am
A Lion fell, nor elſe no Lions damme:
For if I ſhould as Lion come in ſtrife
Into this place, 'twere pitty of my life.

Du. A very gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.

Dem. The very beſt at a beaſt, my Lord, that ere I ſaw.

Liſ. This Lion is a very Fox for his valor.

Du. True, and a Gooſe for his diſcretion.

Dem, Not ſo my Lord: for his valor cannot carry his diſcretion, and the Fox carries the Gooſe.

Du. His diſcretion I am ſure cannot carry his valor: for the Gooſe carries not the Fox. It is well; leave it to his diſcretion, and let us hearken to the Moone.

Moon. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone preſent.

De. He ſhould have worne the hornes on his head.

Du. He is no creſcent, and his hornes are inviſible, within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone preſent: My ſelfe, the man i'th Moone doth ſeeme to be.

Du. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt; the man ſhould be put into the Lanthorne. How is it elſe the man i'th Moone?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle.
For you ſee, it is already in ſnuffe.

Dut. I am weary of this Moone; would he would change.

Du. It appeares by his ſmall light of diſcretion, that he is in the wane: but yet in courteſie, in all reaſon, we muſt ſtay the time.

Lyſ. Proceed Moone.

Moon. All that I have to ſay, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this thorne buſh, my thorne buſh; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why all theſe ſhould be in the Lanthorne: for they are in the Moone. But ſilence, heere comes *Thisby*.

Enter Thisby.

Thiſ. This is old *Ninnies* tombe: where is my love?

Lyon. Oh.

The Lion roares, Thisby runnes off.

Dem. Well roar'd Lion.

Du. Well run *Thisby*.

Dut. Well ſhone Moone.
Truly the Moone ſhines with a good grace.

Du. Well mouz'd Lion.

Dem. And then came *Piramus*.

Lyſ. And ſo the Lion vaniſht.

Enter Piramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moone, I thanke thee for thy ſunny beames,
I thanke thee Moone, for ſhining now ſo bright:
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering ſtreames,
I truſt to taſte of trueſt *Thisbies* ſight.
But ſtay: O ſpight! but marke, poore Knight,
What dreadfull dole is heere?
Eyes doe you ſee! How can it be!
O dainty Ducke: O Deere!
Thy mantle good; what ſtaind with blood!
Approch you Furies fell:
O Fates! come, come: Cut thred and thrum,
Quaile, cruſh, conclude, and quell.

Du. This paſſion, and the death of a deare friend,
Would goe neere to make a man looke ſad.

Dut. Beſhrew my heart, but I pitty the man.

Pir. O wherefore Nature, did'ſt thou Lions frame?
Since Lion vild hath heere deflour'd my deere:
Which is: no, no, which was the faireſt Dame
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheere.
Come teares, confound: Out ſword, and wound
The pap of *Piramus*:
I, that left pap, where heart doth hop;
Thus dye I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my ſoule is in the sky,
Tongue loſe thy light, Moone take thy flight,
Now, dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.

Dem. No dye, but an ace for him: for he is but one.

Lyſ. Leſſe then an ace man. For he is dead, he is nothing.

Du. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an Aſſe.

Dut. How chance Moone-ſhine is gone before?
Thisby comes backe, and finds her Lover.

Enter Thisby.

Duk. She will find him by ſtarre-light.
Heere ſhe comes, and her paſſion ends the play.

Dut. Me thinkes ſhe ſhould not uſe a long one for ſuch a *Piramus*: I hope ſhe will be briefe.

Dem. A Moth will turne the ballance, which *Piramus*, which *Thisby* is the better. (eyes.

Lyſ. She hath ſpyed him already, with thoſe ſweet

Dem. And thus ſhe meanes, *videlicet*.

This. Aſleepe my Love? What, dead my Dove?
O *Piramus* ariſe:
Speake, ſpeake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tombe
Muſt cover thy ſweet eyes.
Theſe Lilly Lips, this cherry noſe,
Theſe yellow Cowſlip cheekes
Are gone, are gone: Lovers make mone:
His eyes were greene as Leekes.
O ſisters three, come, come to mee,
With hands as pale as Milke,
Lay them in gore, ſince you have ſhore
With ſheeres, his thred of ſilke.
Tongue not a word: Come truſty ſword:
Come blade; my breſt imbrue:

And farewell friends, thus *Thisby* ends ;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duk. Moon-ſhine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Deme. I, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I aſſure you, the wall is downe, that parted their Fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomaske dance, betweene two of our company ?

Duk. No Epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs no excuſe. Never excuſe ; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had plaid *Piramus*, and hung himſelfe in *Thisbies* garter, it would have beene a fine Tragedy : and ſo it is truely, and very notably diſcharg'd. But come, your Burgomaske ; let your Epilogue alone.
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers to bed, 'tis almoſt Fairy time.
I feare we ſhall out-ſleepe the comming morne,
As much as we this night have over-watcht.
This palpable groſſe play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity,
In nightly Revels ; and new iollity. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons rores,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone :
Whileſt the heavy ploughman ſnores,
All with weary taske fore-done.
Now the waſted brands doe glow,
Whil'ſt the ſcritch-owle, ſcritching loud,
Puts the wretch that lyes in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhrowd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his ſpright,
In the Church-way paths to glide,
And we Fairies, that doe runne,
By the triple *Hecates* teame,
From the preſence of the Sunne,
Following darkeneſſe like a dreame,
Now are frollicke ; not a Mouſe
Shall diſturbe this hallowed houſe,
I am ſent with broome before,
To ſweep the duſt behind the doore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.

Ob. Through the houſe give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowſie fier,
Every Elfe and Fairy ſpright,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me, ſing and dance it trippinglye.

Tita. Firſt rehearſe this ſong by roate,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,
Will we ſing and bleſſe this place.

The Song.

Now untill the breake of day,
Through this houſe each Fairy ſtray.
To the beſt Bride-bed will we;
Which by us ſhall bleſſed be :
And the iſſue there create,
Ever ſhall be fortunate :
So ſhall all the couples three,
Ever true in loving be :
And the blots of Natures hand,
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand,
Never mole, harelip, nor ſcarre,
Nor marke prodigious, ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in Nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field dew conſecrate,
Every Fairy take his gate,
And each ſeverall chamber bleſſe,
Through this Pallace with ſweet peace,
Ever ſhall in ſafety reſt,
And the owner of it bleſt.
Trip away, make no ſtay ;
Meet me all by breake of day.

Robin. If we ſhadowes have offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)
That you have but ſlumbred here,
While theſe viſions did appeare.
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yeelding but a dreame,
Gentles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honeſt *Pucke*,
If we have unearned lucke,
Now to ſcape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long :
Elſe the *Pucke* a lyar call.
So good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And *Robin* ſhall reſtore amends.

FINIS.

The Merchant of Venice.

Actus Primus.

Enter Anthonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Anthonio.

IN ſooth I know not why I am ſo ſad,
It wearies me: you ſay it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuffe 'tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: and ſuch a Want-wit ſadneſſe makes of me,
That I have much adoe to know my ſelfe.

Sal. Your mind is toſſing on the Ocean,
There where your Argoſies with portly ſaile
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the ſea,
Doe over-peere the petty Traffiquers
That curtſie to them, doe them reverence
As they flye by them with their woven wings.

Sala. Beleeve me ſir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections, would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſſe to know were ſits the winde,
Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes:
And every object that might make me feare
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me ſad.

Sal. My winde cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a wind too great might doe at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandie houre-glaſſe runne,
But I ſhould thinke of ſhallowes, and of flats,
And ſee my wealthy *Andrew* docks in ſand,
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs
To kiſſe her buriall; ſhould I goe to Church
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethinke me ſtraight of dangerous rockes,
Which touching but my gentle Veſſels ſide
Would ſcatter all her ſpices on the ſtreame,
Enrobe the roring waters with my ſilkes,
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To thinke on this, and ſhall I lacke the thought
That ſuch a thing bechanc'd would make me ſad?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is ſad to thinke upon his merchandize.

Anth. Beleeve me no, I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Vpon the fortune of this preſent yeere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not ſad:

Sola. Why then you are in love.

Anth. Fie, fie.

Sola. Not in love neither! then let us ſay you are ſad
Becauſe you are not merry; and 'twere as eaſie
For you to laugh and leape, and ſay you are merry
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellowes in her time:
Some that will evermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of ſuch vinegar aſpect,
That they'ill not ſhew their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though *Neſtor* ſweare the jeſt be laughable.

Enter Baſſanio, Lorenſo, and Gratiano.

Sola. Heere comes *Baſſanio*,
Your moſt noble Kinſman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenſo*. Faryewell,
We leave you now with better company.

Sala. I would have ſtaid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me,

Anth. Your worth is very deere in my regard.
I take it your owne buſines calls on you,
And you embrace th'occaſion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords. (when?

Baſſ. Good ſigniors both, when ſhall we laugh? ſay,
You grow exceeding ſtrange: muſt it be ſo?

Sal. Wee'll make our leyſures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.

Lord. My Lord *Baſſanio*, ſince you have found *Anthonio*
We two will leave you, but at dinner time
I pray you have in mind where we muſt meete,

Baſſ. I will not faile you.

Grat. You looke not well ſignior *Anthonio*,
You have too much reſpect upon the world:
They looſe it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeve me you are marvellouſly chang'd.

Anth. I hold the world but as the world, *Gratiano*,
A ſtage, where every man muſt play a part,
And mine a ſad one.

Grati. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter: let old wrinckles come,
And let my Liver rather heate with wine,
Then my heat coole with mortifying grones.
Why ſhould a man whoſe bloud is warme within,
Sit like his Grandſire, cut in Alablaſter?
Sleepe when he wakes? and creepe into the Iaundies

By being peeviſh? I tell thee what *Anthonio*,
I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeakes:
There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Doe creame and mantle like a ſtanding pond,
And doe a willfull ſtilneſſe entertaine,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſedome, gravity, profound conceit,
As who ſhould ſay, I am ſir an Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my *Anthonio*, I doe know of theſe
That therefore onely are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing; when I am very ſure
If they ſhould ſpeake, would almoſt damme thoſe eares
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles:
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fiſh not with this malancholly baite
For this foole Gudgion, this opinion:
Come good *Lorenzo*, faryewell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumbe wiſe men,
For *Gratiano* never let's me ſpeake.

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares mo,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine owne tongue.

Ant. Fare you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

Gra. Thankes iſaith, for ſilence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible. *Exit.*

Ant. It is that any thing now.

Baſ. *Gratiano* ſpeakes an infinite deale of nothing, more then any man in all Venice, his reaſons are two graines of wheate hid in two buſhels of chaffe: you ſhall ſeeke all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the ſearch.

Ant. Well: tell me now, what Lady is the ſame
To whom you ſwore a ſecret Pilgrimage
That you to day promis'd to tell me of?

Baſ. Tis not unknowne to you *Anthonio*
How much I have diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſomething ſhewing a more ſwelling port
Then my faint meanes would grant continuance:
Nor doe I now make mone to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate, but my cheife care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts
Wherein my time ſomething too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you *Anthonio*
I owe the moſt in mony, and in love,
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purpoſes,
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you good *Baſſanio* let me know it,
And if it ſtand as you your ſelfe ſtill doe,
Within the eye of honour, be aſſur'd
My purſe, my perſon, my extreameſt meanes
Lye all unlock'd to your occaſions.

Baſſ. In my ſchoole dayes, when I had loſt one ſhaft
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelfeſame flight
The ſelfeſame way, with more adviſed watch
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I urge this child-hood prooſe,
Becauſe what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a willfull youth,
That which I owe is loſt: but if you pleaſe
To ſhoote another arrow that ſelfe way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I doe not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme: Or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,
And thankfully reſt debter for the firſt.

Ant. You know me well, and herein ſpend but time
To wind about my love with circumſtance,
And out of doubt you doe to me more wrong
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt,
Than if you had made waſte of all I have:
Then doe but ſay to me what I ſhould doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt unto it: therefore ſpeake.

Baſſ. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And ſhe is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues: ſometimes from her eyes,
I did receive faire ſpeechleſſe meſſages:
Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervallewd
To *Cato's* daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the foure windes blow in from every coaſt
Renowned ſutors, and her ſunny lockes
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her ſeat of *Belmont Cholchos* ſtrond,
And many *Iaſons* come in queſt of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the meanes
To hold a rivall place with one of them,
I have a mind preſages me ſuch thrift,
That I ſhould queſtionleſſe be fortunate.

Ant. Thou knowſt that all my fortunes are at ſea,
Neither have I mony, nor commdity
To raiſe a preſent ſumme, therefore goe forth
Try what my credit can in *Venice* doe,
That ſhall be rackt even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to *Belmont* to faire *Portia*.
Goe preſently enquire, and ſo will I
Where money is, and I no queſtion make
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with her waiting woman Neriſſa.

Porti. By my troth *Nerriſſa*, my little body is a weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, ſweet Madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I ſee, they are as ſicke that ſurfet with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing; it is no ſmall happineſſe therefore to be ſeated in the meane, ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white haires, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good ſentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Por. If to doe were as eaſie as to know what were good to doe, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore mens cottages Princes Pallaces: it is a good Divine that followes his owne inſtructions; I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, then be one of the twenty to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may deviſe lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a cold decree, ſuch a hare is madneſſe the youth, to ſkip ore the meſhes of good counſaile the cripple; but this reaſon is not in faſhion to chooſe me a husband: O me, the word chooſe, I may neither chooſe whom I would, nor refuſe whom I diſlike, ſo is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: is it not hard *Nerriſſa*, that I cannot chooſe one, nor refuſe none?

Ner. Your father was ever vertuous, and holy men at their death have good inſpirations, therefore the lottery that he hath deviſed in theſe three cheſts of Gold, Silver, and Lead, whereof who chooſes his meaning,
chooſes

chooſes you, will no doubt never be choſen by any rightly, but one who you ſhall rightly love: but what warmth is there in your affection towards any of theſe Princely ſuters that are already come?

Por. I pray thee over-name them, and as thou nameſt them, I will deſcribe them, and according to my deſcription levell at my affection.

Ner. Firſt there is the Neapolitane Prince.

Por. I that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talke of his horſe, and he makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he can ſhoo him himſelfe: I am much afraid my Lady his mother plaid falſe with a Smyth.

Ner. Then is there the County Palentine.

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who ſhould ſay, and you will not have me, chooſe: he heares merry tales and ſmiles not, I feare he will prove the weeping Philoſopher when he growes old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſſe in his youth.) I had rather to be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to either of theſe: God defend me from theſe two.

Ner. How ſay you by the French Lord, Mounſier *Le Bonne*?

Pro. God made him, and therefore let him paſſe for a man, in truth I know it is ſinne to be a mocker, but he! why he hath a horſe better then the Neapolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is every man in no man, if a Tarſell ſing, he fals ſtraight a capring, he will fence with his owne ſhadow. If I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty husbands: if he would deſpiſe me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madneſſe, I ſhould never requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to *Fauconbridge*, the yong Baron of *England*?

Por. You know I ſay nothing to him, for he underſtands not me, nor I him: he hath neither *Latine*, *French*, nor *Italian*, and you will come into the Court and ſweare that I have a poore penny-worth in the *Engliſh*: he is a proper mans picture, but alas who can converſe with a dumbe ſhow? how odly he is ſuited, I thinke he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hoſe in *France*, his bonnet in *Germany*, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What thinke you of the other Lord his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the *Engliſhman*, and ſworne he would pay him againe when he was able. I thinke the *Frenchman* became his ſurety, and ſeald under for another.

Ner. How like you the yong *Germaine*, the Duke of *Saxonies* Nephew?

Por. Very vildely in the morning when he is ſober, and moſt vildely in the afternoone when he is drunke: when he is beſt, he is a little worſe then a man, and when he is worſt, he is little better then a beaſt: and the worſt fall that ever fell, I hope I ſhall make ſhift to goe without him.

Ner. If he ſhould offer to chooſe, and chooſe the right Caſket, you ſhould refuſe to performe your Fathers will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Por. Therefore for feare of the worſt, I pray thee ſet a deepe glaſſe of Reiniſh-wine on the contrary Caſket, for if the divell be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chooſe it. I will doe any thing *Nerriſſa* ere I will be married to a ſpunge.

Ner. You need not feare Lady the having any of theſe Lords, they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuite, unleſſe you may be wone by ſome other ſort then you Fathers impoſition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as *Sibilla*, I will dye as chaſte as *Diana*: unleſſe I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are ſo reaſonable, for there is not one among them but I doate on his very abſence: and I wiſh them a faire departure.

Ner. Doe you not remember Lady in your Fathers time, a *Venetian*, a Scholler and a Souldier that came hither in company of the Marqueſſe of *Mountferrat*?

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Baſſanio*, as I thinke, ſo was hee call'd.

Ner. True Madam, he of all the men that ever my fooliſh eyes look'd upon, was the beſt deſerving a faire Lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe.

Enter a Serving-man.

Ser. The foure ſtrangers ſeeke you Madam to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of *Morocco*, who brings word the Prince his Maſter will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fift welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I ſhould be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a divell, I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me then wive me. Come *Nerriſſa*, ſirra goe before; whiles we ſhut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the doore. *Exeunt.*

Enter Baſſanio with Shylocke the Iew.

Shy. Three thouſand ducates, well.

Baſſ. I ſir, for three months.

Shy. For three mouths, well.

Baſſ. For the which, as I told you,
Anthonio ſhall be bound.

Shy. *Anthonio* ſhall become bound, well.

Baſſ. May you ſted me? Will you pleaſure me?
Shall I know your anſwer.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats for three moneths,
And *Anthonio* bound.

Baſſ. Your anſwer to that.

Shy. *Anthonio* is a good man.

Baſſ. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shy. No, no, no, no, no: my meaning in ſaying he is a good man, is to have you underſtand me that he is ſufficient, yet his meanes are in ſuppoſition: he hath an Argoſie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I underſtand moreover upon the Ryalto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for *England*, and other ventures hee hath ſquandred abroad, but ſhips are but boords, Saylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theeves, and land theeves, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the perrill of waters, windes, and rocks: the man is notwithſtanding ſufficient, three thouſand ducates, I thinke I may take his bond.

Baſ. Be aſſured you may.

Iew. I will be aſſured I may: and that I may bee aſſured, I will bethinke mee, may I ſpeake with *Anthonio*.

Baſ. If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

Iew. Yes, to ſmell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite conjured the divell into: I will buy with you, ſell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and ſo following: but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you.
What newes on the Ryalto, who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Baſ. This is ſignior *Anthonio.*

Iew. How like a fawning publican he lookes.
I hate him for he is a Chriſtian:
But more, for that in low ſimplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of uſance here with us in *Venice*,
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feede fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our ſacred Nation, and he railes
Even there were Merchants moſt doe congregate
On me, my bargaines, and my well-worne thrift,
Which he calls interreſt: Curſed be my Trybe
If I forgive him.

Baſ. Shylocke, doe you heare.

Shy. I am debating of my preſent ſtore,
And by the neere geſſe of my memory
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſſe
Of full three thouſand ducats: what of that?
Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furniſh me; but ſoft, how many months
Doe you deſire? Reſt you faire good ſignior,
Your worſhip was the laſt man in our mouthes.

Anth. Shylocke, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of exceſſe,
Yet to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a cuſtome: is he yet poſſeſt
How much he would?

Shy. I, I, three thouſand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me ſo.
Well then, your bond: and let me ſee, but heare you,
Me thoughts you ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon advantage.

Anth. I doe never uſe it.

Shy. When *Iacob* graz'd his Vncle *Labans* ſheepe,
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* was
(As his wiſe mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third poſſeſſer; I, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interreſt?

Shy. No, not take intereſt, not as you would ſay
Directly intereſt, marke what *Iacob* did,
When *Laban* and himſelfe were comprimyz'd
That all the eanelings which were ſtreakt and pied
Should fall as *Iacobs* hier, the Ewes being rancke,
In end of Autumne turned to the Rammes,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene theſe woolly breeders in the act,
The skilfull ſhepheard pil'd me certaine wands,
And in the dooing of the deed of kind,
He ſtucke them up before the fulſome Ewes,
Who then conceaving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thoſe were *Iacobs*.
This was a way to thrive, and he was bleſt:
And thrift is bleſſing if men ſteale it not.

Anth. This was a venture ſir that *Iacob* ſerv'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to paſſe,
But ſway'd and faſhion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inſerted to make interreſt good?
Or is your Gold and Silver Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breeds as faſt,
But note me ſignior.

Ant. Marke you this *Baſſanio*,
The divell can cite Scripture for his purpoſe,
An evill ſoule producing holy witneſſe,
Is like a villaine with a ſmiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outſide falſehood hath.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats, 'tis a good round ſumme.
Three months from twelve, then let me ſee the rate.

Ant. Well *Shylocke*, ſhall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft
In the Ryalto you have rated me
About my monyes and my uſances:
Still have I borne it with a patient ſhrug,
(For ſuffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.
You call me misbeleever, cut-throate dog,
And ſpet upon my Iewiſh gaberdine,
And all for uſe of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you need my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylocke, we would have moneyes, you ſay ſo:
You that did voide your rheume upon my beard,
And foote me as you ſpurne a ſtranger curre
Over your threſhold, moneyes is your ſuite.
What ſhould I ſay to you? Should I not ſay,
Hath a dog money? is it poſſible
A curre ſhould lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With bated breath, and whiſpring humbleneſſe,
Say this: Faire ſir, you ſpet on me on Wedneſday laſt;
Your ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; another time
You cald me dog: and for theſe curteſies
Ile lend you thus much moneyes.

Ant. I am as like to call thee ſo againe,
To ſpet on thee againe, to ſpurne thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friend, for when did friendſhip take
A breed of barraine mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemye,
Who if he breake, thou maiſt with better face
Exact the penalties.

Shy. Why looke you how you ſtorme,
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the ſhames that you have ſtained me with,
Supplie your preſent wants, and take no doite
Of uſance for my monyes, and youle not heare me,
This is kind I offer.

Baſ. This were kindneſſe.

Shy. This kindneſſe will I ſhowe,
Goe with me to a Notary, ſeale me there
Your ſingle bond, and in a merry ſport
If you repay me not ou ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſum or ſums as are
Expreſt in the condition, let the forfeite
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body it pleaſeth me.

Ant. Content infaith, Ile ſeale to ſuch a bond,
And ſay there is much kindneſſe in the Iew.

Baſ. You ſhall not ſeale to ſuch a bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my neceſſity.
Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forfeite it,
Within theſe two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I doe expect returne
Of thrice three times the valew of this bond.
Shy. O father *Abram*, what theſe Chriſtians are,
Whoſe owne hard dealing teaches them ſuſpect
The thoughts of others: Pray you tell me this,
If he ſhould breake his day, what ſhould I gaine
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of mans fleſh taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neither
As fleſh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates. I ſay
To buy his favour, I extend this friendſhip,
If he will take it, ſo: if not adiew,
And for my love I pray you wrong me not.
Ant. Yes *Shylocke*, I will ſeale unto this bond.
Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries,
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will goe and purſe the ducats ſtraite:
See to my houſe left in the fearefull guard
Of an unthrifty knave: and preſently
Ile be with you. *Exit.*
Ant. Hye thee gentle Iew. This Hebrew will turne
Chriſtian, he growes kind.
Baſ. I like not faire tearmes and, a villaines mind.
Ant. Come on, in this there can be no diſmay,
My Shippes come home a month before the day.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Morochius a tawny Moore all white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerriſſa, and their traine.
Flo. Cornets.

Mor. Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadowed liverie of the burniſht ſunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the faireſt creature Northward borne,
Where *Phœbus* fire ſcarce thawes the yſicles,
And let us make inciſion for your love,
To prove whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee Lady this aſpect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my love I ſweare)
The beſt regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteale your thoughts my gentle Queene.
Por. In tearmes of choiſe I am not ſoly led
By nice direction of a maidens eyes;
Beſides, the lottry of my deſteny
Bars me the right of voluntary chooſing:
But if my father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yeeld my ſelfe
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you,
Your ſelfe (renowned Prince) then ſtood as faire
As any commer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.
Mor. Even for that I thanke you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune: By this Symitar
That ſlew the Sophy, and a Perſian Prince,
That won three fields of *Sultan Solyman*,
I would ore-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that looke:
Out-brave the heart moſt daring on the earth:
Plucke the yong ſucking Cubs from the ſhe Beare,
Yea, mocke the Lion when he rores for prey
To win the Lady. But alas the while,
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And ſo may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miſſe that which one unworthier may attaine,
And dye with grieving.
Port. You muſt take your chance,
And either not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſweare before you chooſe, if you chooſe wrong
Never to ſpeake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage, therefor be advis'd.
Mor. Nor will not, come bring me unto my chance.
Por. Firſt forward to the temple, after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then, *Cornets.*
To make me bleſt or curſed'ſt among men. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clo. Certainely, my conſcience will ſerve me to runne from this Iew my Maſter: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, ſaying to me, *Iobbe, Launcelet Iobbe*, good *Launcelet*, or good *Iobbe*, or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, uſe your legs, take the ſtart, runne away: my conſcience ſayes no; take heed honeſt *Launcelet*, take heed honeſt *Iobbe*, or as afore-ſaid honeſt *Launcelet Iobbe*, doe not runne, ſcorne running with thy heeles; well, the moſt couragious fiend bids me packe, *fia* ſayes the fiend, away ſayes the fiend, for the heavens rouſe up a brave minde ſayes the fiend, and runne; well, my conſcience hanging about the necke of my heart, ſayes very wiſely to me: my honeſt friend *Launcelet*, being an honeſt mans ſonne, or rather an honeſt womans ſonne, for indeed my father did ſometing ſmacke, ſomething grow too; he had a kind of taſte; wel, my conſcience ſayes *Launcelet* bouge not, bouge ſayes the fiend, bouge not ſayes my conſcience, conſcience ſay I you counſaile well, fiend ſay I you counſaile well, to be rul'd by my conſcience I ſhould ſtay with the Iew my Maſter, who (God bleſſe the marke) is a kind of divell; and to runne away from the Iew I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who ſaving your reverence is the divell himſelfe: certainely the Iew is the very divell incarnation, and in my conſcience, my conſcience is a kind of hard conſcience, to offer to counſaile me to ſtay with the Iew; the fiend gives the more friendly counſaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a Baſket.

Gob. Maſter yong-man, you I pray you, which is the way to Maſter Iewes?

Laun. O heavens, this is my true begotten father, who being more then ſand-blind, high gravell blind, knowes me not, I will try confuſions with him.

Gob. Maiſter yong Gentleman, I pray you which is the way to Maſter Iewes.

Laun. Turne upon your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next turning, turne of no hand, but turne downe indirectly to the *Iewes* houſe.

Gob. Be Gods ſonties 'twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwells with him, dwell with him or no.

Laun. Talke you of yong Maſter *Launcelet*, marke me now, now will I raiſe the waters; talke you of yong Maſter *Launcelet*?

Gob. No Maſter ſir, but a poore mans ſonne; his Father though I ſay't is an honeſt exceeding poore man, and God be thanked well to live.

Laun. Well, let his Father be what a will, we talke of yong Maſter *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your worſhips friend and *Launcelet*.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo* old man, *ergo* I beſeech you, talke you of yong Maſter *Launcelet*.

Gob. Of *Launcelet*, ant pleaſe your maſterſhip.

Laun. *Ergo* Maſter *Launcelet*, talke not of maſter *Launcelet* Father, for the yong gentleman according to fates and deſtinies, and ſuch odde ſayings, the ſiſters three, and ſuch branches of learning, in indeed deceaſed, or as you would ſay in plaine tearmes, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry God forbid, the boy was the very ſtaffe of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Doe I looke like a cudgell or a hovell-poſt, a ſtaffe or a prop: doe you know me Father.

Gob. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I pray you tell me, is my boy God reſt his ſoule alive or dead.

Laun. Doe you not know me Father,

Gob. Alacke ſir I am ſand blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wiſe Father that knowes his owne child. Well, old man, I wil tell you news of your ſonne, give me your bleſſing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans ſonne may, but in the end truth will not.

Gob. Pray you ſir ſtand up, I am ſure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

Laun. Pray you let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your bleſſing: I am *Launcelet* your boy that was your ſonne that is, your child that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my ſonne.

Laun. I know not what I ſhall thinke of that: but I am *Launcelet* the Iewes man, and I am ſure *Margery* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margery* indeed, Ile be ſworne if thou be *Launcelet*, thou art mine owne fleſh and blood: Lord worſhipt might he be, what a beard haſt thou got; thou haſt got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbin my philhorſe has on his taile.

Laun. It ſhould ſeeme then that Dobbins taile growes backeward. I am ſure he had more haire of his taile then I have of my face when I laſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how dooſt thou and thy Maſter agree, I have brought him a preſent; how gree you now?

Laun. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I have ſet up my reſt to run away, ſo I will not reſt till I have run ſome ground; my Maſter's a very Iew, give him a preſent, give him a halter, I am famiſht in his ſervice. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs: father I am glad you are come, give me your preſent to one Maſter *Baſſanio*, who indeed gives rare new Liveries, if I ſerve not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Iew if I ſerve the Iew any longer.

Enter Baſſanio with a follower or two.

Baſſa. You may doe ſo, but let it be ſo haſted that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by five of the clocke: ſee theſe Letters delivered, put the Liveries to making, and deſire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

Laun. To him Father.

Gob. God bleſſe your worſhip.

Baſſ. Gramercy, would'ſt thou ought with me.

Gob. Here's my ſonne ſir, a poore boy.

Laun. Not a poore boy ſir, but the rich Iewes man that would ſir as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. He hath a great infection ſir, as one would ſay to ſerve.

Laun. Indeed the ſhort and the long is, I ſerve the Iew, and have a deſire as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. His Maſter and he (ſaving your worſhips reverence) are ſcarce catercoſins.

Laun. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Iew having done me wrong, doth cauſe me as my Father being I hope an old man ſhall frutifie unto you.

Gob. I have here a diſh of Doves that I would beſtow upon your worſnip, and my ſuite is.

Laun. In very briefe, the ſuite is impertinent to my ſelfe, as your worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old man, and though I ſay it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Baſſ. One ſpeake for both, what would you?

Laun. Serve you ſir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter ſir.

Baſſ. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy ſuite,
Shylocke thy Maſter ſpoke with me this day,
And hath perfer'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Iewes ſervice, to become
The follower of ſo poore a Gentleman.

Clo. The old proverbe is very well parted betweene my Maſter *Shylocke* and you ſir, you have the grace of God ſir, and he hath enough.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt it well; goe Father with thy ſonne,
Take leave of thy old Maſter, and enquire
My lodging out, give him a Livery
More garded then his fellowes: ſee it done.

Clo. Father in, I cannot get a ſervice, no, I have ne're a tongue in my head, well: if any man in *Italy* have a fairer table which doth offer to ſweare upon a booke, I ſhall have good fortune; goe too, here's a ſimple line of life, here's a ſmall trifle of wives, alas, fifteene wives is nothing, a leven widdowes and nine maides is a ſimple comming in for one man, and then to ſcape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are ſimple ſcapes: well, if Fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for this gere: Father come, Ile take my leave of the Iew in the twinkling.

Exit Clowne.

Baſſ. I pray thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this,
Theſe things being bought and orderly beſtowed
Returne in haſte, for I doe feaſt to night
My beſt eſteemd acquaintance, hie thee gon.

Leon. My beſt endevours ſhall be done herein.

Exit Leonardo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Maſter.

Leon. Yonder ſir he walkes.
Gra. Signior *Baſſanio.*
Baſ. *Gratiano.*
Gra. I have a ſuite to you.
Baſ. You have obtain'd it.
Gra. You muſt not denie me, I muſt go with you to Belmont.
Baſ. Why then you muſt: but heare thee *Gratiano*,
Thou art too wilde, too rude, and bold of voice,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appeare not faults;
But where they are not knowne, why there they ſhow
Something too liberall, pray thee take paine
To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſtie
Thy skipping ſpirit, leaſt through thy wilde behauiour
I be miſconſterd in the place I go to,
And looſe my hopes.
Gra. Signior *Baſſanio*, heare me,
If I do not put on a ſober habite,
Talke with reſpect, and ſweare but now and then,
Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,
Nay more, while grace is ſaying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and ſigh and ſay Amen:
Vſe all the obſervance of civility
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his Grandam, never truſt me more.
Baſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.
Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you ſhall not gage me
By what we do to night.
Baſ. No that were pitty,
I would intreate you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſuite of mirth, for we have friends
That purpoſe merriment: but fare you well,
I have ſome buſineſſe.
Gra. And I muſt to *Lorenzo* and the reſt,
But we will viſite you at ſupper time. *Exeunt*

Enter Ieſſica and the Clowne.

Ieſ. I am ſorry thou wilt leave my Father ſo,
Our houſe is hell, and thou a merry divell
Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tediousneſſe;
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
And *Lancelet*, ſoone at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenzo, who is thy new Maiſters gueſt,
Give him this Letter, do it ſecretly,
And ſo farewell: I would not have my Father
See mee talke with thee.
Clo. Adue, teares exhibit my tongue, moſt beautifull Pagan, moſt ſweete Iew, if a Chriſtian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived; but adue, theſe fooliſh drops do ſomewhat drowne my manly ſpirit: adue. *Exit.*
Ieſ. Farewell good *Lancelet.*
Alacke, what hainous ſinne is it in me
To be aſhamed to be my Fathers childe,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo*,
If thou keepe promiſe I ſhall end this ſtriſe,
Become a Chriſtian, and thy loving wife.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Solania

Lo. Nay, we will ſlinke away in ſupper time,
Diſguiſe us at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.
Gra. We have not made good preparation.
Sal. We have not ſpoke us yet of Torch-bearers.
Sol. 'Tis vile vnleſſe it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not vndertooke.
Lor. 'Tis now but foure of clock, we have two houres
To furniſh us; friend *Lancelet* what's the newes?

Enter Lancelet with a Letter.

Lan. And it ſhall pleaſe you to breake up this, it ſhall ſeeme to ſignifie.
Lo. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a faire hand,
And whither then the paper it writ on,
I the faire hand that writ.
Gra. Love-newes in faith.
La. By your leave ſir.
Lor. Whither goeſt thou?
La. Marry ſir to bid my old Maiſter the *Iew* to ſup to night with my new Maiſter the Chriſtian.
Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Ieſſica*
I will not faile her, ſpeake it privately:
Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to night?
I am provided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit. Clowne.*
Sal. I marry, ile be gone about it ſtrait.
Sol. And ſo will I.
Lor. Meete me and *Gratiano* at *Gratianos* lodging
Some houre hence.
Sal. 'Tis good wee do ſo. *Exit.*
Gra. Was not that Letter from faire *Ieſſica*?
Lo. I muſt needes tell thee all, ſhe hath directed
How I ſhall take her from her Fathers houſe,
What gold and iewels ſhe is furniſht with,
What Pages ſuite ſhe hath in readineſſe:
If ere the *Iew* her Father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughters ſake;
And never dare miſfortune croſſe her foote,
Vnleſſe ſhe do it vnder this excuſe,
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſſe *Iew*;
Come go with me, peruſe this as thou goeſt,
Faire *Ieſſica* ſhall be my Torch-bearer. *Exit.*

Enter Iew, and his man that was the Clowne.

Iew. Well, thou ſhall ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy judge,
The difference of old *Shylocke* and *Baſſanio*;
What *Ieſſica*, thou ſhalt not gurmandize
As thou haſt done with me: what *Ieſſica*?
And ſleepe, and ſnore, and rend apparrell out.
Why *Ieſſica* I ſay.
Clo. Why *Ieſſica.*
Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.
Clo. Your worſhip was wont to tell me
I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Ieſſica.

Ieſ. Call you? what is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper *Ieſſica*,
There are my Keyes: but wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for love, they flatter me,
But yet Ile go in hate, to feede upon
The prodigall Chriſtian. *Ieſſica* my girle,
Looke to my houſe, I am right loath to go,
There is ſome ill a bruing towards my reſt,
For I did dreame of money bags to night.
Clo. I beſeech you ſir go, my yong Maiſter
Doth expect your reproach.
Shy. So do I his.
Clo. And they have conſpired together, I will not ſay you ſhall ſee a Maske, but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on blacke monday laſt,

laſt, at ſix a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on aſh wenſday was foure yeere in th'afternoone.

Shy. What are their maskes? heare you me *Ieſſica*,
Lock up my doores, and when you heare the drum
And the vile ſquealing of the wry-neckt Fiſe,
Clamber not you up to the caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publicke ſtreete
To gaze on Chriſtian fooles with varniſht faces:
But ſtop my houſes eares, I meane my caſements,
Let not the ſound of ſhallow fopperie enter
My ſober houſe. By *Iacobs* ſtaffe I ſweare,
I have no minde of feaſting forth to night:
But I will go; go you before me ſirra,
Say I will come.
Clow. I will go before ſir.
Miſtris looke out at window for all this;
There will come a Chriſtian by,
Will be worth a Iewes eye.
Shy. What ſaies that foole of *Hagars* off-ſpring? ha.
Ieſ. His words were farewell miſtris, nothing elſe.
Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder:
Snaile-ſlow in profit, but ſleepes by day
More then the wilde-cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him helpe to waſte
His borrowed purſe. Well *Ieſsica* go in,
Perhaps I will returne immediately;
Doe as I bid you, ſhut dores after you, faſt binde, faſt finde,
A proverbe never ſtale in thrifty minde. *Exit.*
Ieſ. Farewell, and if my fortune be not croſt,
I have a Father, you a daughter loſt. *Exit.*

Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.

Gra. This is the penthouſe under which *Lorenzo*
Deſired us to make a ſtand.
Sal. His houre is almoſt paſt.
Gra. And it is mervaile he out-dwels his houre,
For lovers ever run before the clocke.
Sal. O ten times faſter *Venus* Pidgions flye
To ſteale loves bonds new made, then they are wont
To keepe obliged faith unforfaited.
Gra. That ever holds, who riſeth from a feaſt
With that keene appetite that he ſits downe?
Where is the horſe that doth untread againe
His tedious meaſures with the unbated fire,
That he did pace them firſt: all things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed then enjoy'd.
How like a yonger or a prodigall
The skarfed barke puts from her native bay,
Hug'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet winde:
How like a prodigall doth ſhe returne
With over-wither'd ribs and ragged ſailes,
Leane, rent, and begger'd by the ſtrumpet winde?

Enter Lorenzo.

Salino. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.
Loren. Sweete friends, your patience for my long abode,
Not I, but my affaires have made you wait:
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the theeves for wives
Ile watch as long for you then: approach
Here dwels my father Iew. Hoa, who's within?

Ieſsica above.

Ieſ. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile ſweare that I do know your tongue.
Lor. *Lorenzo*, and thy Love.
Ieſ. *Lorenzo* certaine, and my love indeed,
For who love I ſo much? and now who knowes
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?
Lo. Heaven and thy thoughts are witneſs that thou art.
Ieſ. Heere, catch this casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me,
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange:
But love is blinde, and lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit,
For if they could, *Cupid* himſelfe would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.
Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.
Ieſ. What, muſt I hold a Candle to my ſhame?
They in themſelves goodſooth are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcovery Love,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.
Lor. So you are ſweet,
Even in the lovely garniſh of a boy: but come at once,
For the cloſe night doth play the run-away,
And we are ſtaid for at *Baſſanio*'s feaſt.
Ieſ. I will make faſt the doores and guild my ſelfe
With ſome more ducats, and be with you ſtraight.
Gra. Now by my hood, a gentile, and no Iew.
Lor. Beſhrew me but I love her heartily.
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can judge of her,
And faire ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath prov'd her ſelfe:
And therefore like her ſelfe, wiſe, faire, and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoule.

Enter Ieſsica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Our masking mates by this time for us ſtay. *Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Ant. Who's there?
Gra. Signior *Anthonio.*
Ant. Fie, fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine a clocke, our friends all ſtay for you,
No maske to night, the winde is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will go aboord,
I have ſent twenty out to ſeeke for you.
Gra. I am glad on't, I deſire no more delight
Then to be under ſaile, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their traines.

Por. Go, draw aſide the curtaines, and diſcover
The ſeverall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyſe.
Mor. The firſt of gold, who this inſcription beares,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gaine what men deſire.
The ſecond ſilver, which this promiſe carries,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know if I do chooſe the right?

Po. The

How ſhall I know if do chooſe the right.

Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
If you chooſe that, then I am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my judgement, let me ſee,
I will ſurvay the inſcriptions, backe againe:
What ſayes this leaden casket?
Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
Muſt give, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all,
Do it in hope of faire advantages:
A golden minde ſtoopes not to ſhowes of droſſe,
Ile then nor give nor hazard ought for lead.
What ſaies the Silver with her virgin hue?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
As much as he deſerves; pauſe there *Morocho*,
And weigh thy value with an even hand,
If thou beeſt rated by thy eſtimation
Thou dooſt deſerve enough, and yet enough
May not extend ſo farre as to the Lady:
And yet to be afeard of my deſerving,
Were but a weake diſabling of my ſelfe.
As much as I deſerve, why that's the Lady.
I do in birth deſerve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more then theſe, in love I do deſerve.
What if I ſtrai'd no farther, but choſe here?
Let's ſee once more this ſaying grav'd in gold.
Who chooſeth me ſhall gaine what many men deſire:
Why that's the Lady, all the world deſires her:
From the foure corners of the earth they come
To kiſſe this ſhrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanian deſerts, and the vaſte wildes
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.
The waterie Kingdome, whoſe ambitious head
Spets in the face of heaven, is no barre
To ſtop the fortaine ſpirits, but they come
As ore a brooke to ſee faire *Portia*.
One of theſe three containes her heavenly picture.
Is't like that Lead containes her? twere damnation
To thinke ſo baſe a thought, it were too groſſe
To rib her ſearecloath in the obſcure grave:
Or ſhall I thinke in Silver ſhe's immur'd
Being ten times vndervalued to tride gold;
O ſinfull thought, never ſo rich a Iem
Was ſet in worſe then gold! They have in England
A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
Stampt in gold, but that's inſculpt upon:
But here an Angell in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key;
Here do I chooſe, and thrive I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there
Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell! what have we here, a carrion death,
Within whoſe empty eye there is a written ſcroule;

All that gliſters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath ſold
But my outſide to behold;
Guilded timber do wormes infold:
Had you beene as wiſe as bold,
Yong in limbs, in judgement old,
Your anſwere had not beene inſcrold
Fareyouwell, your ſuite is cold,

Mor. Cold indeede, and labour loſt,
Then farewell heate, and welcome froſt:
Portia adew, I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus looſers part.

Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtaines, go;
Let all of his complexion chooſe me ſo. *Exe*[illegible]

Enter Salarino and Solanio.

Flo: Cornets.

Sal. Why man I ſaw *Baſſanio* vnder ſayle,
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their ſhip I am ſure *Lorenzo* is not.

Sol. The villaine *Iew* with outcries raiſ'd the Duke,
Who went with him to ſearch *Baſſanios* ſhip.

Sal. He comes too late, the ſhip was vnderſaile;
But there the Duke was given to underſtand
That in a Gondilo were ſeene together
Lorenzo and his amorous *Ieſſica*.
Beſides, *Anthonio* certified the Duke
They were not with *Baſſanio* in his ſhip.

Sol. I never heard a paſſion ſo confus'd,
So ſtrange, outragious, and ſo variable,
As the dogge *Iew* did utter in the ſtreets;
My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,
Fled with a Chriſtian, O my Chriſtian ducats!
Iuſtice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter;
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, ſtolne from me by my daughter,
And jewels, two rich and precious ſtones,
Stolne by my daughter: juſtice, finde the girle,
She hath the ſtones upon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
Crying his ſtones, his daughter, and his ducats,

Sol. Let good *Anthonio* looke he keepe his day
Or he ſhall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well remembred,
I reaſon'd with a Frenchman yeſterday,
Who told me, in the narrow ſeas that part
The French and Engliſh, there miſcaried
A veſſell of our countrey richly fraught:
I thought upon *Anthonio* when he told me,
And wiſht in ſilence that it were not his.

Sol. You were beſt to tell *Anthonio* what you heare,
Yet do not ſuddainely, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,
I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Anthonio* part,
Baſſanio told him he would make ſome ſpeede
Of his returne: he anſwered, do not ſo,
Slubber not buſineſſe for my ſake *Baſſanio*,
But ſtay the very riping of the time,
And for the *Iewes* bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your minde of love:
Be merry, and imploy your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch faire oſtents of love
As ſhall conveniently become you there;
And even there his eye being big with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him,
And with affection wondrous ſencible
He wrung *Baſſanios* hand, and ſo they parted.

Sal. I thinke he onely loves the world for him,
I pray thee let vs go and finde him out
And quicken his embraced heavineſſe
With ſome delight, or other.

Sal. Do we ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nerriſſa and a Serviture.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain ſtrait,

The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election preſently.

Enter Arragon, his traine, and Portia.
Flor. Cornets.

Por. Behold, there ſtand the caskets noble Prince,
If you chooſe that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight ſhall our nuptiall rights be ſolemniz'd:
But if thou faile, without more ſpeech my Lord,
You muſt be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enjoynd by oath to obſerve three things;
Firſt, never to vnfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I choſe; next, if I faile
Of the right casket, never in my life
To wooe a maide in way of marriage:
Laſtly, if I do faile in fortune of my choyſe,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.
Por. To theſe injunctions every one doth ſweare
That comes to hazard for my worthleſſe ſelfe.
Ar. And ſo have I addreſt me, fortune now
To my hearts hope: gold, ſilver, and baſe lead.
Who chooſeth me muſt give and hazard all he hath.
You ſhall looke fairer ere I give or hazard.
What ſayes the golden cheſt, ha, let me ſee?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gaine what many men deſire:
What many men deſire, that many may be meant
By the foole multitude that chooſe by ſhow,
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th'interior, but like the Martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and rode of caſualty.
I will not chooſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not jumpe with common ſpirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou Silver treaſure houſe,
Tell me once more, what title thou dooſt beare;
Who chooſeth me ſhall get as much as he deſerves:
And well ſaid too; for who ſhall go about
To coſen Fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtampe of merit, let none preſume
To weare an undeſerved dignity:
O that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
Were purchaſt by the merrit of the wearer;
How many then ſhould cover that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low pleaſantry would then be gleaned
From the true ſeede of honor? And how much honor
Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,
To be new varniſht: Well, but to my choiſe.
Who chooſeth me ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
I will aſſume deſert; give me a key for this,
And inſtantly vnlocke my fortunes here.
Por. Too long a pauſe for that which you finde there.
Ar. What's heere, the portrait of a blinking idiot
Preſenting me a ſcedule, I will reade it:
How much vnlike art thou to *Portia*?
How much vnlike my hopes and my deſervings?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall have as much as he deſerves.
Did I deſerve no more then a fooles head,
Is that my prize, are my deſerts no better?
Po. To offend and judge are diſtinct offices,
And of oppoſed natures.
Ar. What is here?

The fier ſeaven times tried this,
Seaven times tried that judgement is,
That did never chooſe amis,
Some there be that ſhadowes kiſſe,
Such have but a ſhadowes bliſſe:
There be fooles alive Iwis
Silver'd o're, and ſo was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone ſir, you are ſped.

Ar. Still more foole I ſhall appeare
By the time I linger here,
With one fooles head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet adue, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroath.
Por. Thus hath the candle ſing'd the moath:
O theſe deliberate fooles when they do chooſe,
They have the wiſdome by their wit to looſe.
Ner. The ancient ſaying is no hereſie,
Hanging and wiving goes by deſtiny.
Por. Come draw the curtaine *Nerriſſa.*

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where is my Lady?
Por. Here, what would my Lord?
Meſ. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate
A yong Venetian, one that comes before
To ſignifie th'approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets;
To wit (beſides commends and curteous breath)
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not ſeene
So likely an Embaſſador of love.
A day in Aprill never came ſo ſweete
To ſhow how coſtly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his Lord,
Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt ſay anone he is ſome kin to thee,
Thou ſpend'ſt ſuch high-day wit in praiſing him:
Come-come *Nerriſſa*, for I long to ſee
Quicke *Cupids* Poſt, that comes ſo mannerly.
Ner. Baſſanio Lord, love if thy will it be. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Solanio and Salarino.

Sol. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?

Sal. Why yet it lives there uncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ſhip of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatall, where the carcaſſes of many a tall ſhip, lye buried, as they ſay, if my goſſips report be an honſt woman of her word.

Sol. I would ſhe were as lying a goſſip in that, as ever knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleeve ſhe wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without any ſlips of prolixity, or croſſing the plaine high-way of talke, that the good *Anthonio*, the honeſt *Antho.* O that I had a title good enough to keepe his name company!

Sal. Come, the full ſtop.

Sol. Ha, what ſayeſt thou, why the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his loſſes.

Sol. Let me ſay Amen betimes, leaſt the divell croſſe my prayer, for here he comes in the likeneſſe of a *Iew*. How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Merchants?

Enter Shylocke.

Shy. You knew, none ſo well, none ſo well as you, of my daughters flight.

Sal. That's certaine, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the wings ſhe flew withall.

Sol. And *Shylocke* for his owne part knew the bird was fledg'd, & then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certaine, if the divell may be her Iudge.

Shy. My owne fleſh and blood to rebell.

Sol. Out upon it old carrion, rebels it at theſe yeeres.

Shy. I ſay my daughter is my fleſh and bloud.

Sal. There is more difference betweene thy fleſh and hers, then betweene Iet and Iuorie, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red wine and renniſh: but tell us, doe you heare whether *Anthonio* have had any loſſe at ſea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare ſcarce ſhew his head on the Ryalta, a begger that was vſd to come ſo ſmug upon the Mart: let him look to his bond, he was wont to call me Vſurer, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Chriſtian curtſie, let him looke to his bond.

Sal. Why I am ſure if he forfaite, thou wilt not take his fleſh, what's that good for?

Shy. To baite fiſh withall, if it will feede nothing elſe, it will feede my revenge; he hath diſgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my loſſes, mockt at my gaines, ſcorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the reaſon? I am a *Iew*: Hath not a *Iew* eyes? hath not a *Iew* hands, organs, dimentions, ſences, affections, paſſions, fed with the ſame foode, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, healed by the ſame meanes, warmed and cooled by the ſame Winter and Sommer as a Chriſtian is? if you pricke us, do we not bleede? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poiſon us, do we not die? and if you wrong us ſhall we not revenge? if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a *Iew* wrong a *Chriſtian*, what is his humility, revenge? If a *Chriſtian* wrong a *Iew* what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example? why revenge. The villany you teach me I will execute, and it ſhall go hard but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my maiſter *Anthonio* is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeake with you both.

Sal. We have beene up and downe to ſeeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Sol. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot be matcht, vnleſſe the divell himſelfe turne *Iew*.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what newes from *Genowa*? haſt thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone coſt me two thouſand ducats in Franckford, the curſe never fell upon our Nation till now, I never felt it till now, two thouſand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her eare: would ſhe were hearſt at my foote, and the duckets in her coffin: no newes of them, why ſo? & I know not how much is ſpent in the ſearch: why then loſſe upon loſſe, the theefe gone with ſo much, and ſo much to finde the theefe, and no ſatisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill lucke ſtirring but what lights a my ſhoulders, no ſighes but a my breathing, no teares but a my ſhedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill lucke too, *Anthonio* as I heard in Genowa,

Shy. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

Tub. Hath an Argoſie caſt away comming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thanke God, I thanke God, is it true, is it true?

Tu. I ſpoke with ſome of the Saylers that eſcaped the wracke.

Shy. I thanke thee good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha, ha, here in Genowa.

Tu. Your daughter ſpent in Genowa, as I heard, one night fourescore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me, I ſhall never ſee my gold againe, fourescore ducats at a ſitting, fourescore ducats.

Tu. There came divers of *Anthonios* creditors in my company to Venice, that ſweare he cannot chooſe but breake.

Shy. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them ſhewed me a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monkie.

Shy. Out upon her, thou tortureſt me *Tuball*, it was my Turkis, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batcheler: I would not have given it for a wilderneſſe of Monkies.

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainely undone

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, go *Tuball*, fee me an Officer, beſpeake him a fortnight before; I will have the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: go *Tuball*, and meet me at our Sinagogue, go good *Tuball*, at our Sinagogue *Tuball*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Baſſanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traine.

Por. I pray you tarrie, pauſe a day or two
Before you hazard, for in chooſing wrong
I loſe your company; therefore forbeare a while,
There's ſomething tels me (but it is not love)
I would not loſe you, and you know your ſelfe,
Hate counſailes not in ſuch a quallity;
But leaſt you ſhould not underſtand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you here ſome month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chooſe right, but then I am forſworne;
So will I never be, ſo may you miſſe me,
But if you do, youle make me wiſh a ſinne,
That I had beene forſworne: Beſhrow your eyes,
They have ore-lookt me and devided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe
Mine owne I would ſay: but firſt mine, then yours,
And ſo all yours; O theſe naughty times
Put bars betweene the owners and their rights.
And ſo though yours, not yours (prove it ſo)
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I ſpeake too long, but 'tis to peize the time,
To ich it, and draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

Baſ. Let me chooſe,
For as I am, I live upon the racke.
Por. Vpon the racke *Baſſanio*, then confeſſe
What treaſon there is mingled with your love.
Baſ. None but that uglie treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me feare the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amitie and life,
'Tweene ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my love,
Por. I, but I feare you ſpeake vpon the racke,
Where men enforced doe ſpeake any thing.
Baſ. Promiſe me life, and ile confeſſe the truth.
Por. Well then, confeſſe and live.
Baſ. Confeſſe and love
Had beene the very ſum of my confeſſion:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliverance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you do love me, you will finde me out.
Nerriſſa and the reſt, ſtand all aloofe,
Let muſicke ſound while he doth make his choiſe,
Then if he looſe he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in muſique. That the compariſon
May ſtand more proper, my eye ſhall be the ſtreame
And watrie death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is muſique then? Then muſique is
Even as the flouriſh, when true ſubjects bowe
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes eare,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no leſſe preſence, but with much more love
Then yong *Alcides*, when he did redeeme
The virgine tribute, paied by howling *Troy*
To the Sea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice,
The reſt aloofe are the Dardanian wives:
With bleared viſages come forth to view
The iſſue of th'exploit: Goe Hercules,
Live thou, I live with much much more diſmay
I view the fight, then thau that mak'ſt the fray.

Here muſicke.

A Song the whilſt Baſſanio *comments on the Caskets to himſelfe.*

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head:
How begot, how nouriſhed. **Replie, replie.**
It is engendred in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding dong, bell,
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Baſſ. So may the outward ſhowes be leaſt themſelves,
The world is ſtill deceiv'd with ornament.
In Law, what Plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of evill? In Religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſſe it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſſeneſſe with faire ornament:
There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtayres of ſand, weare yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*?
Who inward ſearcht, have lyvers white as milke,
And theſe aſſume but valors excrement,
To render them redoubted. Looke on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchaſt by the weight,
Which therin workes a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that weare moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnakie golden locks
Which makes ſuch wanton gambols with the winde
Vpon ſuppoſed faireneſſe, often knowne
To be the dowrie of a ſecond head;
The ſcull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guilded ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea: the beautious ſcarfe
Vailing an Indian beauty; In a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wiſeſt. Therefore thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
'Tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
Which rather threatneſt than doſt promiſe ought,
Thy paleneſſe moves me more than eloquence,
And here chooſe I, joy be the conſequence.
Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and raſh imbrac'd deſpaire:
And ſhuddring feare, and greene-eyed jealouſie.
O love be moderate, allay thy extaſie,
In meaſure raine thy joy, ſcant this exceſſe,
I feele too much thy bleſſing, make it leſſe,
For feare I ſurfeit.
Baſ. What finde I here?
Faire *Portias* counterfeit. What demie god
Hath come ſo neere creation? move theſe eies?
Or whether riding on the bals of mine
Seeme they in motion? Here are ſever'd lips
Parted with ſuger breath, ſo ſweet a barre
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: here in her haires
The Painter plaies the Spider and hath woven
A golden meſh t'intrap the hearts of men
Faſter then gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,
How could he ſee to do them? having made one,
Me thinkes it ſhould have power to ſteale both his
And leave it ſelfe vnfurniſht: Yet looke how farre
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In vnderpriſing it, ſo farre this ſhadow
Doth limpe behinde the ſubſtance. Here's the ſcroule,
The continent, and ſummary of my fortune.

You that chooſe not by the view,
Chance as faire, and chooſe as true,
Since this fortune fals to you,
Be content, and ſeeke no new.
If you be well pleaſed with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſſe,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a loving kiſſe.

Baſ. A gentle ſcroule; Faire Lady, by your leave,
I come by note to give, and to receive,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes:
Hearing applauſe and univerſall ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, ſtill gazing in a doubt
Whether thoſe peales of praiſe be his or no.

So thrice faire Lady ſtand I even ſo,
As doubtfull whether what I ſee be true,
Vntill confirm'd, ſign'd, ratified by you.
Por. You ſee my Lord *Baſſiano* where I ſtand,
Such as I am; though for my ſelfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh my ſelfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my ſelfe,
A thouſand times more faire, ten thouſand times
More rich, that to ſtand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſumme of me
Is ſum of nothing: which to terme in groſſe,
Is an vnleſſoned girle, vnſchool'd, vnpractiz'd,
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learne: happier then in this
Shee is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learne;
Happieſt of all, is that her gentle ſpirit
Commits it ſelfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Governour, her King.
My ſelfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire manſion, maiſter of my ſervants,
Queene ore my ſelfe: and even now, but now.
This houſe, theſe ſervants, and this ſame my ſelfe
Are yours, my Lord, I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, looſe, or give away,
Let it preſage the ruine of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you.
Baſ. Maddam, you have bereft me of all words,
Onely my bloud ſpeakes to you in my veines,
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As after ſome oration fairely ſpoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude,
Where every ſomething being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, ſave of joy
Expreſt, and not expreſt: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to ſay *Baſſanio's* dead.
Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That have ſtood by and ſeene our wiſhes proſper,
To cry good joy, good joy my Lord and Lady.
Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wiſh you all the joy that you can wiſh:
For I am ſure you can wiſh none from me;
And when your Honours meane to ſolemnize
The bargaine of your faith: I do beſeech you
Even at that time I may be married too.
Baſ. With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.
Gra. I thanke your Lordſhip, you haue got me one.
My eyes my Lord can looke as ſwift as yours:
You ſaw the miſtres, I beheld the maid:
You lov'd, I lov'd for intermiſſion,
No more pertaines to me my Lord than you;
Your fortune ſtood upon the caskets there,
And ſo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing heere vntill I ſwet againe,
And ſwearing till my very rough was dry
With oathes of love, at laſt, if promiſe laſt,
I got a promiſe of this faire one heere
To have her love: provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her miſtreſſe.
Por. Is this true *Nerriſſa*.
Ner. Madam it is ſo, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withall,
Baſ. And do you *Gratiano* meane good faith?
Gra. Yes faith my Lord.
Baſ. Our feaſt ſhall be much honored in your marriage.
Gra. Weele play with them the firſt boy for a thouſand ducats.
Ner. What and ſtake downe?
Gra. No, we ſhall ne're win at that ſport, and ſtake downe.
But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his Infidell?
What and my old Venetian friend *Salerio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Ieſſica, and Salerio.

Baſ. *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new intereſt heere
Have power to bid you welcome: by your leave
I bid my very friends and Countrimen
Sweet *Portia* welcome.
Pon. So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.
Lor. I thanke your honor; for my part my Lord,
My purpoſe was not to have ſeene you heere,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did intreate mee paſt all ſaying nay
To come with him along.
Sal. I did my Lord,
And have reaſon for it, Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you.
Baſ. Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not ſicke my Lord, vnleſſe it be in minde,
Nor well, vnleſſe in minde: his Letter there
Will ſhew you his eſtate.

Opens the Letter.

Gra. *Nerriſſa*, cheere yond ſtranger, bid her welcome.
Your hand Salerio, what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royall Merchant good *Anthonio*;
I know he will be glad of our ſucceſſe,
We are the *Iaſons*, we have won the fleece.
Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath loſt.
Por. There are ſome ſhrewd contents in yond ſame Paper,
That ſteales the colour from *Baſſianos* cheeke,
Some deere friend dead, elſe nothing in the world
Could turne ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe?
With leave *Baſſanio* I am halfe your ſelfe,
And muſt freely have the halfe of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.
Baſ. O ſweet *Portia*,
Heere are a few of the vnpleaſant'ſt words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle Lady
When I did firſt impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veines: I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true: and yet deere Lady,
Rating my ſelfe at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then have told you
That I was worſe than nothing: for indeede
I have ingag'd my ſelfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemy
To feede my meanes. Heere is a Letter Lady,
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound
Iſſuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*,

Hath all his ventures faild! what not one hit!
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one veſſell ſcape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?
Sal. Not one my Lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appeare, that if he had
The preſent money to diſcharge the Iew,
He would not take it: never did I know
A creature that did beare the ſhape of man
So keene and greedy to confound a man.
He plyes the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedome of the ſtate
If they deny him juſtice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himſelfe, and the Magnificoes
Of greateſt port have all perſwaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envyous plea
Of forfeiture, of juſtice, and his bond.
Ieſ. When I was with him, I have heard him ſweare
To *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his Countri-men,
That he would rather have *Anthonio's* fleſh,
Then twenty times the value of the ſumme
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poore *Anthonio.*
Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?
Baſ. The deereſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
The beſt condition'd, and vnwearied ſpirit
In doing curteſies: and one in whom
The ancient Romane honour more appeares
Then any that drawes breath in Italy.
Por. What ſumme owes he the Iew?
Baſ. For me three thouſand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him ſixe thouſand, and deface the bond:
Double ſixe thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a haire through my *Baſſanio's* fault.
Firſt go with me to Church, and call me wife
And then away to Venice to your friend:
For never ſhall you lie by *Portias* ſide
With an vnquiet ſoule. You ſhall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,
My maid *Nerriſſa*, and my ſelfe meane time
Will live as maids and widdowes; come away,
For you ſhall hence upon your wedding day:
Bid your friends welcome, ſhow a merry cheere,
Since you are deere bought, I will love you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet Baſſanio, *my ſhips have all miſcarried, my Creditors grew cruell, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the Iew is forfeit, and ſince in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould live, all debts are cleerd betweene you and I, if I might ſee you at my death: notwithſtanding, vſe your pleaſure, if your loue do not perſwade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O love! diſpatch all buſines and be gone.
Baſ. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haſt; but till I come againe,
No bed ſhall ere be guilty of my ſtay,
Nor reſt be interpoſer twixt us twaine. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Iew, and Solanio, and Anthonio, and the Iaylor.

Iew. Iaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,
This is the foole that lends out money *gratis.*
Iaylor, looke to him.
Ant. Heare me yet good *Shylok.*
Iew. Ile have my bond, ſpeake not againſt my bond,
I have ſworne an oath that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dſt me dog before thou hadſt a cauſe,
But ſince I am a dog, beware my phangs,
The Duke ſhall grant me juſtice: I do wonder
Thou naughty Iaylor, that thou art ſo fond
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.
Ant. I pray thee heare me ſpeake.
Iew. Ile have my bond, I will not heare thee ſpeake,
Ile have my bond, and therefore ſpeake no more.
Ile not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd foole,
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yeeld
To Chriſtian interceſſors: follow not,
Ile have no ſpeaking, I will have my bond. *Exit Iew.*
Sol. It is the moſt impenetrable curre
That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone,
Ile follow him no more with bootleſſe prayers:
He ſeekes my life, his reaſon well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made mone to me,
Therefore he hates me.
Sol. I am ſure the Duke will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
An. The Duke cannot deny the courſe of law;
For the commodity that ſtrangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the juſtice of the State,
Since that the trade and profit of the citty
Conſiſteth of all Nations. Therefore go,
Theſe greefes and loſſes have ſo bated mee,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To morrow, to my bloudy Creditor.
Well Iaylor, on, pray God *Baſſanio* come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia, Nerriſſa, Lorenzo, Ieſſica, and a man of Portias.

Lor. Madam, although I ſpeake it in you preſence.
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appeares moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you ſhew this honour,
How true a Gentleman you ſend releefe,
How deere a lover of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
Then cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor ſhall not now: for in companions
That do converſe and waſte the time together,
Whoſe ſoules do beare an egal yoke of love,
There muſt be needs a like proportion
Of lyniaments, of manners and of ſpirit,
Which makes me thinke that this *Anthonio*
Being the boſome lover of my Lord,
Muſt needs be like my Lord. If it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I have beſtowed
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoule,
From out the ſtate of helliſh cruelty.
This comes too neere the praiſing of my ſelfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenzo I commit into your hands,

The husbandry and mannage of my houſe,
Vntill my Lords returne; for mine owne part
I have toward heaven breath'd a ſecret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerriſſa* heere,
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne:
There is a monaſtery too miles off,
And there we will abide. I do deſire you
Not to denie this impoſition,
The which my love and ſome neceſſity
Now layes upon you.
Lor. Madame, with all my heart,
I ſhall obey you in all faire commands.
Por. My people do already know my minde,
And will acknowledge you and *Ieſſica*
In place of Lord *Baſſanio* and my ſelfe.
So fare you well till we ſhall meete againe.
Lor. Faire thoughts & happy houres attend on you;
Ieſ. I wiſh your Ladiſhip all hearts content.
Por. I thanke you for your wiſh, and am well pleas'd
To wiſh it backe on you: faryouwell *Ieſſica*. *Exeunt.*
Now *Balthazar*, as I have ever found thee honeſt true,
So let me finde thee ſtill: take this ſame letter,
And uſe thou all the indeavor of a man,
In ſpeed to Mantua, ſee thou render this
Into my coſins hand, Doctor *Bellario*,
And looke what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd ſpeed
Vnto the Tranect, to the common Ferrie
Which trades to Venice; waſt no time in words,
But get hee gone, I ſhall be there before thee.
Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient ſpeed.
Po. Come on *Nerriſſa*, I have worke in hand
That you yet know not of; wee'll ſee our husbands
Bafore they thinke of us?
Ner. Shal they ſee us?
Por. They ſhall *Nerriſſa*: but in ſuch a habit,
That they ſhall thinke we are accompliſhed
With that we lacke; Ile hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutered like yong men,
Ile prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the braver grace,
And ſpeake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reede voyce, and turne two minſing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeake of frayes
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes
How honourable Ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſicke and died.
I could not do withall: then Ile repent,
And wiſh for all that, that I had not kil'd them;
And twenty of theſe puny lies Ile tell
That men ſhall ſweare I have diſcontinued ſchoole
Above a twelve moneth: I have within my minde
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging Iacks,
Which I will practiſe.
Ner. Why, ſhall wee turne to men?
Por. Fie, what a queſtions that,
If thou wert nere a lewd interpreter?
But come, Ile tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which ſtayes for us
At the Parke gate; and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure twenty miles to day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne and Ieſſica.

Clowne. Yes truly; for looke you, the ſinnes of the Father are to be laid upon the children, therefore I promiſe you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and ſo now I ſpeake my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheere, for truly I thinke you are damn'd, there is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kinde of baſtard hope neither.

Ieſ. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clow. Marry you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Iewes daughter.

Ieſ. That were a kinde of baſtard hope indeed, ſo the ſins of my mother ſhould be viſited upon me.

Claw. Truly then I feare you are damned both by father and mother, thus when I ſhun *Stilla* your father, I fall into *Charibdis* your mother; well, you are gone both waies.

Ieſ. I ſhall be ſav'd by my husband, he hath made me a Chriſtian.

Clow. Truly the more to blame he, we were Chriſtians enow before, e'ne as many as could well live one by another: this making of Chriſtians will raiſe the price of Hogs; if wee grow all to be porke-eaters, wee ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coales for money.

Enter Lorrenzo.

Ieſ. Ile tell my husband *Launcelet* what you ſay, heere he comes.

Lor. I ſhall grow jealous of you ſhortly *Lancelet*, if you thus get my wife into corners?

Ieſ. Nay, you need not feare us *Lorenzo*, *Lancelet* and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for mee in heaven, becauſe I am a Iewes daughter: and hee ſaies you are no good member of the common wealth, for in converting Iewes to Chriſtians, you raiſe the price of Pork.

Lor. I ſhall anſwere that better to the Commonwealth than you can the getting up of the Negroes belly: the Moore is with childe by you *Launcelet*.

Clow. It is much that the Moore ſhould be more then reaſon: but if ſhe be leſſe then an honeſt woman, ſhe is indeed more then I tooke her for.

Lor. How every foole can play upon the word, I think the beſt grace of witte will ſhortly turne into ſilence, and diſcourſe grow commendable in none onely but Parrats: go in ſirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clow. That is done ſir, they have all ſtomacks?

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a witte-ſnapper are you, then bid them prepare dinner.

Clow. That is done too ſir, onely cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover than ſir?

Clow. Not ſo ſir neither, I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion, wilt thou ſhew the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant; I pray thee vnderſtand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe to thy fellowes, bid them cover the table, ſerve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Clow. For the table ſir, it ſhall be ſerv'd in, for the meat ſir, it ſhall be covered, for your comming in to dinner ſir, why let it be as humors and conceits ſhall governe.

Exit Clowne.

Lor. O deare diſcretion, how his words are ſuted,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An Army of good words, and I do know
A many fooles that ſtand in better place,
Garniſht like him, that for a trickſie word
Defie the matter: how cheer'ſt thou *Ieſſica*,
And now good ſweet ſay thy opinion,

Now

How doſt thou like the Lord *Baſſiano's* wife?
Ieſ. Paſt all expreſſing,it is very meete
The Lord *Baſſianio* live an upright life
For having ſuch a bleſſing in his Lady,
He findes the joyes of heaven heere on earth,
And if on earth he do not meane it,it
Is reaſon he ſhould never come to heaven?
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one:there muſt be ſomething elſe
Paund with the other,for the poore rude world
Hath not her fellow.
Lo. Even ſuch a husband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wiſe.
Ieſ. Nay, but aske my opinion too of that?
Lor. I will anone,firſt let us go to dinner?
Ieſ. Nay, let me praiſe you while I have a ſtomacke?
Lor. No pray thee,let it ſerue for table talke,
Then how ſom ere thou ſpeakſt 'mong other things,
I ſhall digeſt it?
Ieſ. Well, Ile ſet you forth. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Baſſanio, and Gratiano

Duke. What, is *Anthonio* heere?
Ant. Ready,ſo pleaſe your grace?
Du. I am ſorry for thee,thou art come to anſwere
A ſtony adverſary, an inhumane wretch,
Vncapable of pitty,voyd, and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath tane great paines to qualifie
His rigorous courſe:but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawfull meanes can carry me
Out of his envies reach,I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury,and am arm'd
To ſuffer with a quietneſſe of ſpirit,
The very tiranny and rage of his.
Du. Go one and call the Iew into the Court.
Sal. He is ready at the doore,he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Du. Make roome,and let him ſtand before our face.
Shylocke,the world thinkes, and I thinke ſo too
That thou but leadſt this faſhion of thy mallice
To the laſt houre of act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercy and remorſe more ſtrange,
Than is thy ſtrange apparant cruelty,
And where thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poore Merchants fleſh,
Thou wilt not onely looſe the forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentleneſſe and love,
Forgive a moyty of the principall,
Glancing an eie of pitty on his loſſes
That have of late ſo hudled on his backe,
Enow to preſſe a royall Merchant downe;
And plucke commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſie boſomes,and rough hearts of flint,
From ſtubborne Turkes and Tarters never traind
To offices of tender curteſie,
We all expect a gentle anſwer Iew?
Iew. I have poſſeſt your grace of what I purpoſe,
And by our holy Sabbath have I ſworne
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it,let the danger light
Vpon your Charter,and your Cities freedome.
You'l aske me why I rather chooſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, then to receive
Three thouſand Ducats ? Ile not anſwer that:
But ſay it is my humor ; Is it anſwered?
What if my houſe be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand Ducates
To have it bain'd? What,are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping Pigge:
Some that are madde,if they behold a Cat:
And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i'th noſe,
Cannot containe their Vrine for affection.
Maiſters of paſſion ſwayes it to the moode
Of what it likes or loaths,now for your anſwer:
As there is no firme reaſon to be rendred
Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?
Why he a harmleſſe neceſſary Cat?
Why he a woollen bag-pipe:but of force
Muſt yeeld to ſuch inevitable ſhame,
As to offend himſelfe being offended:
So can I give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing
I beare *Anthonio*,that I follow thus
A looſing ſuite againſt him? Are you anſwered?
Baſ. This is no anſwer thou vnfeeling man,
To excuſe the currant of thy cruelty.
Iew. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwer.
Baſ. Do all men kil the thing they do not love?
Iew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Baſ. Every offence is not a hate at firſt.
Iew: What wouldſt thou have a Serpent ſting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you thinke you queſtion with the Iew:
You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the maine flood bate his vſuall height,
Or even as well vſe queſtion with the Wolfe,
The Ewe bleate for the Lambe : when you behold,
You may as well forbid the Mountaine Pines
To wagge their high tops,and to make no noiſe
When they are fretted with the guſts of heaven:
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeeke to ſoften that,than which what harder?
His Iewiſh heart. Therefore I do beſeech you
Make no more offers,vſe no farther meanes,
But with all briefe and plaine conveniency
Let me have judgement, and the Iew his will.
Baſ. For thy three thouſand Ducates heere is ſix.
Iew. If every Ducat in ſixe thouſand Ducates
Were in ſixe parts, and every part a Ducate,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond?
Du. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy,rendring none?
Iew. What judgement ſhall I dread doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchaſt ſlaue,
Which like you Aſſes,and your Dogs and Mules,
You vſe in abject and in ſlaviſh part,
Becauſe your bought them. Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free,marry them to your heires?
Why ſweate they under burthens? Let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours : and let their pallats
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch Viands : you will anſwer

The ſlaves are ours. So do I anſwer you.
The pound of fleſh which I demand of him
Is deerely bought,'tis mine,and I will have it.
If you deny me; fie upon your Law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice;
I ſtand for judgement,anſwer,Shall I have it?
Du. Vpon my power I may diſmiſſe this Court,
Vnleſſe *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
Whom I have ſent for to determine this,
Come heere to day.
Sal. My Lord,heere ſtayes without
A Meſſenger with Letters from the Doctor,
New come from Padua.
Du. Bring us the Letters, Call the Meſſengers.
Baſ. Good cheere *Anthonio.* What man, corage yet:
The Iew ſhall have my fleſh, blood,bones,and all,
Ere thou ſhalt looſe for me one drop of blood.
Ant. I am a tainted Weather of the flocke,
Meeteſt for death, the weakeſt kinde of fruite
Drop's earlieſt to the ground, ſo let me;
You cannot better be employ'd *Baſſanio*,
Then to live ſtill,and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerriſſa.

*Du.*Came you from Padua from *Bellario*?
Ner. From both.
My Lord *Bellario* greets your Grace.
Baſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?
Iew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there.
Gra. Not on thy ſoale: but on thy ſoule harſh Iew
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keene: but no mettall can,
No, not the hangmans Axe beare halfe the keenneſſe
Of thy ſharpe envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Iew. No,none that thou hoaſt wit enough to make.
Gra. O be thou damn'd,inexecrable dogge,
And for thy life let juſtice be accus'd:
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith;
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That ſoules of animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunkes of men. Thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane ſlaughter,
Even from the gallowes did his fell ſoule fleet;
And whil'ſt thou layeſt in thy unhallowed dam,
Infus'd it ſelfe in thee: For thy deſires
Are Wolviſh,bloody,ſterv'd,and ravenous.
Iew. Till thou canſt raile the ſeale from off my bond
Thou but offend'ſt thy Lungs to ſpeale ſo loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth,or it will fall
To endleſſe ruine. I ſtand heere for Law.
Du. This Letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A yong and Learned Doctor in our Court;
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth heere hard by
To know your anſwer,whether you'l admit him.
Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him curteous conduct to this place,
Meane time the Court ſhall heare *Bellarioes* Letter.

YOur Grace ſhall underſtand, that at the receite of your Letter I am very ſicke: but in the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in loving viſitation, was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is Balthaſar: *I acquainted him with the cauſe in Controverſie, betweene the* Iew *and* Anthonio *the Merchant: We turn'd ore many Bookes together: hee is furniſhed with my opinion, which bettred with his owne learning, the greatneſſe whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunity, to fill up your Graces requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lacke of years be no impediment to let him lacke a reverend eſtimation: for I never knewe ſo yong a body, with ſo old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe trial ſhall better publiſh his commendation.*

Enter Portia for Balthazar.

Du. You heare the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
And heere(I take it)is the Doctor come.
Give me your hand: Came you from old *Bellario*?
Por. I did my Lord.
Du. You are welcome:take your place;
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this preſent queſtion in the Court.
Por. I am enformed throughly of the cauſe.
Which is the Merchant heere? and which the Iew?
Du. Anthonio and old *Shylocke*,both ſtand forth.
Por. Is your name *Shylocke*.
Iew. Shylocke is my name.
Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſute you follow,
Yet in ſuch rule,that the Venetian Law
Cannot impugne you as you do proceed.
You ſtand within his danger,do you not?
Ant. I, ſo he ſayes.
Po. Do you confeſſe the bond?
An. I do.
Por. Then muſt the Iew be mercifull.
Iew. On what compulſion muſt I? Tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heaven
Vpon the place beneath. It is twice bleſt,
It bleſſeth him that gives,and him that takes,
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt, it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.
His Scepter ſhewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and Majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and feare of Kings:
But mercy is aboue this ſceptred ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himſelfe;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt Gods
When mercy ſeaſons Iuſtice. Therefore Iew,
Though Iuſtice be thy plea, conſider this,
That in the courſe of Iuſtice, none of us
Should ſee ſalvation:we do pray for mercy,
And that ſame prayer,doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much
To mittigate the juſtice of thy plea:
Which if thou follow, this ſtrict courſe of Venice
Muſt needes give ſentence gainſt the Merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head,I crave the Law,
The penalty and forfeite of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?
Baſ. Yes,heere I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea,twice the ſumme,if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,
On forfeit of my hands,my head,my heart:
If this will not ſuffice it muſt appeare
That malice beares downe truth. And I beſeech you
Wreſt once the Law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong.
And curbe this cruell divell of his will.
Por. It muſt not be,there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed:
'Twill be recorded for a Preſident,

And many an error by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate: It cannot be.
Iew. A *Daniel* come to judgement, yea a *Daniel.*
O wiſe young Iudge, how do I honour thee.
Por. I pray you let me looke upon the bond.
Iew. Heere 'tis moſt reverend Doctor, heere it is.
Por. *Shylocke*, there's thrice thy mony offered thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my ſoule?
No not for Venice.
Por. Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Iew may claime
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neereſt the Merchants heart; be mercifull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.
Iew. When it is paid according to the tenure.
It doth appeare you are a worthy Iudge:
You know the Law, your expoſition
Hath beene moſt ſound. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deſerving pillar,
Proceede to judgement: By my ſoule I ſweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I ſtay heere on my bond.
An. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the Court
To give the judgement.
Por. Why then thus it is:
You muſt prepare your boſome for his knife.
Iew. O noble Iudge, O excellent yong man.
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the Law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which heere appeareth due upon the bond.
Iew. 'Tis very true: O wiſe and upright Iudge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes?
Por. Therefore lay bare your boſome.
Iew. I, his breſt,
So ſayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?
Neereſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.
Por. It is ſo: Are there ballance heere to weigh the fleſh?
Iew. I have them ready.
Por. Have by ſome Surgeon *Shylock* on your charge
To ſtop his wounds, leaſt he ſhould bleede to death.
Iew. It is not nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſt: but what of that?
'Twere good you do ſo much for charity.
Iew. I cannot finde it, 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come Merchant, have you any thing to ſay?
Ant. But litle: I am arm'ed and well prepar'd
Give me your hand *Baſſanio*, fare you well.
Greeve not that I am falne to this for you:
For heerein fortune ſhewes her ſelfe more kinde
Then is his cuſtome. It is ſtill her uſe
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty. From which lingring penance
Of ſuch a miſery, doth ſhe cut me off:
Commend me to your honourable Wife,
Tell her the proceſſe of *Anthonio's* end:
Say how I lov'd you; ſpeake me faire in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Baſſanio* had not once a Love:
Repent not you that you ſhall looſe your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt.
For if the Iew do cut but deepe enough,
Ile pay it inſtantly, with all my heart.
Baſ. *Anthonio*, I am married to a wife,
Which is as deere to me as life it ſelfe,
But life it ſelfe, my wife and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life.
I would looſe all, I ſacrifice them all
Heere to this devill, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by to heare you make the offer.
Gro. I have a wife whom I proteſt I love,
I would ſhe were in heaven, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome power to change this curriſh Iew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behinde her backe,
The wiſh would make elſe an vnquiet houſe.
Iew. Theſe be the Chriſtian husbands: I have a daughter
Would any of the ſtocke of *Barrabas*
Had beene her husband, rather then a Chriſtian.
We trifle time, I pray thee purſue ſentence.
Por. A pound of that ſame merchants fleſh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Iew. Moſt rightfull Iudge.
Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt,
The Law allowes it, and the Court awards it.
Iew. Moſt learned Iudge, a ſentence, come prepare.
For. Tarry a little, there is ſomething elſe,
This bond doth give thee heere no jot of bloud,
The words expreſly are a pound of fleſh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh,
But in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of Chriſtian bloud, thy lands and goods
Are by the Lawes of Venice confiſcate
Vnto the ſtate of Venice.
Gra. O upright Iudge,
Marke Iew, O learned Iudge.
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thy ſelfe ſhalt ſee the Act:
For as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd
Thou ſhalt have juſtice more then thou deſireſt.
Gra. O learned Iudge, marke Iew, a learned Iudge.
Iew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the Chriſtian go.
Baſ. Heere is the mony.
For. Soft, the Iew ſhall have all juſtice, ſoft, no haſte,
He ſhall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Iew, an upright Iudge, a learned Iudge.
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fleſh,
Shed thou no bloud, nor cut thou leſſe nor more
But juſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more
Or leſſe then a juſt pound, be it ſo much
As makes it light or heavy in the ſubſtauce,
Or the deviſion of the twentieth part
Of one poore ſcruple, nay if the ſcale do turne
But in the eſtimation of a hayre,
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.
Gra. A ſecond *Daniel*, a *Daniel* Iew,
Now infidell I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Iew pauſe, take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principall, and let me go.
Baſ. I have it ready for thee, heere it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court,
He ſhall have meerly juſtice and his bond.
Gra. A *Daniel* ſtill ſay I, a ſecond *Daniel*,
I thanke thee Iew for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principall?
Por. Thou ſhalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be taken ſo at thy perill Iew.
Shy. Why then the Devill give him good of it:
Ile ſtay no longer queſtion.

Por. Tarry Iew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice,
If it be proved againſt an Alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts
He ſeeke the life of any Citizen,
The party 'gainſt the which he doth contrive,
Shall ſeaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe
Comes to the privy coffer of the State,
And the offenders life lyes in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, 'gainſt all other voyce.
In which predicament I ſay thou ſtandſt:
For it appeares by manifeſt proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too
Thou had contriv'd againſt the very life
Of the defendant: and thou haſt incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehearſt.
Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Gra. Beg that thou maiſt have leave to hang thy ſelfe,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the ſtate,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou muſt be hang'd at the ſtates charge.
Duk. That thou ſhalt ſee the difference of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
For halfe thy wealth, it is *Anthonio's*,
The other halfe comes to the generall ſtate,
Which humbleneſſe may drive unto a fine.
Por. I for the ſtate, not for *Anthonio.*
Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
You take my houſe, when you doe take the prop
That doth ſuſtaine my houſe: you take my life
When you doe take the meanes whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him *Anthonio*?
Gra. A halter *Gratis*, nothing elſe for Gods ſake.
Ant. So pleaſe my Lord the Duke, and all the Court
To quite the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: ſo he will let me have
The other halfe in uſe, to render it
Vpon his death, unto the Gentleman
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things provided more, that for this favour
He preſently become a Chriſtian:
The other, that he doe record a gift
Heere in the Court of all he dyes poſſeſt
Vnto his ſonne *Lorenzo*, and his daughter.
Duk. He ſhall doe this, or elſe I doe recant
The pardon that I late pronounced heere.
Por. Art thou contented Iew? what doſt thou ſay?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you give me leave to goe from hence,
I am not well, ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſigne it.
Duk. Get thee gone, but doe it.
Gra. In chriſtning thou ſhalt have two godfathers,
Had I beene judge, thou ſhouldſt have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font. *Exit.*
Duk. Sir I intreat you with me home to dinner.
Por. I humbly doe deſire your Grace of pardon,
I muſt away this night toward Padua,
And it is meete I preſently ſet forth.
Duk. I am ſorry that your leyſure ſerves you not:
Anthonio greatifie this gentleman,
For in my mind, you are much bound to him.
Exit Duke and his traine.
Baſſ. Moſt worthy gentleman, I and my freind
Have by your wiſedome beene this day acquitted
Of greevous penalties, in lieu whereof,
Three thouſand Ducats due unto the Iew
We freely cope your curteous paines withall.
Ant. And ſtand indebted over and above
In love and ſervice to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well ſatisfied,
And I delivering you, am ſatisfied,
And therein doe account my ſelfe well paid,
My mind was never yet more mercinary.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wiſh you well, and ſo I take my leave.
Baſſ. Deare ſir, of force I muſt attempt you further,
Take ſome remembrance of us as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You preſſe me farre, and therefore I will yeeld,
Give me your gloves, Ile weare them for your ſake,
And for your love Ile take this ring from you,
Doe not draw backe your hand, ile take no more,
And you in love ſhall not deny me this?
Baſſ. This ring good ſir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not ſhame my ſelfe to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing elſe but onely this,
And now methinkes I have a mind to it.
Baſ. There's more depends on this then on the valew,
The deareſt ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon me.
Por. I ſee ſir you are liberall in offers,
You taught me firſt to beg, and now me thinkes
You teach me how a begger ſhould be anſwer'd.
Baſ. Good ſir, this ring was given me by my wife,
And when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow
That I ſhould neither ſell, nor give, nor loſe it.
Por. That ſcuſe ſerves many men to ſave their gifts,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deſerv'd this ring,
Shee would not hold out enemy for ever
For giving it to me: well, peace be with you. *Exeunt.*
Ant. My Lord *Baſſanio*, let him have the ring,
Let his deſervings and my love withall
Be valued againſt your wives commandement.
Baſ. Goe *Gratiano*, run and over-take him,
Give him the ring, and bring him if thou canſt
Vnto *Anthonios* houſe, away, make haſte. *Exit Grati.*
Come, you and I will thither preſently,
And in the morning early will we both
Flye toward *Belmont*, come *Anthonio.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia, and Nerriſſa.

Por. Enquire the Iewes houſe out, give him this deed,
And let him ſigne it; we'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo.*

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Faire ſir, you are well ore-tane:
My L. *Baſſanie* upon more advice,
Hath ſent you heere this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be;
His ring I doe accept moſt thankefully,
And ſo I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you ſhew my youth old *Shylockes* houſe.
Grati. That will I doe.
Ner. Sir, I would ſpeake with you:

Ile ſee if I can get my husbands ring
Which I did make him ſweare to keepe for ever.
Por. Thou maiſt I warrant, we ſhall have old ſwearing
That they did give the rings away to men;
But weele out-face them, and out-ſweare them too:
Away, make haſte, thou know'ſt where I will tarry.
Ner. Come good ſir, will you ſhew me to this houſe.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and Ieſſica.

Lor. The moone ſhines bright. In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet winde did gently kiſſe the trees,
And they did make no noyſe, in ſuch a night
Troylus me thinkes mounted the Troian wall,
And ſigh'd his ſoule toward the Grecian tents
Where *Creſſed* lay that night.
Ieſ. In ſuch a night.
Did *Thisby* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
And ſaw the Lyons ſhadow ere himſelfe,
And ranne diſmayed away.
Loren. In ſuch a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Vpon the wilde ſea bankes, and waft her Love
To come againe to Carthage.
Ieſ. In ſuch a night
Medea gathered the inchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eſon.*
Loren. In ſuch a night
Did *Ieſſica* ſteale from the wealthy Iewe,
And with an Vnthrift Love did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont.
Ieſ. And in ſuch a night.
Did young *Lorenzo* ſweare he lov'd her well,
Stealing her ſoule with many vowes of faith,
And ne're a true one.
Loren. And in ſuch a night
Did pretty *Ieſſica* (like a little ſhrow)
Slander her Love, and he forgave it her.
Ieſ. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter Meſſenger.

Lor. Who comes ſo faſt in ſilence of the night?
Meſ. A friend. (friend?
Loren. A friend, what friend? your name I pray you
Meſ. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My Miſtreſſe will before the breake of day
Be heere at Belmont, ſhe doth ſtray about
By holy croſſes where ſhe kneeles and prayes
For happy wedlocke houres.
Loren. Who comes with her?
Meſ. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you is my Maſter yet return'd?
Loren. He is not, nor we have not heard from him,
But go we in I pray thee *Ieſſica*,
And ceremoniouſly let us prepare
Some welcome for the Miſtreſſe of the houſe.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Sola, ſola: wo ha ho, ſola, ſola.
Loren. Who calls?
Clo. Sola, did you ſee M. *Lorenzo*, and M. *Lorenza*, ſola,
Lor. Leave hollowing man, here. (ſola.
Clo. Sola, where, where?
Lor. Heere?
Clo. Tell him ther's a Poſt come from my Maſter, with his horne full of good newes, my Maſter will be here ere morning ſweet love.
Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.
And yet no matter: why ſhould we goe in?
My friend *Stephano* ſignifie pray you
Within the houſe, your Miſtreſſe is at hand,
And bring your muſique forth into the ayre.
How ſweet the moone-light ſleepes upon this banke,
Heere will we ſit, and let the ſounds of Muſicke
Creepe in our eares; ſoft ſtilnes, and the night
Become the tutches of ſweet harmony:
Sit *Ieſſica*, looke how the floore of heaven
Is thicke inlayed with patterns of bright gold,
There's not the ſmalleſt orbe which thou beholdſt
But in his motion like an Angell ſings,
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortall ſoules,
But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſly cloſe in it, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,
With ſweeteſt tutches pearce your Miſtreſſe eare,
And draw her home with muſicke.
Ieſſi. I am never merry when I heare ſweet muſique.
Play muſicke.
Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive:
For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard
Or race of youthfull and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their bloud,
If they but heare perchance a trumpet ſound,
Or any ayre of muſicke touch their eares,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutuall ſtand,
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of muſicke: therefore the Poet
Did faine that *Orpheus* drew teares, ſtones, and floods.
Since naught ſo ſtockiſh, hard, and full of rage,
But muſicke for the time doth change his nature,
The man that hath no muſicke in himſelfe,
Nor is not moved with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoyles,
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections darke as *Erebus*,
Let no ſuch man be truſted: marke the muſicke.

Enter Portia and Nerriſſa.

Por. That light we ſee is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candell throwes his beames,
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world. (dle?
Ner. When the moone ſhone we did not ſee the can-
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſſe,
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a King
Vntill a King be by, and then his ſtate
Empties it ſelfe, as doth an inland brooke
Into the maine of waters: muſique, harke. *Muſicke.*
Ner. It is your muſicke Madam of the houſe.
Por. Nothing is good I ſee without reſpect,
Methinkes it ſounds much ſweeter then by day?
Ner. Silence beſtowes that vertue on it Madam,
Por. The Crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the Larke

When neither is attended : and I thinke
The Nightingale if ſhe ſhould ſing by day
When every Gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a Muſitian then the Wren?
How many things by ſeaſon, ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe, and true perfection:
Peace, how the Moone ſleepes with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd

Muſicke ceaſes.

Lor. That is the voyce,
Or I am much deceiu'd of *Portia.*
Por. He knowes me as the blind man knowes the Cuckow by the bad voyce?
Lor. Deere Lady welcôme home?
Por. We have beene praying for our husbands welfare
Which ſpeed we hope the better for our words,
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet:
But there is come a Meſſenger before
To ſignifie rheir comming.
Por. Goe in *Nerriſſa*,
Give order to my ſervants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Ieſſica* nor you.

A Tucket ſounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.
Por. This night me thinkes is but the daylight ſicke,
It lookes a little paler, 'tis a day:
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their Followers.

Baſ. We ſhould hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in abſence of the ſunne.
Bor. Let me give light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be *Baſſanio* ſo from me,
But God ſort all : you are welcome home my Lord.
Baſ. I thanke you Madam, give welcome to my friend
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.
Por. You ſhould in all ſence be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more then I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe:
It muſt appeare in other wayes then words,
Therefore I ſcant this breathing curteſie.
Gra. By yonder Moone I ſweare you doe me wrong,
Infaith I gave it to the Iudges Clearke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you doe take it Love ſo much at heart.
Por. A quarrell hoe already, what's the matter?
Gra. Abont a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring
That ſhe did give me, whoſe Poeſie was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Vpon a knife; *Love me, and leave me not.*
Ner. What talke you of the Poeſie or the valew:
You ſwore to me when I did give it you,
That you would weare it till the houre of death,
And that it ſhould lye with you in your grave,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You ſhould have beene reſpective and have kept it.
Gave it a Iudges Clearke : but well I know
The Clearke will ne're weare haire on's face that had it.
Gra. He will, and if he live to be a man.
Ner. If, if a Woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now by this hand I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher then thy ſelfe, the Iudges Clearke,
A prating boy that begg'd it as a Fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were too blame, I muſt be plaine with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wives firſt gift,
A thing ſtucke on with oathes upon your finger,
And ſo riveted with faith unto your fleſh.
I gave my Love a Ring, and made him ſweare
Never to part with it, and heere he ſtands:
I dare be ſworne for him, he would not leave it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now in faith *Gratiano*,
You give your wife too unkind a cauſe of griefe,
And 'twere to me I ſhould be mad at it.
Baſ. Why I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſweare I loſt the Ring defending it.
Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio* gave his Ring away
Vnto the Iudge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deſerv'd it too : and then the Boy his Clearke
That tooke ſome paines in writing, he begg'd mine,
And neither man nor maſter would take ought
But the two Rings.
Por. What Ring gave you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiv'd of me.
Baſ. If I could adde a lye unto a fault,
I would deny it : but you ſee my finger
Hath not the Ring upon it, it is gone.
Por. And even ſo voide is your falſe heart of truth.
By heaven I will ne're come in your bed
Vntill I ſee the Ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours, till I againe ſee mine.
Baſ. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gave the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the Ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the Ring,
And how unwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure?
Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthineſſe that gave the Ring,
Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,
Your would not then have parted with the Ring:
What man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any termes of Zeale : wanted the modeſty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony:
Nerriſſa teaches me what to beleeve,
Ile dye for't, but ſome Woman had the Ring?
Baſ. No by mine honor Madam, by my ſoule
No Woman had it, but a civill Doctor,
Which did refuſe three thouſand Ducates of me,
And begg'd the Ring; the which I did deny him,
And ſuffer'd him to goe diſpleas'd away:
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my deere friend. What ſhould I ſay ſweet Lady?
I was inforc'd to ſend it after him,
I was beſet with ſhame and curteſie,
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much beſmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by theſe bleſſed Candles of the night,
Had you beene there, I thinke you would have begg'd
The Ring of me, to give thee worthy Doctor.

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my houſe,
Since he hath got the jewell that I loved,
And that which you did ſweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it.
Lye not a night from home. Watch me like Argus,
If you doe not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honor which is yet mine owne,
Ile have the Doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his Clarke: therefore be well adviſ'd
How you doe leave me to mine owne protection.

Gra. Well, doe you ſo: let not me take him then,
For if I doe, ile mar the yong Clarkes pen.

Ant. I am th'unhappy ſubject of theſe quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you,
You are welcome notwithſtanding.

Baſ. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of theſe many friends
I ſweare to thee, even by thine owne faire eyes
Wherein I ſee my ſelfe.———

Por. Marke you but that?
In both mine eyes he doubly ſees himſelfe:
In each eye one, ſweare by your double ſelfe,
And there's an oath of credit.

Baſ. Nay, but heare me.
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoule I ſweare
I never more will breake an oath with thee.

Anth. I once did lend my body for thy wealth,
Which but for him that had your husbands ring
Had quite miſcarried. I dare be bound againe,
My ſoule upon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will never more breake faith adviſedly.

Por. Then you ſhall be his ſurety: give him this,
And bid him keepe it better then the other.

Ant. Heere Lord *Baſſanio*, ſwear to keepe this ring.

Baſſ. By heaven it is the ſame I gave the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him: pardon *Baſſanio*,
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke
In liew of this, laſt night did lye with me.

Gra. Why this is like the mending of high wayes
In Sommer, where the wayes are faire enough:
What, are we Cuckolds ere we have deſerv'd it?

Por. Speake not ſo groſſely, you are all amaz'd;
Heere is a letter, reade it at your leyſure,
It comes from Padua from *Bellario*.
There you ſhall find that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerriſſa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere
Shall witneſſe I ſet forth as ſoone as you,
And but ev'n now return'd: I have not yet
Entred my houſe. *Anthonio* you are welcome,
And I have better newes in ſtore for you
Than you expect: unſeale this letter ſoone,
There you ſhall find three of your Argoſies
Are richly come to harbour ſodainly.
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Anth. I am dumbe.

Baſ. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the Clarke that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. I, but the Clarke that never meanes to doe it,
Vnleſſe he live untill he be a man.

Baſ. (Sweet Doctor) you ſhall be my bedfellow,
When I am abſent, then lye with my wife.

Ant. (Sweet Lady) you have given me life and living;
For heere I reade for certaine that my ſhips
Are ſafely come to Rodes.

Por. How now *Lorenzo*?
My Clarke hath ſome good comforts too for you.

Ner. I, and Ile give them him without a fee.
There doe I give to you and *Ieſſica*
From the rich Iew, a ſpeciall deed of gift
After his death, of all he dyes poſſeſſ'd of.

Loren. Faire Ladies you drop Manna in the way
Of ſtarved people.

Por. It is almoſt morning,
And yet I am ſure you are not ſatisfied.
Of theſe events at full. Let us goe in,
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be ſo, the firſt intergatory
That my *Nerriſſa* ſhall be ſworne on, is,
Whether till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay,
Or goe to bed, now being two houres to day,
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it darke,
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while I live, Ile feare no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe *Nerriſſas* ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

As you like it.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

AS I remember *Adam*, it was upon this faſhion bequeathed me by will, but a poore thouſand Crownes, and as thou ſaiſt, charged my brother on his bleſſing to breed me well: and there begins my ſadneſſe: My brother *Iaques* he keepes at ſchoole, and report ſpeakes goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keepes me ruſtically at home, or (to ſpeake more properly) ſtayes me heere at home unkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the ſtalling of an Oxe? his horſes are bred better, for beſides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders deerely hir'd: but I (his brother) gaine nothing under him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghils are as much bound to him as I: beſides this nothing that he ſo plentifully gives me, the ſomething that nature gave me, his countenance ſeemes to take from me: he lets me feede with his Hindes, barres me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lyes, mines my gentility with my education. This is it *Adam* that grieves me, and the ſpirit of my Father, which I thinke is within me, begins to mutiny againſt this ſervitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wiſe remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my Maſter, your brother.

Orlan. Goe apart *Adam*, and thou ſhalt heare how he will ſhake me up.

Oli. Now Sir, what make you heare?

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What marre you then ſir?

Orla. Marry ſir, I am helping you to marre that which God made, a poore unworthy brother of yours with idleneſſe.

Oli. Marry ſir be better employed, and be naught a while.

Orla. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with them? what prodigall portion have I ſpent, that I ſhould come to ſuch penury?

Oli. Know you where you are ſir?

Orla. O ſir, very well: heere in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom ſir?

Orla. I, better then him I am before, knowes me: I know you are my eldeſt brother, and in the gentle condition of bloud you ſhould ſo know me: the courteſie of nations allowes you my better, in that you are the firſt borne, but the ſame tradition takes not away my bloud, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me; as you, albeit I confeſſe your comming before me is neerer to his reverence.

Oli. What Boy.

Orla. Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in (this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?

Orla. I am no villaine: I am the yongeſt ſonne of ſir *Rowland de Boyes*, he was my father, and he is thrice a villaine that ſayes ſuch a father begot villaines: wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had puld out thy tongue, for ſaying ſo, thou haſt raild on thy ſelfe,

Adam, Sweet Maſter be patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me goe I ſay.

Orla. I will not till I pleaſe: you ſhall heare me: my father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a pezant, obſcuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the ſpirit of my father growes ſtrong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me ſuch exerciſes as may become a gentleman, or give me the poore allottery my father left me by teſtament, with that I will goe buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou doe? beg when that is ſpent? Well ſir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you ſhall have ſome part of your will, I pray you leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you, then becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dogge.

Adam. Is old dogge my reward: moſt true, I have loſt my teeth in your ſervice: God be with my old maſter, he would not have ſpoke ſuch a word. *Ex. Orl. Ad.*

Oli. Is it even ſo, begin you to grow upon me? I will phyſicke your ranckeneſſe, and yet give no thouſand crownes neither: holla *Dennis*.

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worſhip.

Oli. Was not *Charles* thr Dukes Wraſtle heere to ſpeake with me?

Den. So pleaſe your, he is heere at the doore, and importunes acceſſe to you.

Oli. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to morrow the wraſtling is.

Enter Charles.

Char. Good morrow to your worſhip.

Oli. Good Mounſieur *Charles*: what's the new newes at the new Court?

Char. There's no newes at the Court ſir, but the old newes: that is, the old Duke is baniſhed by his yonger brother the new Duke, and three or foure loving

Lords have put themſelves into voluntary exile with him, whoſe lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if *Roſalind* the Dukes daughter be baniſhed with her Father?

Cha. O no; for the Dukes daughter her Coſen ſo loves her, being ever from their Cradles bred together, that he would have followed her exile, or have died to ſtay behind her; ſhe is at the Court, and no leſſe beloved of her Vncle, then his owne daughter, and never two Ladies loved as they doe.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They ſay he is already in the Forreſt of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*: they ſay many yong Gentlemen flocke to him every day, and fleet the time careleſly as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wraſtle to morrow before the new Duke?

Charl. Marry doe I ſir: and I came to acquaint you with a matter: I am given ſir ſecretly to underſtand, that your yonger brother *Orlando* hath a diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt me to try a fall: to morrow ſir I wraſtle for my credit, and he that eſcapes me without ſome broken limbe, ſhall acquit him well: your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would bee loth to foyle him, as I muſt for my owne honour if he come in: therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall, that either you might ſtay him from his intendment, or brooke ſuch diſgrace well as he ſhall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne ſearch, and altogether againſt my will.

Oli. *Charles*, I thanke thee for thy love to me, which thou ſhalt find I will moſt kindly requite: I had my ſelfe notice of my Brothers purpoſe heerein, and have by under-hand meanes laboured to diſſwade him from it; but he is reſolute. Ile tell thee *Charles*, it is the ſtubborneſt yong fellow of *France*, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every mans good parts, a ſecret and villanous contriver againſt me his naturall brother: therefore uſe thy diſcretion, I had as liefe thou didſt breake his necke as his finger. And thou wert beſt looke to't; for if thou doſt him any ſlight diſgrace, or if he doe not mightily grace himſelfe on thee, he will practiſe againſt thee by poyſon, entrap thee by ſome treacherous deviſe, and never leave thee till he hath tane thy life by ſome indirect meanes or other: for I aſſure thee, (and almoſt with teares I ſpeake it) there is not one ſo young, and ſo villanous this day living. I ſpeake but brotherly of him, but ſhould I anathomize him to thee, as he is, I muſt bluſh, and weepe, and thou muſt looke pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee come to morrow, Ile give him his payment: if ever he goe alone againe, Ile never wraſtle for prize more: and ſo God keepe your worſhip. *Exit.*

Oli. Farewell good *Charles*. Now will I ſtirre this Gameſter: I hope I ſhall ſee an end of him; for my ſoule (yet I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet he's gentle, never ſchool'd, and yet learned, full of noble deviſe, of all ſorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed ſo much in the heart of the world, and eſpecially of my owne people, who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed: but it ſhall not be ſo long, this wraſtler ſhall cleare all: nothing remaines, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now Ile goe about. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Roſalind, and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee *Roſalind*, ſweet my Coz, be merry.

Roſ. Deere *Celia*; I ſhow more mirth then I am miſtreſſe of, and would you yet were merrier: unleſſe you could teach me to forget a baniſhed father, you muſt not learne mee how to remember any extraordinary pleaſure.

Cel. Heerein I ſee thou lov'ſt mee not with the full waight that I love thee; if my Vncle thy baniſhed father had baniſhed thy Vncle the Duke my Father, ſo thou hadſt beene ſtill with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; ſo wouldſt thou, if the truth of thy love to me were ſo righteouſly temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Roſ. Well, I will forget the condition of my eſtate, to rejoyce in yours.

Cel. You know my Father hath no child, but I, nor none is like to have; and truely when he dies, thou ſhalt be his heire? for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by mine honour I will, and when I breake that oath, let me turne monſter: therefore my ſweet *Roſe*, my deare *Roſe*, be merry.

Roſ. From henceforth I will Coz, and deviſe ſports: let me ſee, what thinke you of falling in Love?

Cel. Marry I prethee doe, to make ſport withall: but love no man in good earneſt, nor no further in ſport neyther, then with ſafety of a pure bluſh, thou maiſt in honor come off againe.

Roſ. What ſhall be our ſport then?

Cel. Let us ſit and mocke the good houſwife *Fortune* from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth be beſtowed equally.

Roſ. I would we could doe ſo: for her benefits are mightily miſplaced, and the bountifull blind woman doth moſt miſtake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for thoſe that ſhe makes faire, ſhe ſcarce makes honeſt, and thoſe that ſhe makes honeſt, ſhe makes very ill favouredly.

Roſ. Nay now thou goeſt from Fortunes office to Natures: Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Clowne.

Cel. No; when Nature hath made a faire creature, may ſhe not by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune ſent in this foole to cut off the argument?

Roſ. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes natures naturall, the cutter off of natures wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortunes worke neither, but Natures, who perceiving our naturall wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch goddeſſes, hath ſent this Naturall for our whetſtone: for alwayes the dulneſſe of the foole, is the whetſtone of the wits. How now Witte, whither wander you?

Clow. Miſtreſſe, you muſt come away to your father,

Cel. Were you made the meſſenger?

Clo. No by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you

Roſ. Where learned you that oath foole?

Clo. Of a certaine Knight, that ſwore by his Honour they were good Pancakes, and ſwore by his Honour the Muſtard was naught: Now Ile ſtand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Muſtard was good, and yet was not the Knight forſworne.

Cel. How prove you that in the great heape of your knowledge?

Roſ. I marry, now unmuzzle you wiſedome.

Clo. Stand you both forth now: ſtroke your chinnes, and ſweare by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards (if we had them) thou art.

Clo. By my knavery (if I had it) then I were: but if you ſweare by that that is not, you are not forſworne: no more was this knight ſwearing by his Honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had ſworne it away, before ever he ſaw thoſe Pancakes, or that Muſtard.

Cel. Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

Clo. One that old *Ferdericke* your Father loves.

Roſ. My Fathers love is enough to honor him enough; ſpeake no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation, one of theſe dayes.

Clo. The more pitty that fooles may not ſpeake wiſely, what Wiſemen doe fooliſhly.

Cel. By my troth thou ſaieſt true: For, ſince the little wit that fooles have was ſilenced, the little foolery that wiſe men have makes a great ſhew; Here comes Mounſieur *Le Beu.*

Enter Le Beu.

Roſ. With his mouth full of newes.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as Pigeons feed their young.

Roſ. Then ſhall we be newes-cram'd.

Cel. All the better: we ſhallbe the more marketable. *Boon-jour Mounſier le Beu,* what the newes?

Le Beu. Faire Princeſſe,
You have loſt much good ſport.

Cel. Sport: of what colour?

Le Beu. What colour Madam? How ſhall I anſwer you?

Roſ. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the deſtinies decrees.

Cel. Well ſaid, that was laid on with a trowell.

Clo. Nay, if I keepe not my ranke,

Roſ. Thou looſeſt thy old ſmell.

Le Beu. You amaze me Ladies: I would have told you of good wraſtling, which you have loſt the ſight of.

Roſ. Yet tell us the manner of the Wraſtling.

Le Beu. I will tell you the beginning: and if it pleaſe your Ladiſhips, you may ſee the end, for the beſt is yet to doe, and heere where you are, they are comming to performe it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beu. There comes an old man, and his three ſons.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beu. Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and preſence.

Roſ. With bils on their neckes: Be it knowne unto all men by theſe preſents.

Le Beu. The eldeſt of the three, wraſtled with *Charles* the Dukes Wraſtler, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he ſerv'd the ſecond, and ſo the third: yonder they lye, the poore old man their Father, making ſuch pittifull dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Roſ. Alas.

Clo. But what is the ſport Mounſieur, that the Ladies have loſt?

Le Beu. Why this that I ſpeake of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiſer every day. It is the firſt time that ever I heard breaking of ribbes was ſport for Ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promiſe thee.

Roſ. But is there any elſe longs to ſee this broken Muſicke in his ſides? Is there yet another doates upon ribbreaking? Shall we ſee this wraſtling Coſin?

Le Beu. You muſt if you ſtay heere, for heere is the place appointed for wraſtling, and they are ready to performe it.

Cel. Yonder ſure they are comming. Let us now ſtay and ſee it.

Flouriſh. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles and Attendants.

Duk. Come on, ſince the youth will not be intreated,
His owne perill on his forwardneſſe.

Roſ. Is yonder the man?

Le Beu. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too yong: yet he lookes ſucceſſefully.

Du. How now daughter, and Coſin:
Are you crept hither to ſee the wraſtling?

Roſ. I my Liedge, ſo pleaſe you give us leave.

Du. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is ſuch oddes in the man: In pitty of the challengers youth, I would faine diſſwade him, but he will not be entreated. Speake to him Ladies, ſee if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither good Mounſieur *Le Beu.*

Duk. Doe ſo: Ile not be by.

Le Beu. Mounſieur the Challenger, the Princeſſe calls for you.

Orla. I attend them with all reſpect and duty.

Roſ. Young man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the Wraſtler?

Orl. No faire Princeſſe: he is the generall challenger, I come but as others doe, to try with him the ſtrength of my youth.

Cel. Yong Gentleman, your ſpirits are too bold for your yeares: you have ſeene cruell proofe of this mans ſtrength, if you ſaw your ſelfe with your eyes, or knew your ſelfe with your judgement, the feare of your adventure would counſell you to a more equall enterpriſe. We pray you for your owne ſake to embrace your owne ſafety, and give over this attempt.

Roſ. Doe yong Sir, your reputation ſhall not therefore be miſpriſed: we will make it our ſuite to the Duke, that the wraſtling might not goe forward.

Orl. I beſeech you, puniſh me not with your harde thoughts, wherein I confeſſe me much guilty to deny ſo faire and excellent Ladies any thing. But let your faire eyes, and gentle wiſhes goe with me to my triall; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one ſham'd that was never gracious: if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be ſo: I ſhall doe my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing: onely in the world I fill up a place, which may be better ſupplyed, when I have made it empty.

Roſ. The little ſtrength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eeke out hers.
Roſ. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceiv'd in you.
Cel. Your hearts deſires be with you.
Char. Come, where is this yong gallant, that is ſo deſirous to lye with his mother earth?
Orla. Ready ſir, but his will hath in it a more modeſt working.
Duk. You ſhall try but one fall.
Cha. No, I warrant your Grace you ſhall not entreat him to a ſecond, that have ſo mightily perſwaded him from a firſt.
Orla. You meane to mocke me after: you ſhould not have mockt me before: but come your wayes.
Roſ. Now *Hercules*, be thy ſpeede yong man.
Cel. I would I were inviſible, to catch the ſtrong fellow by the legge. *Wraſtle.*
Roſ. Oh excellent yong man.
Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who ſhould downe. *Shout.*
Duk. No more, no more.
Orla. Yes I beſeech your Grace, I am not yet well breath'd.
Duk. How do'ſt thou *Charles*?
Le Beu. He cannot ſpeake my Lord.
Duk. Beare him away:
What is thy name yong man?
Orla. Orlando my Liege, the yongeſt ſonne of Sir *Rowland de Boyes.*
Duk. I would thou hadſt beene ſonne to ſome man elſe,
The world eſteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him ſtill mine enemy:
Thou ſhould'ſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadſt thou deſcended from another houſe:
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,
I would thou had'ſt told me of another Father.
Exit. Duk.
Cel. Were I my Father (Coze) would I doe this?
Orl. I am more proud to be Sir *Rowlands* ſonne,
His yongeſt ſonne, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heire to *Fredricke.*
Roſ. My Father lou'd Sir *Rowland* as his ſoule,
And all the world was of my Fathers mind,
Had I before knowne this yong man his ſonne,
I ſhould have given him teares unto entreaties,
Ere he ſhould thus have ventur'd.
Cel. Gentle Coſen,
Let us goe thanke him, and encourage him:
My Fathers rough and envious diſpoſition
Stickes me at heart: Sir, you have well deſerv'd,
If you doe keepe your promiſes in love,
But juſtly as you have exceeded all in promiſe,
Your Miſtris ſhall be happy.
Roſ. Gentleman,
Weare this for me: one out of ſuites with fortune
That could give more, but that her hand lackes meane.
Shall we goe Coze?
Cel. I: fare you well faire Gentleman.
Orla. Can I not ſay, I thanke you? My better parts
Are all throwne downe, and that which here ſtands up
Is but a quintine, a meere liveleſſe blocke.
Roſ. He calls us backe: my pride fell with my fortunes
Ile aske him what he would: Did you call Sir?
Sir, you have wraſtled well, and overthrowne
More then your enemies.
Cel. Will you goe Coze?
Roſ. Have with you: fare you well. *Exit.*

Or. What paſſion hangs theſe waights upon my tongue?
I cannot ſpeake to her, yet ſhe urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beu.

O poore *Orlando*! thou art overthrowne
Or Charles, or ſomething weaker maſters thee.
Le Beu. Good ſir, I doe in friendſhip counſaile you
To leave this place; Albeit you have deſerv'd
High commendation, true applauſe, and love;
Yet ſuch is now the Dukes condition,
That he miſconſters all that you have done:
The Duke is humorous, what he is indeed
More ſuites you to conceive, then I to ſpeake of.
Orla. I thanke you ſir; and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That heere was at the Wraſtling?
Le Beu. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners,
But yet indeed the taller is his daughter,
The other is daughter to the baniſh'd Duke,
And heere detain'd by her uſurping Vncle
To keepe his daughter company, whoſe loves
Are deerer then the naturall bond of Siſters:
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath tane diſpleaſure 'gainſt his gentle Neece,
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praiſe her for vertues,
And pitty her, for her good fathers ſake;
And on my life his malice 'gainſt the Lady
Will ſodainely breake forth: Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better world then this,
I ſhall deſire more love and knowledge of you.
Orl. I reſt much bounden to you: fare you well.
Thus muſt I from the ſmoake into the ſmother,
From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant Brother.
But heavenly *Roſaline.* *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Celia, and Roſaline.

Cel. Why Coſn, why *Roſaline*: *Cupid* have mercy, Not a word?
Roſ. Not one to throw at a dog.
Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be caſt away upon curs, throw ſome of them at me; come, lame me with reaſons.
Roſ. Then there were two Coſens laid up, when the one ſhould be lam'd with reaſons, and the other mad without any.
Cel. But is all this for your Father?
Roſ. No, ſome of it is for my childes Father: Oh how full of briers is this working day world.
Cel. They are but burs, Coſen, throwne upon thee in holiday foolery, if we walke not in the trodden paths, our very petty-coates will catch them.
Roſ. I could ſhake them off my coate, theſe burs are in my heart.
Cel. Hem them away.
Roſ. I would try if I could cry hem, and have him.
Cel. Come, come, wraſtle with thy affections.
Roſ. O they take the part of a better wraſtler then my ſelfe.
Cel. O, a good wiſh upon you: you will try in time

in deſpight of a fall: but turning theſe jeſts out of ſervice, let us take in good earneſt: Is it poſſible on ſuch a ſodaine, you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrong a liking with old Sir *Roulands* yongeſt ſonne?

Roſ. The Duke my Father lov'd his Father deerely.

Cel. Doth it therefore enſue that you ſhould love his Sonne deerely? By this kind of chaſe, I ſhould hate him, for my father hated his father deerely; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Roſ. No faith, hate him nor for my ſake.

Cel. Why ſhould I not? doth he not deſerve well?

Enter Duke with Lords.

Roſ. Let me love him for that, and doe you love him
Becauſe I doe. Looke, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duk. Miſtris, diſpatch you with your ſafeſt haſte,
And get you from our Court.

Roſ. Me Vnckle!

Duk. You Coſen,
Within theſe ten dayes if that thou beeſt found
So neere our publike Court as twenty miles,
Thou dieſt for it.

Roſ. I doe beſeech your Grace
Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me:
If with my ſelfe I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine owne deſires,
If that I doe not dreame, or be not franticke,
(As I doe truſt I am not) then deere Vncle,
Never ſo much as in a thought unborne,
Did I offend your highneſſe.

Duke. Thus doe all Traitors,
If their purgation did conſiſt in words,
They are as innocent as grace it ſelfe;
Let it ſuffice thee that I truſt thee not.

Roſ. Yet your miſtruſt cannot make me a Traitor;
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends?

Duk. Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.

Roſ So was I when your highneſſe tooke his Dukdome,
So was I when your highneſſe baniſht him;
Treaſon is not inherited my Lord,
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor:
Then good my Leige, miſtake me not ſo much,
To thinke my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Deere Soveraigne heare me ſpeake.

Duk. I *Celia*, we ſtaid her for your ſake,
Elſe had ſhe with her Father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then intreat to have her ſtay.
It was your pleaſure, and your owne remorſe,
I was too yong that time to value her,
But now I know her: if ſhe be a Traitor,
Why ſo am I; we ſtill have ſlept together,
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, plaid, eate together,
And whereſoere we went, like *Iunos* Swans,
Still we went coupled and inſeparable.

Duk. Shee is too ſubtile for thee, and her ſmoothnes
Her very ſilence, and her patience,
Speake to the people, and they pitty her:
Thou art a foole, ſhe robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſeeme more vertuous
When ſhe is gone: then open not thy lips,
Firme, and irrevocable is my doombe,
Which I have paſt upon her, ſhe is baniſh'd.

Cel. Pronounce that ſentence then on me my Leige,
I cannot live out of her company.

Duk. You are a foole: you Neice provide your ſelfe,
If you out-ſtay the time, upon mine honor,
And in the greatneſſe of my word you dye.

Exit Duke, &c.

Cel. O my poore *Roſaline*, whither wilt thou goe?
Wilt thou change father? I will give thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more grieu'd then I am.

Roſ. I have more cauſe.

Cel. Thou haſt not Coſen,
Prethee be cheerefull; know'ſt thou not the Duke
Hath baniſh'd me his daughter?

Roſ. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? *Roſaline* lackes then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,
Shall we be ſundred? ſhall we part ſweet girle?
No, let my Father ſeeke another heire:
Therefore deviſe with me how we may flye
Whither to goe, and what to beare with us,
And doe not ſeeke to take your charge upon you,
To beare your griefes your ſelfe, and leave me out:
For by this heaven (now at our ſorrowes pale;)
Say what thou canſt, Ile goe along with thee.

Roſ. Why, whither ſhall we goe?

Cel. To ſeeke my Vncle in the Forreſt of *Arden*.

Roſ. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
(Maides as we are) to travell forth ſo farre?
Beauty provoketh theeves ſooner then gold.

Cel. Ile put my ſelfe in poore and meane attire,
And with a kind of vmber ſmitch my face,
The like doe you, ſo ſhall we paſſe along,
And never ſtir aſſailants.

Roſ. Were it not better,
Becauſe that I am more then common tall,
That I did ſuite me all points like a man,
A gallant curtelax upon my thigh,
A bore-ſpeare in my hand, and in my heart
Lye there what hidden womans feare there will,
Weele have a ſwaſhing and a marſhall outſide,
As many other manniſh cowards have,
That doe outface it with their ſemblances.

Cel. What ſhall I call thee when thou art a man?

Roſ. Ile have no worſe a name then *Ioves* owne Page,
And therefore looke you call me *Ganimed*,
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my ſtate:
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Roſ. But Coſen, what if we aſſaid to ſteale
The clowniſh Foole out of your Fathers Court:
Would he not be a comfort to our travaile?

Cel. Heele goe along ore th[illegible] wide world with me,
Leaue me alone to wooe him; Let's away
And get our Iewels and our wealth together;
Deviſe the fitteſt time, and ſafeſt way
To hide us from purſuite that will be made
After my flight: now goe we in content
To liberty, and not to baniſhment.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Duke Senior: Amyens, and two or three Lords like Forreſters.

Duk. Sen. Now my Coe-mates, and brother in exile:
Hath not old cuſtome made this life more ſweet

Then that of painted pompe? Are not theſe woods
More free from perill then the envious Court?
Heere feele we not the penalty of *Adam*,
The ſeaſons difference, as the Icie phange
And churliſh chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it bites and blowes upon my body
Even till I ſhrinke with cold, I ſmile, and ſay
This is no flattery: theſe are counſellors
That feelingly perſwade me what I am:
Sweet are the vſes of adverſity
Which like the toad, ougly and venemous,
Weares yet a precious Iewell in his head:
And this our life exempt from publike haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.
Amien. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſſe of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtile.
Duk. Sen. Come, ſhall we goe and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irkes me the poore dapled fooles
Being native Burgers of this deſert City,
Should in their owne confines with forked heads
Have their round hanches goard.
1. *Lord.* Indeed my Lord
The melancholy *Iaques* grieves at that,
And in that kind ſweares you doe more uſurpe
Then doth your brother that hath baniſh'd you:
To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my ſelfe,
Did ſteale behind him as he lay along
Vnder an oake, whoſe anticke roope peepes out
Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
To the which place a poore ſequeſtred Stag
That from the Hunters ayme had tane a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and indeed my Lord
The wretched animall heav'd forth ſuch groanes
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leatherne coat
Almoſt to burſting, and the big round teares
Cours'd one another downe his innocent noſe
In pitteous chaſe: and thus the hairy foole,
Much marked of the melancholly *Iaques*,
Stood on th'extremeſt verge of the ſwift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.
Duk. Sen. But what ſaid *Iaques*?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?
1. *Lord.* O yes, into a thouſand ſimilies.
Firſt, for his weeping into the needleſſe ſtreame;
Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'ſt a teſtament
As worldlings doe, giving thy ſum of more
To that which had too much: then being alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friend;
'Tis right quoth he, thus miſery doth part
The Fluxe of company: anon a careleſſe Heard
Full of the paſture, jumps along by him
And never ſtayes to greet him: I quoth *Iaques*,
Sweepe on you fat and greazy Cittizens,
'Tis juſt the faſhion; wherefore doe you looke
Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The body of the Country, City, Court,
Yea, and of this our life, ſwearing that we
Are meere uſurpers, tyrants, and whats worſe
To fright the Animals, and to kill them up
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling place.
Du. Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
2. *Lord.* We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
Vpon the ſobbing Deere.
Duk. Sen. Show me the place,
I love to cope him in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.
1. *Lor.* Ile bring you to him ſtrait. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Duk. Can it be poſſible that no man ſaw them?
It cannot be, ſome villaines of my Court
Are of conſent and ſufferance in this.
1. *Lord,* I cannot heare of any that did ſee her,
The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,
They found the bed untreaſur'd of their Miſtris.
2. *Lord.* My Lord, the royniſh Clowne, at whom ſo oft,
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is alſo miſſing:
Hiſperia the Princeſſe Gentlewoman
Confeſſes that ſhe ſecretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Coſen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wraſtler
That did but lately foile the ſynowy *Charles*,
And ſhe beleeves where ever they are gone
That youth is ſurely in their company.
Duk. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,
If he be abſent, bring his Brother to me,
Ile make him find him: doe this ſodainely;
And let not ſearch and inquiſition quaile,
To bring againe theſe fooliſh runawayes. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Orlando, and Adam.

Orl. Who's there?
Ad. What my yong maſter, oh my gentle maſter,
Oh my ſweet maſter, O you memory
Of old Sir *Rowland*? why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why doe people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to overcome
The bonny priſer of the humorous Duke?
Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not Maſter, to ſome kind of men,
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies,
No more doe yours: your vertues gentle Maſter
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you:
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that beares it?
Orl. Why, what's the matter?
Ad. O unhappy youth,
Come not with theſe doores: within this roofe
The enemy of all your graces lives
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the ſonne
(Yet not the ſon, I will not call him ſon)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your praiſes, and this night he meanes,
To burne the lodging where you uſe to lye,
And you within it: if he faile of that

He will have other meanes to cut you off;
I overheard him: and his practiſes:
This is no place, this houſe is but a butchery;
Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it.

Orl. Why whither *Adam* would'ſt thou have me goe?

Ada. No matter whither, for you come not here.

Orl. What, would'ſt thou have me goe and beg my (food,
Or with a baſe and boiſtrous Sword enforce
A theeviſh living on the common rode?
This I muſt doe, or know not what to doe:
Yet this I will not doe, doe how I can,
I rather will ſubject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloudy brother.

Ada. But doe not ſo: I have five hundred Crownes,
The thrifty hire I ſaved under you father,
Which I did ſtore to be my foſter Nurſe,
When ſervice ſhould in my old limbes lye lame,
And unregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Ravens feede,
Yea providently caters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I give you, let me be your ſervant,
Though I looke old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my bloud,
Nor did not with unbaſhfull forehead woe,
The meanes of weakeneſſe and debility,
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty, but kindly; let me goe with you,
Ile doe the ſervice of a younger man
In all your buſineſſe and neceſſities.

Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares
The conſtant ſervice of the antique world,
When ſervice ſweate for duty, not for meede:
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweate, but for promotion,
And having that doe choake their ſervice up,
Even with the having, it is not ſo with thee:
But poore old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſome yeeld,
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandry,
But come thy wayes, weele goe along together,
And ere we have thy youthfull wages ſpent,
Weele light upon ſome ſetled low content.

Ada. Maſter goe on, and I will follow thee
To the laſt gaſpe with truth and loyalty,
From ſeventy yeeres, till now almoſt fourſcore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeene yeeres, many their fortunes ſeeke
But at fourſcore, it is too late a weeke,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to dye well, and not my Maſters debter. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Roſaline for Ganimed, Celia for Aliena, and Clowne, alias Touchſtone.

Roſ. O *Iupiter*, how merry are my ſpirits?

Clo. I care not for my ſpirits, if my legges were not weary.

Roſ. I could find in my heart, to diſgrace my mans apparell, and to cry like a woman: but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſell, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow it ſelfe coragious to petty-coate; therefore courage, good *Aliena*.

Cel. I pray you beare with me, I can goe no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather beare with you, then beare you: yet I ſhould beare no croſſe if I did beare you, for I thinke you have no money in your purſe.

Roſ. Well, this is the Forreſt of *Arden*.

Clo. I, now am I in *Arden*, the more foole I, when I was at home I was in a better place, but Travellers muſt be content.

Enter Corin, and Silvius.

Roſ. I, be ſo good *Touchſtone*: looke you, who comes here, a yong man and an old in ſolemne talke.

Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorne you ſtill.

Sil. Oh *Corin*, that thou knew'ſt how I doe love her.

Cor. I partly gueſſe: for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No *Corin*, being old, thou canſt not gueſſe,
Though in thy youth thou waſt as true a lover,
As ever ſigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ere like to mine,
As ſure I thinke did never man love ſo:
How many actions moſt ridiculous,
Haſt thou beene drawne to by thy fantaſie?

Cor. Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.

Sil. Oh thou didſt then never love ſo hartily,
If thou remembreſt not the ſlighteſt folly,
That ever love did make thee runne into,
Thou haſt not lov'd.
Or if thou haſt not ſate as I doe now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy Miſtris praiſe,
Thou haſt not lov'd.
Or if thou haſt not broke from company,
Abruptly as my paſſion now makes me,
Thou haſt not lov'd.
O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe*. *Exeunt.*

Roſ. Alas poore Shepheard! ſearching of their wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine owne.

Clo. And I mine: I remember when I was in love, I broke my ſword upon a ſtone, and bid him take that for comming a nights to *Iane Smile*, and I remember the kiſſing of her batlet, and the Cowes dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her, from whom I tooke two cods, and giving her them againe, ſaid with weeping teares, weare theſe for my ſake: we that are true Lovers, runne into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortall in nature, ſo is all nature in love, mortall in folly.

Roſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer then thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I ſhall ne're be ware of mine owne wit, till I breake my ſhins againſt it.

Roſ. *Iove, Iove*, this Shepheards paſſion,
Is much upon my faſhion.

Clo. And mine, but it growes ſomething ſtale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yon'd man,
If he for gold will give us any foode,
I faint almoſt to death.

Clo. Holla; you Clowne.

Roſ. Peace foole, he's not thy kinſman.

Cor. Who cals?

Clo. Your betters Sir.

Cor. Elſe are they very wretched.

Roſ. Peace I ſay; good even to you friend.
Cor. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.
Roſ. I prethee Shepheard, if that love or gold
Can in this deſert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may reſt our ſelves, and feed:
Here's a yong maid with travaile much oppreſſed,
And faint's for ſuccour.
Cor. Faire Sir, I pitty her,
And wiſh for her ſake more then for mine owne,
My fortunes were more able to releeve her:
But I am ſhepheard to another man,
And doe not ſheere the Fleeces that I graze:
My maſter is of churliſh diſpoſition,
And little wreakes to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hoſpitality.
Beſides his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feede
Are now on ſale, and at our ſheep-coat now
By reaſon of his abſence there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is, come ſee,
And in my voyce moſt welcome ſhall you be.
Roſ. What is he that ſhall buy his flocke and paſture?
Cor. That yong Swaine that you ſaw heere but erewhile.
That little cares for buying any thing.
Roſ. I pray thee, if it ſtand with honeſty,
Buy thou the Cottage, paſture, and the flocke,
And thou ſhalt have to pay for it of us.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages:
I like this place, and willingly could
Waſte my time in it.
Cor. Aſſuredly the thing is to be ſold:
Goe with me, if you like upon report,
The ſoile, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithfull Feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right ſodainely. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter, Amyens, Iaques, and others.

Song.

Vnder the greene wood tree,
who loves to lye with me,
And turne his merry Note,
unto the ſweet Birds thr ote:
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Heere ſhall he ſee no enemy,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Iaq. More, more, I prethee more.
Amy. It will make you melancholly Mounſieur *Iaques*
Iaq. I thanke it: More, I prethee more,
I can ſucke melancholly out of a ſong,
As a Weazel ſuckes egges: More, I prethee more.
Amy. My voyce is ragged, I know I cannot pleaſe you.
Iaq. I doe not deſire you to pleaſe me,
I doe deſire you to ſing:
Come, more, another ſtanzo: Call you'em ſtanzo's?
Amy. What you will Mounſieur *Iaques*.
Iaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owne me nothing. Will you ſing.
Aym. More at your requeſt, then to pleaſe my ſelfe.
Iaq. Well then, if ever I thanke any man, Ile thanke you: but that they call complement is like th'encounter of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me hartily, me thinkes I have given him a peny, and he renders me the beggerly thankes. Come ſing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.
Amy. Well, Ile end the ſong. Sirs, cover the while, the Duke will drinke under this tree; he hath beene all this day to looke you.
Iaq. And I have beene all this day to avoyd him:
He is too diſputeable for my company:
I thinke of as many matters as he, but I give
Heaven thankes, and make no boaſt of them.
Come, warble, come.

Song. Altogether heere.

Who doth ambition ſhunne,
and loves to live i'th Sunne,
Seeking the food he eates,
and pleas'd with what he gets:
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Heere ſhall he ſee, &c.

Iaq. Ile give you a verſe to this note,
That I made yeſterday in deſpight of my invention.
Aym. And ile ſing it.
Iaq. Thus it goes.
If it doe come to paſſe, that any man turne Aſſe:
Leaving his wealth and eaſe,
A ſtubborne will to pleaſe,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Heere ſhall he ſee, groſſe fooles as he,
And if he will come to me.
Aym. What's that Ducdame?
Iaq. 'Tis a Greeke invocation, to call fooles into a circle. Ile goe ſleepe if I can: if I cannot, Ile raile againſt all the firſt borne of Egypt.
Aym. And Ile goe ſeeke the Duke,
His banket is prepar'd. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Orlando, and Adam.

Adam. Deere Maſter, I can goe no further:
O I dye for food. Heere lye I downe,
And meaſure out my grave. Farwell kind maſter.
Orl. Why how now *Adam*? No greater heart in thee!
Live a little, comfort a little, cheere thy ſelfe a little.
If this uncouth Forreſt yeeld any thing ſavage,
I will either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee:
Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy powers.
For my ſake be comfortable, hold death a while
At the armes end: I will heere be with thee preſently,
And if I bring thee not ſomething to eate,
I will give thee leave to dye: but if thou dieſt
Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour.
Well ſaid, thou look'ſt cheerely,
And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou lieſt
In the bleake ayre. Come, I will beare thee
To ſome ſhelter, and thou ſhalt not dye
For lacke of a dinner,
If there live any thing in this Deſert.
Cheerely good *Adam*. *Exeun*

Scæ

Scæna Septima.

Enter Duke Sen. & Lord, like out-lawes.

Du. Sen. I thinke he be transform'd into a beaſt,
For I can no where finde him, like a man.
1. Lord. My Lord, he is but even now gone hence,
Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.
Du. Sen. If he compact of iarres, grow Muſicall,
We ſhall have ſhortly diſcord in the Spheares:
Go ſeeke him, tell him I would ſpeake with him.

Enter Iaques.

1. Lord. He ſaves my labor by his owne approach.
Du. Sen. Why how now Monſieur, what a life is this
That your poore friends muſt wooe your companie,
What, you looke merrily.
Iaq. A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i'th Forreſt,
A motley Foole (a miſerable world:)
As I do live by food, I met a foole,
Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,
In good ſet termes, and yet a motley foole.
Good morrow foole (quoth I:) no Sir, quoth he,
Call me not foole, till heaven hath ſent me fortune,
And then he drew a diall from his poake,
And looking on it, with lacke-luſtre eye,
Sayes, very wiſely, it is ten a clocke:
Thus we may ſee (quoth he) how the world wagges:
'Tis but an houre agoe, ſince it was nine,
And after one houre more, 'twill be eleven,
And ſo from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare
The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,
That Fooles ſhould be ſo deepe contemplative:
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion
An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,
A worthy foole: Motley's the onely weare.
Du. Sen. What foole is this?
Iaq. O worthie foole: One that hath bin a Courtier
And ſayes, if Ladies be but young, and faire,
They have the gift to know it: and in his braine,
Which is as dry as the remainder bisket
After a voyage: He hath ſtrange places cram'd
With obſervation, the which he vents
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,
I am ambitious for a motley coat.
Du. Sen. Thou ſhalt have one.
Iaq. It is my onely ſuite,
Provided that you weed your better judgements
Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt have liberty
Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,
To blow on whom I pleaſe, for ſo fooles have:
And they that are moſt galled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh: And why ſir muſt they ſo?
The why is plaine, as way to Pariſh Church:
He, that a foole doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart
Seeme ſenſeleſſe of the bob. If not,
The Wiſe-mans folly is anathomiz'd
Even by the ſquandring glances of the foole.
Inveſt me in my motley: Give me leave
To ſpeake my minde, and I will through and through
Cleanſe the foule body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
Du. Sen. Fie on thee. I can tell what thou wouldſt do.
Iaq. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?
Du. Sen. Moſt miſcheeuous foule ſin, in chiding ſin:
For thou thy ſelfe haſt ben a Libertine,
As ſenſuall as the brutiſh ſting it ſelfe,
And all th'imboſſed ſores, and headed evils,
That thou with licenſe of free foot haſt caught,
Would'ſt thou diſgorge into the generall world.
Iaq. Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein taxe any private partie:
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the wearie verie meanes do ebbe.
What woman in the Citie do I name,
When that I ſay the Cittie woman beares
The coſt of Princes on unworthie ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay that I meane her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,.
That ſayes his braverie is not on my coſt,
Thinking that I meane him, but therein ſuites
His folly to the mettle of my ſpeech,
There then, how then, what then, let me ſee wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelfe: if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-gooſe flies
Vnclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbeare, and eate no more.
Iaq. Why I have eate none yet.
Orl. Nor ſhalt not, till neceſſitie be ſeru'd.
Iaq. Of what kinde ſhould this Cocke come of?
Du. Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy diſtres?
Or elſe a rule deſpiſer of good manners,
That in ciuility thou ſeem'ſt ſo emptie?
Orl. You touch'd my veine at firſt, the thornie point
Of bare diſtreſſe, that hath tane from me the ſhew
Of ſmooth civilitie: yet am I in-land bred,
And know ſome nourture: But forbeare, I ſay,
He dies that touches any of this fruite,
Till I, and my affaires are anſwered.
Iaq. And you will not be anſwer'd with reaſon,
I muſt dye.
Du. Sen. What would you have?
Your gentleneſſe ſhall force, more then your force
Move us to gentleneſſe.
Orl. I almoſt die for food, and let me have it.
Du. Sen. Sit downe and feed, & welcome to our table
Orl. Speake you ſo gently? Pardon me I pray you,
I thought that all things had beene ſavage heere,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſterne command'ment. But what ere you are
That in this deſert inacceſſible,
Vnder the ſhade of melancolly boughes,
Looſe, and neglect the creeping houres of time:
If ever you have look'd on better dayes:
If ever beene where bels have knoll'd to Church:
If ever ſate at any good mans feaſt:
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a teare,
And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied:
Let gentleneſſe my ſtrong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I bluſh, and hide my Sword.

Du. Sen. True is it, that we haue ſeene better dayes,
And haue with holy bell bin knowld to Church,
And ſat at good mens feaſts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops, that ſacred pitty hath engendred:
And therefore ſit you downe in gentleneſſe,
And take vpon command, what helpe we haue
That to your wanting may be miniſtred,

Orl. Then but forbeare your food a little while:
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
And giue it food. There is an old poore man,
Who after me, hath many a wearie ſteppe
Limpt in pure loue: till he be firſt ſuffic'd,
Oppreſt with two weake euils, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Du. Sen. Go finde him out,
And we will nothing waſte till you returne.

Orl. I thanke ye, and be bleſt for your good comfort.

Du. Sen. Thou ſeeſt, we are not all alone vnhappie:
This wide and vniuerſall Theater
Preſents more wofull Pageants then the Sceane
Wherein we play in.

Ia. All the world's a ſtage,
And all the men and women, meerely Players;
They haue their *Exits* and their Entrances,
And one man in his time plaies many parts,
His Acts being ſeuen ages. At firſt the Infant,
Mewling, and puking in the Nurſes armes:
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnaile
Vnwillingly to ſchoole. And then the Louer,
Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad
Made to his Miſtreſſe eye-brow. Then a Soldier,
Full of ſtrange oathes, and bearded like the Pard,
Ielous in honor, ſodaine, and quicke in quarrell,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iuſtice
In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With eyes ſeuere, and beard of formall cut,
Full of wiſe ſawes, and moderne inſtances,
And ſo he playes his part. The ſixt age ſhifts
Into the leane and ſlipper'd Pantaloone,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide,
His youthfull hoſe well ſau'd, a world too wide,
For his ſhrunke ſhanke, and his bigge manly voyce,
Turning againe toward childiſh trebble pipes,
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt Scene of all,
That ends this ſtrange euentfull hiſtorie,
Is ſecond childiſhneſſe, and meere obliuion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans euery thing.

Enter Orlando with Adam.

Du. Sen. Welcome: ſet downe your venerable burthen,
and let him feed.

Orl. I thanke you moſt for him.

Ad. So had you neede,
I ſcarce can ſpeake to thanke you for my ſelfe.

Du. Sen. Welcome, fall too: I will not trouble you,
As yet to queſtion you about your fortunes:
Giue vs ſome muſicke, and good Cozen, ſing.

Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter winde,
Thou art not ſo vnkinde, as mans ingratitude
Thy tooth is not ſo keene, becauſe thou art not ſeene,
although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho, ſing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,
Moſt friendſhip, is fayning; moſt Louing, meere folly:
The heigh ho, the holly,
This Life is moſt iolly,

Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that doſt not bight ſo nigh
as benefitts forgot:
Though thou the waters warpe, thy ſting is not ſo ſharpe,
as friend remembred not.
Heigh ho, ſing &c.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir *Rowlands* ſon,
As you haue whiſper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witneſſe,
Moſt truely limn'd, and liuing in your face,
Be truely welcome hither: I am the Duke
That lou'd your Father: the reſidue of your fortune,
Go to my Caue, and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy Maſter is:
Support him by the arme: giue me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes vnderſtand. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliuer.

Du. Not ſee him ſince? Sir, ſir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I ſhould not ſeeke an abſent argument
Of my reuenge, thou preſent: but looke to it,
Finde out thy brother whereſoere he is,
Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or liuing
Within this tweluemoneth, or turne thou no more
To ſeeke a liuing in our Territorie.
Thy Lands and all things that thou doſt call thine,
Worth ſeizure, do we ſeize into our hands,
Till thou canſt quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinke againſt thee.

Ol. Oh that your Highneſſe knew my heart in this:
I neuer lou'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villaine thou. Well, puſh him out of dores
And let my officers of ſuch a nature
Make an extent vpon his houſe and Lands:
Do this expediently, and turne him going. *Exeunt*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Hang there my verſe, in witneſſe of my loue,
And thou thrice crowned Queene of night ſuruey
With thy chaſte eye, from thy pale ſpheare aboue
Thy Huntreſſe name, that my full life doth ſway.
O *Roſalind*, theſe Trees ſhall be my Bookes,
And in their barkes my thoughts Ile charracter,
That euerie eye, which in this Forreſt lookes,
Shall ſee thy vertue witneſt euery where.
Run, run *Orlando*, carue on euery Tree,
The faire, the chaſte, and vnexpreſſiue ſhee. *Exit*

Enter Corin & Clowne.

Co. And how like you this ſhepherds life M^r *Touchſtone*?

Clow. Truely Shepheard, in reſpect of it ſelfe, it is a good life; but in reſpect that it is a ſhepheards life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very well: but in reſpect that it is private, it is a very vild life. Now in reſpect it is in the fields, it pleaſeth me well: but in reſpect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no more plentie in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomacke. Has't any Philoſophie in thee ſhepheard?

Cor, No more, but that I know the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is: and that hee that wants mony, meanes, and content, is without three good friends. That the propertie of raine is to wet, and fire to burne: That good paſture makes fat ſheepe: and that a great cauſe of the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a naturall Philoſopher: Was't ever in Court, Shepheard?

Cor. No truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Clo. Truly thou art damn'd; like an ill roaſted Egge, all on one ſide.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reaſon.

Col. Why, if thou never was't at Court, thou never ſaw'ſt good manners: if thou never ſaw'ſt good manners, then thy manners muſt be wicked, and wickednes is ſin, and ſinne is damnation: Thou art in a parlous ſtate ſhepheard.

Cor. Not a whit *Touchſtone*, thoſe that are good maners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as the behaviour of the Countrie is moſt mockeable at the Court. You told me, you ſalute not at the Court, but you kiſſe your hands; that courteſie would be uncleanly if Courtiers were ſhepheards.

Clo. Inſtance, briefly: come, inſtance.

Cor. Why we are ſtill handling our Ewes, and their Fels you know are greaſie.

Clo. Why doe not your Courtiers hands ſweate? and is not the greaſe of Mutton, as wholeſome as the ſweat of a man? Shallow, ſhallow: A better inſtance I ſay: Come.

Cor. Beſides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feele them the ſooner. Shallow agen: a more ſounder inſtance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over, with the ſurgery of our ſheepe: and would you have us kiſſe Tarre? The Courtiers hands are perfumed with Civet.

Clo. Moſt ſhallow man: Thou wormes meate in reſpect of a good peece of fleſh indeed: learne of the wiſe and perpend: Civet is of a baſer birth then Tarre, the verie uncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the inſtance Shepheard.

Cor. You have too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile reſt.

Clo. Wilt thou reſt damn'd? God helpe thee ſhallow man: God make inciſion in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eate: get that I weare; owe no man hate, envie no mans happineſſe: glad of other mens good, content with my harme: and the greateſt of my pride, is to ſee my Ewes graze, and my Lambes ſucke.

Clo. That is another ſimple ſinne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your living, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a Belweather, and to betray a ſhee-Lambe of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reaſonable match. If thou bee'ſt not damn'd for this, the divell himſelfe will have no ſhepheards, I cannot ſee elſe how thou ſhouldſt ſcape.

Cor. Heere comes young M. *Ganimed*, my new Miſtriſſes Brother.

Enter Roſalind.

Roſ. *From the east to weſterne Inde,*
no jewell is like Roſalinde,
Hir worth being mounted on the winde,
through all the World beares Roſalinde.
All the pictures faireſt Linde,
are but blacke to Roſalinde:
Let no face be kept in minde,
but the faire of Roſalinde.

Clo. Ile rime you ſo, eight yeares together; dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping houres excepted: it is the right Butter-womens ranke to Market.

Roſ. Out Foole.

Clo. For a taſte.

If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde.
Let him ſeeke out Roſalinde:
If the Cat will after kinde,
ſo be ſure will Roſalinde:
Wintred garments muſt be linde,
ſo muſt ſlender Roſalinde:
They that reap muſt ſheaſe and binde,
then to cart with Roſalinde.
Sweeteſt nut, hath ſowreſt rinde,
ſuch a nut is Roſalinde.
He that ſweeteſt roſe will finde,
muſt finde Loves pricke, & Roſalinde.

This is the very falſe gallop of Verſes, why doe you infect your ſelfe with them?

Roſ. Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truely the tree yeelds bad fruite.

Roſ. Ile graffe it with you, and then I ſhall graffe it with a Medler: then it will be the earlieſt fruit i'th country: for you'l be rotten ere you be halfe ripe, and that's the right vertue of the Medler.

Clo. You have ſaid: but whether wiſely or no, let the Forreſt judge.

Enter Celia with a writing.

Roſ. Peace, here comes my ſiſter reading, ſtand aſide.

Cel. *Why ſhould this Deſert bee,*
for it is unpeopled? Noe:
Tonges Ile hang on every tree,
that ſhall civill ſayings ſhoe.
Some, how briefe the Life of man
runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the ſtretching of a ſpan,
buckles in his ſumme of age.
Some of violated vowes,
twixt the ſoules of friend, and friend,
But upon the faireſt bowes,
or at every ſentence end;
Will I Roſalinda write,
teaching all that reade, to know
The quinteſſence of every ſprite,
heaven would in little ſhow.
Therefore heaven Nature charg'd,
that one body ſhould be fill'd
With all Graces wide enlarg'd,
nature preſently diſtill'd

Helens cheeke, but not his heart,
Cleopatra's *Majeſtie* :
Attalanta's *better part,*
ſad Lucrecia's *Modeſtie.*
Thus Roſalinde *of many parts,*
by Heavenly Synode was deviſ'd,
Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,
to have the touches deereſt pris'd.
Heaven would that ſhe theſe gifts ſhould have,
and I to live and die her ſlave.

Roſ. O moſt gentle Iupiter, what tedious homilie of Love have you wearied your pariſhioners withall, and never cride, have your pariſhiones withall, and never cri'de, have patience good people.

Cel. How now ! backe friends: Shepheard go off a little: go with him. ſirrah.

Clo. Come ſhepheard, let us make an honourable retreit, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with ſcrip and ſcrippage. *Exit.*

Cel. Didſt thou heare theſe verſes?

Roſ. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for ſome of them had in them more feete then the Verſes would beare.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might beare the Verſes.

Roſ. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themſelves without the verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely in the verſe.

Cel. But didſt thou heare without wondring, how thy name ſhould be hang'd and carved upon theſe trees?

Roſ. I was ſeaven of the nine dayes out of wonder, before you came: for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree; I was never ſo berim'd ſince *Pythagoras* time that I was an Iriſh Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you, who hath done this?

Roſ. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chaine that you once wore, about his neck: change you colour?

Roſ. I pre'thee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Mountaines may be remoov'd with Earthquakes, and ſo encounter.

Roſ. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it poſſible?

Roſ. Nay, I pre'thee now, with moſt petitionary vehemence, till me who it is.

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and moſt wonderfull wonderfull, and yet againe wonderfull, and after that out of all hooping.

Roſ. Good my complection, doſt thou thinke though I am capariſon'd like a man, I have a doublet and a hoſe in my diſpoſition? One inch of delay more, is a South-ſea of diſcoverie. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickely, and ſpeake apace: I would thou couldſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Roſ. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Roſ. Why God will ſend more, if the man will bee thankefull; let me ſtay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young *Orlando*, that tript up the Wraſtlers heeles, and your heart, both in an inſtant.

Roſ. Nay, but the divell take mocking: ſpeake ſadde brow, and true maid:

Cel. I'faith (Coz) tis he,

Roſ. *Orlando?*

Cel. *Orlando.*

Roſ. Alas the day, what ſhall I do with my doublet an hoſe? What did he when thou ſaw'ſt him? What ſayde he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he heere? Did he aske for me? Where remaines he? How parted he with thee? And when ſhalt thou ſee him againe? Anſwer me in one word.

Cel. You muſt borrow me Gargantuas mouth firſt; t'is a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages ſize, to ſay I and no, to theſe particulars, is more then to anſwer in a Catechiſme.

Roſ, But doth he know that I am in this Forreſt, and in mans apparrell? Looks he as freſhly, as he did the day he Wraſted?

Cel. It is as eaſie to count Atomies as to reſolve the propoſitions of a Lover: but take a taſte of my finding him, and relliſh it with good obſervance. I found him under a tree like a drop'd Acorne.

Roſ. It may well be cal'd Ioves tree, when it droppes forth ſuch fruite.

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Roſ. Proceed.

Cel. There lay hee ſtretch'd along like a Wounded knight.

Roſ. Though it be pittie to ſee ſuch a ſight; it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee: it curuettes unſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a Hunter.

Roſ. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burthen, thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Roſ. Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke, I muſt ſpeake: ſweet, ſay on.

Enter Orlando & Iaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not neere?

Roſ. 'Tis he, ſlinke by, and note him.

Iaq. I thanke you for your companie, but good faith I had as liefe have beene my ſelfe alone.

Orl. And ſo had I: but yet for faſhion ſake
I thanke you too, for your ſocietie.

Iaq. God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do deſire we may be better ſtrangers.

Iaq. I pray you marre no more trees with Writing Love-ſongs in their barkes.

Orl. I pray you marre no more of my verſes with reading them ill-favouredly.

Iaq. *Roſalinde* is your loves name? *Orl.* Yes, Iuſt.

Iaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleaſing you when ſhe was chriſten'd.

Iaq. What ſtature is ſhe of?

Orl. Iuſt as high as my heart.

Iaq. You are full of prety anſwers: have you not bin acquainted with goldſmiths wives, & cond the out of rings.

Orl. Not ſo: but I anſwer you right painted cloath, from whence you have ſtudied you queſtions.

Iaq. You have a nimble wit; I thinke 'twas made of *Attalanta's* heeles. Will you ſitte downe with me, and wee two will raile againſt our Miſtris the world, and all our miſerie.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but my ſelfe againſt whom I know no faults.

Iaq. The worſt fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your beſt vertue: I am wearie of you.

Iaq. By my troth, I was ſeeking for a Foole, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

Iaq. There I ſhall ſee mine owne figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

Iaq. Ile tarrie no longer with you, farewell good ſignior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monſieur Melancholie.

Roſ. I wil ſpeake to him like a ſawcie Lackie, and under that habit play the knaue with him: do you heare Forreſter.

Orl. Verie wel, what would you?

Roſ. I pray you, what i'ſt a clocke?

Orl. You ſhould aske me what time o'day: ther's no clocke in the Forreſt.

Roſ. Then there is no true Lover in the Forreſt, elſe ſighing every minute, and groaning every houre would detect the lazie foote of time, as wel as a clocke.

Orl. And why not the ſwift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?

Roſ. By no meanes ſir; Time travels in divers paces, with diverſe perſons: Ile tell you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withall, who time gallops withall, and who he ſtands ſtill withall.

Orl. I prethee, whom doth he trot withall?

Roſ. Marry he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is ſolemnizd: if the interim be but a ſennight, Times pace is ſo hard, that it ſeemes the length of ſeaven yeare.

Orl. Who ambles time withall?

Roſ. With a Prieſt that lackes Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowt: for the one ſleepes eaſily becauſe he cannot ſtudy, and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feeles no paine: the one lacking the burthen of leane and waſtefull Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heavie tedious penurie. Theſe time ambles withall.

Orl. Whom doth he gallop withall?

Roſ. With a theefe to the gallowes: for though hee goe as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinkes himſelfe too ſoone there:

Orl. Whom ſtaies it ſtill withall?

Roſ. With Lawiers in the vacation: for they ſleepe betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you pretty youth?

Roſ. With this Shepheardeſſe my ſiſter: heere in the skirts of the forreſt, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Roſ. As the Connie that you ſee dwell where ſhee is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is ſomething finer, than you could purchaſe in ſo removed a dwelling.

Roſ. I have bin told ſo of many: but indeed, an old religious Vnckle of mine taught me to ſpeake, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtſhip too well: for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many Lecturs againſt it, and I thanke God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with ſo many giddie offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole ſex withall,

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Roſ. There were none principall, they were all like one another, as halfe pence are, every one fault ſeeming monſtrous, till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prethee recount ſome of them.

Roſ. No: I will not caſt away my phyſick, but on thoſe that are ſicke. There is a man haunts the Forreſt, that abuſes our yong plants with carving *Roſalind* on their borkes; hangs Odes upon Hauthornes, and Elegies on brambles; all (forſooth) deifying the name of *Roſalind.* If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would give him ſome good counſell, for he ſeemes to have the Quotidian of Love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is ſo Love-ſhak'd, I pray you tell me your remedie.

Roſ. There is none of my Vnckles markes upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love: in which cage of ruſhes, I am ſure you are not priſoner.

Orl. What were his markes?

Roſ. A leane cheeke, which you have not: a blew eye and ſunken, which you have not: an unqueſtionable ſpirit, which you have not: a beard neglected, which you have not: (but I pardon you for that, for ſimply your having no beard, is a younger brothers revennew) then your hoſe ſhould be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your ſleeve unbutton'd, your ſhooe unti'de, and every thing about you, demonſtrating a careleſſe deſolation: but you are no ſuch man; you are rather point device in your accouſtrements, as loving your ſelfe, than ſeeming the Lover of any other.

Orl. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleeve I Love.

Roſ. Me beleeve it? You may aſſoone make her that you Love beleeve it, which I warrant ſhe is apter to do, than to confeſſe ſhe do's: that is one of the points, in the which women ſtill give the lie to their conſciences. But in good ſooth, are you he that hangs the verſes on the Trees, wherein *Roſalind* is ſo admired?

Orl. I ſweare to thee youth, by the white hand of *Roſalind*, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Roſ. But are you ſo much in love, as your rimes ſpeake?

Orl. Neither rime nor reaſon can expreſſe how much.

Roſ. Love is meerely a madneſſe, and I tell you, deſerves as well a darke houſe, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reaſon why they are not ſo puniſh'd and cured, is that the Lunacie is ſo ordinarie, that the whippers are in love too: yet I profeſſe curing it by counſell.

Orl. Did you ever cure any ſo?

Roſ. Yes one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his Loue, his Miſtris: and I ſet him every day to wooe me. At which time would I, being but a mooniſh youth, greeve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantaſticall, apiſh, ſhallow, inconſtant, full of teares, full of ſmiles; for every paſſion ſomething, and for no paſſion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the moſt part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then forſweare him: now weepe for him, then ſpit at him; that I drave my Suter from his mad humor of love, to a living humor of madnes, which was to forſweare the full ſtreame of the world, and to live in a nooke meerly Monaſtick: and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to waſh your Liver as cleare as a ſound ſheeps heart, that there ſhal not be one ſpot of loue in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Roſ. I would cure you, if you would but call me *Roſalind*, and come euery day to my Coat, and wooe me.

Orlan. Now by the faith of my love, I will; Tell mee where it is.

Roſ. Go with me to it, and Ile ſhew it you: and by the way, you ſhall tell me, where in the Forreſt you live: Will you goe?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Roſ. Nay, you muſt call me *Roſalind*: Come ſiſter will you goe? *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Iaques.

Clo. Come apace good *Audrie*, I will fetch up your Goates, *Audrey*: and how *Awdrie* am I the man yet? Doth my ſimple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, Lord warrant us: what features?

Clo. I am heere with thee, and thy Goates, as the moſt capricious Poet honeſt *Ovid* was among the Gothes.

Iaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worſe then Iove in a thatch'd houſe.

Clo. When a mans verſes cannot be underſtood, nor a mans good wit ſeconded with the forward childe, underſtanding: it ſtrikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods had made thee poeticall.

Aud. I do not know what Poeticall is: is it honeſt in deed and word: is it a true thing?

Clo. No truly: for the trueſt poetrie is the moſt faining, and Lovers are given to Poetrie: and what they ſweare in Poetrie, may be ſaid as Lovers, they do feigne.

Aud. Do you wiſh then that the Gods had made mee Poeticall?

Clow. I do truly: for thou ſwear'ſt to me thou art honeſt: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might have ſome hope thou didſt feigne.

Aud. Would you not have me honeſt?

Clo. No truly, unleſſe thou wert hard favour'd: for honeſtie coupled to beautie, is to have Honie a ſawce to Sugar.

Iaq. A materiall foole.

Aud. Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honeſt.

Clo. Truly, and to caſte away honeſtie upon a foule ſlut, were to put good meate into an uncleane diſh.

Aud. I am not a ſlut, though I thanke the Goddes I am foule.

Clo. Well, praiſed be the Gods, for thy fouleneſſe; ſluttiſhneſſe may come hereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I will marrie thee: and to that end, I have beene with Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meete me in this place of the Forreſt, and to couple us.

Iaq. I would faine ſee this meeting.

Aud. Well, the Gods give us joy.

Clo. Amen. A man may if he weare of a fearfull heart, ſtagger in this attempt: for heere wee have no Temple but the wood, no aſſembly but horne-beaſts. But what though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are neceſſarie. It is ſaid, many a man knowes no end of his goods; right: Many a man has good Hornes, and knowes no end of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, 'tis none of his owne getting; hornes, even ſo poore men alone: No, no, the nobleſt Deere hath them as huge as the Raſcall: Is the ſingle man therefore bleſſed? No, as a wall'd Towne is more worthier then a village, ſo is the forehead of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is better then no skill, by ſo much is a horne more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Heere comes Sir *Oliver*: Sir *Oliver Mar-text* you are well met. Will you diſpatch us heere under this tree, or ſhall we goe with you to your Chappell?

Ol. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on guift of any man.

Ol. Truely ſhe muſt bee given, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Iaq. Proceed, proceede: Ile give her.

Clo. Good even good M. what ye cal't: how doe you Sir, you are verie well met: godild you for your laſt companie, I am verie glad to ſee you, even a toy in hand heere Sir: Nay, pray be cover'd.

Iaq. Wil you be married, Motley?

Clo. As the Oxe hath his bow ſir, the horſe his curb, and the Falkon her bels, ſo man hath his deſires, and as Pigeons bill, ſo wedlocke would be nibling.

Iaq. And will you (being a man of your breeding) bee married under a buſh like a begger? Get you to Church, and have a good Prieſt that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but joyne you together, as they joyne Wainſcot, then one of you will prove a ſhrunke pannell, and like greene timber, warpe, warpe.

Clo. I am not in the minde, but I were better to be married of him then of another, for he is not like to marrie me well: and not being well married, it will be a good excuſe for me hereafter, to leave my wife.

Iaq. Goe thou with me.
And let me counſell thee.

Clo. Come ſweete *Audrie*,
We muſt be married, or we muſt live in baudrey:
Farewell good M. *Oliver*: Not O ſweet *Oliver*, O brave
Oliver leave me not behind thee: But winde away, be gone
I ſay, I will not to wedding with thee.

Ol. 'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantaſticall knave of them all ſhall flout me out of my calling. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Roſalind & Celia.

Roſ. Never talke to me, I will weepe.

Cel. Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to conſider, that teares do not become a man.

Roſ. But have I not cauſe to weepe?

Cel. As good cauſe as one would deſire,
Therefore weepe.

Roſ. His very haire
Is of the diſſembling colour.

Cel. Something browner then Iudaſſes:
Marrie his kiſſes are Iudaſſes owne children.

Roſ. I'faith his haire is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour:
Your Cheſſenut was ever the onely colour:

Roſ. And his kiſſing is as full of ſanctitie,
As the touch of holy bread.

Cel. Hee hath bought a paire of chaſt lips of *Diana*: a Nun of winters ſiſterhood kiſſes not more religiouſlie, the very yce of chaſtitie is in them.

Roſa. But wy did he ſweare he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

Roſ. Doe you thinke ſo?

Cel. Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purſe, nor a horſe-ſtealer, but for his verity in love, I do thinke him as concave as a covered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

Roſ. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.

Roſ. You have heard him ſweare downeright he was.

Cel. Was, is not is: beſides, the oath of a Lover is no ſtronger then the word of a Tapſter, they are hoth the confirmer of falſe reckonings, he attends here in the forreſt on the Duke your father.

Roſ. I met the Duke yeſterday, and had much queſtion with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he, ſo he laugh'd and let mee goe. But what talke we of Fathers, when there is ſuch a man as *Orlando*?

Cel. O that's a brave man, he writes brave verſes, ſpeakes brave words, ſweares brave oathes, and breakes them bravely, quite travers athwart the heart of his lover, as a puiſny Tilter, that ſpurres his horſe but on one ſide, breakes his ſtaffe like a noble gooſe; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes heete?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Miſtreſſe and Maſter, you have oft enquired
After the Shepheard that complain'd of love,
Whom you ſaw ſitting by me on the Turffe,
Prayſing the proud diſdainefull Shepherdeſſe
That was his Miſtreſſe.

Cel. Well: and what of him?

Cor. If you will ſee a pageant truely plaid
Betweene the pale complection of true Love,
And the red glow of ſcorne and prowd diſdaine,
Goe hence a little and I ſhall conduct you
If you will marke it.

Roſ. O come, let us remove,
The ſight of Lovers feedeth thoſe in love:
Bring us to this ſight, and you ſhall ſay
Ile prove a buſie actor in their play. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* doe not ſcorne me, do not *Phebe*
Say that you love me not, but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſſe; the common executioner
Whoſe heart th'accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But firſt begs pardon: will you ſterner be
Then he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Roſalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner,
I flie thee, for I would not injure thee:
Thou tellſt me there is murther in mine eye,
'Tis pretty ſure, and very probable,
That eyes that are the frailſt, and ſofteſt things,
Who ſhut their coward gates on atomyes,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers.
Now I do frowne on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to ſwound, why now fall downe,
Or if thou canſt not, oh for ſhame, for ſhame,
Lye not, to ſay mine eyes are murtherers:
Now ſhew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remaines
Some ſcarre of it: Leane but upon a ruſh,
The Cicatrice and capable impreſſure
Thy Palme ſome moment keepes: but now mine eyes
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor I am ſure there is no force in eyes
That can doe hurt.

Sil. O deere *Phebe*,
If ever (as that ever may be neere)
You met in ſome freſh cheeke the power of fancie,
Then ſhall you know the wounds inviſible
That Loves keene arrowes make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mockes, pitty me not,
As till that time I ſhall not pitty thee.

Roſ. And why I pray you? who might bee your mother
That you inſult, exult, and all at once
Over the wretched? what though you have no beauty
As by my faith, I ſee no more in you
Then without Candle may goe darke to bed:
Muſt you be therefore proud and pittileſſe?
Why what meanes this? why do you looke on me?
I ſee no more in you then in the ordinarie
Of natures ſale-worke? 'ods my little life,
I thinke ſhe meanes to tangle mine eyes too:
No faith proud miſtreſſe, hope not after it,
'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke ſilke haire,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheeke of creame
That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip:
You fooliſh Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine,
You are a thouſand times a properer man
Then ſhe a woman. 'Tis ſuch fooles as you
That makes the world full of ill-favourd children:
'Tis not her glaſſe, but you that flatters her,
And out of you ſhe ſees her ſelfe more proper
Then any of her lineaments can ſhow her:
But Miſtris, know your ſelfe, downe on your knees
And thanke heaven, faſting for a good mans love;
For I muſt tell you friendly in your eare,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercie, love him, take his offer,
Foule is moſt foule, being foule to be a ſcoffer.
So take her to thee Shepheard, fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yeere together,
I had rather heare you chide, then this man wooe.

Roſ. Hees falne in love with your fouleneſſe, & ſhee'll
Fall in love with my anger. It it be ſo, as faſt
As ſhe anſweres thee with frowning lookes, ile ſauce
Her with bitter words: why looke you ſo upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I beare you.

Roſ. I pray you do not fall in love with me,
For I am falſer then vowes made in wine:
Beſides, I like you not: if you will know my houſe,
'Tis at the tufft of Olives, here hard by:
Will you goe Siſter? Shepheard ply her hard:

Come Siſter : Shepheardeſſe, looke on him better
And be not proud, though all the world could ſee,
None could be ſo abus’d in ſight as he.
Come, to our flocke, *Exit.*
Phe. Deed Shepheard, now I find thy ſaw of might,
Who ever lov’d, that lov’d not at firſt ſight?
Sil. Sweet *Phebe.*
Phe. Hah : what ſayſt thou *Silvius*?
Sil. Sweet *Phebe* pitty me.
Phe. Why I am ſorry for thee gentle *Silvius.*
Sil. Where ever ſorrow is, reliefe would be :
If you doe ſorrow at my griefe in love ,
By giving love your ſorrow, and my griefe
Were both extermin’d.
Phe. Thou haſt my love, is not that neighborly?
Sil. I would have you.
Phe. Why that were covetouſneſſe :
Silvius; the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I beare thee love,
But ſince that thou canſt talke of love ſo well,
Thy company, which earſt was irkeſome to me
I will endure; and Ile employ thee too :
But doe not looke for further recompence
Then thine owne gladneſſe, that thou art employd.
Sil. So holy, and ſo perfect is my love,
And in ſuch a poverty of grace,
That I ſhall thinke it a moſt plentious crop
To gleane the broken eares after the man
That the maine harveſt reapes: looſe now and then
A ſcattered ſmile, and that Ile live upon.
Phe. Knowſt thou the youth that ſpoke to mee yerewhile?
Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft,
And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds
That the old *Carlot* once was Maſter of.
Phe. Thinke not I love him, though I a ske for him,
’Tis but a peeviſh boy, yet hee talkes well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that ſpeakes them pleaſes thoſe that heare :
It is a pretty youth, not very pretty,
But ſure hee’s proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
Hee’ll make a proper man: the beſt thing in him
Is his complexion : and faſter then his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heale it up :
He is not very tall, yet for his yeares hee’s tall:
His leg is but ſo ſo, and yet ’tis well :
There was a pretty redneſſe in his lip,
A little riper, and more luſtie red
Then that mixt in his cheeke : ’twas juſt the difference
Betwixt the conſtant red, and mingled Damaske.
There be ſome women *Silvius*, had they markt him
In parcells as I did, would have gone neere
To fall in love with him : but for my part
I love him not, nor hate him not : and yet
I have more cauſe to hate him then to love him,
For what had he to doe to chide at me?
He ſaid mine eyes were blacke and my haire blacke,
And now I am remembred, ſcorn’d at me :
I marvell why I anſwer’d not againe,
But that’s all one : omittance is no quittance :
Ile write to him a very tanting Lettter,
And thou ſhalt beare it, wilt thou *Silvius*?
Sil. *Phebe*, with all my heart.
Phe. Ile write it ſtrait :
The matter’s in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and paſſing ſhort;
Goe with me *Silvius.* *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Roſalind, and Celia, and Iaques.

Iaq. I prethee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Roſ. They ſay you are a melancholly fellow.

Iaq. I am ſo : I doe love it better then laughing.

Roſ. Thoſe that are in extremity of either, are abhominable fellowes, and betray themſelves to every moderne cenſure, worſe then drunkards.

Iaq. Why, ’tis good to be ſad and ſay nothing.

Roſ. Why then ’tis good to be a poſte.

Iaq. I have neither the Schollers melancholy, which is emulation : nor the Muſitians, which is fantaſticall; nor the Courtiers, which is proud : nor the Souldiers, which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers, which is politicke: nor the Ladies, which is nice : nor the Lovers, which is all theſe : but it is a melancholy of mine owne, compounded of many ſimples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the ſundrie contemplation of my travells, in which my often rumination, wraps me in a moſt humorous ſadneſſe.

Roſ. A Traveller : by my faith you have great reaſon to be ſad : I feare you have ſold your owne Lands, to ſee other mens; then to have ſeene much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poore hands.

Iaq. Yes, I have gain’d my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Roſ. And your experience makes you ſad: I had rather have a foole to make me merrie, then experience to make me ſad, and to travaile for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happineſſe, deere *Roſalind.*

Orl. Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke verſe. *Exit.*

Roſ. Farewell Mounſier Travellor : looke you liſpe, and weare ſtrange ſuites; diſable all the benefits of your own Countrie: be out of love with your nativity, & almoſt chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will ſcarce thinke you have ſwam in a Gundello. Why how now *Orlando*, where have you bin all this while? you a lover? and you ſerve me ſuch another tricke, never come in my ſight more.

Orl. My faire *Roſalind*, I come within an houre of my promiſe.

Roſ. Breake an houres promiſe in love? he that will divide a minute into a thouſand parts, and breake but a part of the thouſand part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be ſaid of him that *Cupid* hath clapt him oth’ ſhoulder, but Ile warrant him heart hole.

Orl. Pardon me deere *Roſalind.*

Roſ. Nay, and you be ſo tardy, come no more in my ſight, I had as leiſe be woo’d of a Snaile.

Orl. Of a Snaile?

Roſ. I, of a Snaile : for though he comes ſlowly, hee carries his houſe on his head; a better joynture I thinke then you make a woman : beſides, hee brings his deſtinie with him.

Orl. What’s that?

Roſ. Why hornes: which ſuch as you are faine to be beholding to your wives for: but he come armed in his fortune, and prevents the ſlander of his wife.

Orl. Vertue is no horne-maker: and my *Roſalind* is vertuous.

Roſ. And I am your *Roſalind.*

Cel. It pleaſes him to call you ſo: but he hath a *Roſalind* of a better leere then you.

Roſ. Come, wooe me, wooe mee: for now I am in a holy-day humor, and like enough to conſent: What would you ſay to me now, and I were your very, verie *Roſalinde?*

Orl. I would kiſſe before I ſpoke.

Orl. Nay, you were better ſpeake firſt, and when you were gravel'd, for lacke of matter, you might take occaſion to kiſſe: verie good Orators when they are out, they will ſpit, and for lovers, lacking (God warne us) matter, the cleanlieſt ſhiſt is to kiſſe.

Orl. How if the kiſſe be denide?

Roſ. Then ſhe puts you to entreatie, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could bee out, being before his beloved Miſtris?

Roſ. Marrie that ſhould you if I were your Miſtris, or I ſhould thinke my honeſtie ranker then my wit.

Orl. What, of my ſuite?

Roſ. Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your ſuite.

Am not I your *Roſalinde?*

Orl. I take ſome joy to ſay you are, becauſe I would be talking of her.

Roſ. Well, in her perſon, I ſay I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine owne perſon, I doe.

Roſ. No faith, die by Attorney: the poore world is almoſt ſix thouſand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not any man dyed in his owne perſon (*videlicet*) in a love cauſe: *Troilus* had his braine daſh'd out with a Grecian club, yet hee did what hee could to die before, and he is one of the patternes of love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd many a faire yeere though *Hero* had turn'd Nun; if it had not beene for a hot Midſomer-night, for (good youth) hee went but forth to waſh in the Helleſpont, and being taken with the crampe, was droun'd, and the fooliſh Chroniclers of that age, found it was *Hero* of Seſtos. But theſe are all lies, men have dyed from time to time, and wormes have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right *Roſalind* of this mind, for I proteſt her frowne might kil me.

Roſ. By this hand, it will not kill a flie: but come, now I will be your *Roſalind* in a more comming-on diſpoſition: and aske me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me *Roſalind.*

Roſ. Yes faith will I, Fridayes and Saterdayes, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Roſ. I, and twentie ſuch.

Orl. What ſayeſt thou?

Roſ. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope ſo.

Roſalind. Why then, can one deſire too much of a good thing: Come ſiſter, you ſhall bee the Prieſt, and marrie us: give me your hand *Orlando*: What doe you ſay ſiſter?

Orl. Pray thee marry us.

Cel. I cannot ſay the words.

Roſ. You muſt begin, will you *Orlando.*

Cel. Goe too: will you *Orlando*, have to wife this *Roſalind?*

Orl. I will.

Roſ. I, but when?

Orl. Why now, as faſt as ſhe can marrie us.

Roſ. Then you muſt ſay, I take thee *Roſalind* for wiſe.

Orl. I take thee *Roſalind* for wiſe.

Roſ. I might aske you for your Commiſſion,
But I doe take thee *Orlando* for my husband: there's a girle goes before the Prieſt, and certainely a Womans thought runnes before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

Roſ. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have poſſeſt her?

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Roſ. Say a day, without the ever: No, no *Orlando*, men are Aprill when they wooe, December when they wed: Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky changes when they are wives: I will be more jealous of thee, then a Barbary cocke-pidgeon over his hen, more clamorous then a Parrat againſt raine, more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my deſires, then a monkey: I will weepe for nothing, like *Diana* in the Fountaine, and I will doe that when you are diſpos'd to bee merry: I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to ſleepe.

Orl. But will my *Roſalind* doe ſo?

Roſ. By my life, ſhe will doe as I doe.

Orl. O but ſhe is wiſe.

Roſ. Or elſe ſhe could not have the wit to doe this: the wiſer, the waywarder: make the doores upon a womans wit, and it will out at the caſement: ſhut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole: ſtop that, 'twill flie with the ſmoake out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with ſuch a wit, he might ſay, wit whither wil't?

Roſ. Nay, you might keepe that checke for it, till you met your wives wit going to your neighbours bed,

Orl. And what wit could wit have, to excuſe that?

Roſ. Marry to ſay, ſhe came to ſeeke you there: you ſhall never take her without her anſwer, unleſſe you take her without her tongue: O that woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occaſion, let her never nurſe her childe her ſelfe, for ſhe will breed it like a foole.

Orl. For theſe two houres *Roſalind* I will leave thee.

Roſ. Alas, deere love, I cannot lacke thee two houres.

Orl. I muſt attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clocke I will be with thee againe.

Rſo. I, goe your wayes, goe your wayes: I knew what you would prove, my freinds told me as much, and I thought no leſſe: that flattering tongue of yours wonne mee: 'tis but one caſt away, and ſo come death: two o' clocke is your howre.

Orl. I ſweet *Roſalind.*

Roſ. By my troth, and in good earneſt, and ſo God mend mee, and by all pretty oathes that are not dangerous, if you breake one jot of your promiſe, or come one minute behinde your houre, I will thinke you the moſt patheticall breake-promiſe, and the moſt hollow lover, and the moſt unworthy of her you call *Roſalinde*, that may bee choſen out of the groſſe band of the unfaithfull: therefore beware my cenſure, and keepe your promiſe.

Orl. With no leſſe religion, then if thou wert indeed my *Roſalind*: ſo adieu.

Roſ. Well, Time is the olde Iuſtice that examines all ſuch offenders, and let time try: adieu. *Exit.*

Cel. You have ſimply miſus'd our ſexe in your love-prate:

prate; we muſt have your doublet and hoſe pluckt over your head, and ſhew the world what the bird hath done to her owne neſt.

Roſ. O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou didſt know how many fathome deepe I am in love: but it cannot be ſounded: my affection hath an unknowne bottome, like the Bay of Portugall.

Cel. Or rather bottomleſſe, that as faſt as you poure affection in, it runs out.

Roſ. No, that ſame wicked Baſtard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of ſpleene, and borne of madneſſe, that blinde raſcally boy, that abuſes every ones eyes, becauſe his owne are out, let him be judge, how deepe I am in love: ile tell thee *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the ſight of *Orland*: Ile goe finde a ſhaddow, and ſigh till he come,

Cel. And Ile ſleepe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Iaques and Lords, Forreſters.

Iaq. Which is he that killed the Deare?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Iaq. Let's preſent him to the Duke like a Romane Conquerour, and it would do well to ſet the Deares hornes upon his head, for a branch of victorie; have you no ſong Forreſter for this purpoſe?

Lord. Yes Sir.

Iaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, ſo it make noyſe enough.

Muſicke, Song.

What ſhall he have that kild the Deare?
His Leather skin, and hornes to weare:
Then ſing him home, the reſt ſhall beare this burthen;
Take thou no ſcorne to weare the horne,
It was a creſt ere thou waſt borne,
Thy fathers father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The horne, the horne, the luſtly horne,
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorne. *Exeunt.*

Seæna Tertia.

Enter Roſalind and Celia.

Roſ. How ſay you now, is it not paſt two a clocke? And heere much *Orlando*.

Cel. I warrant you with pure love, & troubled braine.

Enter Silvius.

He hath t'ane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth
To ſleepe: looke who comes here.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth,
My gentle *Phebe*, bid me give you this:
I knew not the contents, but as I gueſſe
By the ſterne brow, and waſpiſh action
Which ſhe did uſe, as ſhe was writing of it,
It beares an angry tenure; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltleſſe meſſenger.

Roſ. Patience her ſelfe would ſtartle at this letter,
And play the ſwaggerer, beare this, beare all:
Shee ſaies I am not faire, that I lacke manners,
She calls me proud, & that ſhe could not love me
Were man as rare as Phenix: 'od's my will,
Her love is not the Hare that I did hunt,
Why writes ſhe ſo to me? well Shepheard, well,
This is a Letter of your owne device.

Sil. No, I proteſt, I know not the contents,
Phebe did write it.

Roſ. Come, come, you are a foole,
And turn'd into the extremitie of love.
I ſaw her hand, ſhe has a leatherne hand,
A freeſtone coloured hand: I verily did thinke
That her old gloves were one, but twas her hands:
She has a huſwifes hand, but that's no matter:
I ſay ſhe never did invent this letter,
This is a mans invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Roſ. Why, tis a boyſterous and a cruell ſtile,
A ſtile for challengers: why, ſhe defies me,
Like Turke to Chriſtian: womens gentle braine
Could not drop forth ſuch giant rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Then in their countenance: will you heare the letter?

Sil. So pleaſe you, for I never heard it yet:
Yet heard too much of *Phebes* crueltie.

Rvſ. She *Phebes* me: marke how the tyrant writes.
Read. *Art thou god, to ſheapheard turn'd?*
That a maidens heart hath burn'd?
Can a woman raile thus.

Sil. Call you this railing?

Roſ. Read. *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
War'ſt thou with a womans heart?
Did you ever heare ſuch railing?
Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,
That could do no vengance to me.
Meaning me a beaſt.
If the ſcorne of your bright eine
Have power to raiſe ſuch love in mine,
Alacke, in me, what ſtrange effect
Would they worke in milde aſpect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love,
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knowes this love in me:
And by him ſeale up thy minde,
Whether that thy youth and kinde
Will the faithfull offer take
Of me, and all that I can make,
Or elſe by him my love denie,
And then Ile ſtudie how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas poore Shepheard,

Roſ. Doe you pitty him? No, he deſerves no pitty: wilt thou love ſuch a woman? what to make thee an inſtrument, and play falſe ſtrings upon thee? not to be endur'd. Well, goe your way to her; (for I ſee Love hath made thee a tame ſnake) and ſay this to her; That if ſhe love me, I charge her to love thee: if ſhe will not, I will never have her, unleſſe thou intreat for her: if you bee a true lover hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. *Exit. Sil.*

Enter Oliver.

Oliv. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you know)
Where in the Purlews of this Forreſt, ſtands.

A ſheep-coat, fenc'd about with Olive-trees.
Cel. Weſt of this place, downe in the neighbor bottome
The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring ſtreame
Left on your right hand, bring you to the place:
But at this houre, the houſe doth keepe it ſelfe,
There's none within.
Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then ſhould I know you by deſcription,
Such garments, and ſuch yeeres: the boy is faire,
Of femall favour, and beſtowes himſelfe
Like a ripe ſiſter: But the woman low
And browner then her brother: are not you
The owner of the houſe I did enquire for?
Cel. It is no boaſt, being ask'd, to ſay we are.
Orl. *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his *Roſalind*,
He ſends this bloudy napkin; are you he?
Roſ. I am: what muſt we underſtand by this?
Orl. Some of my ſhame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was ſtain'd.
Cel. I pray you tell it.
Oli. When laſt the young *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promiſe to returne againe
Within an houre, and pacing through the Forreſt,
Chewing the food of ſweet and bitter fancie,
Loe what befell: he threw his eye aſide,
And marke what object did preſent it ſelfe
Vnder an old Oake, whoſe bows were moſs'd with age,
And high top bald with drie antiquitie:
A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire
Lay ſleeping on his backe; about his necke
A greene and guilded ſnake had wreath'd it ſelfe,
Who with her head, nimble in threates approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but ſodainely
Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd it ſelfe,
And with indented glides, did ſlip away
Into a buſh, under whoſe buſhes ſhade
A Lyoneſſe, with udders all drawne drie,
Lay cowching head on ground, with catlike watch
When that the ſleeping man ſhould ſtirre; for 'tis
The royall diſpoſition of that beaſt
To prey on nothing, that doth ſeeme as dead:
This ſeene, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Cel. O I have heard him ſpeake of that ſame brother,
And he did render him the moſt unnaturall
That liv'd amongſt men.
Oli. And well he might ſo doe,
For well I know he was unnaturall.
Roſ. But to *Orlando*: did he leave him there
Food to the ſuck'd and hungry Lyoneſſe?
Oli. Twice did he turne his backe and purpos'd ſo:
But kindneſſe, nobler ever then revenge,
And Nature ſtronger then his juſt occaſion,
Made him give battle to the Lyoneſſe:
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miſerable ſlumber I awaked.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Roſ. Was't you he reſcu'd?
Cel. Was't you that did ſo oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I doe not ſhame
To tell you what I was, ſince my converſion
So ſweetly taſtes, being the thing I am.
Roſ. But for the bloody napkin?
Oli. By and by:
When from the firſt to laſt betwixt us two,
Teares our recountments had moſt kindely bath'd,
As how I came into that Deſert place.
In briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me freſh array, and entertainement,
Committing me unto my brothers love:
Who led me inſtantly unto his Cave,
There ſtript himſelfe, and heere upon his arme
The Lyoneſſe had torne ſome fleſh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cride in fainting upon *Roſalinde*.
Breefe, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,
And after ſome ſmall ſpace, being ſtrong at heart,
He ſent me hither, ſtranger as I am
To tell this ſtorie, that you might excuſe
His broken promiſe, and to give this napkin
Died in his blood, unto the Shepheard youth,
That he in ſport doth call his *Roſalind*.
Cel. Why how now *Ganimed*, ſweet *Ganimed*.
Oli. Many will ſwoon when they do looke on bloud.
Cel There is more in it; Coſen *Ganimed*.
Oli. Looke, he recovers.
Roſ. I would I were at home.
Cel. Wee'll leade you thither:
I pray you will you take him by the arme.
Oli. Be of good cheere youth: you a man?
You lacke a mans heart.
Roſ. I doe ſo, I confeſſe it:
Ah, ſirra, a body would thinke this was well counterfeited, I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh-ho.

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great teſtimony in your complexion, that it was paſſion of earneſt.

Roſ. Counterfeit, I aſſure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Roſ. So I doe: but yfaith, I ſhould have beene a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw homewards: good ſir, goe with us.

Oli. That will I: for I muſt beare anſwere backe
How you excuſe my brother, *Roſalind*.

Roſ. I ſhall deviſe ſomething: but I pray you commend my counterfeting to him: will you goe?

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Clowne and Awdrie.

Clo. We ſhall finde a time *Awdrie*, patience gentle *Awdrie*.

Awd. Faith the Prieſt was good enough, for all the old gentlemans ſaying.

Clow. A moſt wicked Sir *Oliver*, *Awdrie*, a moſt vile *Mar-text*. But *Awdrie*, there is a youth heere in the Forreſt layes claime to you.

Awd. I, I know who 'tis: he hath no intereſt in me in the world: here comes the man you meane.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drinke to me to ſee a Clowne, by my troth, we that have good wits, have much to anſwer for: we ſhall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Will. Good eu'n *Audrey.*

Aud. God ye good eu'n *William.*

Will. And good eu'n to you Sir.

Clo. Good eu'n gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head: Nay prethee be couer'd. How olde are you Friend?

Will. Five and twenty Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name *William*?

Will. *William*, ſir.

Clo. A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forreſt heere?

Will. I ſir, I thanke God.

Clo. Thanke God: A good anſwer:
Art rich?

Will. 'Faith ſir, ſo, ſo.

Clo. So, ſo is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not, it is but ſo, ſo:
Art thou wiſe?

Will. I ſir, I have a prettie wit.

Clo. Why, thou ſayeſt well. I do now remember a ſaying: The foole doth thinke he is wiſe, but the wiſeman knowes himſelfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philoſopher, when he had a deſire to eate a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do ſir.

Clo. Give me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will. No ſir.

Col. Then learne this of me, To have, is to have. For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drinke being powr'd out of a cup into a glaſſe, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do conſent, that *ipſe* is hee: now you are not *ipſe* for I am he.

Will. Which he ſir?

Col. He ſir, that muſt marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leave the ſocietie: which in the booriſh, is companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the ſociety of this Female, or Clowne thou periſheſt: or to thy better underſtanding, dyeſt; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, tranſlate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deale in poyſon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in ſteele: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will ore-run thee with policy: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do good *William.*

Will. God reſt yov merry ſir. *Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Maſter and Miſtreſſe ſeekes you: come away, away.

Clo. Trip *Audry*, trip *Audry*, I attend,
I attend. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Orlando & Oliver.

Orl. Is't poſſible, that on ſo little acquaintance you ſhould like her? that, but ſeeing, you ſhould love her? And loving woo? and wooing, ſhe ſhould graunt? And will you perſever to enjoy her?

Ol. Neither call the giddineſſe of it in queſtion; the povertie of her, the ſmall acquaintance, my ſodaine wooing, nor ſodaine conſenting: but ſay with me, I love *Aliena*: ſay with her, that ſhe loves me; conſent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it ſhall be to your good: for my fathers houſe, and all the revennew, that was old Sir *Rowlands*, will I eſtate upon you, and heere live and die a Shepheard.

Enter Roſalind.

Orl. You have my conſent.
Let your wedding be to morrow: thither will I
Invite the Duke, and all's contented followers:
Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for looke you,
Heere comes my *Roſalinde.*

Roſ. God ſave you brother.

Ol. And you faire ſiſter.

Roſ. Oh my deere *Orlando*, how it greeves me to ſee thee weare thy heart in a ſcarfe.

Orl. It is my arme.

Roſ. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the clawes of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

Roſ. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeyted to ſound, when he ſhew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that.

Roſ. O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there was never any thing ſo ſodaine, but the fight of two Rammes, and *Cæſars* Thraſonicall bragge, of, I came, ſaw, and overcame. For your brother, and my ſiſter, no ſooner met, but they look'd: no ſooner look'd, but they lov'd; no ſooner lov'd, but they ſigh'd: no ſooner ſigh'd but they ask'd one another the reaſon: no ſooner knew the reaſon, but they ſought the remedie: and in theſe degrees, have they made a paire of ſtaires to marriage, which they will climbe incontinent, or elſe be incontinent before marriage; they are in the verie wrath of love, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

Orl. They ſhall be married to morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke into happines through another mans eyes: by ſo much the more ſhall I to morrow be at the height of heart heavineſſe, by how much I ſhall thinke my brother happie, in having what he wiſhes for.

Roſ. Why then to morrow, I cannot ſerve your turne for *Roſalind*?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Roſ. I will wearie you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I ſpeake to ſome purpoſe) that I know you are a Gentlemen of good conceit: I ſpeake not this, that you ſhould beare a good opinion of my knowledge: inſomuch (I ſay) I know you are: neither doe I labor for a greater eſteeme then may in ſome little meaſure draw a beleefe from you, to doe your ſelfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeve then, if you pleaſe, that I can doe ſtrange things; I have ſince I was three yeare old converſt with a Magitian, moſt profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Roſalinde* ſo neere the heart, as your geſture cries it out: when your brother marries *Aliena*, ſhall you marrie her. I know into what ſtraights of fortune ſhe is driven, and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appeare not inconvenient to you, to ſet her before your eyes to morrow, humane as ſhe is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'ſt thou in ſober meanings?

Roſ. By my life I do, which I tender deerly, though I ſay I am a Magitian: Therefore put you in your beſt aray, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you ſhall: and to *Roſalind* if you will.

Enter Silvius & Phebe.

Looke, here comes a Lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you haue done me much vngentleneſſe,
To ſhew the letter that I writ to you.

Roſ. I care not if I have: it is my ſtudie
To ſeeme deſpightfull and vngentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithfull ſhepheard,
Looke vpon him, love him: he worſhips you.

Phe. Good ſhepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to love

Sil. It is to be all made of ſighes and teares,
And ſo am I for *Phebe.*

Phe. And I for *Ganimed.*

Or. And I for *Roſalind.*

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and ſervice,
And ſo am I for *Phebe.*

Phe. And I for *Ganimed.*

Or. And I for *Roſalind.*

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantaſie,
All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes,
All adoration, duty and obſerbance,
All humbleneſſe, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all triall, all obſervance:
And ſo am I for *Phebe.*

Phe. And ſo am I for *Ganimed.*

Or. And ſo am I for *Roſalind.*

Roſ. And ſo am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

Or. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

Roſ. Why do you ſpeake too, Why blame you mee to love you.

Orl. To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heare.

Roſ. Pray you no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Iriſh Wolves againſt the Moone: I will helpe you if I can: I would love you if I could: To morrow meet me altogether: I will marry you, if ever I marry Woman, and Ile be married to morrow: I will ſatisfie you, if ever I ſatisfi'd man, and you ſhall be married to morrow. I will content you, if what pleaſes you contents you, and you ſhall be married to morrow: As you love *Roſalind* meet, as you love *Phebe* meet, and as I love no woman, Ile meet: ſo fare you well: I have left you commands

Sil. Ile not faile, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Or. Nor I. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Clo. To morrow is the joyfull day *Audrey*, to morow will we be married.

Au. I do deſire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be a woman of the world? Heere come two of the baniſh'd Dukes Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1. *Pa.* Wel met honeſt Gentleman.

Clo. By my troth well met: come, ſit, ſit, and a ſong.

2. *Pa.* We are for you, ſit i'th middle.

1. *Pa.* Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe, which are the onely prologues to a bad voice.

2. *Pa.* I faith, y'faith, and both in a tune like two gipſies on a horſe.

Song.

It was a Lover, and his laſſe,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o're the greene corne feild did paſſe,
In the ſpring time, the onely pretty rang time,
When Birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet Lovers love the ſpring,
And therefore take the preſent time,
With a hey, & a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime.
In ſpring time, &c.

Betweene the acres of the Rie,
With a hey, and a ho, & a hey nonino:
Theſe pretty Country folks would ly.
In ſpring time, &c.

This Carroll they began that houre,
With a hey and a ho, & a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a Flower,
In ſpring time, &c.

Clo. Truly young Gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very vntunable.

1. *Pa.* you are deceiv'd Sir, we kept time, we loſt not our time.

Clo. By my troth yes: I count it but time loſt to heare ſuch a fooliſh ſong. God buy you, and God mend your voices. Come *Audrie.* *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior, Amyens, Iaques, Orlando, Oliver, Celia.

Du. Sen. Doſt thou beleeve *Orlando*, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promiſed?

Or. I ſometimes do beleeve, and ſometimes do not,
As thoſe that feare they hope, and know they feare.

Enter Roſalinde, Silvius, & Phebe.

Roſ. Patience once more, whiles our compact is vrg'd:
You ſay, if I bring in your *Roſalinde*,
You will beſtow her on *Orlando* heere?

Du. Se. That would I, had I kingdomes to give with (hir.

Roſ. And you ſay you will have her, when I bring hir?

Or. That would I, were I of all kingdomes King.

Roſ. You ſay, you'l marry me, if I be willing.

Phe. That will I, ſhould I dy the houre after.

Ro. But if you do refuſe to marry me,
You'l give your ſelfe to this moſt faithfull Shepheard.

Phe. So is the bargaine.

Roſ. You ſay that you'l have *Phebe* if ſhe will.

Sil. Though to have her and death, were both one thing.

Roſ. I have promis'd to make all this matter even:
Keepe you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter,
You yours *Orlando*, to receive his daughter:
Keepe you your word *Phebe*, that you'l marry me,
Or elſe refuſing me, to wed this ſhepheard:
Keepe your word *Siluius*, that you'l marry her
If ſhe refuſe me, and from hence I go
To make theſe doubts all even. *Exit Roſ. and Celia.*

Du. Se. I do remember in this ſhepheard boy,
Some lively touches of my daughters favour.

Or. My Lord, the firſt time that I ever ſaw him,
Me thought he was a brother to your daughter:
But my good Lord, this Boy is Forreſt borne,
And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many deſperate ſtudies, by his vnckle,
Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Obſcured in the circle of this Forteſt.

Iaq. There is ſure another flood toward, and theſe couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre of very ſtrange beaſts, which in all tongues, are call'd Fooles.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Iaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the Motley-minded Gentleman, that I have ſo often met in the Forreſt: he hath bin a Courtier he ſweares.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my purgation, I have trod a meaſure, I have flattred a Lady, I have bin politicke with my friend, ſmooth with mine enemie, I have vndone three Tailors, I have had foure quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Iaq. And how was that tane up?

Clo. Faith we met, and found the quarrel was upon the ſeventh cauſe.

Iaq. How ſeventh cauſe? Good my Lord, like this fellow.

Du. Se. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you ſir, I deſire you of the like: I preſſe in heere ſir, amongſt the reſt of the Country copulatives to ſweare, and to forſweare, according as marriage binds and blood breakes: a poore virgin ſir, an il favor'd thing ſir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine ſir, to take that that no man elſe will: rich honeſty dwels like a miſer ſir, in a poore houſe, as your Pearle in your foule oyſter.

Du. Sen. By my faith, he is very ſwift, and ſententious

Clo. According to the fooles bolt ſir, and ſuch dulcet diſeaſes.

Iaq. But for the ſeventh cauſe. How did you finde the quarrell on the ſeventh cauſe?

Clo. Vpon a lye, ſeven times removed: (beare your body more ſeeming *Audry*) as thus ſir: I did diſlike the cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he ſent me word, if I ſaid his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I ſent him word againe, it was not well cut, he wold ſend me word he cut it to pleaſe himſelfe: this is call'd the quip modeſt. If againe, it was not well cut, he diſabled my judgment: this is called, the reply churliſh. If againe it was not wel cut, he would anſwer I ſpake not true: this is call'd the reproofe valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold ſay, I lie: this is call'd the counter-checke quarrelſome: and ſo to the lie circumſtantiall, and the lie direct.

Iaq. And how oft did you ſay his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durſt go no further then the lye circumſtantiall: nor he durſt not give me the lie direct: and ſo wee meaſur'd ſwords, and parted.

Iaq. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of the lie.

Clo. O ſir, we quarrell in print, by the booke: as you have bookes for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The firſt, the Retort courteous: the ſecond, the Quip-modeſt: the third, the reply Churliſh: the fourth, the Reproofe valiant: the fift, the Countercheck e quarrelſome: the ſixt, the Lye with circumſtance: the ſeaventh, the Lye direct: all theſe you may avoyd, but the Lye direct: and you may avoide that too, with an If. I knew when ſeven Iuſtices could not take up a Quarrell, but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an If; as if you ſaide ſo, then I ſaide ſo: and they ſhooke hands, and ſwore brothers. Your If, is the onely peace-maker: much vertue in if.

Iaq. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a foole.

Du. Se. He uſes his folly like a ſtalking-horſe, and under the preſentation of that he ſhoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Roſalind, and Celia.
Still Muſicke.

Hymen. *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
When earthly things made eaven
attone together.
Good Duke receive thy daughter,
Hymen from Heaven brought her,
Yea brought her hether.
That thou mightſt joyne his hand with his,
Whoſe heart within his boſome is.

Roſ. To you I give my ſelfe, for I am yours.
To you I give my ſelfe, for I am yours.

Du. Se. If there be truth in ſight, you are my daughter.

Or. If there be truth in ſight, you are my *Roſalind.*

Phe. If ſight & ſhape be true, why then my love adiev.

Roſ. Ile have no Father, if you be not he:
Ile have no Husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not ſhe.

Hy. Peace hoa: I barre confuſion,
'Tis I muſt make concluſion
Of theſe moſt ſtrange events:
Here's eight that muſt take hands,
To joyne in *Hymens* bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you, no croſſe ſhall part;
You and you, are heart in heart;
You, to his love muſt accord,
Or have a Woman to your Lord.
You and you, are ſure together,
As the Winter to fowle Weather:
Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we ſing,
Feede your ſelves with queſtioning:
That reaſon, wonder may diminiſh
How thus we met, and theſe things finiſh.

Song.

Wedding is great Iunos crowne,
O bleſſed bond of boord and bed:
'Tis Hymen peoples every towne,
High wedlocke then be honored:
Honor, high honor and renowne
To Hymen, God of every Towne.

Du. Se. O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me,
Even daughter welcome, in no leſſe degree.

Phe. I will not eate my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.

Enter ſecond Brother.

2. *Bro.* Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the ſecond ſonne of old *Sir Rowland*,
That bring theſe tidings to this faire aſſembly.
Duke Fredericke hearing how that every day,
Men of great worth reſorted to this forreſt,
Addreſt a mighty power, which were on foote
In his owne conduct, purpoſely to take
His brother heere, and put him to the ſword:
And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old Religious man,
After ſome queſtion with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crowne bequeathing to his baniſh'd Brother,
And all their Lands reſtor'd to him againe
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Du.Se. Welcome yong man:
Thou offer'ſt fairely to thy brothers wedding:
To one his lands with-held, and to the other
A land it ſelfe at large, a potent Dukedome.
Firſt, in this Forreſt, let us do thoſe ends
That heere were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happie number
That have endur'd ſhrew'd daies, and nights with us,
Shal ſhare the good of our returned fortune,
According to the meaſure of their ſtates.
Meane time, forget this new-falne dignity,
And fall into our Ruſticke Revelry:
Play Muſicke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all,
With meaſure heap'd in joy, to th' Meaſures fall.

Iaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a Religious life,
And throwne into neglect the pompous Court.

2. *Bro.* He hath.

Iaq. To him will I: out of theſe convertites,
There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd:
You to your former Honor, I bequeath;
Your patience, and your vertue, well deſerves it.
You to a love, that your true faith doth merit:
You to your land, and love, and great allies:
You to a long, and well-deſerved bed:
And you to wrangling, for thy loving voyage
Is but for two moneths victuall'd: So to your pleaſures,
I am for other, then for dancing meazures.

Du. Se. Stay, *Iaques*, ſtay.

Iaq. To ſee no paſtime, I: what you would have,
Ile ſtay to know, at your abandon'd cave. *Exit.*

Du. Se. Proceed, proceed, we will begin theſe rights,
As we do truſt, they'l end in true delights.

Roſ. It is not the faſhion to ſee the Lady the Epilogue: but it is no more unhandſome, then to ſee the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that goood wine needs no buſh, 'tis true, that a good play needes no Epilogue. Yet to good wine they do uſe good buſhes: & good plaies prove the better by the helpe of good Epilogues: What a caſe am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor cannot inſinuate with you in the behalfe of a good play? I am not furniſh'd like a Begger, therefore to begge will not become mee. My way is to conjure you, and Ile begin with the Women. I charge you (O women) for the love you beare to men, to like as much of this Play, as pleaſe you: And I charge you (O men) for the love you beare to women (as I perceive by your ſimpring, none of you hates them) that betweene you, and the women, the play may pleaſe. If I were a Woman, I would kiſſe as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defi'de not: And I am ſure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or ſweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'ſie, bid me farewell. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE

Taming of the Shrew.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Begger and Hoſteſſe, Chriſtophero Sly.

Begger.

ILe pheeze you infaith.

Hoſt. A paire of ſtokes you rogue.

Beg. Y'are a baggage, the *Slies* are no Rogues. Looke in the Chronicles, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*: therefore *Paucas pallabris*, let the world ſlide: Seſſa.

Hoſt. You will not pay for the glaſſes you haue burſt?

Beg. No, not a deniere: go by S. *Ieronimy*, goe to thy cold bed, and warme thee.

Hoſt. I know my remedy, I muſt go fetch the Headborough.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, Ile anſwere him by Law. Ile not budge an inch boy: Let him come, and kindly. *Falles aſleepe.*

Winde hornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.

Lo. Huntſman I charge thee, tender wel my hounds,
Brach *Meriman*, the poore Curre is imboſt,
And couple *Clowder* with the deepe-mouth'd brach,
Saw'ſt thou not boy how *Silver* made it good
At the hedge corner, in the couldeſt fault,
I would not loſe the dogge for twenty pound.

Hun. Why *Belman* is as good as he my Lord,
He cried upon it at the meereſt loſſe,
And twice to day pick'd out the dulleſt ſent,
Truſt me, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a foole, if *Eccho* were as fleete,
I would eſteeme him worth a dozen ſuch:
But ſup them well, and looke unto them all,
To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Hun. I will my Lord.

Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth he breathe?

2. *Hun.* He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to ſleep ſo ſoundly.

Lord. Oh monſtrous beaſt, how like a ſwine he lyes.
Grim death, how foule and loathſome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man.
What thinke you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in ſweet cloathes: Rings put upon his fingers:
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the begger then forget himſelfe?

1. *Hun.* Beleeve me Lord, I thinke he cannot chooſe.

2. *H.* It would ſeem ſtrange unto him when he wak'd

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.
Then take him up, and manage well the jeſt:
Carry him gently to my faireſt Chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balme his foule head in warme diſtilled waters,
And burne ſweet Wood to make the Lodging ſweete:
Procure me Muſicke ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly ſound:
And if he chance to ſpeake, be ready ſtraight
(And with a low ſubmiſſive reverence)
Say, what is it your Honor will command:
Let one attend him with a ſilver Baſon
Full of Roſe-water, and beſtrew'd with Flowers,
Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper,
And ſay wilt pleaſe your Lordſhip coole your hands.
Some one be ready with a coſtly ſuite,
And aske him what apparel he will weare:
Another tell him of his Hounds and Horſe,
And that his Lady mournes at his diſeaſe,
Perſwade him that he hath bin Lunaticke,
And when he ſayes he is, ſay that he dreames,
For he is nothing but a mighty Lord:
This do, and do it kindly, gentle ſirs,
It wil be paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modeſty.

1. *Hun.* My Lord I warrant you we wil play our part
As he ſhall thinke by our true diligence
He is no leſſe then what we ſay he is.

Lor. Take him up gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sound trumpets.

Sirrah, go ſee what Trumpet 'tis that ſounds,
Belike ſome Noble Gentleman that meanes
(Travelling ſome journey) to repoſe him heere.

Enter Servingman.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't pleaſe your Honor, Players
That offer ſervice to your Lordſhip.

Enter Players.

Lor. Bid them come neere:
Now fellowes, you are welcome.

Pla. We thanke your Honor.

Lor. Do you intend to ſtay with me to night?

2. *Pla.* So pleaſe your Lordſhip to accept our duty.

Lor. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he plaide a Farmers eldeſt ſonne,
'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman ſo well:
I have forgot your name: but ſure that part

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd

Sim. I think 'twas *Soto* that your Honour meanes.

Lord. 'Tis very true, thou didſt it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a Lord will hear you play to night;
But I am doubtfull of your modeſties,
Leaſt (over-eying of his odde behaviour,
For yet his Honour never heard a Play)
You break into ſome merry paſſion,
And ſo offend him: for I tell you ſirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he growes impatient.

Plu. Fear not my Lord, we can contain our ſelves,
Were he the verieſt antick in the world.

Lord. Go ſirra, take them to the Buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one,
Let them want nothing that my houſe affords.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to *Barthol'mew* my Page,
And ſee him dreſt in all ſuits like a Lady:
That done, conduct him to the Drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, doe him obeiſance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my love)
He bear himſelf with honourable action
Such as he hath obſerv'd in noble Ladies
Unto their Lords, by them accompliſhed,
Such duty to the Drunkard let him doe:
With ſoft low tongue, and lowly courteſie,
And ſay: What is't your Honour will command,
Wherein your Lady, and your humble Wife,
May ſhew her duty, and make known her love.
And then with kind embracements, tempting kiſſes,
And with declining head into his boſome
Bid him ſhed teares, as being over-joyed
To ſee her noble Lord reſtor'd to health,
Who for this ſeven yeares hath eſteemed him
No better then a poor and loathſome beggar:
And if the boy have not a womans gift
To rain a ſhower of commanded teares,
An Onion will doe well for ſuch a ſhift,
Which in a Napkin (being cloſe convey'd)
Shall in deſpight enforce a watry eye:
See this diſpatch'd with all the haſt thou canſt,
Anon I'le give thee more inſtructions.

Exit a Servingman.

I know the boy will well uſurpe the grace,
Voyce, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman.
I long to hear him call the Drunkard, Husband,
And how my men will ſtay themſelves from laughter,
When they doe homage to this ſimple peaſant,
I'le in to counſell them: haply my preſence
May well abate the over-merry ſpleen,
Which otherwiſe would grow into extreames.

Enter aloft the Drunkard with attendants, ſome with apparel, Baſon & Ewer, & other appurtenances, & Lord.

Beg. For Gods ſake a pot of ſmall Ale.

1. *Ser.* Wil't pleaſe your Lordſhip drink a cup of ſack?

2. *Ser.* Wil't pleaſe your Honour taſte of theſe Conſerves?

3. *Ser.* What raiment will your Honour wear to day.

Beg. I am *Chriſtophero Slie*, call not me Honour nor Lordſhip: I ne're drank ſack in my life: and if you give me any Conſerves, give me Conſerves of Beef: ne're ask me what raiment I'le wear, for I have no more Doublets then Backs: no more Stockings then Legges: nor no more Shooes then Feet, nay ſometimes more Feet then Shooes, or ſuch Shooes as my Toes look through the over-leather.

Lor. Heaven ceaſe this idle humour in your Honour.
Oh that a mighty man of ſuch deſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteem,
Should be infuſed with ſo foul a ſpirit.

Beg. What, would you make me mad? Am not I *Chriſtophero Slie*, old *Slie's* ſon of *Burton-heath*, by birth a Pedler, by education a Card-maker, by tranſmutation a Bear-heard, and now by preſent profeſſion a Tinker. Ask *Marrian Hacket* the fat Ale-wife of *Wincot*, if ſhe know me not: if ſhe ſay I am not xiv.d. on the ſcore for ſheere Ale, ſcore me up for the lyingſt knave in Chriſtendome.
What I am not beſtraught: here's-------

1. *Man.* Oh this it is that makes your Lady mourn.

2. *Man.* Oh this is it that makes your ſervants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred ſhuns your houſe.
As beaten hence by your ſtrange Lunacy.
Oh Noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,
And baniſh hence the abject lowly dreames:
Look how thy ſervants doe attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have Muſick? Heark, *Apollo* playes, *Muſick.*
And twenty caged Nightingales do ſing.
Or wilt thou ſleep? We'l have thee to a Couch,
Softer and ſweeter then the luſtfull bed
On purpoſe trimm'd up for *Semiramis*.
Say thou wilt walk: we will beſtrow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trapp'd,
Their harneſſe ſtudded all with Gold and Pearl.
Doſt thou love hawking? thou haſt Hawkes will ſoare
Above the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy Hounds ſhall make the Welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.

1. *Man.* Say thou wilt courſe, thy Gray-hounds are as ſwift
As breathed Stags: I, fleeter then the Roe.

2. *M.* Doſt thou love pictures? we will fetch thee ſtraight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And *Citherea* all in ſedges hid,
Which ſeem to move, and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving ſedges play with winde.

Lord. We'l ſhew thee *Jo*, as ſhe was a Maid,
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpriz'd,
As lively painted, as the deed was done.

3. *Man.* Or *Daphne* roming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her Legs, that one ſhall ſwear ſhe bleeds,
And at that ſight ſhall ſad *Apollo* weep,
So workmanly the blood and teares are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou haſt a Lady far more beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.

1 *Man.* And till the teares that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like envious flouds, o're-run her lovely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world,
And yet ſhe is inferiour to none.

Beg. Am I a Lord, and have I ſuch a Lady?
Or doe I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I doe not ſleep: I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak:
I ſmell ſweet ſavours, and I feel ſoft things:
Upon my life I am a Lord indeed,
And not a Tinker, nor *Chriſtophero Slie*.
Well, bring our Lady hither to our ſight,
And once again a pot o'th' ſmalleſt Ale.

2. Man. Wil't pleaſe your Mightineſſe to waſh your hands?
Oh how we joy to ſee your wits reſtor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
Theſe fifteen yeares you have bin in a dream,
Or when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if you ſlept.
Beg. Theſe fifteen yeares, by my ſay, a goodly nap,
But did I never ſpeak of all that time?
1. Man. Oh yes, my Lord, but very idle words,
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you ſay, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail upon the Hoſteſſe of the Houſe,
And ſay you would preſent her at the Leet,
Becauſe ſhe brought Stone-Jugs, and no ſeal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for *Cicely Hacket*.
Beg. I, the womans maid of the houſe.
3 Ma. Why ſir, you know no houſe, nor no ſuch maid,
Nor no ſuch men as you have reckon'd up,
As *Stephen Sle*, and old *John Naps* of *Greece*,
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twenty more ſuch names and men as theſe,
Which never were, nor no man ever ſaw.
Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.
All. Amen.

Enter Lady with Attendants.

Beg. I thank thee, thou ſhalt not loſe by it.
Lady. How fares my noble Lord?
Beg. Marry I fare well, for here is cheer enough.
Where is my Wife?
La. Here noble Lord, what is thy will with her?
Beg. Are you my Wife, and will not call me Husband?
My men ſhould call me Lord, I am your good-man.
La. My Husband and my Lord, my Lord and Husband,
I am your Wife in all obedience.
Beg. I know it well, what muſt I call her?
Lord. Madam,
Beg. *Alce* Madam, or *Jone* Madam?
Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe, ſo Lords call Ladies.
Beg. Madam Wife, they ſay that I have dream'd,
And ſlept about ſome fifteen year or more.
Lady. I, and the time ſeems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Beg. 'Tis much, ſervants leave me and her alone:
Madam undreſſe you, and come now to bed.
La. Thrice noble Lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or if not ſo, untill the Sun be ſet.
For your Phyſicians have expreſſely charg'd,
In perill to incurre your former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed:
I hope this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.
Beg. I, it ſtands ſo that I may hardly tarry ſo long:
But I would be loth to fall into my dreames again: I will therefore tarry in deſpight of the fleſh and the blood.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Your Honours Players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant Comedy,
For ſo your Doctours hold it very meet,
Seeing too much ſadneſſe hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurſe of frenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a Play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thouſand harmes, and lengthens life.
Beg. Marry I will, let them play, it is not a Comonty, a Chriſtmas gambold, or a tumbling trick?
Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleaſing ſtuffe.
Beg. What, houſholdſtuffe?
Lady. It is a kind of hiſtory.
Beg. Well, we'l ſee't:
Come Madam Wife, ſit by my ſide,
And let the world ſlip, we ſhall ne're be younger.

Flouriſh. Enter Lucentio, and his man Tranio.

Luc. *Tranio*, ſince for the great deſire I had
To ſee fair *Padua*, nurſery of Arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitfull *Lumbardy*,
The pleaſant garden of great *Italy*,
And by my fathers love and leave am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company.
My truſty ſervant well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and happly inſtitute
A courſe of Learning, and ingenious ſtudies.
Piſa renowned for grave Citizens
Gave me my being, and my father firſt
A Merchant of great Traffick through the world:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentivolii*,
Vincentio's ſon, brought up in *Florence*,
It ſhall become to ſerve all hopes conceiv'd
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I ſtudy,
Virtue and that part of Philoſophy
Will I apply, that treats of happineſſe,
By virtue ſpecially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I have *Piſa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves
A ſhallow plaſh, to plunge him in the deep,
And with ſatiety ſeeks to quench his thirſt.
Tra. *Me Pardonato*, gentle maſter mine:
I am in all affected as your ſelf,
Glad that you thus continue your reſolve,
To ſuck the ſweets of ſweet Philoſophy.
Onely (good maſter) while we doe admire
This virtue, and this morall diſcipline,
Let's be no Stoicks, nor no ſtocks I pray;
Or ſo devote to *Ariſtotles* checks,
As *Ovid* be an out-caſt quite abjur'd:
Balke Logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practice Rhetorick in your common talke,
Muſick and Poeſie uſe, to quicken you,
The Mathematicks, and the Metaphyſicks,
Fall to them as you find your ſtomack ſerves you:
No profit growes, where is no pleaſure tane:
In brief ſir, ſtudy what you moſt affect.
Luc. Gramercies *Tranio*, well doſt thou adviſe,
If *Biondello* thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put us in readineſſe,
And take a Lodging fit to entertain
Such friends (as time) in *Padua* ſhall beget.
But ſtay a while, what company is this?
Tra. Maſter ſome ſhew to welcome us to Town.

Enter Baptiſta with his two daughters, Katherina and Bianca, Gremio a Pantalowne, Hortenſio a Suitor to Bianca, Lucen. Tranio, ſtand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am reſolv'd you know:
That is, not to beſtow my youngeſt daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder;
If either of you both love *Katherina*,

Becauſe I know you well, and love you well,
Leave ſhall you have to court her at your pleaſure.

Gre. To cart her rather. She's too rough for me,
There, there *Hortentio*, will you any Wife?

Kat. I pray you ſir, is it your will
To make a ſtale of me among'ſt thoſe mates?

Hor. Mates maid, how mean you that?
No mates for you,
Unleſſe you were of gentler milder mould.

Kat. I'faith ſir, you ſhall never need to fear,
I-wis it is not halfe way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care ſhall be,
To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd ſtoole,
And paint your face, and uſe you like a foole.

Hor. From all ſuch devils, good Lord deliver us.

Gre. And me too, good Lord.

Tra. Huſh'd maiſter, heres ſome good paſtime toward,
That wench is ſtark mad or wonderfull froward.

Luc. But in the others ſilence do I ſee,
Maids milde behaviour and ſobrietie.
Peace *Tranio.*

Tra. Well ſaid Maiſter, mum, and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may ſoon make good
What I have ſaid, *Bianca* get you in,
And let it not diſpleaſe thee, good *Bianca*,
For I will love thee ne're the leſſe my girle.

Kat. A pretty peat, it is beſt put finger in the eye,
and ſhe knew why.

Bian. Siſter content you, in my diſcontent.
Sir, to your pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My books and inſtruments ſhall be my company,
On them to look, and practiſe by my ſelf.

Luc. Heark *Tranio*, thou maiſt hear *Minerva* ſpeak.

Hor. Signior *Baptiſta*, will you be ſo ſtrange,
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up
(Signior *Baptiſta*) for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am reſolv'd:
Go in *Bianca.*
And for I know ſhe taketh moſt delight
In Muſick, Inſtruments, and Poetry,
Schoolemaiſters will I keep within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth. If you *Hortentio*,
Or ſignior *Gremio* you know any ſuch,
Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,
I will be very kinde and liberall,
To mine own children, in good bringing up,
And ſo farewell: *Katherina* you may ſtay,
For I have more to commune with *Bianca.* *Exit.*

Kat. Why, and I truſt I may go too, mey I not?
What ſhall I be appointed houres, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leave? Ha. *Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devils dam: your gifts are ſo good, here's none will hold you: Our love is not ſo great *Hortentio*, but we may blow our nails together, and faſt it fairly out. Our cake's dow on both ſides. Farewy a: yet for the love I bear my ſweet *Bianca*, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein ſhe delights, I will wiſh him to her father.

Hor. So will I Signior *Gremis*: but a word I pray: Though the nature of our quarrell yet never brook'd parlee, know now upon advice, it toucheth us both: that we may yet again have acceſſe to our fair Miſtris, and be happy rivals in *Bianca's* love, to labour and effect one thing ſpecially.

Gre. What's that I pray?

Hor. Marry ſir, to get a husband for her ſiſter,

Gru. A husband: a devill.

Hor. I ſay a husband.

Gre. I ſay a devill: Think'ſt thou, *Hortentio*, though her father be very rich, any man is ſo very a foole to be married to hell?

Hor. Tuſh *Gremio*; though it paſſe your patience and mine to endure her lewd alarums, why man, there be good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on them, Would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition; To be whipt at the high croſſe every morning.

Hor. Faith (as you ſay) there's ſmall choice in rotten apples: come, ſince this bar in law makes us friends, it ſhall be ſo forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping *Baptiſta's* eldeſt daughter to a husband, we ſet his youngeſt free for a husband, and then have too't afreſh: Sweet *Bianca*, happy man be his dole: he that runnes faſteſt, gets the Ring: How ſay you ſignior *Gremio*?

Grem. I am agreed, and would I had given him the beſt horſe in *Padua* to begin his wooing that would throughly wooe her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the houſe of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio.

Tra. I pray ſir tell me, is it poſſible
That love ſhould on a ſudden take ſuch hold.

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it poſſible or likely.
But ſee, while idely I ſtood looking on,
I found the effect of Love in idleneſſe,
And now in plainneſſe to confeſſe to thee
That art to me as ſecret and as dear
As *Anna* to the Queen of *Carthage* was:
Tranio I burn, I pine, I periſh *Tranio*,
If I atchieve not this young modeſt girle:
Councell me *Tranio*, for I know thou can'ſt:
Aſſiſt me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now.
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love touch'd you, nought remains but ſo,
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies Lad: go forward, this contents,
The reſt will comfort, for thy counſel's ſound.

Tra. Maſter, you look'd ſo longly on the maid
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. Oh yes, I ſaw ſweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Jove* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiſt the *Cretan* ſtrond.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her ſiſter,
Began to ſcold, and raiſe up ſuch a ſtorm?
That mortall ears might hardly endure the din,

Luc. Tranio, I ſaw her corrall lips to move;
And with her breath ſhe did perfume the aire,
Sacred and ſweet was all I ſaw in her.

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to ſtir him from his trance:
I pray awake ſir: if you love the Maid;
Bend thoughts and wits to atchieve her. Thus it ſtands:
Her eldeſt ſiſter is ſo curſt and ſhrew'd,
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Maſter, your love muſt live a maid at home,
And therefore has he cloſely meu'd her up,

Becauſe ſhe will not be annoy'd with ſuters.

Luc. Ah *Tranio*, what a cruell Fathers he:
But art thou not adviſ'd, he took ſome care
To get her cunning Schoolemaſters to inſtruct her.

Tra, I marry am I ſir, and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it *Tranio.*

Tra. Maiſter, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine firſt.

Tra. You will be ſchoole-maiſter,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not poſſible: for who ſhall bear your part,
And be in *Padua* here *Vincentio's* ſon,
Keep houſe, and ply his book, welcome his friendes,
Viſit his Countreymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Baſta, content thee: for I have it full.
We have not yet been ſeen in any houſe,
Nor can we be diſtinguiſh'd by our faces,
For man or maiſter: then it follows thus;
Thou ſhalt be maiſter, *Tranio* in my ſted:
Keep houſe, and port, and ſervants, as I ſhould,
I will ſome other be, ſome *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Piſa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and ſhall be ſo: *Tranio* at once
Uncaſe thee: take my colour'd hat and cloak,
When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee,
But I will charm him firſt to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need:
In brief Sir, ſith it your pleaſure is,
And I am tyed to be obedient,
For ſo your father charg'd me at our parting:
Be ſerviceable to my ſon (quoth he)
Although I think 'twas in another ſence,
I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Becauſe ſo well I love *Lucentio.*

Luc. Tranio be ſo, becauſe *Lucentio* loves,
And let me be a ſlave, t'atchieve that maid,
Whoſe ſudden ſight hath thral'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirra, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay how now, where are you? Maiſter, ha's my fellow *Tranio* ſtol'n your cloathes, or you ſtol'n his, or both? Pray what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah come hither, 'tis no time to jeſt.
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow *Tranio* here to ſave my life,
Puts my apparell, and my count'nance on,
And I for my eſcape have put on his:
For in a quarrell ſince I came aſhore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I am deſcried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to ſave my life:
You underſtand me?

Bion I ſir, ne're a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio.*

Bion. The better for him, would I were ſo too.

Tra. So would I, 'faith boy, to have the next wiſh after, that *Lucentio* indeed had *Baptiſta's* youngeſt daughter. But ſirra, not for my ſake, but your maiſters, I adviſe you uſe your manners diſcreetly in all kind of companies: When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*: but in all places elſe, your maiſter *Lucentio.*

Luc. Tranio let's go:
One thing more reſts, that thy ſelf execute,
To make one 'mong theſe wooers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my reaſons are both good and weighty.

Exeunt. *The Preſenters above ſpeaks.*

1. *Man.* My Lord you nod, you do not mind the play.

Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter ſurely: Comes there any more of it?

Lad. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

Beg. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam Lady: would 'twere done. *They ſit and marke.*

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for for a while I take my leave,
To ſee my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My beſt beloved and approued friend
Hortentio: and I trow this is the houſe:
Here ſirra *Grumio*, knock I ſay.

Gru. Knock ſir? whom ſhould I knock? Is there any man ha's rebus'd your worſhip?

Pet. Villain I ſay, knock me here ſoundly.

Gru. Knock you here ſir? Why ſir, what am I ſir, that I ſhould knock you here ſir?

Pet. Villain I ſay knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'le knock your knaves pate.

Gru. My Maiſter is grown quarrelſome:
I ſhould knock you firſt,
And then I know after, who comes by the worſt.

Pet. Will it not be?
Faith ſirra, and you'll not knock, I'le ring it,
I'le try how you can *Sol, Fa*, and ſing it.

He rings him by the ears.

Gru. Help miſtris help, my maiſter is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you: ſirra villain.

Enter Hortentio

Hor. How now, what's the matter? My old friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio*? How do you all at *Verona*?

Pet. Signior *Hortentio*, come you to part the fray?
Contutti le core bene trovatto, may I ſay.

Hor. Alla noſtra caſa ben venuto multo honorato ſignior mio Petruchio.
Riſe *Grumio*, we will compound this quarrell.

Gru. Nay 'tis no matter ſir, what he leges in Latine. If this be not a lawfull cauſe for me to leave his ſervice, look you ſir: He bid me knock him, and rap him ſoundly ſir. Well, was it fit for a ſervant to uſe his maſter ſo, being perhaps (for ought I ſee) two and thirty, a peep out? Whom would to God I had well knock't at firſt, then had not *Grumio* come by the worſt.

Pet. A ſenceleſſe villain: good *Hortentio*,
I bad the raſcall knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? O heavens: ſpeak you not theſe words plain? Sirra, Knock me here: rap me here: knock me well, and knock me ſoundly? And come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirra, be gone, or talk not I adviſe you.

Hor. Petruchio patience, I am *Grumio's* pledge:
Why this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient truſty pleaſant ſervant *Grumio:*
And tell me now (ſweet friend) what happy gale
Blows you to *Padua* here, from old *Verona*?

Pet. Such wind as ſcatters young men through the world,

To ſeeke their fortunes farther than at home,
Where ſmall experience growes but in a few.
Signior *Hortenſio*, thus it ſtands with me,
Antonio my father is deceaſt,
And I have thruſt my ſelfe into this maze,
Happily to wive and thrive, as beſt I may:
Crownes in my purſe I have, and goods at home,
And ſo am come abroad to ſee the world.

Hor. Petruchio. ſhall I then come roundly to thee,
And wiſh thee to a ſhrew'd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dſt thanke me but a little for my counſell:
And yet Ile promiſe thee ſhe ſhall be rich,
And very rich: but th'art too much my friend,
And Ile not wiſh thee to her.

Pet. Signior *Hortenſio*, 'twixt ſuch friends as wee,
Few words ſuffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich' enough to be *Petruchio's* wife:
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)
Be ſhe as foule as was *Florentius* Love,
As old as *Sibell*, and as curſt and ſhrow'd
As *Secrates Zantippe*, or a worſe:
She moves me not, or not removes at leaſt
Affections edge in time. Were ſhe as rough
As are the ſwelling *Adriaticke* ſeas.
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua*:
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Gru. Nay looke you ſir, hee tels you flatly what his minde is: why give him Gold enough, and marrie him to a Puppet or an Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're'a tooth in her head, though ſhe have as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes. Why nothing comes amiſſe, ſo mony comes withall.

Hor. Petruchio, ſince we are ſtept thus farre in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jeſt,
I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and yong and beautious.
Brought up as beſt becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her onely fault, and that is fault enough,
Is, that ſhe is intollerable curſt,
And ſhrew'd, and froward, ſo beyond all meaſure,
That were my ſtate farre worſer then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

Pet. Hortenſio peace: thou knowſt not golds effect,
Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough:
For I will boord her, though ſhe chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke.

Hor. Her father is *Baptiſta Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is *Katherina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her ſcolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceaſed father well:
I will not ſleepe *Hortenſio* til I ſee her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this firſt encounter,
Vnleſſe you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor laſts. A my word, and ſhe knew him as wel as I do, ſhe would tkinke ſcolding would do little good upon him. Shee may perhaps call him halfe a ſcore Knaves, or ſo: Why that's nothing; and he begin once, hee'l raile in his rope trickes. Ile tell you what ſir, and ſhe ſtand him but a litle, he wil throw a figure in her face, and ſo disfigure hir with it, that ſhee ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withall then a Cat: you know him not ſir.

Hor. Tarry *Petruchio*, I muſt go with thee,
For in *Baptiſtas* keepe my treaſure is:
He hath the Jewell of my life in hold,
His yongeſt daughter, beautifull *Bianca*,
And her with-holds hee from me. Other more
Suters to her, and rivals in my Love:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
For thoſe defects I have before rehearſt,
That ever *Katherina* will be woo'd:
Therefore this order hath *Baptiſta* tane,
That none ſhal have acceſſe vnto *Bianca*,
Till *Katherine* the Curſt, have got a husband.

Gru. Katherine the curſt,
A title for a maide, of all titles the worſt.

Hor. Now ſhall my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me diſguis'd in ſober robes,
To old *Baptiſta* as a ſchoole-maiſter
Well ſeene in Muſicke, to inſtruct *Bianca*,
That ſo I may by this device at leaſt
Have leave and leiſure to make love to her,
And vnſuſpected court her by her ſelfe.

Enter Gremio and Lucentio diſguiſed.

Gru. Heere's no knavery. See, to beguile the old folkes how the young folkes lay theirs head together. Maiſter, maiſter, looke about you: Who goes there? ha.

Hor. Peace *Grumio*, it is the rivall of my Love.
Petruchio ſtand by a whilt.

Gru. A proper ſtripling, and an amourous.

Gre. O very well, I have perus'd the note.
Hearke you ſir, Ile have them very fairely bound,
All bookes of Love, ſee that at any hand,
And ſee you reade no other Lectnres to her:
You underſtand me. Over and beſide
Signior *Baptiſtas* liberality
Ile mend it with a Largeſſe. Take your paper too,
And let me have them very wel perfum'd,
For ſhe is ſweeter then perfume it ſelfe
To whom they go to: what will you reade to her?

Luc. What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you,
As for my patron, ſtand you ſo aſſur'd;
As firmely as your ſelfe were ſtill in place,
Yea and perhaps with more ſucceſſefull words
Then you; vnleſſe you were a ſcholler ſir.

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is.

Gru. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Aſſe it is.

Pet. Peace ſirra.

Hor. Gru. mum: God ſave you ſignior *Gremio*.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior *Hortenſio*.
Trow you whither I am going? To *Baptiſta Minola*,
I promiſt to enquire carefully
About a ſchoolemaſter for the faire *Bianca*,
And by good fortune I have lighted wel
On this yong man: For learning and behauiour
Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie
And other boookes, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a Gentleman
Hath promiſt me to helpe one to another,
A fine Muſitian to inſtruct our Miſtris,
So ſhal I no whit be behinde in duty
To faire *Bianca*, ſo beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me, and that my deeds ſhal prove.

Gru. And that his bags ſhal prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no tiuie to vent our love,
Liſten to me, and if you ſpeake me faire,
Ile tell you newes indifferent good for either.
Heere is a Gentle nan whom by chance I met

Vpon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curſt *Katherine*,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowrie pleaſe,
Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well:
Hortenſio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know ſhe is an irkeſome brawling ſcold:
If that be all Maiſters, I heare no harme.
Gre. No, ſayſt me ſo, friend? What Countreyman?
Pet. Borne in *Verona*, old *Butonios* ſonne:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope, good dayes and long, to ſee.
Gre. Oh ſir, ſuch a life with ſuch a wife, were ſtrange:
But if you have a ſtomacke, too't a Gods name,
You ſhall haue me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this Wilde-cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he woo her? I: or Ile hang her,
Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?
Have I not in my time heard Lions rore?
Have I not heard the ſea, puft up with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with ſweat?
Have I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heavens Artillerie thunder in the ſkies?
Have I not in a pitched battell heard
Loud larums, neighing ſteeds, & trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
That gives not halfe ſo great a blow to heare,
As will a Cheſſe-nut in a Farmers fire;
Tuſh, tuſh, feare boyes with bugs.
Gru. For he feares none.
Gre. *Hortenſio* hearke:
This Gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My minde preſumes for his owne good, and yours.
Hor. I promiſt we would be Contributors,
And beare his charge of wooing whatſoere.
Gre. And ſo we will, provided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as ſure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio brave, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God ſave you. If I may be bold,
Tell me I beſeech you, which is the readieſt way
To the houſe of Signior *Baptiſta Minola*?
Bio. He that ha's the two faire daughters: iſt he you meame?
Tra. Even he *Biondello*.
Gre. Hearke you ſir, you meane not her to——
Tra. Perhaps him and her ſir, what have you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides ſir, at any hand I pray.
Tra. I love no chiders ſir: *Biondello*, let's away.
Luc. Well begun *Tranio*.
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:
Are you a ſutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?
Tra. And if I be ſir, is it any offence?
Gre. No: if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why ſir, I pray are not the ſtreets as free
For me, as for you?
Gree. But ſo is not ſhe.
Trr. For what reaſon I beſeech you.
Gre. For this reaſon if you'l kno,
That ſhe's the choiſe love of Signior *Gremio*.
Hor. That ſhe's the choſen of ſignior *Hortenſio*.
Tra. Softly my Maiſters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: heare me with patience.
Baptiſta is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all unknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then ſhe is,
She may more ſutore have, and me for one.
Faire *Ladaes* daughter had a thouſand wooers,
Then well one more may faire *Bianca* have;
And ſo ſhe ſhall. *Lucentio* ſhall make one,
Though *Paris* came, in hope to ſpeed alone.
Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke us all.
Lu. Sir give him head, I know hee'l prove a Iade.
Pet. *Hortenſio*, to what end are all theſe words?
Hor. Sir, let me be ſo bold as to aske you,
Did you yet ever ſee *Baptiſtas* daughter?
Tra. No ſir, but heare I do that he hath two:
The one, as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As is the other, for beauteous modeſtie.
Pet. Sir, ſir, the firſt's for me, let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more then *Alcides* twelve.
Pet. Sir underſtand you this of me (inſooth)
The yongeſt daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keepes from all acceſſe of ſutors,
And will not promiſe her to any man,
Vntill the elder ſiſter firſt be wed.
The yonger then is free, and not before.
Tra. If it be ſo ſir, that you are the man
Muſt ſteed us all, and me amongſt the reſt:
And if you breake the ice, and do this ſeeke,
Atchieve the elder: ſet the yonger free,
For our acceſſe, whoſe hap ſhall be to have her,
Will not ſo graceleſſe be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir you ſay well, and well you do conceive,
And ſince you do profeſſe to be a ſutor,
You muſt as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholding.
Tra. Sir, I ſhall not be ſlacke, in ſigne wherof,
Pleaſe ye we may contrive this afternoone,
And quaffe carowſes to our Miſtreſſe health,
And do as adverſaries do in law,
Strive mightily, hut eate and drinke as friends.
Gru. Bion. Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gon.
Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it ſo,
Petruchio, I ſhall be your *Ben venuto*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Katherina and Bianca.

Bia. Good ſiſter wrong me not, nor wrong your ſelfe,
To make a bondmaide and a ſlave of me,
That I diſdaine: but for theſe other goods,
Vnbinde my hands, Ile pull them off my ſelfe,
Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate,
Or what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my dutie to my elders.
Kate. Of all thy ſuters heere I charge thee tell
Whom thou lov'ſt beſt: ſee thou diſſemble not.
Bianca. Beleeve me ſiſter, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that ſpeciall face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other.
Kate. Minion thou lyeſt, Is't not *Hortenſio*?
Bian. If you affect him ſiſter, heere I ſweare
Ile pleade for you my ſelfe, but you ſhall have him.
Kate Oh then belike you fancie riches more,
You will have *Gremio* to keepe you faire.
Bian. Is it for him you do envie me ſo?
Nay then you jeſt, and now I well perceive
You have but jeſted with me all this while;
I prethee ſiſter Kate untie my hands.
Ka. If that be jeſt, then all the reſt was ſo. *Strikes her.*

Enter Baptiſta.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence growes this inſolence?

Bianca ſtand aſide, poore gyrle ſhe weepes:
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.
For ſhame thou Hilding of a divelliſh ſpirit,
Why doſt thou wrong her, that did ne're wrong thee?
When did ſhe croſſe thee with a bitter word?

Kat. Her ſilence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd,
Flies after Bianca

Bap. What in my ſight? *Bianca* get thee in. *Exit.*

Kat. What will you not ſuffer me: Nay now I ſee
She is your treaſure, ſhe muſt have a husband,
I muſt dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your love to her, leade Apes in hell.
Talke not to me, I will goe ſit and weepe,
Till I can finde occaſion of revenge.

Bap. Was never Gentleman thus greev'd as I?
But who comes here.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man,
Petruchio with Tranio, with his boy
bearing a Lute and Bookes.

Gre. Good morrow neighbour *Baptiſta.*

Bap. Good morrow neighbour *Gremio*: God ſave you Gentlemen.

Pet. And you good ſir: pray have you not a daughter, cal'd *Katerina*, faire and vertuous?

Bap. I have a daughter ſir, cal'd *Katerina,*

Gre. You are too bluut, go to it orderly.

Pte. You wrong me ſignior *Gremio*, give me leave.
I am a gentleman of *Verona* ſir,
That hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability and baſhfull modeſtie:
Her, wondrous qualities, and milde behaviour,
Am bold to ſhew my ſelfe a forward gueſt
Within your houſe, to make mine eye the witneſſe
Of that report, which I ſo oft have heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainement,
I do preſent you with a man of mine
Cunning in Muſicke, and the Mathematickes,
To inſtruct her fully in thoſe ſciences,
Whereof I know ſhe is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or elſe you do me wrong,
His name is *Licio*, borne in *Mantua.*

Bap. Y'are welcome ſir, and he for your good ſake.
But for my daughter *Katerine*, this I know,
She is not for your turne, the more my greefe.

Pet. I ſee you do not meane to part with her.
Or elſe you like not of my company.

Bap. Miſtake me not, I ſpeake but what I finde,
Whence are you ſir? What may I call your name.

Pet. *Petruchio* is my name, *Antonio's* ſonne,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his ſake.

Gre. Saving your tale *Petruchio*, I pray let us that are poore petitioners ſpeake too? *Baccare*, you are mervaylous forward.

Pet. Oh, Pardon me ſignior *Gremio*, I would faine bee doing.

Gre. I doubt it not ſir. But you will curſe
Your wooing neighbours: this is a guift
Very gratefull, I am ſure of it, to expreſſe
The like kindneſſe my ſelfe, that have beene
More kindely beholding to you then any:
Freely give unto this yong Scholler, that hath
Beene long ſtudying at *Rhemes*, as cunning
In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages,
As the other in Muſicke and Mathematickes:
His name is *Cambio*: pray accept his ſeruice.

Bap. A thouſand thankes ſignior *Gremio*:
Welcome good *Cambio*. But gentle ſir,
Me thinkes you walke like a ſtranger,
May I be ſo bold, to know the cauſe of your comming?

Tra. Pardon me ſir, the boldneſſe is mine owne,
That being a ſtranger in this Cittye here,
Do make thy ſelfe a ſuitor to your daughter,
Vnto *Bianca*, faire and vertuous:
Nor is your firme reſolue unknowne to me,
In the preferment of the eldeſt ſiſter.
This liberty is all that I requeſt,
That upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongſt the reſt that woo,
And free acceſſe and fauour as the reſt.
And toward the education of your daughters,
I heere beſtow a ſimple inſtrument,
And this ſmall packet of Greeke and Latine bookes,
If you accept them, then their worth is great:

Bap. *Lucentio* is your name, of whence I pray.

Tra. Of *Piſa* ſir, ſonne to *Vinſencio.*

Bap. A mightie man of *Piſa* by report,
I know him well: you are very welcom[illegible]r:
Take you the Lute, and you the ſet of bookes,
You ſhall go ſee your Pupils preſently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, leade theſe Gentlemen
To my two daughters, and then tell them both
Theſe are their Tutors, bid them uſe them well,
We will go walke a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are paſſing welcome,
And ſo I pray you all to thinke yonr ſelves.

Pet. Signior *Baptiſta*, my buſineſſe asketh haſte,
And everie day I cannot come to wooe,
You know my father well, and in him me,
Left ſolie heire to al his Lands and goods,
Which I have bettered rather then decreaſt,
Then tell me, if I get your daughters love,
What dowrie ſhall I have with her to wife.

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
And in poſſeſsion twentie thouſand Crownes.

Pet. And for that dowrie, Ile aſſure her of
Her widdow-hood, be it that ſhe ſurvive me
In all my Lands and Leaſes whoſoever,
Let ſpecialties be therefore drawne betweene us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. I, when the ſpeciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her love: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as ſhe proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do conſume the thing that feedes their furie.
Though little fire growes great with little winde,
Yet extreame guſts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and ſo ſhe yeelds to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well maiſt thou woo, and happy bee thy ſpeed:
But be thou arm'd for ſome unhappie words.

Pet. I to the proofe, as Mountaines are for windes,
That ſhake not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortenſio with his head broke.

Bap. How now my friend, why doſt thou looke ſo pale?
Hor. For feare I promiſe you, if I looke pale.
Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good Muſitian?
Hor. I thinke ſhe'l ſooner prove a ſouldier,
Iron may hold with her, but never Lutes.
Bap. Why then thou canſt not break her to the Lute?
Hor. Why no, for ſhe hath broke the Lute to me:
I did but tell her ſhe miſtooke her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When (with a moſt impatient divelliſh ſpirit)
Frets call you theſe? (quoth ſhe) Ile fume with them:
And with that word ſhe ſtroke me on the head,
And through the inſtrument my pate made way,
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,
While ſhe did call me Raſcall, Fidler,
And twangling Iacke, with twenty ſuch vilde tearmes,
As had ſhe ſtudied to miſuſe me ſo.
Pet. Now by the world, it is a luſty Wench
I love her ten times more then ere I did,
Oh how I long to have ſome chat with her.
Ba. Wel go with me, and be not ſo diſcomfited.
Proceed in practiſe with my yonger daughter,
She's apt to learne, and thankefull for good turnes:
Signior *Petruchio*; will you go with us,
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter *Kate* to you.

Exit. Manet Petruchio.

Pet. I pray you do. I will attend her heere.
And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes.
Say that ſhe raile, why then Ile tell her plaine,
She ſings as ſweetly as a Nightinghale:
Say that ſhe frowne, Ile ſay ſhe lookes as cleere
As morning Roſes newly waſht with dew:
Say ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeake a word,
Then Ile commend her volubility,
And ſay ſhe vttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me packe, Ile give her thankes,
As though ſhe bid me ſtay by her a weeke:
If ſhe deny to wed, Ile crave the day
When I ſhall aske the banes, and when be married.
But heere ſhe comes, and now *Petruchio* ſpeake.

Enter Katerina.

Good morrow *Kate*, for thats your name I heare.
Kat. Well have you heard, but ſomething hard of hearing:
They call me *Katerine*, that do talke of me.
Pet. You lye infaith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,
And bony *Kate*, and ſometimes *Kate* the curſt:
But *Kate*, the prettieſt *Kate* in Chriſtendome,
Kate of *Kate*-hall, my ſuper-dainty *Kate*,
For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me, *Kate* of my conſolation,
Hearing thy mildneſſe prais'd in euery Towne,
Thy vertues ſpoke of, and thy beauty ſounded,
Yet not ſo deepely as to thee belongs,
My ſelfe am moou'd to woo thee for my wife.
Kat. Mov'd, in good time, let him that mov'd you hether
Remove you hence: I knew you at the firſt
You were a mouable.
Pet. Why, what's a mouable?
Kat. A joyn'd ſtoole.
Pet. Thou haſt hit it: come ſit on me.
Kat. Aſſes are made to beare, and ſo are you.
Pet. Women are made to beare, and ſo are you.
Kat. No ſuch Iade ſir as you, if me you meane.
Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
For knowing thee to be but yong and light.
Kat. To light for ſuch a ſwaine as you to catch,
And yet as heavy as my waight ſhould be.
Pet. Should be, ſhould: buzze.
Kat. Well tane, and like a buzzard.
Pet, Oh ſlow-wing'd Turtle, ſhal a buzzard take thee?
Kat. I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzard.
Pet. Come, come you Waſpe, y'faith you are too angry.
Kat. If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.
Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.
Kat. I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.
Pet. Who knowes not where a Waſpe does weare his ſting? In his taile.
Kat. In his tongue?
Pet. Whoſe tongue.
Kat. Yours if you talke of tales, and ſo farewell.
Pet. What with my tongue in your taile.
Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman,
Kat. That Ile trie. *ſhe ſtrikes him*
Pet. I ſweare Ile cuffe you, if you ſtrike againe.
Kat. So may you looſe your armes,
If you ſtrike me, you are no Gentleman,
And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.
Pet. A Herald *Kate*? Oh put me in thy bookes.
Kat. What is your Creſt, a Coxcombe?
Pet. A combleſſe Cocke, ſo *Kate* will be my Hen.
Kat. No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a craven
Pet. Nay come *Kate*; come; you muſt not looke ſo ſowre.
Kat. It is my faſhion when I ſee a Crab.
Pet. Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not ſowre.
Kat. There is, there is.
Pet. Then ſhew it me.
Kat. Had I a glaſſe, I would.
Pet. What, you meane my face.
Kat Well aym'd of ſuch a yong one.
Pet. Now by S. George I am too yong for you.
Kat. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kat. I care not.
Pet. Nay heare you *Kate*. Inſooth you ſcape not ſo.
Kat. I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit, I finde you paſſing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I finde report a very liar,
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeach, yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers.
Thou canſt not frowne, thou canſt not looke a ſcance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſſe in talke:
But thou with mildneſſe entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conference, ſoft, and affable.
Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limpe?
Oh ſland'rous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig
Is ſtraight, and ſlender, and as browne in hue
As hazle nuts, and ſweeter then the kernels:
Oh let me ſee thee walke: thou doſt not halt.
Kat. Go foole, and whom thou keep'ſt command.
Pet. Did ever *Dian* ſo become a Grove
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate;
O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,

And then let *Kate* be chaſte, and *Dian* ſportfull.
Kate. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech ?
Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother wit.
Kate. A witty mother, witleſſe elſe her ſonne.
Pet. Am I not wiſe ?
Kat. Yes, keepe you warme.
Pet. Marry ſo I meane ſweet *Katherine* in thy bed :
And therefore ſetting all this chat aſide,
Thus in plaine termes : your father hath conſented
That you ſhall be my wife : your dowry greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now *Kate*, I am a husband for your turne,
For by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou muſt be married to no man but me,

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Trayno.

For I am he am borne to tame you *Kate*,
And bring you from a wild *Kat* to a *Kate*
Conformable as other houſhold *Kates* :
Heere comes your father, never make deniall,
I muſt, and will have *Katherine* to my wife. (daughter ?
Bap. Now Signior *Petruchio*, how ſpeed you with my
Pet. How but well ſir ? how but well ?
It were impoſſible I ſhould ſpeed amiſſe. (dumps ?
Bap. Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your
Kat. Call you me daughter ? now I promiſe you
You have ſhewd a tender fatherly regard,
To wiſh me wed to one halfe Lunaticke;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a ſwearing Iacke,
That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus, your ſelfe and all the world
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiſſe of her :
If ſhe be curſt, it is for pollicy,
For ſhe's not froward, but modeſt as the Dove,
Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne;
For patience ſhe will prove a ſecond *Griſſel*,
And Roman *Lucrece* for her chaſtity :
And to conclude, we have greed ſo well together,
That upon ſonday is the wedding day.
Kat. Ile ſee thee hang'd on ſonday firſt. (firſt.
Gre. Harke *Petruchio*, ſhe ſayes ſhe'il ſee thee hang'd
Tra. Is this your ſpeeding? nay then godnight our part.
Pet. Be patient gentlemen, I chooſe her for my ſelfe,
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you ?
'Tis bargain'd twixt us twaine being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curſt in company.
I tell you 'tis incredible to beleeve
How much ſhe loves me : oh the kindeſt *Kate*,
Shee hung about my necke, and kiſſe on kiſſe
Shee vi'd ſo faſt, proteſting oath on oath,
That in a twinke ſhe won me to her love.
Oh you are novices, 'tis a world to ſee
How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacocke wretch can make the curſteſt ſhrew :
Give me thy hand *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*
To buy apparell 'gainſt the wedding day;
Provide the feaſt father, and bid the gueſts,
I will be ſure my *Katherine* ſhall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to ſay, but give me your hands,
God ſend you joy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen ſay we, we will be witneſſes.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu,
I will to *Venice*, ſonday comes apace,
We will have rings, and things, and fine array,
And kiſſe me *Kate*, we will be married a ſonday.
Exit Petruchio, and Katherine.
Gre. Was ever match clapt up ſo ſodainely ?
Bap. Faith Gentlemen now I play a merchants part,
And venture madly on a deſperate Mart.
Tra. Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,
'Twill bring you gaine, or periſh on the ſeas.
Bap. The gaine I ſeeke, is quiet me the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now *Baptiſta*, to your yonger daughter,
Now is the day we long have looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was ſuter firſt.
Tra. And I am one that love *Bianca* more
Then words can witneſſe, or your thoughts can gueſſe,
Gre. Yongling, thou canſt not love ſo deare as I
Tra. Gray-beard thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry,
Skipper ſtand backe, 'tis age that nouriſheth.
Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that floriſheth.
Bap. Content you gentlemen, I will compound this
'Tis deeds muſt win the prize, and he of both (ſtrife,
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
Shall have *Biancas* love.
Say ſignior *Gremio*, what can you aſſure her ?
Gre. Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the City
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold,
Baſons and ewers to lave her dainty hands :
My hangings all of *tirian* tapeſtry :
In Iuory coſers I have ſtuft my crownes :
In Cypres cheſts my arras counterpoints,
Coſtly apparell, tents, and Canopies,
Fine Linnen, Turky cuſhions boſt with pearle,
Vallens of Venice gold, in needle worke :
Pewter and braſſe, and all things that belongs
To houſe or houſe-keeping : then at my farme
I have a hundred milch-kine to the paile,
Sixe-ſcore fat Oxen ſtanding in my ſtalls,
And all things anſwerable to this portion.
My ſelfe am ſtrooke in yeeres I muſt confeſſe,
And if I dye to morrow this is hers,
If whil'ſt I live ſhe will be onely mine.
Tra. That onely came well in : ſir, liſt to me,
I am my Fathers heyre and onely ſonne,
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
Ile leave her houſes three or foure as good
Within rich *Piſa* walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*,
Beſides, two thouſand Duckets by the yeere
Of fruitfull land, all which ſhall be her joynter.
What, have I pincht you Signior *Gremio* ?
Gre. Two thouſand Duckets by the yeere of land,
My Land amounts not to ſo much in all :
That ſhe ſhall have, beſides an Argoſie
That now is lying in Marſellis roade :
What, have I choakt you with an Argoſie ?
Tra. *Gremio*, 'tis knowne my father hath no leſſe
Then three great Argoſies, beſides two Galliaſſes
And twelve tite Gallies, theſe I will aſſure her,
And twice as much what ere thou offreſt next.
Gre. Nay, I have offred all, I have no more,
And ſhe can have no more then all I have,
If you like me, ſhe ſhall have me and mine.
Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firme promiſe, *Gremio* is out vied.
Bap. I muſt confeſſe your offer is the beſt,
And let your father make her the aſſurance,

She is your owne, elſe you muſt pardon me :
If you ſhould dye before him, where's her dower ?
Tra. That's but a cavill : he is old, I young.
Gre. And may not yong men dye as well as old ?
Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus reſolv'd,
On ſonday next, you know
My daughter *Katherine* is to be married :
Now on the ſonday following, ſhall *Bianca*
Be Bride to you, if you make this aſſurance :
If not, to Signior *Gremio* :
And ſo I take my leave, and thanke you both. *Exit.*
Gre. Adieu good neighbour : now I feare thee not :
Sirra, yong gameſter, your father were a foole
To give thee all, and in his wayning age
Set foot under thy table : tut, a toy,
An old Italian foxe is not ſo kind my boy. *Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten :
'Tis in my head to doe my maſter good :
I ſee no reaſon but ſuppos'd *Lucentio*
Muſt get a father, call'd ſuppos'd *Vincentio*,
And that's a wonder : fathers commonly
Do get their children : but in this caſe of wooing,
A child ſhall get a ſire, if I faile not of my cunning. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbeare, you grow too forward Sir,
Have you ſo ſoone forgot the entertainment
Her ſiſter *Katherine* welcom'd you withall?
Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is
The patroneſſe of heavenly harmony :
Then give me leave to have prerogative,
And when in Muſicke we have ſpent an houre,
Your Lecture ſhall have leiſure for as much.
Luc. Prepoſterous Aſſe that never read ſo farre,
To know the cauſe why muſicke was ordain'd :
Was it not to refreſh the mind of man
After his ſtudies, or his uſuall paine ?
Then give me leave to reade Philoſophy,
And while I pauſe, ſerve in your harmony.
Hort. Sirra, I will not beare theſe braves of thine.
Bian. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
To ſtrive for that which reſteth in my choyce :
I am no breeching ſcholler in the ſchooles,
Ile not be tied to houres, nor pointed times,
But learne my Leſſons as I pleaſe my ſelfe,
And to cut off all ſtrife : heere ſit we downe,
Take you your inſtrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.
Hort. You'll leave his Lecture when I am in tune?
Luc. That will be never, tune your inſtrument.
Bian. Where left we laſt ?
Luc. Heere Madam : *Hic Ibat Simois, hic eſt ſigeia tellus, hic ſteterat Priami regia Celſa ſenis.*
Bian. Conſter them.
Luc. *Hic Ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio, hic eſt*, ſonne unto *Vincentio* of *Piſa*, *Sigeia tellus*, diſguiſed thus to get your love, *hic ſteterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *priami*, is my man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing my port, *celſa ſenis* that we might beguile the old Pantaloune.
Hort. Madam, my inſtruments' in tune.
Bian. Let's heare, oh fie, the treble jarres.
Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.
Bian. Now let me ſee if I can conſter it. *Hic ibat ſimois*, I know you not, *hic eſt ſigeia tellus*, I truſt you not, *hic ſteterat priami*, take heed he heare us not, *regia* preſume not, *Celſa ſenis*, deſpaire not.
Hort. Madam, 'tis now in tune.
Luc. All but the baſe.
Hort. The baſe is right, 'tis the baſe knave that jars.
Luc. How fiery and forward our *Pedant* is,
Now for my life that knave doth court my love,
Pedaſcule, Ile watch you better yet :
In time I may beleeve, yet I miſtruſt.
Bian. Miſtruſt it not, for ſure *Æacides*
Was *Ajax* cald ſo from his grandfather.
Hort. I muſt beleeve my Maſter, elſe I promiſe you,
I ſhould be arguing ſtill upon that doubt,
But let it reſt, now *Litio* to you :
Good maſter take it not unkindly pray
That I have beene thus pleaſant with you both.
Bian. You may goe walke, and give me leave a while,
My Leſſons make no muſicke in three parts.
Luc. Are you ſo formall ſir, well I muſt waite
And watch withall, for but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine Muſitian groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the inſtrument,
To learne the order of my fingering,
I muſt begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamoth in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy, and effectuall,
Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawne.
Bian. Why, I am paſt my gamoth long agoe.
Hor. Yet reade the gamoth of *Hortenſio.*
Bian. *Gamoth* I am, the ground of all accord :
Are, to plead *Hortenſio's* paſſion :
Beeme, Bianca take him for thy Lord
Cfavt, that loves with all affection :
D ſol re, one Cliffe, two notes have I,
Ela mi, ſhow pitty or I dye.
Call you this gamoth ? tut I like it not,
Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt, I am not ſo nice
To change true rules for old inventions.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Nicke. Miſtreſſe, your father prayes you leave your (bookes,
And helpe to dreſſe your ſiſters chamber up,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.
Bian. Farewell ſweet maſters both, I muſt be gone.
Luc. Faith Miſtreſſe then I have no cauſe to ſtay.
Hor. But I have cauſe to pry into this pedant,
Methinkes he lookes as though he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be ſo humble
To caſt thy wandring eyes on every ſtale :
Seize thee that Liſt, if once I find thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and others, attendants.

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day
That *Katherine* and *Petruckio* ſhould be married,
And yet we heare not of our ſonne in Law :
What will be ſaid, what mockery will it be ?
To want the Bride-groome when the Prieſt attends
To ſpeake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?
What ſayes *Lucentio* to this ſhame of ours?

Kate. No ſhame but mine, I muſt forſooth be forſt
To give my hand oppos'd againſt my heart
Vnto a mad-braine rudesby, full of ſpleene,
Who woo'd in haſte, and meanes to wed at leyſure:
I told you I, he was a franticke foole,
Hiding his bitter jeſts in blunt behaviour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
He'll wooe a thouſand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes and proclaime the banes,
Yet never meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:
Now muſt the world point at poore *Katherine*,
And ſay, loe, there is mad *Petruchio*'s wife
If it would pleaſe him come and marry her.
Tra. Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptiſta* too,
Vpon my life *Petruchio* meanes but well,
What ever fortune ſtayes him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I know him paſſing wiſe,
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honeſt.
Kate. Would *Katherine* had never ſeene him though.
Exit weeping.
Bap. Goe girle, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,
For ſuch an injury would vexe a ſaint,
Much more a ſhrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Maſter, maſter, newes, and ſuch newes as you never heard of.
Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?
Bio. Why, is it not newes to heare of *Petruchio*'s com-
Bap. Is he come? (ming?
Bio. Why no ſir.
Bap. What then?
Bio. He is comming.
Bap. When will he be heere?
Bio. When he ſtands where I am, and ſees you there.
Tra. But ſay, what to thine old newes?
Bio. Why *Petruchio* is comming, in a new hat and an old jerkin, a paire of old breeches thrice turn'd; a paire of bootes that have beene candle-caſes, one buckled, another lac'd: an old ruſty ſword tane out of the Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſſe: with two broken points: his horſe hip'd with an old mothy ſaddle, the ſtirrops of no kindred: beſides poſſeſt with the glanders, and like to moſe in the chine, troubled with the Lampaſſe, infected with the faſhions, full of Windegalls ſped with Spavins, raied with the Yellowes, paſt cure of the Fives, ſtarke ſpoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe, and ſhoulder-ſhotten, neere leg'd before, and with a halfe-chekt Bitte, and a headſtall of ſheepes leather, which being reſtrain'd to keepe him from ſtumbling, hath beene often burſt, and now repaired with knots: one girth ſixe times peec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairely ſet dowee in ſtuds, and heere and there peec'd with packthred.
Bap. Who comes with him?
Bio. Oh ſir, his Lackey, for all the world Capariſon'd like the horſe: with a linnen ſtocke on one leg, and a kerſey boot-hoſe on the other, gartred with a red and blew liſt; an old hat, and the humor of forty fancies prickt in't for a feather: a monſter, a very monſter in apparell, and not like a Chriſtian foot-boy, or a gentlemans Lacky.
Tra. 'Tis ſome odde humor pricks him to this faſhion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.
Bap. I am glad he's come, howſoever he comes.
Bion. Why ſir, he comes not.
Bap. Didſt thou not ſay he comes?
Bion. Who, that *Petruchio* came?
Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came (backe.
Bion. No ſir, I ſay his horſe comes with him on his
Bap. Why that's all one.
Bion. Nay by S. *Iamy*, I hold you a penny, a horſe and a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio, and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be theſe gallants? who's at home?
Bap. You are welcome ſir.
Pet. And yet I come not well.
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not ſo well apparell'd as I wiſh you were.
Pet. Were it better I ſhould ruſh in thus:
But where is *Kate*? where is my lovely Bride?
How does my father? gentles methinkes you frowne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they ſaw ſome wondrous monument,
Some Commet, or unuſuall prodigy?
Bap. Why ſir, you know this is your wedding day:
Firſt were we ſad, fearing you would not come,
Now ſadder that you come ſo unprovided:
Fye, doffe this habit, ſhame to your eſtate,
An eye-ſore to our ſolemne feſtivall.
Tra. And tell us what occaſion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife:
And ſent you hither ſo unlike your ſelfe?
Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to heare,
Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word,
Though in ſome part inforced to digreſſe,
Which at more leyſure I will ſo excuſe,
As you ſhall well be ſatisfied with all.
But where is *Kate*? I ſtay too long from her.
The morning weares, 'tis time we were at Church.
Tra. See not your Bride in theſe unreverent robes,
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.
Pet. Not I, beleeve me, thus Ile viſit her.
Bap. But thus I truſt you will not marry her. (words.
Pet. Good ſooth even thus: therefore ha done with
To me ſhe's married, not unto my cloathes:
Could I repaire what ſhe will weare in me,
As I can change theſe poore accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my ſelfe.
But what a foole am I to chat with you,
When I ſhould bid good morrow to my Bride?
And ſeale the title with a lovely kiſſe. *Exit.*
Tra. He hath ſome meaning in his mad attire,
We will perſwade him be it poſſible,
To put on better ere he goe to Church.
Bap. Ile after him, and ſee the event of this. *Exit.*
Tra. But ſir, Love concerneth us to adde
Her fathers liking, which to bring to paſſe
As before I imparted to your worſhip,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It skills not much, weele fit him to our turne,
And he ſhall be *Vincentio* of *Piſa*,
And make aſſurance heere in *Padua*
Of greater ſummes then I have promiſed,
So ſhall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry ſweet *Bianca* with conſent.
Luc. Were it not that my fellow ſchoolemaſter
Doth watch *Bianca*'s ſteps ſo narrowly:
'Twere good me-thinkes to ſteale our marriage,
Which once perform'd, let all the world ſay no,
Ile keepe mine owne deſpight of all the world.
Tra. That by degrees we meane to looke into,

And watch our vantage in this buſineſſe,
We'll over-reach the grey-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Minola*,
The quaint Muſician, amorous *Litio*,
All for my Maſters ſake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church?
Gre. As willingly as ere I came from ſchoole.
Tra. And is the Bride and Bridegroom comming home?
Gre. A bridegroome ſay you? 'tis a groome indeed,
A grumbling groome, and that the girle ſhall find.
Tra. Curſter then ſhe, why 'tis impoſſible.
Gre. Why hee's a devill, a devill, a very fiend.
Tra. Why ſhe's a devill, a devill, the devils damme.
Gre. Tut, ſhe's a Lambe, a Dove, a foole to him:
Ile tell you ſir *Lucentio*; when the Prieſt
Should aske if *Katherine* ſhould be his wife,
I, by goggs woones quoth he, and ſwore ſo loud,
That all amaz'd the Prieſt let fall the booke,
And as he ſtoop'd againe to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him ſuch a cuffe,
That downe fell Prieſt and booke, and booke and Prieſt,
Now take them up quoth he, if any liſt.
Tra. What ſaid the wench when he roſe up againe?
Gre. Trembled and ſhooke: for why, he ſtamp'd and ſwore.
As if the Vicar meant to cozen him:
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if
He had beene aboord carowſing to his Mates
After a ſtorme, quaft off the Muſcadell,
And threw the ſops all in the Sextons face:
Having no other reaſon, but that his beard
Grew thinne and hungerly, and ſeem'd to aske
Him ſops as he was drinking: This done, he tooke
The Bride about the necke, and kiſt her lips
With ſuch a clamorous ſmacke, that at the parting,
All the Church did eccho: and I ſeeing this,
Came thence for very ſhame, and after me,
I know the rout is comming; ſuch a mad marryage
Never was before: harke, harke, I heare the minſtrels play. *Muſicke playes.*

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortenſio, Baptiſta.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thanke you for your
I know you thinke to dine with me to day, (paines,
And have prepar'd great ſtore of wedding cheere,
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call me hence,
And therefore heere I meane to take my leave.
Bap. Is't poſſible you will away to night?
Pet. I muſt away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: if you knew my buſineſſe,
You would intreat me rather goe then ſtay:
And honeſt company, I thanke you all,
That have beheld me give away my ſelfe
To this moſt patient, ſweet, and vertuous wife,
Dine with my father, drinke a health to me,
For I muſt hence, and farewell to you all.
Tra. Let us intreat you ſtay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gre. Let me intreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Kat. Let me intreat you.
Pet. I am content.
Kat. Are you content to ſtay?
Pet. I am content you ſhall entreat me ſtay,
But yet not ſtay, entreat me how you can.
Kate. Now if you love me ſtay.
Pet. *Grumio*, my horſe.
Gru. I ſir, they be ready; the Oates have eaten the horſes.
Kate. Nay then,
Doe what thou canſt, I will not goe to day,
No, nor to morrow, not till I pleaſe my ſelfe,
The dore is open ſir, there lyes your way,
You may be jogging whiles your bootes are greene:
For me, Ile not be gone till I pleaſe my ſelfe,
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly ſurly groome,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.
Pet. O *Kate* content thee, prethee be not angry.
Kat. I will be angry, what haſt thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.
Gre. I marry ſir, now it begins to worke.
Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner.
I ſee a woman may be made a foole
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.
Pet. They ſhall goe forward *Kate* at thy command,
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
Goe to the feaſt, revell and domineere,
Carowſe full meaſure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry, or goe hang you ſelves:
But for my bonny *Kate*, ſhe muſt with me:
Nay, looke not big, nor ſtampe, nor ſtare, nor fret,
I will be maſter of what is mine owne,
Shee is my goods, my chattels, ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuffe, my field, my barne,
My horſe, my oxe, my aſſe, my any thing,
And heere ſhe ſtands, touch her who ever dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudeſt he,
That ſtops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beſet with theeves,
Reſcue thy Miſtreſſe if thou be a man:
Feare not ſweet wench, they ſhall not touch thee *Kate*,
Ile buckler thee againſt a Million. *Exeunt. P. Ka.*
Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones. (ing
Gre. Went they not quickly, I ſhould dye with laugh-
Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.
Luc. Miſtreſſe, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?
Bian. That being mad her ſelfe, ſhe's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride and Bride-
For to ſupply the places at the table, (groome wants
You know there wants no junkets at the feaſt:
Lucentio, you ſhall ſupply the Bridegroomes place,
And let *Bianca* take her ſiſters roome.
Tra. Shall ſweet *Bianca* practiſe how to bride it?
Bap. She ſhall *Lucentio*: come gentlemen lets goe.
Exeunt.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fye, fie on all tired Iades, on all mad Maſters, and all foule wayes: was ever man ſo beaten? was ever man ſo raide? was ever man ſo weary? I am ſent before to make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them: now were not I a little pot, and ſoone hot; my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofe of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire ſhall warme my ſelfe: for conſidering the weather, a taller man then I will take cold: Holla, hoa *Curtis*.

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls ſo coldly?
Gru. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maiſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heele, with no

greater

grater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good *Curtis.*

Cur. Is my Maſter and his wife comming *Grumio*?

Gru. Oh I *Curtis* I, and therefore fire; fire, caſt on no water.

Cur. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported.

Gru. She was good *Curtis* before this froſt: but thou know'ſt winter tames man, woman, and beaſt: for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtris, and my ſelfe fellow *Curtis.*

Cur. Away you three inch foole, I am no beaſt.

Gru. Am I but three inches? Why thy horne is a foot and ſo long am I at the leaſt. But wilt thou make a fire, or ſhall I complaine on thee to our miſtris, whoſe hand (ſhe being now at hand) thou ſhalt ſoone feele, to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.

Cur. I prethee good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world *Curtis* in every office but thine, and therefore fire: doe thy duty, and have thy duty, for my Maſter and miſtris are almoſt frozen to death.

Cur. There's fire ready, and therefore good *Grumio* the newes.

Gru. Why Iacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as thou wilt.

Cur. Come, you are ſo full of conicatching.

Gru. Why therefore fire, for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke, is ſupper ready, the houſe trim'd, ruſhes ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept, the ſerving men in their new fuſtian, the white ſtockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the Iackes faire within, the Gills faire without, the Carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Cur. All ready: and therefore I pray thee what newes.

Gru. Firſt know my horſe is tired, my maſter and miſtris falne out. *Cur.* How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the durt, and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't good *Grumio.*

Gru. Lend thine eare.

Cur. Heere.

Gru. There.

Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis cal'd a ſenſible tale: and this Cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and beſeech liſtning: now I begin, Inprimis we came downe a foule hill, my Maſter riding behinde my Miſtris.

Cur. Both of one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadſt thou not croſt me, thou ſhouldſt have heard how her horſe fell, and ſhe under her horſe: thou ſhouldſt have heard in how miery a place, how ſhe was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horſe upon her, how he beat me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled, how ſhe waded through the durt to plucke him off me: how he ſwore, how ſhe prai'd, that never prai'd before: how I cryed, how the horſes ranne away, how her bridle was burſt: how I loſt my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now ſhall dye in oblivion, and thou returne unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Cur. By this reckning he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru, I, and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find when he comes home. But what talke I of this? Call forth *Nathaniel, Ioſeph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugerſop* and the reſt: let their heads bee ſlickely comb'd, their blew coats bruſh'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit, lot them curtſie with their left legges, and not preſume to touch a haire of my Maſters horſe-taile, till they kiſſe their hands. Are they all ready?

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Doe you heare ho? you muſt meet my maiſter to countenance my Miſtris.

Gru. Why ſhe hath a face of her owne.

Cur. Who knowes not that?

Gru. Thou it ſeemes, that calls for company to countenance her.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter foure or five ſerving men.

Gru. Why ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home *Grumio.*

Phil. How now *Grumio.*

Ioſ. What *Grumio.*

Nick. Fellow *Grumio.*

Nath. How now old lad.

Gru. Welcome you: how now you: what you: fellow you: and thus much for greeting. Now my ſpruce companions, is all ready, and all things neate?

Nat. All things are ready, how neere is our maſter?

Gre. E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not——Cockes paſſion, ſilence, I heare my Maſter.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be theſe knaves? What no man at doore
To hold my ſtirrop, nor to take my horſe?
Where is *Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip*?

All ſer. Heere; heere ſir, heere ſir.

Pet. Heere ſir, heere ſir, heere ſir, heere ſir.
You logger-headed and unpolliſht groomes:
What? no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the fooliſh knave I ſent before?

Gru. Heere ſir, as fooliſh as I was before.

Pet. You pezant, ſwaine, yon horſon malt-horſe drudge,
Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,
And bring along the raſcall knaves with thee?

Gru. *Nathaniels* coate ſir was not fully made,
And *Gabriels* pumpes were all unpinkt i'th heele:
There was no Linke to colour *Peters* hat,
And *Walters* dagger was not come from ſheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam, Rafe*, and *Gregory*,
The reſt were ragged, old, and beggerly,
Yet as they are, they come to meete you.

Pet. Goe raſcalls, goe and fetch my ſupper in. *Ex. Ser.*
Where is the life that late I led?
Where are thoſe? Sit downe *Kate.*
And welcome. Soud, ſoud, ſoud, ſoud.

Enter ſervants with ſupper.

Why when I ſay? Nay good ſweet *Kate* be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?
It was the Friar of Orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way.
Out you rogue, you plucke my foote awry,
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.
Be merry *Kate*: Some water heere: what hoa.

Enter one with water.

Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sirra, get you hence,
And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither:
One *Kate* that you muſt kiſſe, and be acquainted with.
Where are my Slippers? Shall I have ſome water?
Come *Kate* and waſh, and welcome heartily:
You horſon villaine, will you let it fall?

Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.
Pet. A horſon beetle-headed flap-ear'd knave:
Come *Kate* ſit downe, I know you have a ſtomacke,
Will you give thankes, ſweet *Kate*, or elſe ſhall I?
What's this, Mutton?
1. *Ser.* I.
Pet. Who brought it?
Ser. I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt, and ſo is all the meate:
What dogges are theſe? Where is the raſcall Cooke?
How durſt you villaines bring it from the dreſſer
And ſerve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
You heedleſſe jolt-heads, and unmanner'd ſlaves.
What, doe you grumble? Ile be with you ſtraight.
Kate. I pray you husband be not ſo diſquiet;
The meate was well, if you were ſo contented.
Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expreſſely am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of us did faſt,
Since of our ſelves, our ſelves are chollericke,
Then feede it with ſuch over-roſted fleſh:
Be patient, to morrow't ſhall be mended,
And for this night we'l faſt for company.
Come I will bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. *Exeunt.*

Enter Servants ſeverally.

Nath. *Peter* didſt ever ſee the like?
Peter. He kils her in her owne humor.
Gru. Where is he?

Enter Curtis a Servant.

Cur. In her chamber, making a ſermon of continency to her, and railes, and ſweare, and rates, that ſhe (poore ſoule) knowes not which way to ſtand, to looke, to ſpeake, and ſits as one new riſen from a dreame. Away, away, for he is comming hither.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politickely begun my reigne,
And 'tis my hope to end ſucceſſefully:
My Faulcon now is ſharpe, and paſſing empty,
And till ſhe ſtoope, ſhe muſt not be full gorg'd,
For then ſhe never lookes upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keepers call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch theſe Kites,
That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient:
She eate no meate to day, nor none ſhall eate.
Laſt night ſhe ſlept not, nor to night ſhe ſhall not:
As with the meate, ſome undeſerved fault
Ile find about the making of the bed,
And heere Ile fling the pillow, there the boulſter,
This way the Coverlet, another way the ſheetes:
I, and amid this hurly I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her,
And in concluſion, ſhe ſhall watch all night,
And if ſhe chance to nod, Ile raile and brawle,
And with the clamor keepe her ſtill awake:
This is a way to kill a Wife with kindneſſe,
And thus Ile curbe her mad and headſtrong humor:
He that knowes better how to tame a ſhrew,
Now let him ſpeake, 'tis charity to ſhew. *Exit.*

Enter Tranio, and Hortenſio.

Tra. Is't poſſible friend *Liſio*, that miſtris *Bianca*
Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio*,
I tell you ſir, ſhe beares me faire in hand.
Hor. Sir, to ſatisfie you in what I have ſaid,
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Luc. Now Miſtris, profit you in what you reade?
Bian. What Maſter reade you firſt, reſolve me that?
Luc. I reade, that I profeſſe the Art to love.
Bian. And may you prove ſir Maſter of your Art.
Luc. While you ſweet deere prove Miſtreſſe of my heart.
Hor. Quicke proceeders marry, now tell me I pray, you that durſt ſweare that your miſtris *Bianca*
Lov'd me in the World ſo well as *Lucentio*.
Tra. Oh deſpightfull Love, unconſtant womankind,
I tell thee *Liſio* this is wonderfull.
Hor. Miſtake no more, I am not *Liſio*,
Nor a Muſitian as I ſeeme to be,
But one that ſcorne to live in this diſguiſe,
For ſuch a one as leaves a Gentleman,
And makes a God of ſuch a Cullion;
Know ſir, that I am cal'd *Hortenſio*.
Tra. Signior *Hortenſio*, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,
And ſince mine eyes are witneſſe of her lightneſſe,
I will with you, if you be ſo contented,
Forſweare *Bianca*, and her love for ever.
Hor. See how they kiſſe and court: Signior *Lucentio*,
Heere is my hand, and heere I firmely vow
Never to wooe her more, but doe forſweare her
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd them withall.
Tra. And heere I take the like unfained oath,
Never to marry with her, though ſhe would intreat,
Fye on her, ſee how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.
Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forſworne
For me, that I may ſurely keepe mine oath.
I will be married to a wealthy Widdow,
Ere three dayes paſſe, which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud diſdainefull Haggard,
And ſo farewell ſigniot *Lucentio*,
Kindneſſe in women, not their Beauteous lookes
Shall win my love, and I take my leave,
In reſolution, as I ſwore before.
Tra. Miſtris *Bianca*, bleſſe you with ſuch grace,
As longeth to a Lovers bleſſed caſe:
Nay, I have tane you napping gentle Love,
And have forſworne you with *Hortenſio*.
Bian. *Tranio* you jeſt, but have you both forſworne me?
Tra. Miſtris we have.
Luc. Then we are rid of *Liſio*.
Tra. I'faith he'll have a luſty Widdow now,
That ſhall be woo'd, and wedded in a day.
Bian. God give him joy.
Tra. I, and he'll tame her.
Bian. He ſayes ſo *Tranio*.
Tra. Faith he is gone unto the taming ſchoole.
Bian. The taming ſchoole: what is there ſuch a place?
Tra. I miſtris, and *Petruchio* is the maſter,
That teacheth trickes eleven and twenty long,
To tame a ſhrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh Maſter, maſter, I have watcht ſo long,
That I am dogge-weary, but at laſt I ſpied
An ancient Angell comming downe the hill,
Will ſerve the turne.
Tra. What is he *Biondello*.
Bio. Maſter, a Marcantant, or a pedant,

I know not what, but formall in apparell,
In gate and countenance ſurly like a father.

Luc. And what of him *Tranio*?

Tra. If he be credulous, and truſt my tale,
Ile make him glad to ſeeme *Vincentio*,
And give aſſurance to *Baptiſta Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio*.
Take me your love, and then let me alone.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God ſave you ſir.

Tra. And you ſir, you are welcome.
Travaile you farre on, or are you at the fartheſt?

Ped. Sir at the fartheſt for a weeke or two,
But then up farther, and as farre as Rome,
And ſo to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What Countreyman I pray?

Ped. Of *Mantua*.

Tra. Of *Mantua* Sir, marry God forbid,
And come to Padua, careleſſe of your life?

Ped. My life ſir? how I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua, know you not the cauſe?
Your ſhips are ſtaid at Venice, and the Duke
For private quarrell 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publiſh'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvaile, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it elſe proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas ſir, it is worſe for me then ſo,
For I have bils for mony by exchange
From Florence, and muſt heere deliver them.

Tra. Well ſir, to doe you courteſie,
This will I doe, and this I will adviſe you.
Firſt tell me, have you ever beene at Piſa?

Ped. I ſir, in Piſa have I often beene,
Piſa renowned for grave Cittizens.

Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him:
A Merchaut of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father ſir, and ſooth to ſay,
In countnance ſomewhat doth reſemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyſter, and all one.

Tra. To ſave your life in this extremity,
This favor will I doe you for his ſake,
And thinke it not the worſt of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*.
His name and credite ſhall you undertake,
And in my houſe you ſhall be friendly lodg'd,
Looke that you take upon you as you ſhould,
You underſtand me ſir: ſo ſhall you ſtay
Till you have done your buſineſſe in the City:
If this be court'ſie ſir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh ſir I doe, and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then goe with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you underſtand,
My father is heere look'd for every day,
To paſſe aſſurance of a dowre in marriage
'Twixt me, and one *Baptiſtas* daughter heere:
In all theſe circumſtances Ile inſtruct you,
Goe with me ſir to cloath you as becomes you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Katherina, and Grumio.

Gru. No, no forſooth I dare not for my life.

Kat. The more my wrong, the more his ſpite appeares.
What, did he marry me to famiſh me?
Beggers that come unto my fathers doore,
Vpon intreaty have a preſent almes,
If not, elſewhere they meete with charity:
But I, who never knew how to intreate,
Nor never needed that I ſhould intreate,
Am ſtarv'd for meate, giddy for lacke of ſleepe:
With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed,
And that which ſpights me more then all theſe wants,
He does it under name of perfect love:
As who ſhould ſay, if I ſhould ſleepe or eate
'Twere deadly ſickneſſe, or elſe preſent death.
I prethee goe, and get me ſome repaſt,
I care not what, ſo it be holſome foode.

Gru. What ſay you to a Neats foote?

Kat. 'Tis paſſing good, I prethee let me have it.

Gru: I feare it is too phlegmaticke a meate.
How ſay you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?

Kate. I like it well, good *Grumio* fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke.
What ſay you to a peece of Beefe and Muſtard?

Kate. A diſh that I doe love to feede upon.

Gru. I, but the Muſtard is too hot a little.

Kate: Why then the Beefe, and let the Muſtard reſt.

Gru. Nay then I will not, you ſhall have the Muſtard
Or elſe you get no beefe of *Grumio*.

Kate. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why then the Muſtard without the beefe.

Kate. Goe get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlave.
Beats him.
That feed'ſt me with the very name of meate,
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you
That triumph thus upon my miſery:
Goe get thee gone, I ſay.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortenſio with meate.

Petr. How fares my *Kate*, what ſweeting all a mort?

Hor. Miſtris, what cheere?

Kate. Faith as cold as can be.

Pet. Plucke up thy ſpirits, looke cheerefully upon me.
Heere Love, thou ſeeſt how diligent I am,
To dreſſe thy meate my ſelfe, and bring it thee.
I am ſure ſweet *Kate*, this kindneſſe merites thankes.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lou'ſt it not:
And all my paines is ſorted to no proofe.
Heere take away this diſh.

Kate. I pray you let it ſtand.

Pet. The pooreſt ſervice is repaide with thankes,
And ſo ſhall mine before you touch the meate.

Kate. I thanke you ſir.

Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are too blame:
Come Miſtris *Kate*, Ile beare you company.

Pet. Eate it up all *Hortenſio*, if thou loveſt me:
Much good doe it unto thy gentle heart;
Kate eate apace; and now my hony Love,
Will we returne unto thy Fathers houſe,
And revell it as bravely as the beſt,
With ſilken coats and caps, and golden Rings,
With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and things:
With Scarfes, and Fannes, and double change of brau'ry,
With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knau'ry.
With haſt thou din'd? The Tailor ſtaies thy leaſure,
The decke thy body with his ruffling treaſure.

Enter Tailor.

Come Tailor, let us ſee theſe ornaments.
Enter Haberdaſher.
Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you ſir?
Fel. Heere is the cap your Worſhip did beſpeake.
Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,
A Veluet diſh: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-ſhell,
A knacke, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap:
Away with it, come let me have a bigger.
Kate. Ile have no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen weare ſuch caps as theſe.
Pet. When you ate gentle, you ſhall have one too,
And not till then.
Hor. That will not be in haſt.
Kate. Why ſir I truſt I may have leave to ſpeake,
And ſpeake I will. I am no child, no babe,
Your betters have indur'd me ſay my minde,
And if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your eares.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or elſe my heart concealing it will breake,
And rather then it ſhall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermoſt as I pleaſe in words.
Pet. Why thou ſaiſt true, it is a paltry cap,
A cuſtard coffen, a bauble, a ſilken pye,
I love thee well in that thou lik'ſt it not.
Kate. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.
Pet. Thy gowne, why I: come Tailor let us ſee't,
Oh mercy God, what masking ſtuffe is heere?
What this? a ſleeve? 'tis like a demi cannon,
What, up and downe caru'd like an apple-Tart?
Heeres ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh and ſlaſh,
Like to a Cenſor in a barbers ſhoppe:
Why what a devils name Tailor cal'ſt thou this?
Hor. I ſee ſhees like to have neither cap nor growne.
Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the faſhion, and the time.
Pet. Marry and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marre it to the time.
Goe hop me over every kennell home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtome ſir:
Ile none of it: hence, make your beſt of it.
Kate. I never ſaw a better faſhion'd gowne,
More queint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.
Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.
Tai. She ſayes your Worſhip meanes to make a puppet of her.
Pet. Oh moſt monſtrous arrogance:
Thou lyeſt, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brav'd in mine owne houſe with a skeine of thred:
Away thou Ragge, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt thinke on prating whil'ſt thou liv'ſt:
I tell thee I, that thou haſt marr'd her gowne.
Tail. Your worſhip is deceiv'd, the gowne is made
Iuſt as my Maſter had direction:
Grumio gave order how it ſhould be done.
Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the ſtuffe.
Tail. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?
Gru. Marry ſir with needle and thred.
Tail. But did you not requeſt to have it cut?
Gru. Thou haſt fac'd many things.
Tail. I have.
Gru. Face not me: thou haſt brav'd many men, brave not me; I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I ſay unto the, I bid thy Maſter cut out the gowne, but I did not bid him cut it to peeces. Ergo thou lieſt.
Tai. Why here is the note of the faſhion to teſtifie.
Pet. Reade it.
Gru. The note lyes in's throate if he ſay I ſaid ſo.
Tail. Inprimis, a looſe bodied gowne.
Gru. Maſter, if ever I ſaid looſe-bodied gowne, ſow me in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bottome of browne thred: I ſaid a gowne.
Pet. Proceed.
Tai. With a ſmall compaſt cape.
Gru. I confeſſe the cape.
Tai. With a trunke ſleeve
Gru. I confeſſe two ſleeves.
Tail. The ſleeves curiouſly cut.
Pet. I there's the villany.
Gru. Error i'th bill ſir, error i'th bill? I commanded the ſleeves ſhould be cut out, and ſow'd up againe, and that Ile prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.
Tai. This is true that I ſay, and I had thee in place where thou ſhould know it.
Gru. I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and ſpare not me.
Hor. God-a-mercy *Grumio*, then he ſhall have no oddes.
Pet. Well ſir in breefe the gowne is not for me.
Gru. You are i'th right ſir, 'tis for my miſtris.
Pet. Goe take it up unto thy maſters uſe.
Gru. Villaine, not for thy life: Take up my Miſtreſſe gowne for thy maſters uſe.
Pet. Why ſir, what's your conceit in that?
Gru. Oh ſir, the conceit is deeper then you thinke for:
Take up my Miſtris gowne to his maſters uſe.
Oh fie, fie, fie.
Pet. *Hortenſio*, ſay thou wilt ſee the Tailor paide:
Goe take it hence, be gon, and ſay no more.
Hor. Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,
Take no unkindneſſe of his haſty words:
Away I ſay, commend me to thy Maſter. *Exit Tail.*
Pet. Well, come my *Kate*, we will unto your fathers,
Even in theſe honeſt meane habiliments:
Our purſes ſhalll be proud, our garments poore:
For 'tis the minde that makes the body rich.
And as the Sunne breakes through the darkeſt clouds,
So honor peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What is the Iay more precious then the Larke,
Becauſe his feathers are more beautifull?
Or is the Adder better then the Eele,
Becauſe his painted skin contents the eye?
Oh no good *Kate*: neither art thou the worſe
For this poore furniture, and meane array.
If thou accountedſt it ſhame, lay it on me,
And therefore frolicke, we will hence forthwith:
To feaſt and ſport us at thy fathers houſe,
Goe call my men, and let us ſtraight to him,
And bring our horſes unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walke on foote.
Let's ſee, I thinke 'tis now ſome ſeven a clocke,
And well we may come there by dinner time.
Kate. I dare aſſure you ſir, 'tis almoſt two,
And 'twill be ſupper time ere you come there.
Pet. It ſhall be ſeven ere I goe to horſe:
Looke what I ſpeake, or doe, or thinke to doe,

You are ſtill croſſing it, ſirs let't alone,
I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,
It ſhall be what a clocke I ſay it is.
Hor. Why ſo: this gallant will command the ſunne.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dreſt like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the houſe, pleaſe it you that I call.
Ped. I what elſe, and but I be deceived,
Signior *Baptiſta* may remember me
Neere twenty yeeres a goe in *Genoa.*
Tra. Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegaſus,*
Tis well, and hold your owne in any caſe
With ſuch auſterity as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but ſir here comes your boy,
'Twere good he were ſchool'd.
Tra. Feare you not him: ſirra *Biondello,*
Now doe your duty throughly I adviſe you:
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio.*
Bion. Tut, feare not me.
Tra. But haſt thou done thy errand to *Baptiſta?*
Bion. I told him that your father was at *Venice,*
And that you look't for him this day in *Padua.*
Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,
Heere comes *Baptiſta*: ſet your countenance ſir.

Enter Baptiſta and Lucentio: and Pedant booted and bare headed.

Tra. Signior *Baptiſta* you are happily met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
I pray you ſtand good father to me now,
Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.
Ped. Soft ſon: ſir by your leave, having come to *Padua*
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a waighty cauſe
Of love betweene your daughter and himſelfe:
And for the good report I heare of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhe to him; to ſtay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care
To have him matcht, and if you pleaſe to like
No worſe then I ſir upon ſome agreement
Me ſhall you find moſt ready and moſt willing
With one conſent to have her ſo beſtowed:
For curious I cannot be with you
Signior *Baptiſta,* of whom I heare ſo well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to ſay,
Your plainneſſe and your ſhortneſſe pleaſe me well:
Right true it is your ſonne *Lucentio* here
Doth love my daughter, and ſhe loveth him,
Or both diſſemble deepely their affections:
And therefore if you ſay no more then this,
That like a Father you will deale with him,
And paſſe my daughter a ſufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your ſonne ſhall have my daughter with conſent.
Tra. I thanke you ſir, where then doe you know beſt
We be affied and ſuch aſſurance tane,
As ſhall with either parts agreement ſtand.
Bap. Not in my houſe *Lucentio,* for you know
Pitchers have eares, and I have many ſervants,
Beſides old *Gremio* is harkning ſtill,
Ann haply we might be interrupted.
Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you ſir
There doth my father ly: and there this night
Weele paſſe the buſineſſe privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſervant here,
My Boy ſhall fetch the Scrivener preſently,
The worſt is this that at ſo ſlender warning,
You are like to have a thin and ſlender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well:
Cambio hye you home, and bid *Bianca* make her ready
ſtraight:
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentios Father is arrived in *Padua,*
And how ſhe's like to be *Lucentios* wife.
Bion. I pray the gods ſhe may with all my heart: *Exit.*
Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior *Baptiſta,* ſhall I leade the way,
We come, one meſſe is like to be your cheere,
Come ſir, we will better it in *Piſa.*
Bap. I follow you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. *Cambio.*

Luc. What ſaiſt thou *Biondello?*

Biond. You ſaw my Maſter winke and laugh upon you?

Luc. *Biondello,* what of that?

Biond. Faith nothing: but has left me here behind to expound the meaning or morrall of his ſignes and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Bion. Then thus: *Baptiſta* is ſafe talking with the deceiving Father of a deceitfull ſonne.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the ſupper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old Prieſt at Saint *Lukes* Church is at your command at all houres.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are buſied about a counterfeit aſſurance: take you aſſurance of her, *Cum privilegio ad Imprimendum ſolum,* to th' Church take the Prieſt, Clarke, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes:
If this be not that you looke for, I have no more to ſay,
But bid *Bianca* farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'ſt thou *Biondello.*

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoone as ſhe went to the Garden for Parſeley to ſtuffe a Rabit, and ſo may you ſir: and ſo adew ſir, my Maſter hath appointed me to goe to Saint *Lukes* to bid the Prieſt be ready to come againſt you come with your appendix. *Exit.*

Luc. I may and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt:
Hap what hap may, Ile roundly goe about her:
It ſhall goe hard if *Cambio* goe without her. *Exit.*

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortenſio.

Pet. Come on a Gods name, once more toward our fathers:
Good Lord how bright and goodly ſhines the Moone:
Kate. The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moonelight now.
Pet. I ſay it is the Moone that ſhines ſo bright.
Kat. I know it is the Sunne that ſhines ſo bright.
Pet. Now by my mothers ſonne, and that's my ſelfe,

It ſhall be moone, or ſtarre, or what I I liſt,
Or ere I journey to your Fathers houſe:
Goe on, and fetch our horſes backe againe,
Evermore croſt and croſt, nothing but croſt.
Hor. Say as he ſayes, or we ſhall never goe,
Kat. Forward I pray, ſince we have come ſo farre,
And be it moone, or ſunne, or what your pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh Candle,
Henceforth I vowe it ſhall be ſo for me.
Pet. I ſay it is the Moone.
Kat. I know it is the Moone.
Pet. Nay then you lye: it is the bleſſed Sunne.
Kate. Then God be bleſt, it is the bleſſed ſunne,
But ſunne it is not, when you ſay it is not.
And the Moone changes even as your mind:
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And ſo it ſhall be ſo for *Katherine.*
Hort. Petruchio, goe thy wayes, the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle ſhould (run,
And not unluckily againſt the Bias:
But ſoft, Company is comming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle Miſtris, where away:
Tell me ſweet *Kate*, and tell me truely too,
Haſt thou beheld a freſher Gentlewoman:
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:
What ſtarres doe ſpangle heaven with ſuch beauty,
As thoſe two eyes become that heavenly face?
Faire lovely Maide, once more good day to thee:
Sweet *Kate* embrace her for her beauties ſake.
Hort. A will make the man mad to make a woman of him.
Kat. Yong budding Virgin, faire, and freſh, and ſweet,
Whither away, or where is thy aboad?
Happy the Parents of ſo faire a child;
Happier the man whom favourable ſtars
Alots thee for his lovely bedfellow.
Pet. Why how now *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wrinckled, faded, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou ſaiſt he is.
Kate. Pardon old father my miſtaking eyes,
That have beene ſo bedazled with the ſunne,
That every thing I looke on ſeemeth greene:
Now I perceive thou art a reverent Father:
Pardon I pray thee for my mad miſtaking.
Pet. Doe good old grandſire, and withall make known
Which way thou travelleſt, if along with us,
We ſhall be joyfull of thy company.
Vin. Faire Sir, and you my merry Miſtris,
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaſde me:
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Piſa*,
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to viſite
A ſonne of mine, which long I have not ſeene.
Pet. What is his name?
Vin. Lucentio gentle ſir.
Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy ſonne:
And now by Law, as well as reverent age,
I may intitle thee my loving father;
The ſiſter to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not grieved, ſhe is of good eſteeme,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beſide, ſo qualified, as may beſeeme
The Spouſe of any noble Gentleman:
Let me imbrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt ſonne,
Who will of thy arrivall be full joyous.
Vin. But is this true, or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like pleaſant travailors to breake a jeſt
Upon the company you overtake?
Hor. I doe aſſure thee father ſo it is.
Pet. Come goe along and ſee the truth hereof.
For our firſt merriment hath made thee jealous. *Exeunt.*
Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart:
Have to my Widdow, and if ſhe be froward,
Then haſt thou taught *Hortenſio* to be untoward. *Exit.*

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio is out before.

Bion. Softly and ſwiftly ſir, for the Prieſt is ready.

Luc. I flye *Biondello*, but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us. *Exit.*

Bion. Nay faith, Ile ſee the Church a your backe, and then come backe to my miſtris as ſoone as I can.

Gre. I marvaile *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio with Attendants.

Pet. Sir heeres the doore, this is *Lucentios* houſe,
My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place,
Thither muſt I, and here I leave you ſir.
Vin. You ſhall not chooſe but drinke before you goe,
I thinke I ſhall command your welcome here?
And by all likelyhood ſome cheere is toward. *Knocke.*
Grem. They're buſie within, you were beſt knocke lowder.

Pedant lookes out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beat downe the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within ſir?

Ped. He's within ſir, but not to be ſpoken withall.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merry withall.

Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your ſelfe, he ſhall need none ſo long as I live.

Petr. Nay, I told you your ſonne was well beloved in *Padua*: doe you heare ſir, to leave frivolous circumſtances, I pray you tell ſignior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Piſa*, and is here at the doore to ſpeake with him.

Ped. Thou lieſt, his Father is come from *Padua*, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. I ſir, ſo his mother ſayes, if I may beleeve her.

Pet. Why how now gentleman: why this is flat knavery to take upon you another mans name.

Peda. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleeve a meanes to coſen ſome body in this City under my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I have ſeene them in the Church together, God ſend'em good ſhipping: but who is heere? mine old Maſter *Vincentio*: now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither crackhempe.

Bion. I hope I may chooſe Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you, no ſir: I could not forget you, for I never ſaw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villaine, didſt thou never ſee thy Maſters father, *Vincentio*?

Bion. What my old worſhipfull old maſter? yes marry ſir, ſee where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Iſt ſo indeed? *He beates Biondello.*

Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will murder me.

Peda. Helpe, ſonne, helpe ſignior *Baptiſta*.

Pet. Prethee *Kate* let's ſtand aſide and ſee the end of this controverſie.

Enter Pedant with ſervants, Baptiſta, Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beate my ſervant?

Vin. What am I ſir: nay what are you ſir: oh immortall Goddes: oh fine villaine, a ſilken doublet, a velvet hoſe, a ſcarlet cloake, and a copataine hat: oh I am undone, I am undone: while I play the good husband at home, my ſonne and my ſervant ſpend all at the vniverſity.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bap. What is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you ſeeme a ſober ancient Gentleman by your habit: but your words ſhew you a mad man: why ſir, what concernes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold: I thanke my good father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy father! oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in *Bergamo*.

Bap. You miſtake ſir, you miſtake ſir, pray what doe you thinke is his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I have brought bim up ever ſince he was three yeeres old, and his name is *Tranio*.

Ped. Away, away mad aſſe, his name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine onely ſonne and heire to the Lands of me ſignior *Vincentio*.

Vin. *Lucentio*! oh he hath murdred his Maſter; lay hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my ſonne, my ſonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my ſon *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an officer: Carry this mad knave to the Iaile: father *Baptiſta*, I charge you ſee that he bee forth comming.

Vin. Carry me to the Iaile?

Gre. Stay officer, he ſhall not goe to priſon.

Bap. Talke not ſignior *Gremio*: I ſay he ſhall goe to priſon.

Gre. Take heede ſignior *Baptiſta*, leaſt you be conicatcht in this buſineſſe: I dare ſweare this is the right *Vincentio*.

Ped. Sweare if thou dar'ſt.

Gre. Nay, I dare not ſweare it.

Tra. Then thou wert beſt ſay that I am not *Lucentio*.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be ſignior *Lucentio*.

Bap. Away with the dotard, to the Iaile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca.

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be haild and abuſd: oh monſtrous villaine.

Bion. Oh we are ſpoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forſweare him, or elſe we are all done.

Exit Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant as faſt as may be.

Luc. Pardon ſweet father.

Vin. Lives my ſweet ſonne?

Bia. Pardon deere father.

Bap. How haſt thou offended, where is *Lucentio*.

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right ſonne to the right *Vincentio*.
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine.
While counterfeit ſuppoſes bleer'd thine eine.

Gre. Here's packing with a witneſſe to deceive us all.

Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*,
That fac'd and braved me in this matter ſo?

Bap. Why, tell me is not this my *Cambio*?

Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Luc. Love wrought theſe miracles. *Biancas* love
Made me exchangr my ſtate with *Tranio*,
While he did beare my countenance in the towne,
And happily I have arriv'd at laſt
Vnto the wiſhed haven of my bliſſe:
What *Tranio* did, my ſelfe enforſt him to;
Then pardon him ſweet Father for my ſake.

Vin. Ile ſlit the villaines noſe that would have ſent me to the Iaile.

Bap. But do you heare ſir, have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Feare not *Baptiſta*, we will content you, goe to: but I will in to be reveng'd for this villanie. *Exit.*

Bap. And I to ſound the depth of this knauery. *Exit.*

Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca*, thy father will not frowne
Exeunt

Gre. My cake is dough, but Ile in among the reſt,
Out of hope of all, but my ſhare of the feaſt.

Kat. Husband let's follow, to ſee the end of this adoe.

Pet. Firſt kiſſe me *Kate*, and we will.

Kat. What in the midſt of the ſtreete?

Pet. What art thou aſham'd of me?

Kate. No ſir, God forbid, but aſham'd to kiſſe.

Pet. Why then le'ts home againe: Come Sirra let's away.

Kat. Nay, I will give thee a kiſſe, now pray thee Love ſtay.

Pet. Is not this well? come my ſweet *Kate*.
Better once then never, for never too late. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Baptiſta, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Grumio, and Widdow;
The Serving men with Tranio bringing in a Banquet.

Luc. At laſt, though long, our jarring notes agree,
And time it is when raging warre is come,
To ſmile at ſcapes and perils overblowne:
My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome,
While I with ſelfe ſame kindneſſe welcome thine:
Brother *Petruchio*, ſiſter *Katerina*,
And thou *Hortentio* with thy loving *Widdow*:
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe,
My Banket is to cloſe our ſtomackes up
After our great good cheere: pray you ſit downe,
For now we ſit to chat as well as eate.

Pet. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eate and eate.

Bap. *Padua* affords this kindneſſe, ſonne *Petruchio*.

Pet. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our ſakes I would that word were true.

Pet. Now for my life *Hortentio* feares his Widow.

Hor. Then never truſt me if I be affeard.

Pet. You are very ſencible, and yet you miſſe my ſence:
I meane *Hortentio* is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinkes the world turnes round.
Pet. Roundly replied.
Kat. Miſtris, how meane you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me, how likes *Hortentio* that?
Hor. My Widdow ſayes, thus ſhe conceives her tale.
Petr. Very well mended: kiſſe him for that good Widdow.
Kat. He that is giddy thinkes the world turnes round.
I pray you tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your husband being troubled with a ſhrew,
Meaſures my husbands ſorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
Kate. A very meane meaning.
Wid. Right, I meane you.
Kat. And I am meane indeed, reſpecting you.
Pet. To her *Kate.*
Hor. To her *Widdow.*
Pet. A hundred markes, my *Kate* doe put her downe.
Hor. That's my office.
Pe.. Spoke like an Officer: ha to thee lad.

Drinkes to Hortentio.

Bap. How likes *Gremio* theſe quicke witted folkes?
Gre. Beleeve me ſir, they But together well:
Bian. Head, and but an haſty witty body,
Would ſay your Head and But were head and horne.
Vin. I Miſtris Bride, hath that awakened you?
Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile ſleepe againe.
Petr. Nay that you ſhall not ſince you have begun:
Have at you for a better jeſt or too.
Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to ſhift my buſh,
And then purſue me as you draw your Bow.
You are welcome all. *Exit Bianca.*
Pet. She hath prevented me, here ſignior *Tranio*,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,
Therefore a health to all that ſhot and miſt.
Tri. Oh ſir, *Lucentio* ſlipt me like his Gray-hound,
Which runnes himſelfe, and catches for his Maſter,
Pet. A good ſwift ſimile, but ſomething curriſh.
Tra. 'Tis well ſir that you hunted for your ſelfe:
'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a bay.
Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.
Luc. I thanke thee for that gird good *Tranio*.
Hor. Confeſſe, confeſſe, hath he not hit you here?
Pet. A has a little gald me I confeſſe:
And as the Ieſt did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too out right.
Bap. Now in good ſadneſſe ſonne *Petruchio*,
I thinke thou haſt the verieſt ſhrew of all.
Pet. Well, I ſay no: and therefore for aſſurance,
Let's each one ſend unto his wife,
And he whoſe wife is moſt obedient,
To come at firſt when he doth ſend for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propoſe.
Hor: Content, what's the wager?
Luc. Twenty crownes.
Pet. Twenty crownes.
Ile venture ſo much of my Hawke or Hound,
But twenty times ſo much upon my Wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match, 'tis done.
Hor. Who ſhall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Goe *Biondello*, bid your Miſtris come to me.
Bio. I goe. *Exit.*
Bap. Sonne, Ile be your halfe, *Bianca* comes.
Luc. Ile have no halves: Ile beare it all my ſelfe,

Enter Biondello.

How now, what newes?
Bio. Sir, my Miſtris ſends you word
That ſhe is buſie, and ſhe cannot come.
Pet. How? ſhe's buſie, and ſhe cannot come: is that an anſwer?
Gre. I, and a kinde one too:
Pray God ſir your wife ſend you not a worſe.
Pet. I hope better.
Hor. Sirra *Biondello*, goe and intreat my wife to come to me forthwith. *Exit Biondello.*
Petr. Oh ho, intreate her, nay then ſhe muſt needes come.
Hor. I am affraid ſir, do what you can,

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She ſayes you have ſome goodly Ieſt in hand,
She will not come: ſhe bids you come to her.
Pet. Worſe and worſe, ſhe will not come:
Oh vild, intollerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirra *Grumio*, goe to your Miſtris,
Say I command her come to me. *Exit.*
Hor. I know her anſwer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katerina.

Bap. Now by my hollidam heere comes *Katerina*,
Kat. What is your will ſir, that you ſend for me?
Pet. Where is your ſiſter, and *Hortenſios* wife?
Kate. They ſit conferring by the Parlor fire.
Pet. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,
Swinge me them ſoundly forth unto their husbands:
Away I ſay, and bring then hither ſtraight.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.
Hor. And ſo it is: I wonder what it boads.
Pet. Marry peace it boads, and love, and quiet life,
An awfull rule, and right ſupremacy:
And to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweet and happy.
Bap. Now faire befall thee good *Petruchio*;
The wager thou haſt won, and I will adde
Vnto their loſſes twenty thouſand crownes,
Another dowry to another daughter,
For ſhe is chang'd as ſhe had never beene.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And ſhow more ſigne of her obedience,
Her new built vertue and obedience.

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.

See where ſhe comes, and brings your froward Wives
As priſoners to her womanly perſwaſion:
Katerine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that bable, throw it underfoote.
Wid. Lord let me never have a cauſe to ſigh,
Till I be brought to ſuch a ſilly paſſe.
Bian. Fye what a fooliſh duty call you this?
Luc. I would your duty were as fooliſh too:
The wiſdome of your duty faire *Bianca*,
Hath coſt me five hundred crownes ſince ſupper time.
Bian. The more foole you for laying on my duty.
Pet. *Katherine* I charge thee tell theſe head-ſtrong women, what duty they doe owe their Lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, your mocking: we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on I ſay, and firſt begin with her.

Wid. She ſhall not.

Pet. I ſay ſhe ſhall, and firſt begin with her.

Kate. Fie, fie, unknit that threating unkinde brow,
And dart not ſcornefull glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy governour.
It blots thy beauty, as froſts bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlewinds ſhake faire buds,
And in no ſence is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill ſeeming, thicke, bereft of beauty,
And while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſtie
Will daigne to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy ſoveraigne: One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his body
To painfull labour, both by ſea and land:
To watch the night in ſtormes, the day in cold
Whil'ſt thou ly'ſt warme at home, ſecure and ſafe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, faire lookes, and true obedience;
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such dutie as the ſubject owes the Prince,
Even ſuch a woman oweth to her husband:
And when ſhe is froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſowre,
And not obedient to his honeſt will,
What is ſhe but a foule contending Rebell,
And graceleſſe Traitor to her loving Lord?
I am aſham'd that women are ſo ſimple,
To offer warre,, where they ſhould kneele for peace:
Or ſeeke for rule, ſupremacie, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerve, love, and obay.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weake, and ſmooth,
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
But that our ſoft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our externall parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable wormes,
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart is great, my reaſon haply more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I ſee our Launces are but ſtrawes:
Our ſtrength as weake, our weakeneſſe paſt compare,
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.
Then vale your ſtomackes; for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands foote:
In token of which duty, if he pleaſe,
My hand is readie, may it do him eaſe.

Pet. Why there's a weach: Come on, and kiſſe me *Kate.*

Luc. Well go thy wayes old lad, for thou ſhalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harſh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come *Kate*, wee'le to bed,
We three are married, but you two are ſped.
'Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,
And being a winner, God give you good night.

Exit Petruchio.

Horten. Now goe thy wayes, thou haſt tam'd a curſt Shrow.

Luc. Tis a wonder, by your leave, ſhe will be tam'd ſo.

FINIS.

ALL'S VVell, that Ends VVell:

Actus primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter young Bertram Count of Roſſillion, his Mother, and Helena, Lord Lafew, all in blacke.

Mother.

IN delivering my ſonne from me, I burie a ſecond husband.

Roſ. And in going Madam, weepe ore my fathers death anew; but I muſt attend his majeſties command, to whom I am now in Ward, evermore in ſubjection.

Laf. You ſhall find of the King a husband Madame, you ſir a father. He that ſo generally is at all times good, muſt of neceſſitie hold his vertue to you, whoſe worthineſſe would ſtirre it up where it wanted, rather then lacke it where there is ſuch abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Majeſties amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phiſitions Madam, under whoſe practiſes he hath perſecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the proceſſe, but onely the loſing of hope by time.

Mo. This young Gentlewoman had a Father, O that had! how ſad a paſſage tis, whoſe skill was almoſt as great as his honeſtie, had it ſtretch'd ſo far, would have made nature immortall, and death ſhould have play for lacke of worke. Would for the Kings ſake hee were living, I thinke it would be the death of the Kings diſeaſe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you ſpeake of Madam?

Mo. He was famous ſir in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very lately ſpoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilfull enough to have liv'd ſtill, if knowledge could be ſet up againſt mortallitie.

Roſ. What is it (my good Lord) the King languiſhes of?

Laf. A Fiſtula my Lord.

Roſ. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of *Gerard de Narbon*?

Mo. His ſole childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my over looking. I have thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes her diſpoſitions ſhe inherits, which makes faire gifts fairer: for where an uncleane mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations goe with pitty, they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſſe; ſhe derives her honeſtie, and atcheeves her goodneſſe.

Lafew. Your commendations Madam get from her teares.

Mo. 'Tis the beſt brine a Maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in. The remembrance of her father never approches her heart, but the tirany of her ſorrowes takes all livelihood from her cheeke. No more of this *Helena*, goe too, no more leaſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, then to have——

Hel. I doe affect a ſorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentations is the right of the dead, exceſſive greefe the enemie to the living.

Mo. If the living be enemy to the greefe, the exceſſe makes it ſoone mortall.

Roſ. Madam I deſire your holy wiſhes.

Laf. How underſtand we that?

Mo. Be thou bleſt *Bertrame*, and ſucceed thy father
In manners as in ſhape: thy blood and vertue
Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodneſſe
Share with thy birth-right. Love all, truſt a few,
Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemie
Rather in power then uſe: and keepe thy friend
Vnder thy owne lifes key. Be checkt for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers plucke downe,
Fall on thy hand. Farewell my Lord,
'Tis an unſeaſon'd Courtier, good my Lord
Aduiſe him.

Laf. He cannot want the beſt
That ſhall attend his love.

Mo. Heaven bleſſe him: Farwell *Bertram.* *Exit.*

Roſ. The beſt wiſhes thrt can be forg'd in your thoughts be ſervants to you: be comfortable to my mother, your Miſtris, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell prettie Lady, you muſt hold the credit of your father.

Hell. O were that all, I thinke not on my father,
And theſe great teares grace his remembrance more
Then thoſe I ſhed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him. My imagination
Carries no favour in't but *Bertrams.*
I am undone, there is no liuing, none,
If *Bertram* be away. 'Twere all one,
That I ſhould love a bright particular ſtarre,
And thinke to wed it, he is ſo above me
In his bright radience and collaterall light,

Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere;
Th'ambition in my love thus plagues it ſelfe:
The hinde that would be mated by the Lion
Muſt die for love. 'I was pretty, though a plague
To ſee him every houre to ſit and draw
His arched browes, his hawking eye, his curles
In our hearts table: heart too capable
Of every line and tricke of his ſweet favour.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie
Muſt ſanctifie his Reliques. Who comes here?

Enter Parrolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his ſake,
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Thinke him a great way foole, ſolie a coward,
Yet theſe fixt evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when Vertues ſteely bones
Lookes bleake i'th cold wind: withall, full oft we ſee
Cold wiſedome waiting on ſuperfluous follie.

Par. Save you faire Queene.

Hel. And you Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?

Hel. I: you have ſome ſtaine of ſouldier in you: Let me aske you a queſtion. Man is enemie to virginitie, how may we barrocado it againſt him?

Par. Keepe him out.

Hel. Bnt he aſſailes, and our virginitie though valiant, in the defence yet is weake: unfold us ſome warlike reſiſtance.

Par. There is none: Man ſetting downe before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bleſſe our poore Virginity from Vnderminers, and blowers up. Is there no Military policy how Virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blowne downe, Man will quicklier be blowne up: marry in blowing him downe againe, with the breach your ſelves made, you loſe your City. It is not politicke, in the common-wealth of Nature, to preſerve virginitie. Loſſe of Virginite, is rationall encreaſe, and there was never virgin got, till virginitie was firſt loſt. That you were made of, is mettall to make Virgins. Virginitie; by being once loſt, may bee ten tines found: by being ever kept it is ever loſt: 'tis too cold a companion: Away with't.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.

Par. There's little can be ſaid in't, 'tis againſt the rule of Nature. To ſpeake on the part of virginitie, is to accuſe your Mothers; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. He that hangs himſelfe is a Virgin: Virginitie murthers it ſelfe, and ſhould be buried in highwayes out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate Offendreſſe againſt Nature. Virginitie breedes mites, much like a Cheeſe, conſumes it ſelfe to the very payring, and ſo dyes with feeding his owne ſtomacke. Beſides, Virginitie is peeuiſh, proud, ydle, made of ſelfe-love, which is the moſt inhabited ſinne in the Cannon. Keepe it not, you cannot chooſe but looſe by't. Out with't: within ten yeares it will make it ſelfe two, which is a goodly increaſe, and the principall it ſelfe not much the worſe. A way with't.

Hel. How might one doe ſir, to looſe it to her owne liking?

Par. Let me ſee. Marry ill, to like him that ne're it likes. 'Tis a commoditie will loſe the gloſſe with lying: The longer kept, the leſſe worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible. Anſwer the time of requeſt, Virginitie like an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of faſhion, richly ſuted, but unſuteable, juſt like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which were not now: your Date is better in your Pye and your Porredge, then in your cheeke: and your virginitie, your old virginitie, is like one of our French wither'd peares, it lookes ill, it eates drily, marry 'tis a wither'd peare: it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a wither'd peare, Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginitie yet:
There ſhall your maſter have a thouſand loves,
A Mother, and a Miſtriſſe, and a friend,
A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy,
A guide, a Goddeſſe, and a ſoveraigne,
A Counſellor, a Traitreſſe, and a Deare:
His humbleſt ambition, proud humility:
His Iarring, concord: and his diſcord, dulcet:
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter: with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious chriſtendomes
That blinking Cupid goſſips. Now ſhall he:
I know not what he ſhall, God ſend him well,
The Courts a learning place, and he is one.

Par. What one yfaith?

Hel. That I wiſh well, 'tis pitty.

Par. What's pitty?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt, that we poorer borne,
Whoſe baſer ſtarres do ſhut us up in wiſhes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And ſhew what we alone muſt thinke, which never
Returnes us thankes.

Enter Page.

Page. Monſieur *Parrolles*,
My Lord cals for you.

Par. Little *Hellen* farewell, if I can remember thee, I will thinke of thee at Court.

Hel. Monſier *Parolles*, you were borne under a charitable ſtarre.

Par. Vnder *Mars* I.

Hel. I eſpecially thinke, under *Mars*.

Par. Why under *Mars*?

Hel. The warres hath ſo kept you under, that you muſt needes be borne under *Mars*.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde I thinke rather.

Par. Why thinke you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away,
When feare propoſes the ſafety:
But the compoſition that your valour and feare makes in you, is a vertue of a good wing, and I like the weare well.

Paroll. I am ſo full of buſineſſes, I cannot anſwere thee acutely: I will returne perfect Courtier, in the which my inſtruction ſhall ſerve to naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capeable of the Courtiers counſell, and underſtand what advice ſhall thruſt upon thee, elſe thou dyeſt in thine unthankefulnes, and thine ignorance makes thee away, farewell: When thou haſt leyſure, ſay thy praiers: when thou haſt none, remember thy Friends:

Get thee a good husband, and uſe him as he uſes thee:
So farewell. *Exit.*
Hel. Our remedies oft in our ſelves do lye,
Which we aſcribe to heaven: the fated skye
Giues us free ſcope, onely doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſignes, when we our ſelves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love ſo hye,
That makes me ſee, and cannot feede mine eye?
The mightieſt ſpace in fortune, Nature brings
To joyne like, likes; and kiſſe like native things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts to thoſe
That weigh their paines in ſence, and do ſuppoſe
What hath beene, cannot be. Who ever ſtroue
To ſhew her merit, that did miſſe her love?
(The Kings diſeaſe) my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leave me. *Exit*

Flouriſh Cornets.
Enter the King of France with Letters, and divers Attendants.

King. The *Florentines* and *Senoys* are by th'eares,
Have fought with equall fortune, and continue
A braving warre.
1. Lo.G. So tis reported ſir.
Kin. Nay tis moſt credible, we heere receive it,
A certainty vouch'd from our Coſin *Auſtria*,
With caution, that the *Florentine* will move us
For ſpeedy aide: wherein our deereſt friend
Prejudicates the buſineſſe, and would ſeeme
To have us make deniall.
1. Lo. G. His love and wiſedome
Approv'd ſo to your Majeſty, may pleade
For ampleſt credence.
Kin. He hath arm'd our anſwer,
And *Florence* is deni'de before he comes:
Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to ſee
The *Tuſcan* ſervice, freely have they leave
To ſtand on either part.
2. Lo. E. It well may ſerue
A nurſſery to our Gentry, who are ſicke
For breathing, and exploit.
King. What's he comes heere.

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

1. Lo. G. It 'tis the Count *Roſillion* my good Lord,
Yong *Bertram*.
King. Youth, thou bear'ſt thy Fathers face,
Franke Nature rather curious then in haſt.
Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Fathers morall parts
Maiſt thou inherit too: Welcome to *Paris*.
Ber. My thankes and duty are your Majeſties.
Kin. I would I had that corporall ſoundneſſe now,
As when thy father, and my ſelfe, in friendſhip
Firſt tride our ſouldierſhip: he did looke farre
Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſcipled of the braveſt. He laſted long,
But on us both did haggiſh Age ſteale on,
And wore us out of act: It much repaires me:
To talke of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To day in our yong Lords: but they may jeſt
Till their owne ſcorne returne to them unnoted
Ere they can hide their levitie in honour:
So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitterneſſe
Were in his pride, or ſharpneſſe; if they were,
His equall had awak'd them, and his honour
Clocke to it ſelfe, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him ſpeake, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low rankes,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poore praiſe he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copie to theſe yonger times;
Which followed well, would demonſtrate them now
But goers backward.
Ber. His good remembrance ſir
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe:
So in approofe lives not his Epitaph,
As in your royall ſpeech.
King. Would I were with him: he would alwaies ſay,
(Me thinkes I heare him now) his plauſive words
He ſcatter'd not in eares, but grafted them
To grow there and to beare: Let me not live,
This his good melancholly oft began
On the Cataſtrophe and heele of paſtime
When it was out: Let me not live (quoth hee)
After my flame lackes oyle, to be the ſnuffe
Of yonger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſive ſenſes
All but new things diſdaine; whoſe judgements are
Meere fathers of their garments: whoſe conſtancies
Expire before their faſhions: this he wiſh'd.
I after him, do after him wiſh too:
(Since I nor wax nor honie can bring home,)
I quickly were diſſolved from my hive
To give ſome Labourers roome.
L.2.E. You'r loved Sir,
They that leaſt lend it you ſhall lacke you firſt.
Kin. I fill a place I know't, how long iſt Count
Since the Phyſitian at your fathers died?
He was much fam'd.
Ber. Some ſix moneths ſince my Lord.
Kin. If he were living, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arme: the reſt have worne me out
With ſeverall applications: Nature and ſickneſſe
Debate it at their leiſure. Welcome Count,
My ſonne's no deerer.
Ber, Thanke your Majeſty. *Exit.*

Flouriſh.

Enter Counteſſe, Steward, and Clowne.

Cou. I will now heare, what ſay you of this gentlewoman.

St. Maddam the care I have had to even your content, I wiſh might be found in the Kalender of my paſt endevours, for then we wound our Modeſtie, and make foule the clearneſſe of our deſervings, when of our ſelves we publiſh them.

Cou. What doe's this knave heere? Get you gone ſirra: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all beleeve, 'tis my ſlowneſſe that I do not: For I know you lacke not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make ſuch knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknowne to you Madam, I am a poore fellow.

Cou. Well ſir.

Clo. No maddam,
'Tis not ſo well that I am poore, though manie

of the rich are damn'd, but if I have your Ladiſhips good will to goe to the world, *Isbell* the woman and I will doe as we may.

Coun. Wilt thou needes be a begger?

Clo. I doe beg your good will in this caſe.

Con. In what caſe?

Clo. In *Isbels* caſe and mine owne: ſervice is no heritage, and I thinke I ſhall never have the bleſſing of God, till I have iſſue a my bodie: for they ſay bearnes are bleſſings.

Cou. Tell me thy reaſon why thou wilt marrie?

Clo. My poore body Madam requires it, I am driven on by the fleſh, and he muſt needes goe that the divell drives.

Cou. Is this all your worſhips reaſon?

Clo. Faith Madam I have other holie reaſons, ſuch as they are.

Cou. May the world know them?

Clo. I have beene Madam a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that I may repent.

Cou. Thy marriage ſooner then thy wickedneſſe.

Clo. I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wives ſake.

Cou. Such friends are thine enemies knave.

Clo. Y'are ſhallow Madam in great friends, for the knaves come to doe that for me which I am a wearie of: he that eares my Land, ſpares my teame, and gives mee leave to Inne the crop: if I bee his Cuckold, hee's my drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood; he that cheriſheth my fleſh and blood, loves my fleſh and blood; he that loves my fleſh and blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kiſſes my wife is my friend: if men could bee contented to be what they are, there were no feare in marriage, for yong *Charbon* the Puritan, and olde *Poyſam* the Papiſt, how ſomere their hartes are ſeuer'd in Religion, their heades are both one, they may joule hornes together like any Deare i'th Herd.

Cou. Wilt thou ever be a foule mouth'd and calumnious knaue?

Clo. A prophet I Madam, and I ſpeake the truth the next way, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full true ſhall finde, your marriage comes by deſtiny, your Cuckow ſings by kinde.

Cou. Get you gone ſir, Ile talke with you more anon.

Stew. May it pleaſe you Madam, that hee bid *Hellen* come to you, of her I am to ſpeake.

Cou. Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would ſpeake with her, *Hellen* I meane.

Clo. Was this faire face the cauſe, quoth ſhe,
Why the Grecians ſacked *Troy*,
Fond done, done, fond was this King *Priams* joy,
With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood, *bis*
And gaue this ſentence then, among nine bad if one be good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one good in ten.

Cou. What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the ſong ſirra.

Clo. One good woman in ten Madam, which is a purifying ath'ſong: would God would ſerue the world ſo all the yeere, weed finde no fault with the tithe woman if I were the Parſon, one in ten quoth a? and wee might have a good woman borne but ore every blazing ſtarre, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lotterie well, a man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one.

Cou. Youle be gone ſir knave, and doe as I command you?

Clo. That man ſhould be at a womans command, and yet no hurt done, though honeſtie be no Puritan, yet it will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surplis of humilitie over the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart: I am going forſooth, the buſineſſe is for *Hellen* to come hither.

Exit.

Cou. Well now.

Stew. I know Madam you love your Gentlewoman intirely.

Cou. Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to me, and ſhe her ſelfe without other advantage, may lawfullie make title to as much love as ſhe findes, there is more owing her then is paid; and more ſhall be paid her then ſheele demand.

Stew. Madam, I was verie late more neere her then I thinke ſhe wiſht me, alone ſhe was, and did communicate to her ſelfe her owne words to her owne eares, ſhee thought, I dare vow for her, they toucht not any ſtranger ſence, her matter was, ſhe loved your Sonne; Fortune ſhe ſayd wasno goddeſſe, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates: Love no god, that would not extend his might onely, where qualities were levell, Queene of Virgins, that would ſuffer her poore Knight ſurpris'd without reſcue in the firſt aſſault or ranſome afterward: This ſhe deliver'd in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaime in, which I held my dutie ſpeedily to acquaint you withall, ſithence in the loſſe that may happen, it concernes you ſomething to know it.

Cou. You have diſcharg'd this honeſtlie, keepe it to your ſelfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this before, which hung ſo tottring in the ballance, that I could never beleeve nor miſdoubt: pray you leave mee, ſtall this in your boſome, and I thanke you for your honeſt care: I will ſpeake with you further anon.

Exit Steward.

Enter Hellen.

Old. Cou. Even ſo it was with me when I was young:
If ever we are natures theſe are ours, this thorne
Doth to our Roſe of youth rightlie belong
Our bloud to us, this to our blood is borne,
It is the ſhow, and ſeale of natures truth,
Where loves ſtrong paſſion is impreſt in youth,
By our remembrances of daies forgon,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none,
Her eie is ſicke on't, I obſerve her now.

Hel. What is your pleaſure Madam?

Ol. Cou. You know *Hellen* I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honorable Miſtris.

Ol. Cou. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I ſed a mother.
Me thought you ſaw a ſerpent, what's in mother
That you ſtart at it? I ſay I am your mother,
And put you in the Catalogue of thoſe
That were enwombed mine, 'tis often ſeene
Adoption ſtrives with nature, and choiſe breedes
A natiue ſlip to us from forraine ſeedes:
You ne're oppreſt me with a mothers groane,
Yet I expreſſe to you a mothers care,
(Gods mercie maiden) dos it curd thy blood
To ſay I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this dſtempered meſſenger of wet,

The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?
——— Why, that you art my daughter?
Hell. That I am not.
Old.Con. I ſay I am your Mother.
Hell. Pardon Madam.
The Count *Roſillion* cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honoured name:
No note upon my Parents, his all noble,
My Maſter, my deere Lord he is, and I
His ſervant live, and will his vaſſall die:
He muſt not be my brother.
Ol.Con. Nor I your Mother.
Hel. You are my mother Madam, would you were
So that my Lord your ſonne were not my brother,
Indeed my mother, or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, then I doe for heaven,
So I were not his ſiſter, cant no other,
But I your daughter, he muſt be my brother.
Old.Con. Yes *Hellen*, you might be my daughter in law,
God ſhield you meane it not, daughter and mother
So ſtrive upon your pulſe; what pale agen?
My feare hath catcht your fondneſſe! now I ſee
The miſtrie of your lovelineſſe, and finde
Your ſalt teares head, now to all ſence 'ts groſſe:
You love my ſonne, invention is aſham'd
Againſt the proclamation of thy paſſion
To ſay thou doſt not: therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis ſo, for looke, thy cheekes
Confeſſe it 'ton to th'other, and thine eyes
See it is ſo groſſely ſhowne in thy behaviors,
That in their kinde they ſpeake it, onely ſinne
And helliſh obſtinacie tye thy tongue
That truth ſhould be ſuſpected, ſpeake, iſt ſo?
If it be ſo, you haue wound a goodly clewe:
If it be not, forſweare't how ere I charge thee,
As heaven ſhall worke in me for mine availe
To tell me truely.
Hell. Good Madam pardon me.
Con. Do you lioue my Sonne?
Hell. Your pardon noble Miſtris.
Con. Love you my Sonne?
Hell. Doe not you love him Madam?
Con. Goe not about; my love hath in't a bond
Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, diſcloſe:
The ſtate of your affection, for your paſſions
Have to the full appeach'd.
Hell. Then I confeſſe
Here on my knee, before high heavens and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven, I love your
Sonne:
My frinds were poore but honeſt, ſo's my love:
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of preſumptuous ſuite,
Nor would I have him, till I doe deſerve him,
Yet never know how that deſert ſhould be:
I know I love in vaine, ſtrive againſt hope:
Yet in this captious, and intenible Sive.
I ſtill poure in the waters of my love
And lacke not to looſe ſtill; thus *Indian* like
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sunne that lookes upon his worſhipper,
But knowes of him no more. My deereſt Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my love
For loving where you doe; but if your ſelfe,
Whoſe aged honor cites a vertuous youth,
Did ever, in ſo true a flame of living,
Wiſh chaſtly, and love deerely, that your *Dian*
Was both her ſelfe and love, O then give pitty
To her whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chooſe
But lend and give where ſhe is ſure to looſe;
That ſeekes not to finde that, ſearch implies,
But riddle like, lives ſweetely where ſhe dies.
Con. Had you not lately an intent, ſpeake truely,
To goe to *Paris*?
Hell. Madame I had.
Con. Wherefore? tell true.
Hell. I will tell true, by grace it ſelfe I ſweare:
You know my Father left me ſome preſcriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, ſuch as his reading
And manifeſt experience, had collected
For generall ſoveraigntie: and that he will'd me
In heedefull'ſt reſervation to beſtow them,
As notes, whoſe faculties incluſive were,
More then they were in note: Amongſt the reſt,
There is a remedie, approv'd, ſet downe,
To cure the deſperate languiſhings whereof
The King is render'd loſt.
Con. This was your motive for *Paris*, was it, ſpeake?
Hell. My Lord, your ſonne, made me to thinke of this;
Elſe *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the converſation of my thoughts,
Happily beene abſent then.
Con. But thinke you *Hellen*,
If you ſhould tender your ſuppoſed aide,
He would receive it? He and his phiſitions
Are of a minde; he, that they cannot helpe him:
They, that they cannot helpe, how ſhall they credit
A poore unlearned Virgin, when the Schooles
Embowel'd of their doctrine, have lef off
The danger to it ſelfe.
Hell. There's ſomething in't
More then my Fathers skill, which was the great'ſt
Of his profeſſion, that his good receipt,
Shall for my legacie be ſanctified
Byth' luckieſt ſtars in heaven, and would your honor
But give me leave to ſucceſſe, I'de venture
The well loſt life of mine, on his Graces cure,
by ſuch a day, and houre.
Con. Doo'ſt thou beleeve't?
Hel. I Madam knowingly.
Con. Why *Hellen* thou ſhalt have my leave and love,
Meanes and attendants, and my loving greetings
To thoſe of mine in Court, Ile ſtay at home
And pray Gods bleſſing into thy attempt:
Begon to morrow, and be ſure of this;
What I can helpe thee to, thou ſhalt not miſſe. *Exeunt.*

Actus Sæcundus.

Enter the King with divers young Lords, taking leave for the Florentine warre: Count Roſſe, and Parrolles. Floriſh Cornets.

King. Farewell yong Lords, theſe warlike principles
Doe not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell:
Share the advice betwixt you, if both gaine, all
The guift doth ſtretch it ſelfe as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.
Lord.G. 'Tis our hope ſir,

Aſke

After wellentred ſouldiers, to returne
And finde your grace in health.
King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſſe he owes the mallady
That doth my life beſiege: farwell yong Lords,
Whether I live or die, be you the ſonnes
Of worthy French men: let higher Italy
(Thoſe bated that inherit but the fall
Of the laſt Monarchy) ſee that you come
Not to wooe honour, but to wed it, when
The braveſt queſtion ſhrinkes: finde what you ſeeke,
That fame may cry you loud: I ſay farewell.
L.G. Health at your bidding ſerue your Maieſty.
King. Thoſe girles of Italy, take heed of them,
They ſay our French, lacke language to deny
If they demand: beware of being Captiues
Before you ſerue.
Bo. Our hartes receiue your warnings.
King. Farewell, come hether to me. (ns.
1.*Lo.G.* Oh my ſweet Lord that you will ſtay behind
Parr. 'Tis not his fault the ſparke.
2.*Lo.E.* Oh'tis braue warres.
Parr. Moſt admirable, I haye ſeene thoſe warres.
Roſſill. I am commanded here, and kept acoyle with,
Too young, and the next yeere, and'tis too early.
Parr. And thy minde ſtand too't boy,
Steale away brauely.
Roſſill. I ſhall ſtay here the for-horſe to a ſmocke,
Creeking my ſhooes on the plaine Maſonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no ſword worne
But one to dance with: by heauen, Ile ſteale away.
1.*Lo.G.* There's honour in the theft.
Parr. Commit it Count.
2.*Lo.E.* I am your acceſſary, and ſo farewell.
Roſ. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.
1.*Lo.G.* Farewell Captaine.
2.*Lo.E.* Sweet Monſier *Parolles*.

Par. Noble *Heroes*; my ſword and yours are kinne, good ſparkes and luſtrous, a word good mettals. You ſhall finde in the Regiment of the Spinij, one Captaine *Spurio* his Cicatrice, with an Embleme of warre heere on his ſiniſter cheeke; it was this very ſword entrench'd it: ſay to him I live, and obſerue his reports for me.

Lo.G. We ſhall noble Captaine.

Par. *Mars* doate on you for his novices, what will ye doe?

Roſſ. Stay: the King.

Par. Vſe a more ſpacious ceremonie to the Noble Lords, you have reſtrain'd your ſelfe within the Liſt of too cold an adieu: be more expreſſive to them; for they weare themſelves in the cap of the time, there do muſter true gate; eat, ſpeake, and more under the influence of the moſt receiv'd ſtarre, and though the divell leade the meaſure, ſuch are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Roſſ. And I will doe ſo.

Par. Worthy felllowes, and like to proove moſt ſinewie ſword-men. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lafew.

L.Laf. Pardon my Lord for me and for my tidings.
King. Ile ſee thee to ſtand up. (pardon,
L.Laf. Then heres a man ſtands that hath brought his
I would you had kneel'd my Lord to aske me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could ſo ſtand up.
King. I would I had, ſo I had broke thy pate
And askt thee mercy for't.
Laf. Goodfaith a-croſſe, but my good Lord 'tis thus,
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?
King. No.
Laf. O will you eate no grapes my royall foxe?
Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My royall foxe could reach them: I have ſeene a medicine
That's able to breathe life into a ſtone,
Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canary
With ſprightly fire and motion, whoſe ſimple touch
Is powerfull to arayſe King *Pippen*, nay
To give great *Charlemaine* a pen in's hand
And write to her a love-line.
Kin. What her is this?
Laf. Why doctor ſhe: my Lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will ſee her: now by my faith and honour,
If ſeriouſly I may convoy my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have ſpoke
With one, that in her ſexe, her yeeres, profeſſion,
Wiſedome and conſtancy, hath amaz'd me more
Then I dare blame my weakeneſſe: wil you ſee her?
For that is her demand, and know her buſineſſe?
That done, laugh well at me.
King. Now good *Lafew*.
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May ſpend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondring how thou took'it it.
Laf. Nay, Ile fit you,
And not be all day neither.
King. Thus he his ſpeciall nothing ever prologues.
Laf. Nay, come your wayes.

Enter Hellen.

King. This haſte hath wings indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your wayes,
This is his Majeſtie, ſay your minde to him,
A traitor you doe looke like, but ſuch traitors
His Majeſtie ſeldome feares, I am *Creſſeds* Vncle,
That dare leave two together, fare you well. *Exit.*
King. Now faire one, do's your buſines follow us?
Hel. I my good Lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profeſſe, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I ſpare my praiſes towards him,
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death,
Many receits he gave me, chieflie one,
Which as the deareſt iſſue of his practice
And of his old experience, th'onelie darling,
He bad me ſtore up, as a triple eye,
Safer then mine owne two: more deare I have ſo,
And hearing your high Majeſtie is toucht
With that malignant cauſe, wherein the honour
Of my deere fathers gift, ſtands cheefe in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneſſe.
King. We thanke you maiden,
But may not be ſo credulous of cure,
When our moſt learned Doctors leave us, and
The congregated Colledge have concluded,
That labouring art can never ranſome nature
From her inaydible eſtate: I ſay we muſt not
So ſtaine our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To proſtitute our paſt-cure malladie
To empericks, or to diſſever ſo
Our great ſelfe and our credit, to eſteeme
A ſenceleſſe helpe, when helpe paſt ſence we deeme.

Hel. My

Hell. My dutie then ſhall pay me for my paines:
I will no more enforce my office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,
A modeſt one to beare me backe againe.
King. I cannot give thee leſſe to be cal'd gratefull:
Thou thoughtſt to helpe me, and ſuch thankes I give,
As one neer death to thoſe that wiſh him live:
But what at full I know, thou knowſt no part,
I knowing all my perill, thou no Art.
Hell. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your reſt 'gainſt remedie:
He that of greateſt workes is finiſher.
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter:
So holy Writ, in babes hath judgement ſhowne,
When Iudges have bin babes; great flouds have flowne
From ſimple ſources: and great Seas have dried
When Miracles have by the great'ſt beene denied.
Oft expectation failes, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes: and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpaire moſt ſhifts.
King. I muſt not heare thee, fare thee well kind maide,
Thy paines not us'd, muſt by thy ſelfe be paid,
Proffers not tooke, reape thankes for their reward.
Hell. Inſpired Merit ſo by breath is bard,
It is not ſo with him that all things knowes
As 'tis with us, that ſquare our gueſſe by ſhowes:
But moſt it is preſumption in us, when
The helpe of heaven we count the act of men.
Deare ſir, to my endeavors give conſent,
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an Impoſtrue, that proclaime
My ſelfe againſt the levill of mine aime,
But know I thinke, and thinke I know moſt ſure,
My Art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.
King. Art thou ſo confident? Within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?
Hel. The greateſt grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horſes of the ſunne ſhall bring
Their firie torcher his diurnall ring.
Ere twice in murke and occidentall dampe
Moiſt *Heſperus* hath quench'd her ſleepy Lampe:
Or foure and twentie times the Pylots glaſſe
Hath told the theeviſh minutes, how they paſſe:
What is infirme, from your ſound parts ſhall flie,
Health ſhall live free, and ſickneſſe freely dye.
King. Vpon thy certainety and confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venture?
Hel. Taxe of impudence,
A ſtrumpets boldneſſe, a divulged ſhame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maidens name
Seard otherwiſe, no worſe of worſt extended
With vildeſt torture, let my life be ended.
Kin. Me thinkes in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak
His powerfull ſound, wherein an organ weake:
And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſenſe, ſence ſaves another way:
Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate:
Youth, beauty, wiſedome, courage, all
That happineſſe and prime, can happie call;
Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate:
Sweet practiſer, thy Phyſicke I will try,
That miniſters thine owne death if I die.
Hel. If I breake time, or flinch in propertie
Of what I ſpoke, unpittied let me die,
And well deſeru'd: not helping, death's my fee,
But if I helpe, what doe you promiſe me.
Kin. Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
Kin. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.
Hel. Then ſhalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What huband in thy power I will command.:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chooſe from forth the royall bloud of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy ſtate:
But ſuch a one thy vaſſall, whom I know
Is free for me to aske, thee to beſtow.
Kin. Here is my hand, the premiſes obſerv'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſerv'd:
So make the choice of thine owne time, for I
Thy reſolv'd Patient, on thee ſtill relye:
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt,
Though more to know, could not be more to truſt:
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on, but reſt
Vnqueſtion'd welcome, and undoubted bleſt.
Give me ſome helpe here hoa, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed.
Exeunt.

Enter Counteſſe and Clowne.

Lady. Come on ſir, I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will ſhew my ſelfe highly fed, and lowly taught, I know my buſineſſe is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you ſpeciall, when you put off that with ſuch contempt, but to the Court?

Clo. Truly Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, hee may eaſilie put it off at Court: he that cannot make a legge, put off's cap, kiſſe his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap; and indeed ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the Court, but for me, I have an anſwere will ſerve all men.

Lady. Marry that's a bountifull anſwere that fits all queſtions.

Clo. It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttockes, the pin buttocke, the quatch-buttocke, the brawn buttocke, or any buttocke.

Lady. Will your anſwere ſerve fit to all queſtions?

Clo. As fit as ten groates is for the hand of an Atturney, as your French Crowne for your taffety punke, as *Tibs* ruſh for *Toms* forefinger, as a pancake for Shrovetueſday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole, the Cuckold to his horne, as a ſcolding queane to a wrangling knave, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth, nay as the pudding to his skin.

Lady. Have you, I ſay, an anſwer of ſuch fitneſſe for all queſtions?

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.

Lady. It muſt bee an anſwere of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeake truth of it: heere it is, and all that belongs to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier, it ſhall doe you no harme to learne.

Lady. To bee young againe if we could: I will bee a foole in queſtion, hoping to bee the wiſer by your anſwer.

La. I pray you ſir, are you a Courtier?

Clo. O Lord ſir theres a ſimple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

La. Sir I am a poore friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord ſir, thicke, thicke, ſpare not me.

La. I thinke ſir, you can eate none of this homely meate.

Clo. O Lord ſir; nay put me too't, I warrant you.

La. You were lately whipt ſir as I thinke.

Clo. O Lord ſir, ſpare not me.

La. Doe you cry O Lord ſir at your whipping, and ſpare not me? Indeed your O Lord ſir, is very ſequent to your whipping: you would anſwere very well to a whipping if you were but bound too't.

Clo. I ne're had worſe lucke in my life in my O Lord ſir: I ſee things may ſerue long, but not ſerve ever.

La. I play the noble huſwife with the time, to entertaine it ſo merrily with a foole.

Clo. O Lord ſir, why there't ſerves well agen.

La. And end ſir to your buſineſſe: give *Hellen* this,
And urge her to a preſent anſwer backe,
Commend me to my kinſmen, and my ſonne,
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

La. Not much imployment for you, you underſtand me.

Clo. Moſt fruitfully, I am there, before my legges.

La. Haſt you agen. *Exeunt.*

Enter Count, Laſew, and Parolles.

Ol.Laf. They ſay miracles are paſt, and we have our Philoſophicall perſons, to make moderne and familiar things ſupernaturall and cauſeleſſe. Hence is it, that wee make trifles of terrours, enſconcing our ſelves into ſeeming knowledge, when we ſhould ſubmit our ſelves to an unknowne feare.

Par. Why 'tis the rareſt argument of wonder, that hath ſhot out in our latter times.

Roſ. And ſo 'tis.

Ol. Laf. To be relinquiſht of the Artiſts.

Par. So I ſay both of *Galen* and *Paracelſus.*

Ol.Fal. Of all the learned and authenticke fellowes.

Par. Right ſo I ſay.

Ol.Laf. That gave him out incureable.

Par. Why there 'tis, ſo ſay I too.

Ol.Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as 'twere a man aſſur'd of a———

Ol. Laf. Vncertaine life, and ſure death.

Par. Iuſt you ſay well: ſo would I have ſaid.

Ol.Laf. I may truely ſay, it is a noveltie to the world.

Par. It is indeed if you will have it in ſhewing, you ſhall reade it in what do ye call there.

Ol. Laf. A ſhewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly Actor.

Par. That's it, I would have ſaid, the very ſame.

Ol.Laf. Why your Dolphin is not luſtier: for mee I ſpeake in reſpect———

Par. Nay 'tis ſtrange, 'tis very ſtrange, that is the breefe and the tedious of it, and he's of a moſt facinerious ſpirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the———

Ol.Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. I, ſo I ſay.

Ol.Laf. In a moſt weake———

Par. And debile miniſter great power, great trancendence, which ſhould indeed give us a further uſe to be made, then onely the recou'ry of the king, as to be———

Ol.Laf. Generally thankefull.

Enter King, Hellen, and attendants.

Par. I would have ſaid it, you ſaid well: heere comes the King.

Ol.Laf. Luſtique, as the Dutchman ſayes: Ile like a maide the better while I have a tooth in my head: why he's able to leade her a Carranto.

Par. *Mor du vinager,* is not this *Helen?*

Ol. Laf. Fore God I thinke ſo.

King. Goe call before me all the Lords in Court,
Sit my preſeruer by thy patients ſide,
And with this healthfull hand whoſe baniſht ſence
Thou haſt repeal'd, a ſecond time receyue
The confirmation of my promis'd guift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Fairs Maide ſend forth thine eye, this youthfull parcell
Of Noble Batchellors, ſtand at my beſtowing,
Ore whom both Soueraigne power, and fathers voice
I have to vſe; thy franke election make,
Thou haſt power to chooſe, and they none to forſake.

Hel. To each of you, one faire and vertuous Miſtris;
Fall when love pleaſe, marry to each but one.

Old Fal. I'de give bay curtall, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken then theſe boyes,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruſe them well:
Not one of thoſe, but had a Noble father.

She addreſſes her to a Lord.

Hel. Gentlemen, heaven hath through mee, reſtor'd the king to health.

All. We underſtand it, and thanke heaven for you.

Hel. I am a ſimple Maide, and therein wealthieſt
That I proteſt, I ſimply am a maide:
Pleaſe it your majeſtie, I have done already:
The bluſhes in my cheekes thus whiſper me,
We bluſh that thou ſhouldſt chooſe, but be refuſed;
Let the white death ſit on thy cheeke for ever,
Wee'l neere come there againe.

King. Make choiſe and ſee,
Who ſhuns thy love, ſhuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now *Dian* from thy Altar do I fly,
And to imperiall Iove, that God moſt high
Do my ſighes ſtreame: Sir, will you heare my ſuite?

1. *Lo.* And graunt it.

Hel. Thankes ſir, all the reſt is mute.

Ol.Laf. I had rather be in this choiſe, then throw
A deauſ-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour ſir that flames in your faire eyes,
Before I ſpeake too threatingly replyes:
Love make your fortunes twentie times above
Her that ſo wiſhes, and her humble love.

2. *Lo.* No better if you pleaſe.

Hel. My wiſh receive,
Which great love grant, and ſo I take my leave.

Ol.Laf. Do all they denie her? And they were ſons of mine, I'de have them whip'd, or I would ſend them to'th Turke to make Eunuches of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand ſhould take,
Ile never do you wrong for your owne ſake:
Bleſſing upon your vowes, and in your bed
Finde fairer fortune, if you ere wed.

Old Laf. Theſe boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none have her: ſure they are baſtards to the Engliſh, the French ne're got em.

La. You are to young, too happie, and too good
To make your ſelfe a ſonne out of my blood.

4. Lord. Faire one, I thinke not ſo.

Ol. Lord. There's one grape yet, I am ſure my father drunke wine. But if thou be'ſt not an aſſe, I am a youth of fourteene: I have knowne thee already.

Hel. I dare not ſay I take you, but I give
Me and my ſervice, ever whilſt I live
Into your guiding power: This is the man.

King. Why then young *Bertram* take her ſhee's thy wife.

Ber. My wife my Leige? I ſhall beſeech your highneſſe
In ſuch a buſines, give me leave to uſe
The helpe of mine owne eyes.

King. Know'ſt thou not *Bertram* what ſhee ha's done for me?

Ber. Yes my good Lord, but never hope to know why I ſhould marrie her.

King. Thou know'ſt ſhee ha's rais'd mee from my sickly bed.

Ber. But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe
Muſt anſwer for your raiſing? I know her well:
Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge:
A poore Phyſitians daughter my wife? Diſdaine
Rather corrupt me ever.

King. Tis onely title thou diſdainſt in her, the which
I can build up: ſtrange is it that our bloods
Of colour, waight, and heat; pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction: yet ſtands off
In differences of mightie. If ſhe be
All that is vertuous (ſave what thou diſlik'ſt)
A poore phyſitians daughter, thou diſlik'ſt
Of vertue for the name: but doe not ſo:
From loweſt place, whence vertuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th'doers deede.
Where great addition ſwell's, and vertue none,
It is a drupſied honour, Good a lone,
Is good without a name? Vileneſſe is ſo:
The propertie by what it is, ſhould go,
Not by the title. She is young, wiſe, faire,
In theſe, to Nature ſhe's immediate heire:
And theſe breed honour: that is honours ſcorne,
Which challenges it ſelfe as honours borne,
And is not like the ſire: Honours beſt thriue,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Then our fore-goers: the meere word's a ſlave
Deboſh'd on every tombe, on every grave:
A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumbe,
Where duſt, and damn'd oblivion is the Tombe.
Of honour'd bones indeed, what ſhould be ſaid?
If thou canſt like this creature, as a maide,
I can create the reſt: Vertue, and ſhee
Is her owne dower: Honour and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will ſtrive to doo't.

King. Thou wrong'ſt thy ſelfe, if thou ſhould'ſt ſtrive to chooſe.

Hel. That you are well reſtor'd my Lord, I'me glad;
Let the reſt go.

King. My Honor's at the ſtake, which to defeate
I muſt produce my power. Heere, take her hand,
Proud ſcornefull boy, unworthie this good gift,
That doſt in vile miſpriſion ſhackle up
My love, and her deſert: that canſt not dreame,
We poizing us in her defective ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beame: That wilt not know,
It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where
We pleaſe to have it grow. Checke thy contempt:
Obey Our will, which travailes in thy good:
Beleeve not thy diſdaine, but preſently
Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy dutie owes, and our power claimes.
Or I will through thee from my care for ever
Into the ſtaggers and careleſſe lapſe
Of youth and ignorance: both my revenge and hate
Looſing upon thee, in the name of juſtice,
Without all termes of pitty. Speake, thine anſwer.

Ber. Pardon my gracious Lord: for I ſubmit
My fancie to your eyes, when I conſider
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it: I finde that ſhe which late
Was in my nobler thoughts, moſt baſe: is now
The praiſed of the King, who ſo ennobled,
Is as 'twere borne ſo.

King. Take her by the hand.
Aud tell her ſhe is thine: to whom I promiſe
A counterpoize: If not in thy eſtate,
A ballance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

Kin. Good fortune, and the favour of the King
Smile upon the contract: whoſe Ceremonie
Shall ſeeme expedient on the now borne briefe,
And be perform'd to night: the ſolemne Feaſt
Shall more attend upon the coming ſpace,
Expecting abſent friends. As thou lov'ſt her,
Thy love's to me Religious: elſe, do's erre *Exeunt.*

Parolles and Lafew ſtay behind, commenting of this wedding.

Laf. Doe you heare Monſieur? A word with you.

Par. Your pleaſure ſir.

Laf. Your Lord and Maſter did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation? My Lord? my maſter?

Laf. I: Is it not a Language I ſpeake?

Par. A moſt harſh one, and not to be underſtood without bloudie ſucceeding. My Maſter?

Laf. Are you companion to the count *Roſillion*?

Par. To any Count, to all Counts: to what is man.

Laf. To what is counts man: Counts maiſter is of another ſtile.

Par. You are too old ſir: Let it ſatisfie you, you are too old.

Laf. I muſt tell thee ſirrah, I write Man: to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did thinke thee for two ordinaries: to bee a pretie wiſe fellow, thou didſt make tollerable vent of thy travel, it might paſſe: yet the ſcarffes and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldly diſſwade me from beleeving thee a veſſell of too great a burthen. I have now found thee, when I loſe thee againe, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that th'ourt ſcarce worth.

Par. Hadſt thou not the priviledge of Antiquitie upon thee,

Laf. Doe not plunge thy ſelfe too farre in anger, leaſt thou haſten thy triall: which if, Lord have mercie on thee for a hen, ſo my good window of Lattice fare thee well, thy caſement I neede not open, for I looke through the. Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give me moſt egregious indignity.

Laf. I with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not my Lord deſerv'd it.

Laſ. Yes good faith, ev'ry dramme of it, and I will not bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer.

Laf. Ev'n as ſoone as thou can'ſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmacke a'th contrarie. If ever thou bee'ſt bound in thy skarfe and beaten, thou ſhalt finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage, I have a deſire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may ſay in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord you do me moſt inſupportble vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell paines for thy ſake, and my poore doing eternall: for doing I am paſt, as I will by thee, in what motion age will giue me leave. *Exit.*

Par. Well, thou haſt a ſonne ſhall take this diſgrace off me; ſcuruy, old, filthy, ſcuruy Lord: Well, I muſt be patient, there is no fettering of authoritie. Ile beate him (by my life) if I can meete him with any convenience, and he were double and double a Lord. Ile have no more pittie of his age then I would have of ——Ile beate him, and if I could but meet him agen.

Enter Lafew.

Laf. Sirra, your Lord and Maſter's married, there's newes for you: you have a new Miſtris.

Par. I moſt unfainedly beſeech your Lordſhippe to make ſome reſervation of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I ſerue above is my Maſter.

Laf. Who? God.

Par. I ſir.

Laf. The divell it is, that's thy maſter. Why dooeſt thou garter up thy armes a this faſhion? Doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeves? Do other ſervants ſo? Thou wert beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine Honour, if I were but two houres yonger, I'de beate thee: meethink'ſt thou art a generall offence, and every man ſhould beate thee: I thinke thou waſt created for men to breathe themſelves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeſerved meaſure my Lord.

Laf. Go to ſir, you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranat, you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more ſawcie with Lords and honourable perſonages, then the Commiſſion of your birth and vertue gives you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, elſe I'de call you knave. I leave you. *Exit.*

Enter Count Roſſillion.

Par. Good, very good, it is ſo then: good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.

Roſ. Vndone, and forfeited to cares for ever.

Par. What's the matter ſweet-heart?

Roſſill. Although before the ſolemne Prieſt I have ſworne, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what ſweet heart?

Roſ. O my *Parrolles*, they have married me:
Ile to the *Tuſcan* warres, and never bed her.

Par. *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits,
The tread of a mans foot: too'th warres.

Roſ. There's letters from my mother: What th'import is, I know not yet.

Par. I that would be knowne: too'th warres my boy, too'th warres:
He weares his honour in a boxe unſeene,
That hugges his kickſie wickſie here at home,
Spending his manlie marrow in her armes
Which ſhould ſuſtaine the bound and high curvet
Of *Marſes* fierie ſteed: to other Regions,
France is a ſtable, we that dwell in't Iades,
Therefore too'th warre.

Roſ. It ſhall be ſo, Ile ſend her to my houſe,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled: Write to the King
That which I durſt not ſpeake. His preſent gift
Shall furniſh me to thoſe Italian fields
Where noble fellowes ſtrike: Warre is no ſtrife
To the darke houſe, and the detected wife.

Par. Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art ſure?

Roſ. Go with me to my chamber, and advize me.
Ile ſend her ſtraight away: To morrow;
Ile to the warres, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow.

Par. Why theſe bals bound, ther's noiſe in it. Tis hard
A young man married, is a man that's mard:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely: go,
The King ha's done you wrong: but huſh 'tis ſo, *Exit.*

Enter Helena and Clowne.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is ſhe well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet ſhe has her health, ſhe's very merrie, but yet ſhe is not well: but thankes be given ſhe's very well, and wants nothing i'th world: but yet ſhe is not well.

Hel. If ſhe be very well, what do's ſhe ayle, that ſhe's not very well?

Clo. Truly ſhe's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One that ſhe is not in heaven, whither God ſend her quickly: the other, that ſhe's in earth, from whence God ſend her quickly.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bleſſe you my fortunate Ladie.

Hel. I hope ſir I have your good will to have mine owne good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to leade them on, and to keepe them on, have them ſtill. O my knaue, how do's my old Ladie?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her money,
I would ſhe did as you ſay.

Par. Why I ſay nothing.

Clo. Marry you are the wiſer man: for many a mans tongue ſhakes out his maſters undoing: to ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, th'art a knaue.

Clo. You ſhould have ſayd ſir before a knave, th'art a knave, that's before me th'art a knaue: this had beene truth ſir.

Par. Go to, thou art a wittie foole, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you finde me in your ſelfe ſir, or were you taught to finde me?

Clo. The ſearch ſir was profitable, and much Foole may you find in you, even to the worlds pleaſure, and the encreaſe of laughter.

Par. A good knave i faith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go away to night,

A verie ſerrious buſineſſe call's on him:
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd reſtraint:
Whoſe want, and whoſe delay, is ſtrew'd with ſweets
Which they diſtill now in the curbed time,
To make the comming houre oreflow with joy,
And pleaſure drowne the brim.
Hel. What's his will elſe?
Par. That you will take your inſtant leave a'th king,
And make this haſt as your owne good proceeding,
Strengthned with what Apologie you thinke
May make it probable neede.
Hel. What more commands hee?
Par. That having this obtain'd, you preſently
Attend his further pleaſure.
Hel. In every thing I waite upon his will.
Par. I ſhall report it ſo. *Exit Par.*
Hell. I pray you come ſirrah. *Exit.*

Enter Lafew and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordſhippe thinkes not him a ſouldier.

Ber. Yes my Lord, and of verie valiant approofe.

Laf. You have it from his owne deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted teſtimonie.

Laf. Then my Diall goes not true, I tooke this Larke for a bunting.

Ber. I do aſſure you my Lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then ſinn'd againſt his experience, and tranſgreſt againſt his valour, and my ſtate that way is dangerous, ſince I cannot find in my hart to repent: Heere he comes, I pray you make us friends, I will purſue the amitie.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Theſe things ſhalll be done ſir.

Laf. Pray you ſir who's his Tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O I know him well, I ſir, he ſir's a good workeman, a very good Tailor.

Ber. Is ſhe gone to the king?

Par. Shee is.

Ber. Will ſhe away to night?

Par. As you'le have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketted my treaſure,
Given order for our horſe, and to night,
When I ſhould take poſſeſſion of the Bride,
And ere I do begin.

Laf. A good travailer is ſome thing at the latter end of a dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and uſes a knowne truth to paſſe a thouſand nothings with, ſhould be once heard, and thrice beaten. God ſave your Captaine.

Ber. Is there any unkindneſſe betweene my Lord and you Monſieur?

Par. I know not how I have deſerved to run into my Lords diſpleaſure.

Laf. You have made ſhift to run into't, bootes and ſpurres and all: like him that leapes into the Cuſtard, and out of it you'le runne againe, rather then ſuffer queſtion for your reſidence.

Ber. It may be you have miſtaken him my Lord.

Laf. And ſhall doe ſo ever, though I tooke him at's prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and beleeve this of me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the ſoule of this man is his cloathes: Truſt him not in matter of heavie conſequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell Monſieur, I have ſpoken better of you, then you have or will deſerve at my hand, but we muſt do good againſt evill.

Par. An idle Lord, I ſweare.

Ber. I thinke ſo.

Par. Why do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common ſpeech
Gives him a worthy paſſe. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have ſir as I was commanded from you
Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave
For preſent parting, onely he deſires
Some private ſpeech with you.
Ber. I ſhall obay his will.
You muſt muſt not mervaile *Helen* at my courſe,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The miniſtration, and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For ſuch a buſineſſe, therefore am I found
So much unſetled: This drives me to intreate you,
That preſently you take your way for home,
And rather muſe then aske why I intreate you,
For my reſpects are better then they ſeeme,
And my appointments have in them a neede
Greater then ſhewes it ſelfe at the firſt view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother,
'Twill be two daies ere I ſhall ſee you, ſo
I leave you to your wiſedome.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay,
But that I am your moſt obedient ſervant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever ſhall
With true obſervance ſeeke to eeke out that
Wherein toward me my homely ſtarres have faild
To equall my great fortune.
Ber. Let that goe: my haſte is very great. Farewell:
Hie home.
Hel. Pray ſir your Pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you ſay?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I ſay 'tis mine: and yet it is,
But like a timorous theefe, moſt faine would ſteale
What law does vouch mine owne.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something, and ſcarſe ſo much: nothing indeed,
I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes,
Strangers and foes doe ſunder, and not kiſſe.
Ber. I pray you ſtay not, but in haſt to horſe,
Hel. I ſhall not breake your bidding, good my Lord:
Where are my other men? Monſieur: farewell. *Exit.*
Ber. Go thou toward home, where I will never come,
Whil'ſt I can ſhake my ſword, or heare the drumme:
A way, and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, Coragio.

Actus Tertius.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen, with a troope of Souldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point, now have you heard

The fundamentall reaſons of this warre,
Whoſe great deciſion hath much blood let forth
And more thirſts after.

1. *Lord.* Holy ſeemes the quarrell
Vpon your Graces part: blacke and fearefull
On the oppoſer.

Duk. Therefore we mervaile much our Coſin France
Would in ſo juſt a buſineſſe, ſhut his boſome
Againſt our borrowing prayers.

French E. Good my Lord,
The reaſons of our ſtate I cannot yeelde,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a Counſaile frames,
By ſelfe unable motion, therefore dare not
Say what I thinke of it, ſince I have found
My ſelfe in my incertaine grounds to faile
As often as I gueſt.

Du. Be it his pleaſure.

Fre. G. But I am ſure the yonger of our nature,
That ſurfet on their eaſe, will day by day
Come heere for Phyſicke.

Du. Welcome ſhall they bee:
And all the honors that can flye from us,
Shall on them ſettle: you know your places well,
When better fall, for your availes they fell.
To morrow to the field.

Enter Counteſſe and Clowne.

Count. It hath happen'd all, as I would have had it, ſave that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a very melancholly man.

Cou. By what obſervance I pray you?

Clo. Why he will looke upon his boote, and ſing: mend the Ruffe and ſing, aske queſtions and ſing, picke his teeth, and ſing: I know a man that had this tricke of melancholy hold a goodly Mannor for a ſong.

Lad. Let me ſee what he writes, and when he meanes to come.

Clo. I have no mind to *Isbell* ſince I was at Court. Our old Ling and our *Isbels* a'th Country, are nothing like your old Ling & your *Isbels* a'th Court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to love, as an old man loves money, with no ſtomacke.

Lad. What have we heere?

Clo. In that have you there. *Exit.*

A Letter.

I have ſent you a daughter-in-Law, ſhee hath recovered the King, and vndone me: I have wedded her, not bedded her, and ſworne to make the not eternall. You ſhall heare I am runne away, know it before the report come. If there be bredth enough in the world, I will hold a long diſtance. My duty to you.

Your vnfortunate ſonne,
Bertram.

This is not well (raſh and vnbridled boy,)
To flye the favours of ſo good a King,
To plucke his indignation on thy head,
By the miſpriſing of a Maide too vertuous
For the contempt of Empire.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heavy newes within between two ſouldiers, and my yong Lady.

La. What is the matter.

Clo. Nay there is ſome comfort in the newes, ſome comfort, your ſonne wil not be kild ſo ſoone as I thought he would.

La. Why ſhould he be kill'd?

Clo. So ſay I Madame, if he runne away, as I heare he does, the danger is in ſtanding too't, that's the loſſe of men, though it be the getting of children. Heere they come will tell you more. For my part I onely heare your ſonne was run away.

Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.

French E. Save you good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.

Fren. G. Do not ſay ſo.

La. Thinke upon patience, pray you Gentlemen,
I have felt ſo many quirkes of joy and greefe,
That the firſt face of neither on the ſtart
Can woman me vntoo't. Where is my ſonne I pray you?

Fren. G. Madam he's gone to ſerve the Duke of Florence,
We met him thitherward, for thence we came:
And after ſome diſpatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend againe.

Hel. Looke on his Letter Madam, here's my Paſport.

When thou canſt get the Ring upon my finger, which never ſhall come off, and ſhew me a childe begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in ſuch a (then) I write a Never.

This is a dreadfull ſentence.

La. Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?

1. *G.* I Madam, and for the Contents ſake are ſorry for our paines.

Old. La. I prethee Lady have a better cheere,
If thou engroſſeſt, all the greefes are thine,
Thou robſt me of a moity: He was my ſonne,
But I do waſh his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he?

Fren. G. I Madam.

La. And to be a ſouldier!

Fren. G. Such is his noble purpoſe, and beleev't
The Duke will lay upon him all the honor
That good convenience claimes.

La. Returne you thither?

Fren. E. I Madam, with the ſwifteſt wing of ſpeed.

Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France,
'Tis better.

La. Finde you that there?

Hel. I Madame.

Fren. E. 'Tis but the boldnes o'his hand happily, which his heart was not conſenting too.

Lad. Nothing in France, untill he have no wife:
There's nothing heere that is too good for him
But onely ſhe, and ſhe deſerves a Lord
That twenty ſuch rude boyes might tend upon,
And call her hourely Miſtris. Who was with him?

Fren. E. A ſervant onely, and a Gentleman: which I have ſometime knowne.

La. Parolles was it not?

Fren. E. I my good Lady, hee.

La. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedneſſe,
My ſonne corrupts a well derived nature
With his inducement.

Fren. E. Indeed good Lady the fellow has a deale of that, too much, which holds him much to have.

La. Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you when you ſee my ſonne, to tell him that his ſword can never winne the honor that he looſes: more Ile intreate you written to beare along.

Fren. G. We ſerve you Madam in that and all your worthieſt affaires.

La. Not ſo,but as we change our courteſies,
Will you draw neere? *Exit.*

Hel. Till I have no wiſe I have nothing in France.
Nothing in France untill he has no wife:
Thou ſhalt have none *Roſſillion*,none in France,
Then haſt thou all againe:poore Lord, is't I
That chaſe thee from thy Countrie, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbes of thine, to the event
Of the none-ſparing warre? And is it I,
That drive thee from the ſportive Court,where thou
Was't ſhot at with faire eyes,to be the marke
Of ſmoakie Muskets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride upon the violent ſpeede of fire,
Fly with falſe ayme,move the ſtill-piercing aire
That ſtings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:
Who ever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there.
Who ever charges on his forward breſt,
I am the Caitiffe that do hold him too't,
And though I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected:Better'twere
I met the ravine Lyon when he roar'd
With ſharpe conſtraint of hunger:better'twere,
That all the miſeries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No come thou home *Roſſillion*,
Whence honor but of danger winnes a ſcarre,
As oft it looſes all. I will be gone:
My being heere it is, that holds thee hence,
Shall I ſtay heere to doo't? No, no, although
The ayre of Paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And Angels offic'd all:I will be gone,
That pittifull rumour may report my flight
To conſolats thine eare. Come night, end day,
For with the darke(poore theefe)Ile ſteale away. *Exit.*

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, Roſſillion, drum and trumpets,ſoldiers, Parrolles.

Duke. The Generall of our horſe thou art,and we
Great in our hope, lay our beſt love and credence
Vpon thy promiſing fortune.

Ber. Sir it is
A charge too heavy for my ſtrength, but
Wee'l ſtrive to beare it for your worthy ſake,
To th'extreme edge of hazard.

Du. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play upon thy proſperous helme
As thy auſpicious miſtris.

Ber. This very day
Great Mars I put my ſelfe into thy file,
Make me but like my thoughts, and I ſhall prove
A lover of thy drumme, hater of love. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter Counteſſe & Steward.

La. Alas!and would you take the letter of her:
Might you not know ſhe would do,as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a Letter. Reade it agen.

Letter.

I am S. Iaques Pilgrim,thither gone:
Ambitious love hath ſo in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon
With ſainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write,write,that from the bloody courſe of warre,
My deereſt Maiſter your deare ſonne may hie,
Bleſſe him at home in peace. Whilſt I from farre,
His name with zealous fervour ſanctifie:
His taken labours bid him me forgive:
I his deſpightfull Iuno ſent him forth,
From Courtly friends,with Camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heeles of worth.
He is too good and faire for death,and me,
Whom I my ſelfe embrace,to ſet him free.

Ah what ſharpe ſtings are in her mildeſt words?
Rynardo, you did never lacke advice ſo much,
As letting her paſſe ſo:had I ſpoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath prevented.

Ste. Pardon me Madam,
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have beene ore-tane:and yet ſhe writes
Purſuite would be but vaine.

La. What Angell ſhall
Bleſſe this unworthy husband,he cannot thrive,
Vnleſſe her prayers,whom heaven delights to heare
And loves to grant, repreeve him from the wrath
Of greateſt Iuſtice. Write, and write *Rynaldo*,
To this unworthy husband of his wife,
Let every word waigh heavy of her worth,
That he does waigh too light:my greateſt greefe,
Though little he doe feele it,ſet downe ſharpely.
Diſpatch the moſt convenient meſſenger,
When haply he ſhall heare that ſhe is gone,
He will returne, and hope I may that ſhee
Hearing ſo much,will ſpeed her foote againe,
Led hither by pure love:which of them both
Is deereſt to me,I have no skill in ſence
To make diſtinction:provide this Meſſenger:
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weake,
Greefe would have teares,and ſorrow bids me ſpeake.
Exeunt.

A Tucket afarre off.

Enter old Widdow of Florence, her daughter, Violenta and Mariana, with other Citizens.

Widdow. Nay come,
For if they do approach the Citty,
We ſhall looſe all the ſight.

Dia. They ſay,the French Count has done
Moſt honourable ſervice.

Wid. It is reported,
That he has taken their great'ſt Commander,
And that with his owne hand he ſlew
The Dukes brother : we haue loſt our labour,
They are gone a contrary way: harke,
You may know by their Trumpets.

Maria. Come lets returne againe,
And ſuffice our ſelves with the report of it.
Well *Diana*, take heed of this French Earle,
The honor of a Maide is her name,
And no Legacie is ſo rich
As honeſty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour
How you have beene ſolicited by a Gentleman
His Companion.

Maria. I know that knave, hang him, one *Parrolles* a filthy Officer he is in thoſe ſuggeſtions for the young Earle, beware of them *Diana*; their promiſes, entiſements, oathes, tokens, and all theſe engines of luſt, are not the things they go under: many a maide hath beene ſeduced by them, and the miſery is example, that ſo terrible ſhewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot for all that diſſwade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigges that threatens them. I hope I neede not to adviſe you further, but I hope your owne grace will keepe you where you are, though there were no further danger knowne, but the modeſtie which is ſo loſt.

Dia. You ſhall not neede to feare me.

Enter Hellen.

Wid. I hope ſo: looke here comes a pilgrim, I know ſhe will lye at my houſe, thither they ſend one another, Ile queſtion her. God ſave you pilgrim, whither are you bound?

Hel. To S. *Iaques la grand.*
Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beſeech you?
Wid. At the S. *Francis* heere beſide the Port.
Hel. Is this the way? *A march afarre.*
Wid. I marry iſt. Harke you, they come this way:
If you will tarry holy Pilgrime,
But till the the troopes come by,
I will conduct you where you ſhall be lodg'd,
The rather for I thinke I know your hoſteſſe
As ample as my ſelfe.
Hel. Is it your ſelfe?
Wid. If you ſhall pleaſe ſo Pilgrime.
Hel. I thanke you, and will ſtay upon your leiſuure.
Wid. You came I thinke from *France*?
Hel. I did ſo.
Wid. Heere you ſhall ſee a Countriman of yours
That has done worthy ſervice.
Hel. His name I pray you?
Dia. The Count *Roſſillion*: know you ſuch a one?
Hel. But by the eare that heares moſt nobly of him:
His face I know not.
Dia. What ſomere he is
He's bravely taken heere. He ſtole from *France*
As 'tis reported: for the King had married him
Againſt his liking. Thinke you it is ſo?
Hel. I ſurely, meere the truth, I know his Lady.
Dia. There is a Gentleman that ſerves the Count,
Reports but courſely of her.
Hel. What's his name?
Dia. Monſieur *Parrolles*.
Hel. Oh I beleeve with him,
In argument of praiſe, or to the worth
Of the great Count himſelfe, ſhe is too meane
To have her name repeated, all her deſerving
Is a reſerved honeſty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.
Dia. Alas poore Lady,
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a deteſting Lord.
Wid. I right good creature, whereſoere ſhe is,
Her hart waighes ſadly: this yong maid might do her
A ſhrewd turne if ſhe pleas'd.
Hel. How do you meane?
May be, the amorous Count ſolicites her
In the unlawfull purpoſe.
Wid. He does indeede,
And brokes with all that can in ſuch a ſuite
Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide:
But ſhe is arm'd for him, and keepes her guard
In honeſteſt defence.

Drumme and Colours.

Enter Count Roſſillion, Parrolles, and the whole Army.

Ma. The goddes forbid elſe.
Wid. So, now they come:
That is *Antonio* the Dukes eldeſt ſonne,
That *Eſcalus.*
Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Dia. Hee,
That with the plume, 'tis a moſt gallant fellow,
I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honeſter
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handſome Gentleman?
Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'Tis pitty he is not honeſt: yonds that ſame knave
That leades him to theſe places: were I his Lady,
I would poiſon that vile Raſcall.
Hel. Which is he?
Dia. That Iacke an-apes with ſcarfes. Why is he melancholly?
Hel. Perchance he s'hurt i'th battaile.
Par. Looſe our drum? Well.
Mar. He's ſhrewdly vext at ſomething. Looke he has ſpyed us.
Wid. Marry hang you.
Mar. And your curteſie, for a ring-carrier. *Exit.*
Wid. The troope is paſt: Come pilgrim, I wil bring
You, Where you ſhall hoſt: Of injoyn'd penitents
There's foure or five, to great S. *Iaques* bound,
Already at my houſe.
Hel. I humbly thanke you:
Pleaſe it this Matron, and this gentle Maide
To eate with us to night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me, and to requite you further,
I will beſtow ſome precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.
Both. Wee'l take your offer kindly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Count Roſſillion and the Frenchmen, as at firſt.

Cap. E. Nay good my Lord put him toot't: let him have his way.

Cap. G. If your Lordſhip finde him not a Hilding, hold me no more in your reſpect,

Cap. E. On my life my Lord a bubble.

Ber. Do you thinke I am ſo farre
Deceived in him?

Cap. E. Beleeve it my Lord, in mine owne direct knowledge, without any malice, but to ſpeake of him as my kinſman, hee's a moſt notable Coward, an infinite and endleſſe Lyar, an hourely promiſe-breaker, the owner of no one good quality, worthy your Lordſhips entertainement.

Cap. G. It were fit you knew him, leaſt repoſing too farre in his vertue which he hath not, he might at ſome great and truſtie buſineſſe, in a maine daunger, fayle you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Cap. G. None better then to let him fetch off his drumme, which you heare him ſo confidently undertake to do.

G. E. I with a troop of Florentines will ſodainly ſurprize him ; ſuch I will have whom I am ſure he knowes not from the enemie : wee will binde and hoodwinke him ſo, that he ſhall ſuppoſe no other but that he is carried into the Leager of the adverſaries, when we bring him to our owne tents : bee but your Lordſhip preſent at his examination, if he do not for the promiſe of his life, and in the higheſt compulſion of baſe feare, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power againſt you, and that with the divine forfeite of his ſoule upon oath, never truſt my judgement in any thing.

Cap.G. O for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drumme, he ſayes he has a ſtratagem for't : when your Lordſhip ſees the bottome of this ſucceſſe in't, and to what mettle this counterfeyt lump of ours will be melted, if you give him not Iohn drummes entertainement, your inclining cannot be removed. Heere he comes.

Enter Parolles.

Cap. E. O for the love of laughter hinder not the honor of his deſigne, let him fetch off his drumme in any hand.

Ber. How now Monſieur? This drumme ſticks ſorely in yout diſpoſition.

Cap. G. A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme.

Par. But a drumme! Iſt but a drumme? A drum ſo loſt. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horſe upon our owne wings, and to rend our owne ſouldiers.

Cap. G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the ſervice : it was a diſaſter of warre that *Caſar* himſelfe could not have prevented, if he had beene there to command.

Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our ſucceſſe: ſome diſhonor wee had in the loſſe of that drum, but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have beene recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered, but that the merit of ſervice is ſildome attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drumme or another, or *hic jacet.*

Ber. Why if you have a ſtomacke:too't Monſieur : if you thinke your myſterie in ſtratagem, can bring this inſtrument of honour againe into his native quarter, bee magnanimous in the enterprize and go on, I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit : if you ſpeede well in it, the Duke ſhall both ſpeake of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatneſſe, even to the vtmoſt ſyllable of your worthineſſe.

Par. By the hand of a ſouldier I will undertake it.

Ber. but you muſt not now ſlumber in it.

Par. Ile about it this evening, and I will preſently pen downe my dilemma's, encourage my ſelfe in my certainty, put my ſelfe into my mortall preparation:and by midnight looke to heare further from me.

Ber. May I bee bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it.

Par. I know not what the ſucceſſe will be my Lord, but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant,
And to the poſſibility of thy ſouldierſhip,
Will ſubſcribe for thee : Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. *Exit.*

Cap. E. No more then a fiſh loves water. Is not this a ſtrange fellow my Lord, that ſo confidently ſeemes to undertake this buſineſſe, which he knowes is not to bee done, damnes himſelfe to do, & dares better be damnd, then to doo't.

Cap. G. You do not know him my Lord as wee doe, certaine it is that he will ſteale himſelfe into a mans favour, and for a weeke eſcape a great deale of diſcoveries, but when you finde him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why do you thinke hee will make no deede at all of this that ſo ſeriouſly hee dooes addreſſe himſelfe unto?

Cap. E. None in the world, but returne with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but wee have almoſt imboſt him, you ſhall ſee his fall to night ; for indeede hee is not for your Lordſhippes reſpect.

Cap. G. Weele make you ſome ſport with the Foxe ere wee caſe him. He was firſt ſmoak'd by the old Lord *Lafew*; when his diſguiſe and he is parted, tell me what a ſprat you ſhall finde him, which you ſhall ſee this very night.

Cap. F. I muſt go looke my twigges,
He ſhall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he ſhall go along with me.

Cap. G. As't pleaſe your Lordſhip, Ile leave you.

Ber. Now will I leade you to the houſe, and ſhew you
The Laſſe I ſpoke of.

Cap. E. But you ſay ſh's honeſt.

Ber. That's all the fault : I ſpoke with hir but once,
And found her wondrous cold, but I ſent to her
By this ſame Coxcombe that we have i'th winde
Tokens and Letters, which ſhe did reſend,
And this is all I have done:She's a faire creature,
Will you go ſee her?

Cap. E. With all my heart my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hellen, and Widdow.

Hel. If you miſdoubt me that I am not ſhee,
I know not how I ſhall aſſure you further,
But I ſhall looſe the grounds I worke upon.

Wid. Though my eſtate be falne, I was well borne,
Nothing acquainted with theſe buſineſſes,
And would not put my reputation now
In any ſtaining act.

Hel. Mor would I wiſh you.
Firſt give me truſt, the Count he his my husband,
And what to your ſworne counſaile I have ſpoken,
Is ſo from word to word:and then you cannot
By the good ayde that I of you ſhall borrow,
Erre in beſtowing it.

Wid. I ſhould beleeve you,
For you have ſhew'd me that which well approves
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purſe of Gold,
And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre,
Which I will over-pay, and pay againe
When I have found it. The Count he wooes your danghter,
Layes downe his wanton ſiedge before her beauty,
Reſolves to carry her:let her in fine conſent
As wee'l direct her how 'tis beſt to beare it:
Now his important blood will naught deny,
That ſhee'l demand:a ring the County weares,
That downward hath ſucceeded in his houſe
From ſonne to ſonne, ſome foure or five deſcents,

Since the firſt father wore it. This Ring he holds
In moſt rich choice:yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will,it would not ſeeme too deere,
How ere repented after.

Wid. Now I ſee the bottome of your purpoſe.

Hel. You ſee it lawfull then, it is no more,
But that your daughter ere ſhe ſeemes as wonne,
Deſires this Ring; appoints him an encounter,
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Her ſelfe moſt chaſtly abſent:after this
To marry her, Ile adde three thouſand Crownes
To what is paſt already.

Wid. I have yeelded:
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall perſever,
That time and place with this deceit ſo lawfull
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With Muſickes of all ſorts,and ſongs compos'd
To her vnworthineſſe:It nothing ſteeds us
To chide him from our eeves,for he perſiſts
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to night
Let us aſſay our plot, which if it ſpeed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deede;
And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act,
Where both not ſinne,and yet a ſinfull fact.
But let's about it.

Actus Quartus.

Enter one of the Frenchemen, with five or ſix other ſouldiers in ambuſh.

1. *Lord E.* He can come no other way but by this hedge corner: when you ſally upon him, ſpeake what terrible Language you will: though you underſtand it not your ſelves, no matter: for we muſt not ſeeme to underſtand him, unleſſe ſome one among us,whom we muſt produce for an Interpreter.

1. *Sol.* Good Captaive,let me be th'Interpreter.

Lor. E. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not thy voice?

1. *Sol.* No ſir I warrant you.

Lo. E. But what linſie wolſy haſt thou to ſpeake to us againe?

1. *Sol.* E'n ſuch as you ſpeake to me.

Lo. E. He muſt thinke us ſome band of ſtrangers,i'th adverſaries entertainement. Now he hath a ſmacke of all neighbouring Languages: therefore we muſt every one be a man of his owne fancy,not to know what we ſpeake one to another:ſo we ſeeme to know,is to know ſtraight our purpoſe: Choughs language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you interpreter, you muſt ſeeme very politicke. But couch hoa,heere he comes,to beguile two houres in a ſleepe, and then to returne & ſweare the lies he forges.

Enter Parrolles.

Par. Ten a clocke: Within theſe three houres 'twill be time enough to goe home. What ſhall I ſay I have done? It muſt bee a very plauſive invention that carries it. They beginne to ſmoake mee, and diſgraces have of late, knock'd too often at my doore: I finde my tongue is too foole-hardy, but my heart hath the feare of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lo. E. This is the firſt truth that ere thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the divell ſhould move mee to undertake the recovery of this drumme, being not ignorant of the impoſſibility, and knowing I had no ſuch purpoſe? I muſt give my ſelfe ſome hurts, and ſay I got them in exploit: yet ſlight ones will not carry it. They will ſay, came you off with ſo little? And great ones I dare not give, wherefore what's the inſtance. Tongue,I muſt put you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my ſelfe another of *Bajazeths* Mule, if you prattle mee into theſe perils.

Lo. E. Is it poſſible he ſhould know what he is,and be that he is.

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turne,or the breaking of my Spaniſh ſword.

Lo. E. We cannot affoord you ſo.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to ſay it was in ſtratagem.

Lo. E. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drowne my cloathes,and ſay I was ſtript.

Lo. E. Hardly ſerve.

Par. Though I ſwore I leapt from the window of the Citadell.

Lo. E. How deepe?

Par. Thirty fadome.

Lo. E. Three great oathes would ſcarſe make that be beleeved.

Pa. I would I had any drumme of the enemies,I would ſweare I recover'd it.

Lo. E. You ſhall heare one anon.

Par. A drumme now of the enemies.

Alarum within.

Lo. E. Throca movouſus, cargo,cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo,cargo, villianda par corbo,cargo.

Par. O ranſome,ranſome,
Do not hide mine eyes.

Inter. Baskos thromuldo beskos.

Par. I know you are the *Muskos* Regiment,
And I ſhall looſe my life for want of language.
If there be heere German or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian,or French,let him ſpeake to me,
Ile diſcover that, which ſhall undo the Florentine.

Int. Boskos vauvado, I underſtand thee, and can ſpeake thy tongue: *Kerelybonto* ſir, betake thee to thy faith, for ſeventeene ponyards are at thy boſome.

Par. Oh.

Int. Oh pray,pray,pray,
Manchà revanta dulche.

Lo. E. Oſceorbidulchos volivorco.

Int. The Generall is content to ſpare thee yet,
And hoodwinkt as thou art, will leade thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou mayſt informe
Something to ſave thy life.

Par. O let me live,
And all the ſecrts of our campe Ile ſhew,
Their force, their purpoſes: Nay, Ile ſpeake that,
Which you will wonder at.

Int. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damne me.

Int. Acordo linta.
Come on,thou are granted ſpace. *Exit.*

A ſhort Alarum within.

L. E. Go tell the Count *Roſſillion* and my brother,
We have caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him
Till we do heare from them. (mufled
Sol. Captaine I will.
L. E. A will betray us all unto our ſelves,
Informe on that.
Soe. So I will ſir.
L. E. Till then Ile keepe him darke and ſafely lockt.
Exit.

Enter Bertram, and the Maid called Diana.

Ber They told me that your name was *Fontybell.*
Dia. No my good Lord, *Diana.*
Ber. Titled Goddeſſe,
And worth it with addition: but faire ſoule,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,
You are no Maiden but a monument:
When you are dead you ſhould be ſuch a one
As you are now: for you are cold and ſterne,
And now you ſhould be as your mother was
When your ſweet ſelfe was got.
Dia. She then was honeſt.
Ber. So ſhould you be.
Dia. No:
My mother did but duty, ſuch (my Lord)
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more a'that:
I prethee do not ſtrive againſt my vowes:
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By loves owne ſweet conſtraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of ſeruice.
Dia. I ſo you ſerve us
Till we ſerve you: But when you have our Roſes,
You barely leave our thornes to pricke our ſelves,
And mocke us with our bareneſſe.
Ber. How have I ſworne.
Dia. 'Tis not the many oathes that make the truth,
But the plaine ſingle vow, that is vow'd true:
What is not holy, that we ſweare not by,
But take the high'ſt to witneſſe: then pray you tell me,
If I ſhould ſweare by Ioves great attribute,
I lov'd you deerely, would you beleeve my oathes,
When I did love you ill? This ha's no holding
To ſweare by him whom I proteſt to love
That I will worke againſt him. Therefore your oathes
Are words and poore conditions, but unſeal'd
At leaſt in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not ſo holy cruell: Love is holy,
And my integrity ne're knew the crafts
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thy ſelfe unto my ſicke deſires,
Who then recovers. Say thou art mine, and ever
My love as it beginnes, ſhall ſo perſever.
Dia. I ſee that men make rope's in ſuch a ſcarre,
That wee'l forſake our ſelves. Give me that Ring.
Ber. Ile lend it thee my deere, but have no power
To give it from me.
Dia. Will you not my Lord?
Ber. It is an honour longing to our houſe,
Bequeathed downe from many Anceſtors,
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'th world,
In me to looſe.
Dia. Mine Honors ſuch a Ring,
My chaſtities the Iewell of our houſe,
Bequeathed downe from many Anceſtors,
Which were the greateſt obloquie i'th world,
In mee to looſe. Thus your owne proper wiſedome
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
Againſt your vaine aſſault.
Ber. Heere, take my Ring,
My houſe, mine honor, yea my life be thine,
And Ile be bid by thee.
Dia. When midnight comes, knocke at my chamber window:
Ile order take, my mother ſhall not heare.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remaine there but an houre, nor ſpeake to me:
My reaſons are moſt ſtrong, and you ſhall know them,
When backe againe this Ring ſhall be deliver'd:
And on your finger in the night, Ile put
Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our paſt deeds.
Adieu till then, then faile not: you have wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
Be. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee. *Ex.*
Di. For which, live long to thanke both heaven & me,
You may ſo in the end.
My mother told me juſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſate in's heart. She ſayes, all men
Have the like oathes: He had ſworne to marry me
When his wife's dead: therefore Ile lye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are ſo braide,
Marry that will, I live and die a Maid:
Onely in this diſguiſe, I think't no ſinne,
To coſen him that would unjuſtly winne. *Exit.*

Enter the two French Captaines, and ſome two or three Souldiours.

Cap. G. You have not given him his mothers letter.

Cap. E. I have deliv'red it an houre ſince, there is ſom thing in't that ſtings his nature: for on the reading it, he chang'd almoſt into another man.

Cap. G. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for ſhaking off ſo good a wife, and ſo ſweet a Lady.

Cap. E. Eſpecially, hee hath incurred the everlaſting diſpleaſure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to ſing happineſſe to him. I will tell you a thing, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you.

Cap. G. When you have ſpoken it 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

Cap. E. Hee hath peruerted a young Gentlewoman heere in *Florence*, of a moſt chaſte renown, and this night he fleſhes his will in the ſpoyle of her honour: hee hath given her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himſelfe made in the unchaſte compoſition.

Cap. G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are our ſelves, what things are we.

Cap. E. Meerely our owne traitours. And as in the common courſe of all treaſons, we ſtill ſee them reveale themſelves, till they attaine to their abhorr'd ends: ſo he that in this action contrives againſt his owne Nobility in his proper ſtreame, ore-flowes himſelfe.

Cap. G. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be Trumpeters of our unlawfull intents? We ſhall not then have his company to night?

Cap, E. Not till after midnight: for hee is dieted to his houre.

Cap. G. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him ſee his company anathomiz'd, that hee might take a meaſure of his owne judgements, wherein ſo curiouſly he had ſet this counterfeit.

Cap. E. We wil not meddle with him till he come; for his preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

Cap. G. In the meane time, what heare you of thoſe Warres?

Cap. E. I heare there is an overture of peace.

Cap. G. Nay, I aſſure you a peace concluded.

Cap. E. What will Count *Roſſillion* do then? Will hee travaile higher, or returne againe into France?

Cap. G. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his councell.

Cap. E. Let it be forbid ſir, ſo ſhould I be a great deale of his act.

Cap. G. Sir, his wife ſome two months ſince fledde from his houſe, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint *Iaques le grand*; which holy undertaking, with moſt auſtere ſanctimony ſhe accompliſht: and there reſiding, the tenderneſſe of her Nature, became as a prey to her greefe: in fine; made a groane of her laſt breath, & now ſhe ſings in heaven.

Cap. E. How is this juſtified?

Cap. G. The ſtronger part of it by her owne Letters, which makes her ſtory true, even to the poynt of her death: her death is ſelfe, which could not be her office to ſay, is come: was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

Cap. E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

Cap. G. I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

Cap. E. I am heartily ſorry that hee'l bee gladde of this.

Cap. G. How mightily ſometimes, we make us comforts of our loſſes.

Cap. E. And how mightily ſome other times, wee drowne our gaine in teares, the great dignity that his valour hath here acquir'd for him, ſhall at home be encountred with a ſhame as ample.

Cap. G. The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarne, good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would deſpaire if they were not cheriſh'd by our vertues.

Enter a Meſſenger.

How now? Where's your maiſter?

Ser. He met the Duke in the ſtreet ſir, of whom hee hath taken a ſolemne leave: his Lordſhippe will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendations to the King.

Cap. E. They ſhall bee no more then needfull there, if they were more then they can commend.

Enter Count Roſſillion.

Ber. They cannot be too ſweete for the Kings tartneſſe, heere's his Lordſhip now. How now my Lord, i'ſt not after midnight?

Ber. I have to night diſpatch'd ſixteene buſineſſes, a moneths lenght a peece, by an abſtract of ſucceſſe: I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neereſt; buried a wife, morn'd fot her, writ to my Lady mother, I am returning, entertain'd my Convoy, and betweene theſe maine parcels of diſpatch, affected many nicer needs: the laſt was the greateſt, but that I have not ended yet.

Cap. E. If the buſineſſe bee of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haſt of your Lordſhip.

Ber. I meane the buſineſſe is not ended, as fearing to heare of it hereafter: but ſhall we have this dialogue betweene the Foole and the Soldiour. Come, bring forth this counterfet module, has deceiv'd mee, like a double-meaning Propheſier.

Cap. E. Bring him forth, ha's ſate i'th ſtockes all night poore gallant knave.

Ber. No matter, his heeles have deſerv'd it, in uſurping his ſpurres ſo long. How does he carry himſelfe?

Cap. E. I have told your Lordſhip already: The ſtocks carrie him. But to anſwer you as you would be under ſtood, he weepes like a wench that had ſhed her milke, he hath confeſt himſelfe to *Morgan*, whom hee ſuppoſes to be a Friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very inſtant diſaſter of his ſetting i'th ſtockes: and what thinke you he hath confeſt?

Ber. Nothing of me, ha's a?

Cap. E. His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall be read to his face, if your Lordſhip be in't, as I beleeve you are, you muſt have the patience to heare it.

Enter Parrolles with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague upon him, muffeld; he can ſay nothing of me: huſh.

Cap. G. Hoodman comes: *Portotartaroſſa.*

Int. He calles for the tortures, what will you ſay without em.

Par. I will confeſſe what I know without conſtraint,
If ye pinch me like a Paſty, I can ſay no more.

Int. Bosko Chimurcho.

Cap. Boblibindo chicurmurco.

Int. You are a mercifull Generall: Our Generall bids you anſwer to what I ſhall aske you out of a Note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Int. Firſt demand of him, how many horſe the Duke is ſtrong. What ſay you to that?

Par. Five or ſixe thouſand, but very weake and unſerviceable: the troopes are all ſcattered, and the Commanders very poore rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I ſet downe your anſwer ſo?

Par. Do, Ile take the Sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to him.

Ber. What a paſt-ſaving ſlave is this?

Cap. G. Y'are deceiv'd my Lord, this is Monſieur *Parrolles* the gallant militariſt, that was his owne phraſe, that had the whole theorick of warre in the knot of his ſcarfe and the practiſe in the chape of his dagger.

Cap. E. I will never truſt a man againe, for keeping his ſword cleane, nor beleeve hee can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparell neatly.

Int. Well, that's ſet downe.

Par. Five or ſix thouſand horſe I ſed, I will ſay true, or thereabouts ſet downe, for Ile ſpeake truth.

Cap. G. He's very neere the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thankes for't in the nature hee delivers it.

Par. Poore rogues, I pray you ſay.

Int. Well, that's ſet downe.

Par. I humbly thanke you ſir, a truth's a truth, the Rogues are marvailous poore.

Int. Demaund of him of what ſtrength they are a foot. What ſay you to that?

Par. By my troth ſir, if I were to live this preſent houre, I will tell true. Let me ſee, *Spurio* a hundred and fifty,

fifty , *Sebaſtian* ſo many , *Corambus* ſo many , *Iaques* ſo many : *Guiltian,Coſmo,Lodowicke* , and *Gratij* , two hundred fifty each : Mine owne Company , *Chitopher* , *Vaumond, Bentij*, two hundred fifty each : ſo that the muſter file, rotten and ſound , upon my life amounts not to fifteene thouſand pole , halfe of the which , dare not ſhake the ſnow from off their Caſſocks, leaſt they ſhake themſelves to peeces.

Ber. What ſhall be done to him?

Cap. G. Nothing , but let him have thankes. Demand of him my conditions:and what credite I have with the Duke.

Int. Well that's ſet downe:you ſhall demaund of him, whether one Captaine *Dumaine* be it'h Campe, a Frenchman : what his reputation is with the Duke , what his valour,honeſty,and expertneſſe in warres:or whether he thinkes it were not poſſible with-wellwaighing ſummes of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What ſay you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beſeech you let me anſwer to the particular of theintergatories. Demand them ſingly.

Int. Do you know this Captaine *Dumaine*?

Par. I know him , a was a Botchers Prentize in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shrieves fool with childe, a dumbe innocent that could not ſay him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave hold your hands , though I know his braines are forfeite to the next tile that fals.

Inter. Well, is this Captaine in the Duke of Florences campe?

Par. Vpon my knowledge he is, and lowſie.

Cap. G. Nay looke not ſo upon me:we ſhall heare of your Lord anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knowes him for no other, but a poore Officer of mine , and writ to me this other day , to turne him out a'th band. I thinke I have his Letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry we'll ſearch.

Par. In good ſadneſſe I do not know,either it is there, or it is upon a file with the Dukes other Letters , in my Tent.

Int. Heere 'tis,heere's a paper , ſhall I reade it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well.

Cap. G. Excellently.

Int. Dian,the Counts a foole,and full of gold.

Par. That is not the Dukes letter ſir : that is an advertiſement to a proper maide in Florence, one *Diana*,to take heede of the allurement of one Count *Roſſillion*,a fooliſh idle boy : but for all that very ruttiſh. I pray you ſir put it up againe.

Int. Nay,Ile reade it firſt by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't I proteſt was very honeſt in the behalfe of the maid : for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous amd laſcivious boy , who is a whale to Virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable both-ſides rogue.

Int. Let.When he ſweares oathes , bid him drop gold , and
take it:
After he ſcores , he never payes the ſcore:
Halfe won is match well made,match and well make it,
He nere payes after-debts,take it before,
And ſay a ſouldier (Dian) told thee this:
Men are to mell with, boyes are not to kis.
For count of this,the Count a Foole I know it,
Who payes before,but not when he does owe it.
Thine as he vow'd to thee in thine eare,
Parrolles.

Ber. He ſhall bee whipt through the Amy with this rime in's forehead.

Cap. E. This is your devoted friend ſir , the manifold Linguiſt, and the army-potent ſouldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a Cat , and he's a Cat to me.

Int. I perceive ſir by your Generals lookes , wee ſhall be faine to hang you.

Par. My life ſir in any caſe : Not that I am afraide to dye, but that my offences beeing many , I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me live ſir in a dungeon, i'th ſtockes,or any where, ſo I may live.

Int. Wee'le ſee what may bee done , ſo you confeſſe freely : therefore once more to this Captaine *Dumaine*: you have anſwer'd to his reputation with the Duke , and to his valour. What is his honeſty?

Par. He will ſteale ſir an Egge out of a Cloiſter : for rapes and raviſhments he paralels *Neſſus*. Hee profeſſes not keeping of oaths , breaking em he is ſtronger then *Hercules*. He will lye ſir, with ſuch volubility , that you would thinke truth were a foole:drunkenneſſe is his beſt vertue, for he will be ſwine-drunke , and in his ſleepe he does little harme , ſave to his bed-cloathes about him: but they know his conditions , and lay him in ſtraw. I have but little more to ſay ſir of his honeſty, he ha's everie thing that an honeſt man ſhould not have ; what an honeſt man ſhould have,he has nothing.

Cap. G. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this deſcription of thine honeſty ? A pox upon him for me,he's more and more a Cat.

Int. What ſay you to his expertneſſe in warre?

Par. Faith ſir , ha's led the drumme before the Engliſh Tragedians : to belie him I will not , and more of his ſouldierſhip I know not, except in that Country , he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called *Mileend*, to inſtruct for the doubling of files. I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certaine.

Cap. G. He hath out-villain'd villany ſo farre, that the raritie redeemes him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a Cat ſtill.

Int. His qualities being at this poore price , I neednot to aske you, if Gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir , for a Cardecue he will ſell the fee-ſimple of his ſalvation,the inheritance of it, and cut th'intaile from all remainders , and a perpetuall ſucceſſion for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother , the other Captain *Dumaine*?

Cap. E. Why do's he aske him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'ne a Crow a'th ſame neſt : not altogether ſo great as the firſt in goodneſſe, but greater a great deale in evill. He excels his Brother for a coward,yet his Brother is reputed one of the beſt that is. In a retreate hee outrunnes any Lackey , marry in comming on , hee ha's the Crampe.

Int. If your life be ſaved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. I, and the Captaine of his horſe, Count *Roſſillion*.

Int. Ile whiſper with the Generall , and knowe his pleaſure.

Par. Ile no more drumming , a plague of all drummes, onely to ſeeme to deſerve well, and to beguile the ſuppoſition of that laſcivious yong boy the Count, have I run into this danger: yet who would have ſuſpected an ambuſh where I was taken?

Int. There is no remedy ſir, but you muſt dye: the Generall ſayes, you that have ſo traitorouſly diſcovered the ſecrets of your army, and made ſuch peſtiferous reports of men very nobly held, can ſerve the world for no honeſt uſe: therefore you muſt dye. Come headeſman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord ſir let me live, or let mee ſee my death.

Int. That ſhall you, and take your leave of all your friends:
So looke about you, know you any heere?

Coun. Good morrow noble Captaine.

Lo. E. God bleſſe you Captaine *Parolles.*

Cap. G. God ſave you noble Captaine.

Lo. E. Captaine, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafew?* I am for *France.*

Cap. G. Good Captaine will you give me a Copy of the ſonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalfe of the Count *Roſſillion*, and I were not a very Coward, I'de compell it of you, but fare you well. *Exeunt.*

Int. You are undone Captaine all but your ſcarfe, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruſh'd with a plot?

Int. If you could finde out a Country where but women were that had received ſo much ſhame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare yee well ſir, I am for *France* too, we ſhall ſpeake of you there. *Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankfull: if my heart were great
'Twould burſt at this: Captaine Ile be no more,
But I will eate, and drinke, and ſleepe as ſoft
As Captaine ſhall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live: who knowes himſelfe a braggart
Let him feare this; for it will come to paſſe,
That every braggart ſhall be found an Aſſe.
Ruſt ſword, coole bluſhes, and *Parrolles* live
Safeſt in ſhame: being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive;
There's place and meanes for every man alive.
Ile after them.

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greateſt in the Chriſtian world
Shall be my ſurety: fore whoſe throne 'tis needfull
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele.
Time was I did him a deſired office
Deere almoſt as his life, which gratitude
Through flinty Tartars boſome would peepe forth,
And anſwer thankes. I duly am inform'd,
His grace it *Marſellis*, to which place
We have convenient convoy: you muſt know
I am ſuppoſed dead, the Army breaking,
My husband hies him home, where heaven ayding,
And by the leave of my good Lord the King,
Wee'l be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a ſervant to whoſe truſt
Your buſines was more welcome.

Hel. Nor your Miſtris
Ever a friend, whoſe thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your love: Doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughters dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But O ſtrange men,
That can ſuch ſweet uſe make of what they hate,
When ſawcy truſting of the coſin'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night, ſo luſt doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away,
But more of this heereafter: you *Diana,*
Vnder my poore inſtructions yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalfe.

Dia. Let death and honeſty
Go with your impoſitions, I am yours
Vpon your will to ſuffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on ſummer,
When Briars ſhall have leaves as well as thornes,
And be as ſweet as ſharpe: we muſt away,
Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time revives us,
All's well that ends well, ſtill that fines the Crowne;
What ere the courſe, the end is the renowne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne, old Lady, and Lafew.

Laf. No, no, no, your ſonne was miſled with a ſnipt taffata fellow there, whoſe villanous ſaffron would have made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had beene alive at this houre, and your ſonne heere at hom, more aduanc'd by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Bee I ſpeake of.

La. I would I had not knowne him, it was the death of the moſt vertuous gentlewoman, that ever Nature had praiſe for creating. If ſhe had partaken of my fleſh and coſt mee the deereſt groanes of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

La. Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. We may picke a thouſand ſallets ere wee light on ſuch another hearbe.

Clo. Indeed ſir ſhe was the ſweete Margerom of the ſallet, or rather the hearbe of grace.

Laf. They are not hearbes you knave, they are noſe-hearbes.

Clo. I am no great *Nabuchadnezar* ſir, I have not much skill in grace.

La. Whether doeſt thou profeſſe thy ſelfe, a knave or a foole?

Clo. A foole ſir at a womans ſervice, and a knave at a mans.

La. Your diſtinction.

Clo. I would couſen the man of this wife, and do his ſervice.

La. So you were a knave at his ſervice indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble ſir to do her ſervice.

La. I will ſubſcribe for thee, thou art both knave and foole.

Clo. At your ſervice.

La. No, no, no.

Clo. Why ſir, if I cannot ſerve you, I can ſerve as great a prince as you are.

La. Whoſe that, a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith ſir a has an Engliſh maine, but his fiſnomy is more hotter in France then there.

La. What prince is that?

Clo. The blacke prince ſir, alias the prince of darkeneſſe alias the divell.

La. Hold thee, there's my purſe, I give thee not this to ſuggeſt thee from thy maſter thou talk'ſt off, ſerve him ſtill.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow ſir, that alwaies loved a great fire, and the maiſter I ſpeake of ever keeps a good fire, but ſure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobilitie remaine in's Court. I am for the houſe with the narrow gate, which I take to bee too little for pompe to enter: ſome that humble themſelves may, but the many will be too chill and tender, and theyle bee for the flowrie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

La. Go thy waies, I begin to bee a weary of thee and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy wayes, let my horſes be well look'd to, without any trickes.

Clo. If I put any trickes upon em ſir, they ſhall bee Iades trickes, which are their owne right by the law of Nature. *Exit.*

Laf. A ſhrewd knave and an unhappy.

Lady. So a is. My Lord that's gone made himſelfe much ſport out of him, by his authority hee remaines heere, which he thinkes is a pattent for his ſawcineſſe, and indeed he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiſſe: and I was about to tell you, ſince I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your ſonne was upon his returne home. I moved the King my maiſter to ſpeake in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minority of them both, his Majeſty out of a ſelfe gracious remembrance did firſt propoſe, his Highneſſe hath promis'd me to doe it, and to ſtoppe up the diſpleaſure he hath conceived againſt your ſonne, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyſhip like it?

La. With very much content my Lord, and I wiſh it happily effected.

La. His Highneſſe comes poſt from *Marſellis*, of as able body as when he number'd thirty, a will be heere to morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in ſuch intelligence hath ſeldome fail'd.

La. I rejoyces me, that I hope I ſhall ſee him ere I die. I have letters that my ſonne will be heere to night: I ſhal beſeech your Lordſhip to remaine with mee, till they meete together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what Manners I might ſafely be admitted.

La. You neede but pleade your honourable priviledge.

La. Lady of that I have made a bold charter, but I thanke my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. O Madam, yonders my Lord your ſonne with a patch of veluet on's face, whether there be a ſcar under't or no, the Velnet knowes, but 'tis a goodly patch of Velvet, his left cheeke is a cheeke of two pile and a halfe, but his right cheeke is worne bare.

La. A ſcarre nobly got:
Or a noble ſcarre, is a good liv'ry of honor,
So belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd face.

La. Let us go ſee
Your ſonne I pray you, I long to talke
With the yong noble ſouldier.

Clo. Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate fine hats, and moſt courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus,

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding poſting day and night,
Muſt wear your ſpirits low, we cannot helpe it.
But ſince you have made the daies and nights as one,
To weare your gentle limbes in my affaires,
Be bold you do ſo grow in my requitall,
As nothing can unroote you. In happy time,

Enter a gentle Aſtranger.

This man may helpe me to his Majeſties eare,
If he would ſpend his power. God ſave you ſir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have ſeene you in the Court of France.

Gent. I have beene ſometimes there.

Hel. I do preſume ſir, that you are not falne
From the report that goes upon your goodneſſe,
And therefore goaded with moſt ſharpe occaſions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The uſe of your owne vertues, for the which
I ſhall continue thankefull.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will pleaſe you
To give this poore petition to the King,
And ayde me with that ſtore of power you have
To come into his preſence.

Gen. The Kings not heere.

Hel. Not heere ſir?

Gen. Not indeed,
He hence remov'd laſt night, and with more haſt
Then is his uſe.

Wid. Lord how we looſe our paines.

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time ſeeme ſo adverſe, and meanes unfit:
I do beſeech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marrie as I take it to *Roſſillion*,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beſeech you ſir,
Since you are like to ſee the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I preſume ſhall render you no blame,
But rather make you thanke your paines for it:
I will come after you with what good ſpeede
Our meanes will make us meanes.

Gent. This Ile do for you.

Hel. And you ſhall finde your ſelfe to be well thankt what e're falles more. We muſt to horſe againe, Go, go, provide. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne and Parrolles.

Par. Good M. *Luvatch* give my Lord *Lafew* this letter, I have ere now ſir beene better knowne to you, when I have held familiaritie with freſher cloathes: but I am now ſir muddied in fortunes mood, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.

Col. Truely, Fortunes diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh if it ſmell ſo ſtrongly as thou ſpeak'ſt of: I will hencefoorth eate no Fiſh of Fortunes butt'ring. Prethee allow the winde.

Par. Nay you neede not to ſtop your noſe ſir: I ſpeake but by a Metaphor.

Clo. Indeed ſir, if your Metaphor ſtinke, I will ſtop my noſe, or againſt any mans Metaphor. Prethee get thee further.

Par. Pray you ſir deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prethee ſtand away: a paper from fortunes cloſe-ſtoole, to give to a Nobleman. Looke heere hee comes himſelfe.

Enter Lafew.

Clo. Heere is a purſe of Fortunes ſir, or of Fortunes Cat, but not a Muſcat; that ha's falne into the uncleane fiſh-pond of her diſpleaſure, and as he ſayes is muddied withall. Pray you ſir, uſe the Carpe as you may, for hee lookes like a poore decayed, ingenious, fooliſh, raſcally knave. I do pittie his diſtreſſe in my ſmiles of comfort, and leave him to your Lordſhip.

Par. My Lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly ſcratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'Tis too late to paire her nailes now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune that ſhe ſhould ſcratch you, who of her ſelfe is a good Lady, & would not have knaves thriue long under her? There's a Cardecue for you: Let the Iuſtices make you and fortune friends; I am for other buſineſſe.

Par. I beſeech your honour to heare mee one ſingle word.

Laf. You begge a ſingle peny more: Come you ſhall ha't, ſave your word.

Par. My name my good Lord is *Parolles.*

Laf. You begge more then word then. Cox my paſſion, give me your hand: How does your drumme?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the firſt that found mee.

Laf. Was I inſooth? And I was the firſt that loſt thee.

Par. It lies in you my Lord to bring me in ſome grace for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee knave, doeſt thou put upon mee at once both the office of God and the divel: one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The King's comming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talke of you laſt night, though you are a foole and a knave, you ſhall eate, go to, follow.

Par. I praiſe God for you.

Flouriſh. Enter King, old Lady, Lafew, the two French Lords, with attendants.

Kin. We loſt a Iewell of her, and our eſteeme
Was made much poorer by it: but your ſonne,
As mad in folly, lack'd the ſence to know
Her eſtimation home.

Old La. 'Tis paſt my Liege,
And I beſeech your Majeſty to make it
Naturall rebellion, done i'th blade of youth,
When oyle and fire, too ſtrong for reaſons force,
Ore-beares it, and burnes on.

Kin. My honour'd Lady,
I haue forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to ſhoote.

Laf. This I muſt ſay,
But firſt I begge my pardon: the yong Lord
Did to his Majeſty, his Mother, and his Lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himſelfe
The greateſt wrong of all. He loſt a wife,
Whoſe beauty did aſtoniſh the ſurvey
Of richeſt eyes: whoſe words all eares tooke captive,
Whoſe deere perfection, hearts that ſcorn'd to ſerve,
Humbly call'd Miſtris.

Kin. Praiſing what is loſt,
Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither,
We are reconcil'd, and the firſt view ſhall kill
All repetition: Let him not aske our pardon,
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper then oblivion, we do burie
Th'incenſing reliques of it. Let him approach
A ſtranger, no offender; and informe him
So 'tis our will he ſhould

Gent. I ſhall my Liege.

Kin. What ſayes he to your daughter,
Have you ſpoke?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.

Kin. Then ſhall we have a match. I have letters ſent me, that ſets him high in fame.

Enter Count Bertram.

Laf. He lookes well on't

Kin. I am not a day of ſeaſon,
For thou maiſt ſee a ſun-ſhine, and a haile
In me at once: But to the brighteſt beames
Diſtracted clouds give way, ſo ſtand thou forth,
The time is faire againe.

Ber. My high repented blames
Deere Soveraigne pardon to me.

Kin. All is whole,
Not one word more of the conſumed time,
Let's take the inſtant by the forward top:
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees
Th'inaudible, and noiſeleſſe foot of time
Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly my Liege, at firſt
I ſtucke my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herauld of my tongue:
Where the impreſſion of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his ſcornfull Perſpective did lend me,
Which warpt the line of every other favour,
Scorn'd a faire colour, or expreſt it ſtolne,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a moſt hideous object. Thence it came,
That ſhe whom all men prais'd, and whom my ſelfe,
Since I have loſt, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The duſt that did offend it.

Kin. Wel excus'd:
That thou didſt love her, ſtrikes ſome ſcores away
From the great compt: but love that comes too late,
Like a remorſefull pardon ſlowly carried
To the great ſender, turnes a ſowre offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone: Our raſh faults,
Make triuiall price of ſerious things we have,
Not knowing them, untill we know their grave.
Oft our diſpleaſures to our ſelves unjuſt,
Deſtroy our friends, and after weepe their duſt:
Our owne love waking, cries to ſee what's done,
While ſhamefull hate ſleepes out the afternoone.
Be this ſweet *Helens* knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for faire *Maudlin,*
The maine conſents are had, and heere wee'l ſtay
To ſee our widdowers ſecond marriage day:
Which better then the firſt, O deere heaven bleſſe,
Or, ere they meete in me, O Nature ceaſſe.

Laf. Come on my ſonne, in whom my houſes name
Muſt be diſgeſted: give a favour from you
To ſparkle in the ſpirits of my daughter,

That ſhe may quickly come. By my old beard,
And ev'ry haire that's on't, *Helen* that's dead
Was a ſweet creature: ſuch a ring as this,
The laſt that ere I tooke her leave at Court,
I ſaw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

Kin. Now pray you let me ſee it. For mine eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd too't:
This Ring was mine, and when I gave it *Hellen*,
I bad her if her fortunes ever ſtoode
Neceſſitied to helpe, that by this token
I would releeve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?

Ber. My gracious Soveraigne,
How ere it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
The ring was never hers.

Old La. Sonne, on my life
I have ſeene her weare it, and ſhe reckon'd it
At her lives rate.

Laf. I am ſure I ſaw her weare it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd my Lord, ſhe never ſaw it:
In Florence was it from a caſement throwne mee,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: Noble ſhe was, and thought
I ſtood ingag'd, but when I had ſubſcrib'd
To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not anſwer in that courſe of Honour
As ſhe had made the overture, ſhe ceaſt
In heauy ſatisfaction, and would never
Receive the Ring againe.

Kin. Platus himſelfe,
That knowes the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in natures myſterie more ſcience,
Then I have in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helens*,
Who ever gave it you: then if you know
That you are well acquainted with your ſelfe,
Confeſſe 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to ſurety,
That ſhe would never put it from her finger,
Vnleſſe ſhe gave it to you ſelfe iu bed,
Where you have never come: or ſent it us
Vpon her great diſaſter.

Ber. She never ſaw it.

Kin. Thou ſpeak'ſt it falſely: as I love mine Honor,
And mak'ſt conjecturall feares to come into me,
Which I would faine ſhut out, if it ſhould prove
That thou art ſo inhumane, 'twill not prove ſo.
And yet I know not, thou didſt hate her deadly,
And ſhe is dead, which nothing but to cloſe
Her eyes my ſelfe, could win me to beleeve,
More then to ſee this Ring. Take him away,
My fore-paſt proofes, how ere the matter fall
Shal taxe my feares of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too littſe. Away with him,
Wee'l ſift this matter further.

Ber. If you ſhall prove
This Ring was ever hers, you ſhall as eaſie
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet ſhe never was.

Enter a Gentleman.

Kin. I am wrap'd in diſmall thinkings.

Gen. Gracious Soveraigne.
Whether I have beene too blame or no, I know not,
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for foure or five removes come ſhort,
To tender it her ſelfe. I undertooke it,
Vanquiſh'd thereto by the faire grace and ſpeech
Of the poore ſuppliant, who by this I know
Is heere attending: her buſineſſe lookes in her
With an importing viſage, and ſhee told me
In a ſweet verball breefe, it did concerne
Your Highneſſe with her ſelfe.

A Letter.

Upon his many proteſtations to marry mee when his wife was dead, I bluſh to ſay it, he wonne me. Now is the Count Roſſillion a Widdower, his vowes are forfeited to mee, and my honors payed to him. He ſtole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his Corntrey for Iuſtice: Grant it me, O King, in you it beſt lies, otherwiſe a ſeducer flouriſhes, and a poore Maid is vndone.

Diana Capilet.

Laf. I will buy me a ſonne in Law in a feare, and toule him for this. Ile none of him.

Kin. The heavens have thought well on thee *Lafew*,
To bring forth this diſcou'ry, ſeeke theſe ſutors:
Go ſpeedily, and bring againe the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I'am a-feard the life of *Hellen* (Lady)
Was fowly ſnatcht.

Old La. Now juſtice on the doers.

Kin. I wonder ſir, wives are ſuch monſters to you,
And that you flye them as you ſweare them Lordſhip,
Yet you deſire to marry. What woman's that?

Enter Widdow, Diana, and Parrolles.

Dia I am my Lord a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet,
My ſuite, as I do underſtand, you know,
And therefore know how farre I may be pittied

Wid. I am her Mother ſir, whoſe age and honour
Both ſuffer under this complaint we bring,
And both ſhall ceaſe, without your remedie.

Kin. Come hither Count, do you know theſe Women?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will denie,
But that I know them, do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you looke ſo ſtrange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine my Lord.

Dia. If you ſhall marrie
You give away this hand, and that is mine,
You give away heavens vowes, and thoſe are mine:
You give away my ſelfe, which is knowne mine:
For I by vow am ſo embodied yours,
That ſhe which marries you, muſt marrie me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too ſhort for my daughter, you are no husband for her.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and deſperate creature,
Whom ſometime I have laugh'd with: Let your highnes
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Then for to thinke that I would ſinke it heere.

Kin. Sir for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gaine them fairer: prove your honor,
Then in my thought it lies.

Dian. Good my Lord,
Aske him upon his oath, if be do's thinke
He had not my virginity.

Kin. What ſaiſt thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent my Lord,
And was a common gameſter to the Campe.

Dia. He do's me wrong my Lord: If I were ſo,
He might have bought me at a common price.

Doe not beleeve him. O behold this Ring,
Whoſe high reſpect and rich validity
Did lacke a Paralell: yet for all that
He gave it to a Commoner a'th Campe
If I be one.
Boun. He bluſhes, and 'tis hit:
Of ſixe preceding Anceſtors, that Iemme
Confer'd by teſtament to 'th ſeqvent iſſue
Hath it beene owed and worne. This is his wife,
That Rings's a thouſand proofes.
Kin. Me thought you ſaid
You ſaw one heere in Court could witneſſe it.
Dia. I did my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an inſtrument, his name's *Parrolles.*
Laf. I ſaw the man to day, if man he be.
Kin. Find him, and bring him hither.
Roſ. What of him?
He's quoted for a moſt perfidious ſlave
With all the ſpots a'th world, taxt and deboſh'd,
Whoſe nature ſickens: but to ſpeake a truth,
Am I, or that or this, fot what he'll utter,
That will ſpeake any thing.
Kin. She hath that Ring of yours.
Roſ. I thinke ſhe has; certaine it is I lik'd her,
And boorded her i'th wanton way of youth:
She knew her diſtance, and did angle of me,
Madding my eagerneſſe with her reſtraint,
As all impediments in fancies courſe
Are motives of more fancy, and in fine,
Her inſuit comming with her moderne grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate, ſhe got the Ring
And I had that which any inferiour might
At Market price have bought.
Dia. I muſt be patient:
You that have turn'd off a firſt ſo noble wife,
May juſtly dyet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lacke vertue, I will loſe a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,
And give me mine againe.
Roſ. I have it not.
Kin. What Ring was yours I pray you?
Dian. Sir much like the ſame upon your finger.
Kin. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.
Dia. And this was it I gave him being a bed.
Kin. The ſtory then goes falſe, you threw it him
Out of a Caſement.
Dia. I have ſpoke the truth. *Enter Parolles.*
Roſ. My Lord, I doe confeſſe the ring was hers.
Kin. You boggle ſhrewdly, every feather ſtarts you:
Is this the man you ſpeake of?
Dia. I, my Lord.
Kin. Tell me ſirrah, but tell me true I charge you,
Not fearing the diſpleaſure of your maſter:
(Which on your juſt proceeding, Ile keepe off)
By him and by this woman heere, what know you?
Par. So pleaſe your Majeſty, my maſter hath beene an honorable Gentlemen. Trickes hee hath had in him, which Gentlemen have.
Kin. Come, come, to'th'purpoſe: Did he love this woman?
Par. Faith ſir he did love her, but how!
Kin. How I pray you?
Par. He did love her ſir, as a Gent. loves a Woman.
Kin. How is that?
Par. He lov'd her ſir, and lov'd her not.
Kin. As thou art a Knave and no Knave, what an equivocall Companion is this?
Par. I am a poore man, and at your Majeſties command.
Laf. He's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughty Orator.
Dia. Doe you know he promiſt me marriage?
Par. Faith I know more then Ile ſpeake.
Kin. But wilt thou not ſpeake all thou know'ſt?
Par. Yes ſo pleaſe your Majeſty: I did goe betweene them as I ſaid, but more then that he loved her, for indeed he was madde for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promiſing her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to ſpeake of, therefore I will not ſpeake what I know.
Kin. Thou haſt ſpoken all already, unleſſe thou canſt ſay they are married, but thou art too fine in thy evidence, therefore ſtand aſide. This Ring you ſay was yours.
Dia. I my good Lord.
Kin. Where did you buy it? Or who gave it you?
Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.
Kin. Who lent it you?
Dia. It was not lent me neither.
Kin. Where did you find it then?
Dia. I found it not.
Kin. If it were yours by none of all theſe wayes,
How could you give it him?
Dia. I never gave it him.
Laf. This woman's an eaſie glove my Lord, ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure.
Kin. This Ring was mine, I gave it his firſt wife.
Dia. It might be yours or hers for ought I know.
Kin. Take her away, I doe not like her now,
To priſon with her: and away with him,
Vnleſſe thou telſt me where thou hadſt this Ring,
Thou dieſt within this houre.
Dia. Ile never tell you.
Kin. Take her away.
Dia. Ile put in baile my liedge.
Kin. I thinke thee now ſome common Cuſtomer.
Dia. By Iove if ever I knew man 'twas you.
Kin. Wherefore haſt thou accuſde him all this while?
Dia. Becauſe he's guilty, and he is not guilty:
He knowes I am no Maid, and he'l ſweare too't:
Ile ſweare I am a Maid, and he knowes not.
Great King I am no ſtrumpet, by my life,
I am either Maid, or elſe this old mans wife.
Kin. She does abuſe our eares, to priſon with her.
Dia. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall ſir,
The Ieweller that owes the Ring is ſent for,
And he ſhall ſurety me. But for this Lord,
Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himſelfe,
Though yet he never harm'd me, heere I quit him.
He knowes himſelfe my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though ſhe be, ſhe feeles her yong one kicke:
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quicke,
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Hellen and Widdow.

Kin. Is there no exorciſt
Beguiles the truer Office of mine eyes?
Is't reall that I ſee?
Hel. No my good Lord,

'Tis but the ſhadow of a wife you ſee,
The name, and not the thing.
Roſ. Both, both, O pardon.
Hel. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kind, there is your Ring,
And looke you, heere's your letter: this it ſayes,
When from my finger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with child, &c. This is done,
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?
Roſ. If ſhe my Liege can make me know this clearely,
Ile love her dearely, ever, ever dearely.
Hel. If it appeare not plaine, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce ſtep betweene me and you.
O my deere mother, doe I ſee you living?
Laf. Mine eyes ſmell Onions, I ſhall weepe anon:
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, Ile make ſport with thee: Let thy curtſies alone, they are ſcurvy ones.
King. Let us from point to point this ſtory know,
To make the even truth in pleaſure flow:
If thou beeſt yet a freſh uncropped flower,
Chooſe thou thy husband, and Ile pay thy dower.
For I can gueſſe, that by thy honeſt ayde,
Thou keeptſt a wife her ſelfe, thy ſelfe a Maide.
Of that and all the progreſſe more and leſſe,
Reſoldv'dly more leaſure ſhall expreſſe:
All yet ſeemes well, and if it end ſo meete,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet.
Flouriſh.

THe Kings a Begger, now the play is done.
All is well ended, if this ſuite be wonne,
That you expreſſe Content: which we will pay,
With ſtrife to pleaſe you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts. Exeunt omn.

FINIS.

Tvvelfe Night, Or vvhat you will.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Orſino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords.

Duke.
IF Muſicke be the food of Loue, play on,
Give me exceſſe of it: that ſurfetting,
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo dye.
That ſtraine agen, it had a dying fall:
O, it came ore my eare, like the ſweet ſound
That breathes upon a banke of Violets;
Stealing, and giving Odour. Enough, no more,
'Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
O ſpirit of Love, how quicke and freſh art thou,
That notwithſtanding thy capacity,
Receiveth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch ſo ere,
But falles into abatement, and low price,
Even in a minute; ſo full of ſhapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantaſticall.
Cur. Will you goe hunt my Lord?
Du. What *Curio*?
Cur. The Hart.
Du. Why ſo I doe, the Nobleſt that I have:
O when mine eyes did ſee *Olivia* firſt,
Me thought ſhe purg'd the ayre of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my deſires like fell and cruell hounds,
Ere ſince purſue me. How now what newes from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So pleaſe my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid doe returne this anſwer:
The Element it ſelfe, till ſeven yeares heate,
Shall not behold her face at ample view:
But like a Cloyſtreſſe ſhe will vailed walke,
And water once a day her Chambers round
With eye-offending brine: all this to ſeaſon
A brothers dead love, which ſhe would keepe freſh
And laſting, in her ſad remembrance.
Du. O ſhe that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich golden ſhaft
Hath kill'd the flocke of all affections elſe
That live in her. When Liver, Braine, and Heart,
Theſe ſoveraigne thrones, are all ſupply'd and fill'd
Her ſweet perfections with one ſelfe ſame king:
Away before me, to ſweet beds of Flowres,
Love-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowres.
Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Saylors.

Vio. What Country (Friends) is this?
Cap. This is Illyria Lady.
Vio. And what ſhould I doe in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elizium,
Perchance he is not drown'd: What thinke you ſaylors?
Cap. It is perchance that you your ſelfe were ſaved.
Vio. O my poore brother, and ſo perchance may he be.
Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance.
Aſſure your ſelfe, after our ſhip did ſplit,
When you, and thoſe poore number ſaved with you,
Hung on our driving boate: I ſaw your brother
Moſt provident in perill, binde himſelfe,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practiſe)
To a ſtrong Maſte, that liv'd upon the ſea:
Where like *Orion* on the Dolphines backe,
I ſaw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could ſee.
Vio. For ſaying ſo, there's Gold:
Mine owne eſcape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy ſpeech ſerves for authority
The like of him. Know'ſt thou this Country?
Cap. I Madam well, for I was bred and borne
Not three houres travaile from this very place?
Vio. Who governs heere?
Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. *Orſino.*
Vio. *Orſino*! I have heard my father name him.
He was a Batchellor then.
Cap. And ſo is now, or was ſo very late:
For but a moneth ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas freſh in murmure (as you know
What great ones doe, the leſſe will prattle of)
That he did ſeeke the love of faire *Olivia*.
Vio. What's ſhe?
Cap. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count,
That di'd ſome twelvemonth ſince, then leaving her
In the protection of his ſonne, her brother,
Who ſhortly alſo di'd: for whoſe deere love
(They ſay) ſhe had abjur'd the ſight
And company of men.
Vio. O that I ſerv'd that Lady,
And might not be delivered to the world

Till I had made mine owne occaſion mellow
What my eſtate is.
Cap. That were hard to compaſſe,
Becauſe ſhe will admit no kind of ſuite,
No not the Dukes.
Vio. There is a faire behaviour in thee Captaine,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
Doth oft cloſe in pollution: yet of thee
I will beleeve thou haſt a mind that ſuites
With this thy faire and outward character.
I prethee (and Ile pay thee bounteouſly)
Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde,
For ſuch diſguiſe as haply ſhall become
The forme of my intent. Ile ſerve this Duke,
Thou ſhalt preſent me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy paines: for I can ſing,
And ſpeake to him in many ſorts of Muſicke,
That will allow me very worth his ſervice.
What elſe may hap, to time I will commit,
Onely ſhape thou thy ſilence to my wit.
Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute Ile be,
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not ſee.
Vio. I thanke thee: Lead me on. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague meanes my Neece to take the death of her brother thus? I am ſure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth ſir *Toby*, you muſt come in earlyer a nights: youe Coſin, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill houres.

To. Why let her except, before excepted.

Mar. I, but you muſt confine your ſelfe within the modeſt limits of order.

To. Confine? Ile confine my ſelfe no finer then I am: theſe cloathes are good enough to drinke in, and ſo be theſe boots too: and they be not, let them hang themſelves in their owne ſtraps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undoe you: I heard my Lady talke of it yeſterday: and of a fooliſh knight that you brought in one night here, to be her (wooer.

To. Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheeke*?

Ma. I he.

To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Ma. What's that to th'purpoſe?

To. Why he ha's three thouſand ducats a yeere.

Ma. I, but he'll have but a yeare in all theſe ducates: He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

To Fye, that you'll ſay ſo: he playes o'th Viol-de-gamboys, and ſpeakes three or foure languages word for word without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almoſt naturall: for beſides that he's a foole, he's a great quarreller: and but that he hath the gift of a Coward, to allay the guſt he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Tob. By this hand they are ſcoundrels and ſubſtractors that ſay ſo of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that adde moreover, he's drunke nightly in your company.

To. With drinking healths to my Neece: Ile drinke to her as long as there is a paſſage in my throat, and drink in *Illyria*: he's a Coward and a Coyſtrill that will not drinke to my Neece, till his braines turne o'th toe, like a pariſh top. What wench? *Caſtiliano vulgo*: for here comes Sir *Andrew Agueface*.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. Sir *Toby Belch*. How now Sir *Toby Belch*?

To. Sweet ſir *Andrew*.

And. Bleſſe you faire Shrew.

Mar. And you too ſir.

Tob. Accoſt Sir *Andrew*, accoſt.

And. What's that?

To. My Neeces Chamber-maid.

An. Good Miſtris accoſt, I deſire better acquaintance.

Ma. My name is *Mary* ſir.

And. Good miſtris *Mary*, accoſt.

To. You miſtake knight: Accoſt, is front her, boord her, wooe her, aſſayle her.

An. By my troth I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of Accoſt?

Mar. Far you well Gentlemen.

To. And thou let part ſo Sir *Andrew*, would thou mightſt never draw ſword agen.

And. And you part ſo miſtris, I would I might never draw ſword agen; Faire Lady, doe you thinke you have fooles in hand?

Ma. Sir, I have not you by'th hand.

An. Marry but you ſhall have, and heeres my had.

Mar. Now ſir, thought is free: I pray you bring your hand to'th Buttry barre, and let it drinke.

An. Wherefore (ſweet-heart?) What's your Metaphor?

Mar. It's dry ſir.

An. Why I thinke ſo: I am not ſuch an aſſe, but I can keepe my hand dry. But what's your jeſt?

Ma. A dry jeſt Sir.

And. Are you full of them?

Ma. I Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry now I let goe your hand, I am barren. *Exit Maria.*

Tob. O knight, thou lack'ſt a cup of Canary: when did I ſee thee ſo put downe?

And. Never in your life I thinke, unleſſe you ſee Canary put downe: me thinkes ſometimes I have no more wit then a Chriſtian, or an ordinary mans ha's: but I am a great eater of beefe, and I beleeve that does harme to my wit.

To. No queſtion.

An. And I thought that, I'de forſweare it. Ile ride home to morrow ſir *Toby*.

To. *Pur-quoy* my deere knight?

An. What is *purquoy*? Doe, or not doe? I would I had beſtowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing dancing, and beare-bayting: O had I but followed the Arts.

To. Then hadſt thou had an excellent head of haire.

An. Why, would that have mended my haire?

To. Paſt queſtion, for thou ſeeſt it will not coole my (nature.

An. But it becomes me well enough, doſt not?

To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a diſtaffe: and I hope to ſee a huſwife take thee between her legs, & ſpin it off.

An. Faith Ile home to morrow ſir *Toby*, your niece will not be ſeene, or if ſhe be it's four to one, ſhe'l none of me: the Count himſelfe here hard by, wooes her.

To. She'll none o'th Count, ſhe'l not match above her degree, neither in eſtate, yeares, nor wit: I have heard her ſweare. Tut there's life in't man.

And. Ile ſtay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th ſtrangeſt mind i'th world: I delight in Maskes and Revells ſometimes altogether.

To. Art thou good at theſe kicke-chawſes Knight?

And. As any man in Illyria, whatſoever he be, under the degree of my betters, and yet I will not compare with an old man.

To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

To. And I can cut the Mutton too't.

And. And I thinke I have the backe-tricke, ſimply as ſtrong as any man in Illyria.

To. Wherefore are theſe things hid? Wherefore have theſe gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Are they like to take duſt, like Miſtris *Mals* picture? Why doſt thou not goe to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto? My very walke ſhould be a Iigge: I would not ſo much as make water but in a Sinke-a-pace: What dooeſt thou meane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by the excellent conſtitution of thy legge, it was form'd under the ſtarre of a Galliard.

And. I, 'tis ſtrong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd colour'd ſtocke. Shall we ſit about ſome Revels?

To. What ſhall we doe elſe: were we not borne under *Taurus*?

And. *Taurus*? That ſides and heart.

To. No ſir, it is leggs and thighes: let me ſee thee caper. Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in mans attire.

Val. If the Duke continue theſe favours towards you *Ceſario*, you are like to be much advanc'd, he hath known you but three dayes, and already you are no ſtranger.

Vio. You either feare his humour, or my negligence, that you call in queſtion the continuance of his love. Is he inconſtant ſir, in his favours?

Val. No beleeve me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thanke you: here comes the Count.

Duk. Who ſaw *Ceſario* hoa?

Vio. On your attendance my Lord heere.

Du. Stand you a-while aloofe. *Ceſario*,
Thou knowſt no leſſe, but all: I have unclaſp'd
To thee the booke even of my ſecret ſoule.
Therefore good youth, addreſſe thy gate unto her,
Be not deni'd acceſſe, ſtand at her doores,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot ſhall grow
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure my Noble Lord,
If ſhe be ſo abandon'd to her ſorrow
As it is ſpoke, ſhe never will admit me.

Du. Be clamorous, and leape all civill bounds,
Rather then make unprofited returne.

Vio. Say I doe ſpeake with her (my Lord) what then?

Duk. O then, unfold the paſſion of my love,
Surprize her with diſcourſe of my deere faith;
It ſhall become thee well to act my woes:
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Then in a Nuntio's of more grave aſpect.

Vio. I thinke not ſo, my Lord:

Duk. Deere Lad, beleeve it;
For they ſhall yet belye thy happy yeeres,
That ſay thou art a man: *Dianas* lip
Is not more ſmooth, and rubious: thy ſmall pipe
Is as the maidens organ, ſhrill, and ſound,
And all is ſemblative a womans part.
I know thy conſtellation is right apt
For this affaire: ſome foure or five attend him,
All if you will: for I my ſelfe am beſt
When leaſt in company: proſper well in this,
And thou ſhalt live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. Ile doe my beſt
To wooe your Lady: yet a barrefull ſtrife,
Who ere I wooe, my ſelfe would be his wife. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Maria, and Clowne.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou haſt bin, or I will not open my lips ſo wide as a briſtle may enter, in way of thy excuſe: my lady wil hang thee for thy abſence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hang'de in this world, needs to feare no colours.

Ma. Make that good.

Clo. He ſhall ſee none to feare.

Mar. A good lenton anſwer: I can tell thee where that ſaying was borne, of I feare no colours.

Clo. Where good miſtris *Mary*?

Mar. In the warres, and that may you be bold to ſay in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wiſedome that have it: and thoſe that are fooles, let them uſe their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being ſo long abſent, or be turn'd away: is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging, prevents a bad marriage: and for turning away, let ſummer beare it out.

Mar. Your are reſolute then?

Clo. Not ſo neither, but I am reſolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one breake, the other will hold: or if both breake, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt in good faith, very apt: well goe thy way, if ſir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eves* fleſh, as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my Lady: make your excuſe wiſely, your were beſt.

Enter Lady Olivia, with Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling: thoſe wits that thinke they have thee, do very oft prove fooles: and I that am ſure I lacke thee, may paſſe for a wiſe man. For what ſayes *Quinapalus*, Better a witty foole, then a fooliſh wit. God bleſſe thee Lady.

Ol. Take the foole away.

Clo. Doe you not heare fellowes, take away the Lady.

Ol. Goe too, y'are a dry foole: Ile no more of you: beſides you grow diſ-honeſt.

Clo. Two faults Madona, that drinke and good counſell will amend: for give the dry foole drinke, then is the foole not dry: bid the diſhoneſt man mend himſelfe, if he mend, he is no longer diſhoneſt; if he cannot, let the Botcher mend him: any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: vertue that tranſgreſſes, is but patcht with ſinne, and ſin that amends, is but patcht with vertue. If that this ſimple Sillogiſme will ſerve, ſo: if it will not, what remedy?

As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, ſo beautie's a flower; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I ſay againe, take her away.

Ol. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Miſpriſion in the higheſt degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum* : that's as much to ſay, as I weare not motley in my braine: good *Madona*, give me leave to prove you a foole.

Ol. Can you doe it?

Clo. Dexteriouſly, good *Madona*.

Ol. Make your proofe.

Clo. I muſt catechize you for it *Madona*, Good my Mouſe of vertue anſwer me.

Ol. Well ſir, for want of other idleneſſe, Ile bide your proofe.

Clo. Good *Madona*, why mournſt thou?

Ol. Good foole, for my brothers death.

Clo. I thinke his ſoule is in hell, *Madona*.

Ol. I know his ſoule is in heaven, foole.

Clo. The more foole (*Madona*) to mourne for your Brothers ſoule, being in heaven. Take away the foole, Gentlemen.

Ol. What thinke you of this foole *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and ſhall doe, till the pangs of death ſhake him: Infirmity that decaies the wiſe, doth ever make the better foole.

Clo. God ſend you ſir, a ſpeedy Infirmity, for the better increaſing your folly: Sir *Toby* will be ſworne that I am no Fox, but he will not paſſe his word for twopence that you are no foole.

Ol. How ſay you to that *Malvolio*?

Mal. I marvell your Ladyſhip takes delight in ſuch a barren raſcall: I ſaw him put downe the other day, with an ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a ſtone. Looke you now, he's out of his gard already: unleſſe you laugh and miniſter occaſion to him, he is gag'd. I proteſt I take theſe Wiſemen, that crow ſo at theſe ſet kind of fooles, no better then the fooles Zanies.

Ol. O you are ſicke of ſelfe-love *Malvolio*, and taſte with a diſtemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltleſſe, and of free diſpoſition, is to take thoſe things for Bird-bolts, that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no ſlander in an allow'd foole, though he doe nothing but rayle; nor no rayling, in a knowne diſcreet man, though he doe nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leaſing, for thou ſpeak'ſt well of fooles.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much deſires to ſpeake with you.

Ol. From the Count *Orſino*, is it?

Ma. I know not (Madam) 'tis a faire young man, and well attended.

Ol. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Ma. Sir *Toby* Madam, your kinſman.

Ol. Fetch him off I pray you, he ſpeakes nothing but madman: Fye on him. Goe you *Malvolio*; If it be a ſuite from the Count, I am ſicke, or not at home. What you will, to diſmiſſe it. *Exit Malvo.*

Now you ſee ſir, how your fooling growes old, and people diſlike it.

Clo. Thou haſt ſpoke for us (*Madona*) as if thy eldeſt ſonne ſhould be a foole: whoſe ſcull, Iove cramme with braines, for heere he comes. *Enter Sir Toby.*

One of thy kin has a moſt weake *Pia-mater*.

Ol. By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the gate Coſin?

To. A Gentleman.

Ol. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

To. 'Tis a Gentleman here. A plague o'theſe pickle herring: How now Sot.

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*.

Ol. Coſin, Coſin, how have you come ſo earely by this Lethargy?

Tob. Letchery, I defie Letchery: there's one at the gate.

Ol. I marry, what is he?

To, Let him be the divell and he will, I care not: give me faith ſay I. Well, it's all one. *Exit.*

Ol. What's a drunken man like, foole?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a madman: One draught above heate, makes him a foole, the ſecond maddes him, and a third drownes him.

Ol. Goe thou and ſeeke the Crowner, and let him ſit o'my Coz: for he's in the third degree of drinke: he's drown'd: goe looke after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet *Madona*, and the foole ſhall looke to the madman.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow ſweares hee will ſpeake with you. I told him you were ſicke, he takes on him to underſtand ſo much, and therfore comes to ſpeake with you. I told him you were aſleepe, he ſeemes to have a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to ſpeake with you. What is to be ſaid to him Lady, he's fortified againſt any deniall.

Ol. Tell him, he ſhall not ſpeake with me.

Mal. Ha's beene told ſo: and he ſayes he'll ſtand at your doore like a Sheriffes poſt, and be the ſupporter to a bench, but he'll ſpeake with you.

Ol. What kind o'man is he?

Mal. Why of mankind.

Ol. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner: he'll ſpeake with you, will you, or no.

Ol, Of what perſonage, and yeeres is he?

Mal, Not yet old enough for a man, nor yong enough for a boy: as a ſquaſh is before tis a peſcod, or a Codling when tis almoſt an Apple: Tis with him in ſtanding water, betweene boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he ſpeakes very ſhrewiſhly: One would thinke his mothers milke were ſcarſe out of him.

Ol. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calls. *Exit.*

Enter Maria.

Ol. Give me my vaile: come throw it ore my face,
We'll once more heare *Orſinos* Embaſſie.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honorable Lady of the houſe, which is ſhe?

Ol. Speake to me, I ſhall anſwer for her: your will.

Vio. Moſt radiant, exquiſite, and unmatchable beauty. I pray you tell me if this be the Lady of the houſe, for I never ſaw her. I would be loath to caſt away my ſpeech: for beſides that it is excellently well pend, I have taken great paines to con it. Good Beauties, let me ſuſtaine no ſcorne; I am very comptible, even to the leaſt ſiniſter vſage.

Ol. Whence came you ſir?

Vio. I can ſay little more then I have ſtudied, and that queſtion's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modeſt aſſurance, if you be the Lady of the houſe, that

I may proceede in my ſpeech.

Ol. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No my profound heart: and yet (by the very phangs of malice, I ſweare) I am not that I play. Are you the Lady of the houſe?

Ol. If I doe not uſurpe my ſelfe, I am.

Vio. Moſt certaine, if you are ſhe, you doe uſurp your ſelfe: for what is yours to beſtow, is, not yours to reſerve. But this is from my Commiſſion: I will on with my ſpeech in your praiſe, and then ſhew you the heart of my meſſage.

Ols Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praiſe.

Vio. Alas, I tooke great paines to ſtudy it, and tis Pöeticall.

Ol. It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keepe it in. I heard you were ſawcy at my gates, and allowd your approach rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If you be not mad, be gon: if you have reaſon, be breefe: 'tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in ſo skipping a dialogue.

Ma. Will you hoyſt ſayle ſir, here lyes your way.

Vio. No good ſwabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, ſweet Lady; tell me your mind, I am a meſſenger.

Ol. Sure you have ſome hiddeous matter to deliver, when the curteſie of it is ſo fearefull. Speake your office.

Vio. It alone concernes your eare: I bring no overture of warre, no taxation of homage; I hold the Olyffe in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter.

Ol. Yet you began rudely. What are you?
What would you?

Vio. The rudeneſſe that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as ſecret as a maiden-heard: to your eares, Divinity; to any others, prophanation.

Ol. Give us the place alone.
We will heare this divinity. Now ſir, what is your text?

Vio. Moſt ſweet Lady.

Ol. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be ſaid of it. Where lyes your Text?

Vio. In *Orſinoes* boſome.

Ol. In his boſome? In what chapter of his boſome?

Vio. To anſwer by the method, in the firſt of his heart.

Ol. O, I have read it: it is hereſie. Have you no more to ſay?

Vio. Good Madam, let me ſee your face.

Ol. Have you any Commiſſion from your Lord, to negotiate with my face: you are now out of your Text: but we will draw the Curtaine, and ſhew you the picture. Looke you ſir, ſuch a one I was this preſent: Iſt not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Ol. 'Tis in graine ſir, 'twill endure winde and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whoſe red and white,
Natures owne ſweet, and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'ſt ſhe alive,
If you will leade theſe graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Ol. O ſir, I will not be ſo hard-hearted: I will give out divers ſcedules of my beauty. It ſhall be Inventoried and every particle and vtenſile labell'd to my will: As, Item two lippes indifferent red, Item two grey eyes, with lids to them: Item one necke, one chin, and ſo forth. Were you ſent hither to praiſe me?

Vio. I ſee you what you are, you are too proud:
But if you were the divell, you are faire:
My Lord, and maſter loves you: O ſuch love
Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd
The non-pareill of beauty.

Ol. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertill teares,
With groanes that thunder love, with ſighes of fire.

Ol. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot loue him
Yet I ſuppoſe him vertuous, know him noble,
Of great eſtate, of freſh and ſtainleſſe youth;
In voyces well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimenſion, and the ſhape of nature,
A gracious perſon; But yet I cannot love him:
He might haue tooke his anſwer long agoe.

Vio. If I did love you in my maſters flame,
With ſuch a ſuffring, ſuch a deadly life:
In your deniall, I would find no ſence,
I would not underſtand it.

Ol. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,
And call upon my ſoule within the houſe,
Write loyall Cantons of contemned love,
And ſing them lowd even in the dead of night:
Hollaw your name to the reverberate hilles,
And make the babling Goſſip of the ayre,
Cry out *Olivia*: O you ſhould not reſt
Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth,
But you ſhould pitty me.

Ol. You might doe much:
What is your Parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a Gentleman.

Ol. Get you to your Lord:
I cannot love him: let him ſend no more,
Vnleſſe (perchance) you come to me againe,
To tell me how he takes it; Fare you well:
I thanke you for your paines: ſpend this for me.

Vio. I am no feede-poaſt, Lady; keepe your purſe,
My Maſter, not my ſelfe, lackes recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you ſhall love.
And let your fervour like my Maſters be,
Plac'd in contempt: Farwell fayre cruelty. *Exit.*

Ol. What is your Parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a Gentleman. Ile be ſworne thou art,
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and ſpirit,
Doe give thee five-fold blazon: not too faſt: ſoft, ſoft,
Vnleſſe the Maſter were the man. How now?
Even ſo quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinkes I feele this youths perfections
With an inviſible, and ſubtle ſtealth
To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What hoa, *Malvolio.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Heere Madam, at your ſervice.

Ol. Runne after that ſame peeviſh Meſſenger
The Counts man: he left this Ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, Ile none of it.
Deſire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes, I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to morrow,
Ile give him reaſons for't: hye thee *Malvolio.*

Mal. Madam, I will. *Exit.*

Ol. I doe I know not what, and feare to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind:

Fate, ſhew thy force, our ſelves we doe not owe.
What is decreed, muſt be: and be this ſo.

Finis, Actus primi.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Antonio, and Sebaſtian.

An. Will you ſtay no longer: nor will you not that I goe with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my ſtarres ſhine darkely over me; the malignancy of my fate, might perhaps diſtemper yours, therefore I ſhall crave of you your leave, that I may beare my evills alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

An. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No ſooth ſir, my determinate voyage is meere extravagancy. But I perceive in you ſo excellent a touch of modeſty, that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to keepe in: therefore it charges me in manners, the rather to expreſſe my ſelfe: you muſt know of mee then *Antonio*, my name is *Sebaſtian* (which I call'd *Roderigo*) my father was that *Sebáſtian* of *Meſſaline*, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him, my ſelfe, and a ſiſter, both borne in an houre: if the Heavens had beene pleaſ'd, would we had ſo ended. But you ſir, alter'd that, for ſome houre before you tooke me from the breach of the ſea, was my ſiſter drown'd.

An. Alas the day!

Seb. A Lady ſir, though it was ſaid ſhe much reſembled me, was yet of many accounted beautifull: but though I could not, with ſuch eſtimable wonder over-farre beleeve that, yet thus farre I will boldly publiſh her, ſhe bore a mind that envy could not but call faire: Shee is drown'd already ſir with ſalt water, though I ſeeme to drowne her remembrance againe with more.

Ant. Pardon me ſir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your ſervant.

Seb. If you will not undoe what you have done, that is kill him, whom you have recouer'd, deſire it not. Fare ye well at once, my boſome is full of kindneſſe, and I am yet ſo neere the manners of my mother, that upon the leaſt occaſion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count *Orſino's* Court, farewell. ***Exit.***

An. The gentleneſſe of all the gods goe with thee:
I have many enemies in *Orſino's* Court,
Elſe would I very ſhortly ſee thee there:
But come what may, I doe adore thee ſo,
That danger ſhall ſeeme ſport, and I will goe: ***Exit.***

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Viola, and Malvolio, at ſeverall doores.

Mal. Were not you eu'n now, with the Counteſſe *Olivia*?

Vio. Even now ſir, on a moderate pace, I have ſince ariv'd but hither.

Mal. She returnes this Ring to you (ſir) you might have ſaved me my paines, to have taken it away your ſelfe. She adds moreover, that you ſhould put your Lord into a deſperate aſſurance, ſhe will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never ſo hardy to come againe in his affaires, unleſſe it be to report your Lords taking of this: receive it ſo.

Vio. She tooke the Ring of me, Ile none of it.

Mal. Come ſir, you peeviſhly threw it to her: and her will is, it ſhould be ſo return'd: If it be worth ſtooping for, there it lyes, in your eye: if not, be it his that finds it. ***Exit.***

Vio. I left no Ring with her: what meanes this Lady?
Fortune forbid my out-ſide have not charm'd her:
She made good view of me, indeed ſo much,
That ſure me thought her eyes had loſt her tongue,
For ſhe did ſpeake in ſtarts diſtractedly.
She loves me ſure, the cunning of her paſſion
Invites me in this churliſh meſſenger:
None of my Lords Ring? Why he ſent her none?
I am the man, if it be ſo as tis,
Poore Lady, ſhe were better love a dreame:
Diſguiſe, I ſee thou art a wickedneſſe,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How eaſie is it, for the proper falſe
In womens waxen hearts to ſet their formes:
Alas, our frailty is the cauſe, not we,
For ſuch as we are made, if ſuch we be:
How will this fadge? My maſter loves her deerely,
And I (poore monſter) fond aſmuch on him:
And ſhe (miſtaken) ſeemes to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My ſtate is deſperate for my maiſters love;
As I am woman (now alas the day)
What thriftleſſe ſighes ſhall poore *Olivia* breathe?
O time, thou muſt untangle this, not I,
It is too hard a knot for me t'unty.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Tob. Approach Sir *Andrew*: not to be a bed after midnight, is to be up betimes, and *Diliculo ſurgere*, thou know'ſt.

And. Nay by my troth I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

To. A falſe concluſion: I hate it as an unfill'd Canne, To be up after midnight, and to goe to bed then is early: ſo that to goe to bed after midnight, is to goe to bed betimes. Does not our lives conſiſt of the foure Elements?

An. Faith ſo they ſay, but I thinke it rather conſiſts of eating and drinking.

To. Th'art a ſcholler; let us therefore eate and drinke, *Marian* I ſay, a ſtoope of wine.

Enter Clowne.

And. Heere comes the foole yfaith.

Clo. How now my hearts: Did you never ſee the Picture of we three?

To. Welcome aſſe, now let's have a catch.

And. By my troth the foole has an excellent breaſt. I had rather then forty ſhillings I had ſuch a legge, and ſo ſweet a breath to ſing, as the foole has. Inſooth thou waſt in very gracious fooling laſt night, when thou ſpok'ſt of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* paſſing the Equinoctiall of *Queubus*: 'twas very good yfaith: I ſent thee ſixepence for thy Lemon, hadſt it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity: for *Malvolios* noſe is no Whip-ſtocke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Mermidons are no bottle-ale houſes.

An. Excellent: Why this is the beſt fooling, when all is done. Now a ſong.

To. Come on, there is ſixe pence for you. Let's have a ſong.

An. There's a teſtrill of me too: if one knight give a-

Clo. Would you have a love-ſong, or a ſong of good life?

To. A love ſong, a love ſong.

An. I, I. I care not for good life.

Clowne ſings.

O Miſtris mine where are you roming?
O ſtay and heare, your true loves coming,
That can ſing both high and low.
Trip no further pretty ſweeting.
Iourneys end in lovers meeting.
Every wiſe mans ſonne doth know.

An. Excellent good, ifaith.

To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love, 'tis not heereafter,*
Preſent mirth, hath preſent laughter:
What's to come, is ſtill unſure.
In delay there lyes no plenty,
Then come kiſſe me ſweet and twenty:
Youths a ſtuffe will not endure.

An. A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight.

To. A contagious breath.

An. Very ſweet, and contagious ifaith.

To. To heare by the noſe, it is dulcet in contagion. But ſhall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall we rowze the night-Owle in a Catch that will drawe three ſoules out of one Weaver? Shall we doe that?

And. And you love me, let's doo't: I am dogge at a Catch.

Clo. Byrlady ſir, and ſome dogs will catch well.

And. Moſt certaine: Let our Catch be, *Thou Knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou Knave* knight. I ſhall be conſtrain'd in't, to call thee Knave, Knight.

An. 'Tis not the firſt time I have conſtrained one to call me knave. Begin foole: it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I ſhall never begin if I hold my peace.

An. Good ifaith: Come begin. *Catch ſung.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwalling doe you keepe heere? If my Lady have not call'd up her Steward *Malvolio*, and bid him turne you out of doores, never truſt me.

To. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Malvolios* a Peg-a-ramſie, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I conſanguinious? Am I not of her blood: tilly vally. Lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.*

Clo. Beſhrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

An. I, he do's well enough if he be diſpos'd, and ſo doe I too: he does it with a better grace, but I doe it more naturall.

To. *O the twelfe day of December.*

Mar. For the love o'God peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My maſters are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honeſty, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Doe yee make an Alehouſe of my Ladies houſe, that ye ſqueak out your Coziers Catches without any mitigation or remorſe of voyce? Is there no reſpect of place, perſons, nor time in you?

To. We did keepe time ſir in our Catches. Snecke up.

Mal. *Sir Toby*, I muſt be round with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that though ſhe harbors you as her kinſman, ſhe's nothing ally'd to your diſorders. If you can ſeparate your ſelfe and your miſdemeanors, you are welcome to the houſe: if not, and it would pleaſe you to take leave of her, ſhe is very willing to bid you farewell.

To. Farewell deere heart, ſince I muſt needs be gone.

Mar. Nay good Sir *Toby*.

Clo. His eyes doe ſhew his dayes are almoſt done.

Mal. Is't even ſo?

To. But I will never dye.

Clo. Sir *Toby* there you lye.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

To *Shall I bid him goe?*

Clo. *What and if you doe?*

To. *Shall I bid him goe, and ſpare not?*

Clo. *O no, no, no, no, you dare not.*

To. Out o'tune ſir, ye lye: Art any more then a Steward? Doſt thou thinke becauſe thou art vertuous, there ſhall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Clo. Yes by S. *Anne*, and Ginger ſhall be hot y'th mouth too.

To. Th'art i'th right. Goe ſir, rub your Chaine with crums. A ſtope of Wine *Maria*.

Mal. Miſtris Mary, if you priz'd my Ladyes favour at any thing more then contempt, you would not give meanes for this uncivill rule; ſhe ſhall know of it by this hand. *Exit.*

Mar. Goe ſhake your eares.

An. 'Twere as good a deed as to drinke when a mans a hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to breake promiſe with him, and make a foole of him.

To. Doo't knight, Ile write thee a Challenge: or Ile deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night; Since the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, ſhe is much out of quiet. For Mounſieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him: If I doe not gull him into an ayword, and make him a common recreation, doe not thinke I have wit enough to lye ſtraight in my bed: I know I can doe it.

To. Poſſeſſe us, poſſeſſe us, tell us ſomething of him.

Mar. Marry ſir, ſometimes he is a kind of Puritane.

An. O, if I thought that, Ide beate him like a dogge.

To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquiſite reaſon, deere knight.

An. I have no exquiſite reaſon for't, but I have reaſon good enough.

Mar. The div'll a Puritane that he is, or any thing conſtantly but a time-pleaſer, an affection'd Aſſe, that Cons State without booke, and utters it by great ſwarths. The beſt perſwaded of himſelfe: ſo cram'd (as he thinkes) with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that looke on him, love him: and on that vice in him, will my revenge find notable cauſe to worke.

To. What wilt thou doe?

Mar. I will drop in his way ſome obſcure Epiſtles of love, wherein by the colour of his beard, the ſhape of his legge, the manner of his gate, the expreſſure of his eye, forehead, and complection, he ſhall find himſelfe moſt feelingly perſonated. I can write very like my Lady your Neece, on a forgotten matter we can hardly make diſtinction of our hands.

To. Excellent, I ſmell a device.

An. I hav't in my noſe too.

To. He ſhall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt d that they come from my Neece, and that ſhe's in love with him.

Mar. My purpoſe is indeed a horſe of that colour.

An. And your horſe now would make him an Aſſe.

Mar. Aſſe, I doubt not.

An. O twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royall I warrant you: I know my Phyſicke will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let the Foole make a third, where he ſhall find the Letter: obſerve this conſtruction of it: For this night to bed, and dreame on the event. Farewell. *Exit.*

To. Good night *Penthiſilea*.

An. Before me ſhe's a good wench.

To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

An. I was ador'd once too.

To. Let's to bed knight: Thou hadſt neede ſend for more money.

An. If I cannot recover your Neece, I am a foule way out.

To. Send for money knight, if thou haſt her not i'th end, call me Cut.

An. If I doe not, never truſt me, take it how you will.

To. Come, come, Ile goe burne ſome Sacke, tis too late to goe to bed now: Come knight, come knight.

Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Du. Give me ſome Muſicke; Now good morrow friends
Now good *Ceſario*, but that peece of ſong,
That old and Anticke ſong we heard laſt night;
Me thought it did releeve my paſſion much,
More then light ayres, and recollected termes
Of theſe moſt briſke and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verſe.

Cu. He is not here (ſo pleaſe your Lordſhip) that ſhould ſing it.

Du. Who was it?

Cur. *Feſte* the Ieſter my Lord, a foole that the Lady *Oliviaes* Father tooke much delight in. He is about the houſe.

Duk. Seeke him out, and play the tune the while.

Muſicke playes.

Come hither Boy, if ever thou ſhalt love
In the ſweet pangs of it, remember me:
For ſuch as I am, all true Lovers are,
Vnſtaid and skittiſh in all motions elſe,
Save in the conſtant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How doſt thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very eccho to the ſeate
Where love is thron'd.

Du. Thou doſt ſpeake maſterly,
My life upon't, yong though thou art, thine eye
Hath ſtaid upon ſome favour that it loves:
Hath it not boy?

Vio. A little, by your favor.

Du. What kind of woman iſt?

Vio. Of your complection.

Du. She is not worth thee then. What yeares ifaith?

Vio. About your yeares my Lord.

Du. Too old by heaven: Let ſtill the woman take
An elder then her ſelfe, ſo weares ſhe to him;
So ſwayes ſhe levell in her husbands heart:
For boy, however we doe praiſe our ſelves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirme,
More longing, wavering, ſooner loſt and worne,
Then womens are.

Vio. I thinke it well my Lord.

Du. Then let thy Love be yonger then thy ſelfe,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as Roſes, whoſe faire flowre
Being once diſplaid, doth fall that very houre.

Vio. And ſo they are: alas, that they are ſo:
To dye, even when they to perfection grow.

Enter Curio, and Clowne.

Duk. O fellow come, the ſong we had laſt night:
Marke it *Ceſario*, it is old and plaine;
The Spinſters and the Knitters in the Sun,
And the free maids that weave their thred with bones,
Doe uſe to chant it: it is ſilly ſooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready Sir?

Duk. I prethee ſing. *Muſicke.*

The Song.

Come away, come away death,
And in ſad cypreſſe let me be laid,
Fye away, fie away breath,
I am ſlaine by a faire cruell maid.
My ſhrowd of white, ſtucke all with Ew, O prepare it.
My part of death no one ſo true did ſhare it.

Not a flower, not a flower ſweet
On my blacke coffin, let there be ſtrewne:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poore corpes, where my bones ſhall be throwne:
A thouſand thouſand ſighes to ſave, lay me O where
Sad true lover never find my grave, to weepe there.

Du. There's for thy paines.

Clo. No paines ſir, I take pleaſure in ſinging ſir.

Du. Ile pay thy pleaſure then.

Clo. Truely ſir, and pleaſure will be paid one time, or another.

Duk. Give me now leave, to leave thee.

Duk. Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy mind is a very Opall. I would have men of ſuch conſtancy put to Sea, that their buſineſſe might be every thing, and their intent every where, for that's it, that alwayes makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. *Exit.*

Duk. Let all the reſt give place: Once more *Ceſario*,
Get thee to yond ſame ſoveraigne cruelty:
Tell her my love (more noble then the world)
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands,
The parts that fortune hath beſtow'd upon her,
Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:
But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of Iems
That nature prankes her in, attracts my ſoule.

Vio. But if ſhe cannot love you ſir.

Du. It cannot be ſo anſwer'd.

Vio. Sooth but you muſt.
Say that ſome Lady, as perhappes there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for *Olivia*: you cannot love her:
You tell her ſo: Muſt ſhe not then be anſwer'd?

Duk. There is no womans ſides

Can bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a paſſion,
As love doth give my heart: no womans heart
So bigge, to hold ſo much, they lacke retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the Liver, but the Pallat,
That ſuffer ſurfet, cloyment, and revolt,
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digeſt as much, make no compare
Betweene that love a woman can beare me,
And that I owe *Olivia.*

Vio. I but I know.

Du. What doſt thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
I ſhould your Lordſhip.

Duk. And what's her hiſtory?

Vio. A blanke my Lord: ſhe never told her love,
But let concealment like a worme i'th budde
Feede on her damaske cheeke: ſhe pin'd in thought,
And with a greene and yellow melancholly,
She ſate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at greefe. Was not this love indeed?
We men may ſay more, ſweare more, but indeed
Our ſhewes are more then will: for ſtill we prove
Much in our vowes, but little in our love.

Du. But di'd thy ſiſter of her love my Boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my Fathers houſe,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, ſhall I to this Lady?

Du. I that's the Theame,
To her in haſte: give her this Iewell: ſay,
Thy love can give no place, bide no denay. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy wayes Signior *Fabian.*

Fab. Nay Ile come: if I loſe a ſcruple of this ſport, let me be boyl'd to death with Melancholly.

To. Wouldſt thou not be glad to have the niggardly Raſcally ſheepe-biter, come by ſome notable ſhame?

Fa. I would exult man; you know he brought me out of favour with my Lady, about a Beare-baiting heere.

To. To anger him wee'll have the Beare againe, and we will foole him blacke and blew, ſhall we not ſir *Andrew?*

An. And we doe not, it is pitty of our lives.

Enter Maria.

To. Heere comes the little villaine: How now my Nettle of *India?*

Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree: *Malvolio's* comming downe this walke, he has beene yonder i'the Sunne practiſing behaviour to his owne ſhadow this halfe houre: obſerve him for the love of Mockery: for I know this Letter will make a contemplative Ideot of him. Cloſe in the name of jeaſting, lye thou there: for heere comes the Trowt, that muſt be caught with tickling. *Exit.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me ſhe did affect me, and I have heard her ſelfe come thus neere, that ſhould ſhe fancy, it ſhould be one of my complection. Beſides ſhe uſes me with a more exalted reſpect, then any one elſe that followes her. What ſhould I thinke on't?

To. Heere's an over-weening rogue.

Fa. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey Cocke of him, how he jets under his advanc'd plumes.

And. Slight I could ſo beate the Rogue.

To. Peace I ſay.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio.*

To. Ah Rogue.

An. Piſtoll him, piſtoll him.

To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: The Lady of the *Strachy,* married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

An. Fye on him Iezabel.

Fa. O peace, now he's deepely in: looke how imagination blowes him.

Mal. Having beene three moneths married to her, ſitting in my ſtate.

To. O for a ſtone-bow to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd Velvet gowne: having come from a day bed, where I have left *Olivia* ſleeping.

To. Fire and Brimſtone.

Fa. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humor of ſtate: and after a demure travaile of regard: telling them I know my place, as I would they ſhould doe theirs: to aske for my kinſman *Toby.*

To. Boltes and ſhackles.

Fa. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Seaven of my people with an obedient ſtart, make out for him: I frowne the while, and perchance winde up my watch, or play with my ſome rich Iewell: *Toby* approaches; curtſies there to me.

To. Shall this fellow live?

Fa. Though our ſilence be drawne from us with cares, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my familiar ſmile with an auſtere regard of controll.

To. And do's not *Toby* take you a blow o'the lippes then?

Mal. Saying, Coſine *Toby,* my Fortunes having caſt me on your Neece, give me this prerogative of ſpeech:

To. What, what?

Mal. You muſt amend your drunkenneſſe.

To. Out ſcab.

Fab. Nay patience, or we breake the ſinewes of our plot?

Mal. Beſides you waſte the treaſure of your time, with a fooliſh knight.

Aud. That's me I warrant you:

Mal. One ſir *Andrew.*

And. I knew 'twas I, for many doe call me foole.

Mal. What employment have we heere?

Fa. Now is the Woodcocke neere the gin.

To. Oh peace, and the ſpirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him,

Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: theſe be her very *C's,* her *V's,* and her *T's,* and thus makes ſhe her great *P's.* It is in contempt of queſtion her hand.

An. Her *C's,* her *V's,* and her *T's*: why that?

Mal. *To the unknowne belov'd, this, and my good Wiſhes:* Her very Phraſes: By your leave wax. Soft, and the impreſſure her *Lucrece,* with which ſhe uſes to ſeale: tis my Lady: To whom ſhould this be?

Fab. This winnes him, Liver and all.

Mal. Iove knowes I love, but who, Lips doe not moove, no man muſt know. No man muſt know. What followes? The numbers alter'd: No man muſt know,
If this ſhould be thee *Malvolio?*

To. Marry hang thee brocke.

Mal. I may command where I adore, but ſilence like a Lucreſſe knife,
With bloodleſſe ſtroke my heart doth gore, M. O. A. I. doth ſway my life.

Fa. A fuſtian riddle.

To. Excellent Wench, ſay I.

Mal. M. O. A. I. doth ſway my life. Nay but firſt let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee.

Fab. What diſh a poyſon has ſhe dreſt him?

To. And with what wing the ſtallion checkes at it?

Mal. I may command, where I adore: Why ſhe may command me: I ſerve her, ſhe is my Lady. Why this is evident to any formall capacity. There is no obſtruction in this, and the end; What ſhould that Alphabeticall poſition portend, if I could make that reſemble ſomething in me? Softly, *M. O. A. I.*

To. O I, make up that, he is now at a cold ſent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as ranke as a Fox.

Mal. M. Malvolio, M. Why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I ſay he would worke it out, the Curre is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no conſonancy in the ſequell that ſuffers under probation: *A.* ſhould follow, but *O.* does.

Fa. And *O* ſhall end, I hope.

To. I, or Ile cudgell him, and make him cry *O.*

Mal. And then *I.* comes behind.

Fab. I, and you had any eye behind you, you might ſee more detraction at your heeles, then Fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I. This ſimulation is not as the former: and yet to cruſh this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of theſe Letters are in my name. Soft, here followes proſe: *If this fall into thy hand, revolve.* In my Starres I am above thee, but be not affraid of greatneſſe: Some are become great, ſome atcheeve greatneſſe, and ſome have greatneſſe thruſt upon em. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and ſpirit embrace them, and to inure thy ſelfe to what thou art like to be: caſt thy humble ſlough, and appeare freſh. Be oppoſite with a kinſman, ſurly with ſervants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of State; put thy ſelfe into the tricke of ſingularity. Shee thus adviſes thee, that ſighes for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings, and wiſh'd to ſee thee ever croſſe garter'd: I ſay remember, goe too, thou art made if thou deſir'ſt to be ſo: If not, let me ſee thee a ſteward ſtill, the fellow of ſervants, and not worthy to touch Fortunes fingers Farwell. Shee that would alter ſervices with thee, the fortunate unhappy daylight and champian diſcovers not more: This is open, I will be proud, I will reade politicke Authors, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will waſh off groſſe acquaintance, I will be point deviſe, the very man. I doe now foole my ſelfe, to let imagination jade me; for every reaſon excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow ſtockings of late, ſhe did praiſe my legge being croſſe-garter'd, and in this ſhe manifeſts her ſelfe to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to theſe habits of her liking. I thanke my ſtarres, I am happy: I will be ſtrange, ſtout, in yellow ſtocking, and croſſe garter'd even with the ſwiftneſſe of putting on. Iove, and my ſtarres be praiſed. Heere is yet a poſtſcript. *Thou canſt not chooſe but know who I am. If thou entertainſt my love, let it appeare in thy ſmiling, thy ſmiles become thee well. Therefore in my preſence ſtill ſmile, deere my ſweet, I prethee. Iove* I thanke thee, I will ſmile, I will doe every thing that thou wilt have me. *Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this ſport for a penſion of thouſands to be paid from the Sophy.

To. I could marry this wench for this device.

An. So could I too.

To. And aske no other dowry with her, but ſuch another jeſt.

Enter Maria.

An. Nor I neither.

Fab. Heere comes my noble gull-catcher.

To. Wilt thou ſet thy foote o'my necke?

An. Or o'mine either?

To. Shall I play my fredome at tray-trip, and become thy bondſlave?

An. Ifaith, or I either?

Tob. Why, thou haſt put him in ſuch a dreame, that when the image of it leaves him, he muſt run mad.

Ma. Nay but ſay true, do's it worke upon him?

To. Like Aqua-vitæ with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then ſee the fruits of the ſport, marke his firſt approach before my Lady: he will come to her in yellow ſtockings, and 'tis a colour ſhe abhorres, and croſſe garter'd, a faſhion ſhe deteſts: and he will ſmile upon her, which will now be ſo unſuteable to her diſpoſition, being addicted to a melancholly, as ſhe is, that it cannot but turne him into a notable contempt: if you will ſee it, follow me.

To. To the gates of Tartar, thou moſt excellent divell of wit.

And. Ile make one too. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Viola, and Clowne.

Vio. Save thee Friend and thy Muſicke: doſt thou live by the Tabor?

Clo. No ſir, I live by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No ſuch matter ſir, I doe live by the Church: for, I doe live at my houſe, and my houſe doth ſtand by the Church.

Vio. So thou maiſt ſay the King lyes by a begger, if a begger dwell neer him: or the Church ſtands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor ſtand by the Church.

Clo. You have ſaid ſir: To ſee this age! A ſentence is but a chev'rill glove to a good witte, how quickely the wrong ſide may be turn'd outward.

Vio. Nay that's certaine: they that dally nicely with words, may quickely make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore my ſiſter had had no name Sir.

Vio. Why man?

Clo. Why ſir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word, might make my ſiſter wanton: But indeede, words are very Raſcals, ſince bonds diſgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reaſon man?

Clo. Troth ſir, I can yeeld you none without words, and words are growne ſo falſe, I am loath to prove reaſon with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'ſt for nothing.

Clo. Not ſo ſir, I doe care for ſomething: but in my conſcience ſir, I doe not care for you: if that be to care for nothing ſir, I would it would make you inviſible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia's* foole?

Clo. No indeed ſir, the Lady *Olivia* has no folly, ſhee will keepe no foole ſir, till ſhe be married, and fooles are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the husbands the bigger, I am indeed not her foole, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I ſaw thee late at the Count *Orſino's.*

Clo Foolery ſir, does walke about the Orbe like the Sunne, it ſhines every where. I would be ſorry ſir, but the Foole ſhould be as oft with your Maſter, as with my Miſtris: I thinke I ſaw your wiſedome there.

Vio. Nay, and thou paſſe upon mee, Ile no more with thee. Hold there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now *Iove* in his next commodity of haire, ſend thee a beard.

Vio. By my troth Ile tell thee, I am almoſt ſicke for one, though I would not have it grow on my chinne. Is thy Lady within.

Clo. Would not a paire of theſe have bred ſir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to uſe.

Clo. I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia* ſir, to bring a *Creſsida* to this *Troylus.*

Vio. I underſtand you ſir, 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter I hope is not great ſir; begging, but a begger: *Creſsida* was a begger. My Lady is within ſir. I will conſter to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would is out of my Welkin, I might ſay Element, but the word is over-worne. *Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wiſe enough to play the foole,
And to doe that well, craves a kinde of wit:
He muſt obſerve their mood on whom he jeſts,
The quality of perſons, and the time:
And like the Haggard, checke at every Feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a Wiſe-mans Art:
For folly that he wiſely ſhewes, is fit:
But Wiſe mens folly falne, quite taint their wit.

Enter ſir Toby and Andrew.

To. Save you Gentleman.

Vio. And you ſir.

And. *Dien vou guard Mounſier.*

Vio. *Et vouz anſie voſtre ſerviteure.*

And. I hope ſir, you are, and I am yours.

To. Will you encounter the houſe, my Neece is deſirous you ſhould enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Neece ſir, I meane ſhe is the liſt of my voyage.

To. Taſte your legges ſir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legges doe better underſtand me ſir, then I underſtand what you meane by bidding me taſte my legges.

To. I meane to goe ſir, to enter.

Vio. I will anſwer you with gate and entrance, but wee are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Gentlewoman.

Moſt excellent accompliſh'd Lady, the heavens raine Odours on you.

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raine Odours, well.

Vio. My matter hath no voyce Lady, but to your owne moſt pregnant and vouchſafed eare.

And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchſafed: Ile get 'em all three already.

Ol. Let the Garden doore be ſhut, and leave me to my hearing. Give me your hand ſir.

Vio. My duty Madam, and moſt humble ſervice.

Ol. What is your name?

Vio. *Ceſario* is your ſervants name, faire Princeſſe.

Ol. My ſervant ſir? 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd complement:
y'are ſervant to the Count *Orſino* (youth.)

Vio. And he is yours, and his muſt needs be yours;
your ſervants ſervant, is your ſervant Madam.

Ol. For him, I thinke not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalfe.

Ol. O by your leave I pray you.
I bad you never ſpeake againe of him;
But would you undertake another ſuite
I had rather heare you, to ſolicit that,
Then Muſicke from the ſpheares.

Vio. Deere Lady.

Ol. Give me leave, beſeech you: I did ſend,
After the laſt enchantment you did heare,
A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuſe
My ſelfe, my ſervant, and I feare me you:
Vnder your hard conſtruction muſt I ſit,
To force that on you in a ſhamefull cunning
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not ſet mine Honor at the ſtake,
And baited it with all th'unmuzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can thinke? to one of your receiuing
Enough is ſhewne, a Cipreſſe, not a boſome,
Hides my poore heart: ſo let me heare you ſpeake.

Vio. I pitty you.

Ol. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No not a grice: for tis a vulgar proofe
That very oft we pitty enemies.

Ol. Why then me thinkes 'tis time to ſmile agen:
O world, how apt the poore are to be proud?
If one ſhould be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

Clocke ſtrikes.

The clocke upbraides me with the waſte of time.
Be not affraid good youth, I will not have you;
And yet when wit and youth is come to harveſt,
Your wife is like to reape a proper man:
There lyes your way, due Weſt.

Vio. Then Weſtward hoe:
Grace and good diſpoſition attend your Ladyſhip:
You'l nothing Madame to my lord, by me:

Ol. Stay: I prethee tell me what thou thinkſt of me?

Vio. That you doe thinke you are not what you are.

Ol. If I thinke ſo, I thinke the ſame of you.

Vio. Then thinke you right: I am not what I am.

Ol. I would you were, as I would have you be.

Vio. Would it be better Madam, then I am?
I wiſh it might, for now I am your foole.

Ol. O what a deale of ſcorne, lookes beautifull?
In the contempt and anger of his lip,
A murdrous guilt ſhewes not it ſelfe more ſoone,
Then love that would ſeeme hid: Loves night, is noone.
Ceſario, by the Roſes of the Spring,
By maid-hood, honor, truth, and every thing.
I love thee ſo, that maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reaſon, can my paſſion hide:
Doe not extort thy reaſons from this clauſe,
For that I wooe, thou therefore haſt no cauſe:
But rather reaſon thus, with reaſon fetter;
Love ſought, is good: but given unſought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I ſweare, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one boſome, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor never none
Shall miſtris be of it, ſave I alone.
And ſo adieu good Madam, never more,
Will I my Maſters teares to you deplore.

Ol. Yet come againe: for thou perhaps mayſt move
That heart which now abhorres, to like his love.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, Ile not ſtay a jot longer:

Tob. Thy reaſon deere venom, give thy reaſon.

Fabia. You muſt needs yeeld your reaſon, Sir *Andrew.*

And. Marry I ſaw your Neece doe more favours to the Counts Serving-man, than ever ſhe beſtow'd upon me: I ſaw't i'th Orchard.

Tob. Did ſhe ſee the while, old boy, tell me that?

And. As plaine as I ſee you now.

Fabi. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

And. S'light; will you make an Aſſe o'me?

Fabi. I prove it legitimate ſir, upon the Oathes of judgement, and reaſon.

Tob. And they have beene grand Iury men, ſince before *Noah* was a Saylor.

Fabi. Shee did ſhew favour to the youth in your ſight, onely to exaſperate you, to awake your dormouſe valour to put fire in your Heart, and brimſtone in your Liver: you ſhould then have accoſted her, and with ſome excellent jeſts (fire-new from the mint) you ſhould have bangd the youth into dumbeneſſe: this was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time waſh off, and you are now ſaild into the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang like an yſickle on a Dutchmans beard, unleſſe you doe redeeme it, by ſome laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

And. And't be any way, it muſt be with Valour, for policy I hate: I had as liefe be a Browniſt, as a Politician.

Tob. Why then build me thy fortunes upon the baſis of valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him hurt him in eleven places, my Neece ſhall take note of it, and aſſure thy ſelfe, there is no love-Broker in the world, can more prevaile in mans commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this ſir *Andrew.*

And. Will either of you beare me a chalenge to him?

Tob. Go, write it in a martiall hand, be curſt and briefe: it is no matter how witty, ſo it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licenſe of Inke: if thou thou'ſt him ſome thrice, it ſhall not be amiſſe, and as many Lyes, as will lye in thy ſheete of paper, although the ſheete were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in England, ſet 'em downe, goe about it. Let there be gall enough in thy inke, though thou write with a Gooſe-pen, no matter: about it.

And. Where ſhall I find you?

Tob. We'll call thee at the Cubiculo: Goe

Exit Sir Andrew.

Fab. This is a deere Manakin to you Sir *Toby.*

Tob. I have beene deere to him lad, ſome two thouſand ſtrong, or ſo.

Fa. We ſhall have a rare Letter from him; but you'le not deliver't.

Tob. Never truſt me then: and by all meanes ſtirre on the youth to an anſwer. I thinke Oxen and waine-ropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd and you find ſo much blood in his Liver, as will clog the foot of a flea, Ile eate the reſt of th'anatomy.

Fab. And his oppoſite the youth beares in his viſage no great preſage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Tob. Looke where the yongeſt Wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you deſire the ſpleene, and will laugh your ſelves into ſtitches, follow me; yond gull *Malvolio* is turned Heathen, a very Renegatho; for there is no chriſtian that meanes to be ſaved by beleeving rightly, can ever beleeve ſuch impoſſible paſſages of groſſeneſſe. Hee's in yellow ſtockings.

Tob. And croſſe garter'd?

Mar. Moſt villanouſly: like a Pedant that keepes a Schoole i'th Church: I have dogg'd him like his murtherer. He does obey every point of the Letter that I dropt, to betray him: He does ſmile his face into more lynes, then is in the new Mappe, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not ſeene ſuch a thing as tis: I can hardly forbeare hurling things at him, I know my Lady will ſtrike him: if ſhe doe, he'll ſmile, and take't for a great favour.

Tob. Come bring us, bring us where he is.

Exeunt Omnes.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sbaſtian and Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you,
But ſince you make your pleaſure of your paynes,
I will no further chide you.

Anth. I could not ſtay behind you: my deſire
(More ſharpe than filed ſteele) did ſpurre me forth,
And not all love to ſee you (though ſo much
As might have drawne one to a longer voyage)
But jealouſie, what might befall your travell,
Being skilleſſe in theſe parts: which to a ſtranger,
Vnguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough, and unhoſpitable. My willing love,
The rather by theſe arguments of feare
Set forth in your purſuite.

Seb. My kind *Anthonio,*
I can no other anſwer make, but thankes,
But were my worth, as is my conſcience firme,

You ſhould find better dealing: what's to doe?
Shall we goe ſee the reliques of this Towne?
Ant. To morrow ſir, beſt firſt goe ſee your Lodging.
Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night,
I pray you let us ſatisfie our eyes
With the memorialls, and the things of fame
That doe renowne this City.
Ant. Would youl'd pardon me:
I doe not without danger walke theſe ſtreetes.
Once in a ſea-fight 'gainſt the Count his gallies,
I did ſome ſervice, of ſuch note indeed,
That were I tane heere, it would ſcarſe be anſwer'd.
Seb. Belike you ſlew great number of his people.
Ant. Th' offence is not of ſuch a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell
Might well have given us bloody argument:
It might have ſince beene anſwer'd in repaying
What we tooke from them, which for Traffiques ſake
Moſt of our Citty did. Onely my ſelfe ſtood out,
For which if I be lapſed in this place
I ſhall pay deere.
Seb. Doe not then walke too open.
Ant. It doth not fit me: hold ſir, here's my purſe.
In the South Suburbes at the Elephant
Is beſt to lodge: I will beſpeake our dyet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the Towne, there ſhall you have me.
Seb. Why I your purſe?
Ant. Haply your eye ſhall light upon ſome toy
You have deſire to purchaſe: and your ſtore
I thinke is not for idle Markets, ſir.
Seb. Ile be your purſe-bearer, and leave you
For an houre.
Ant. To th' Elephant.
Seb. I doe remember. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Olivia, and Maria.

Ol. I have ſent after him, he ſayes he'll come:
How ſhall I feaſt him? What beſtow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.
I ſpeake too loud: Where's *Malvolio*, he is ſad, and civill,
And ſuites well for a ſervant with my fortunnes,
Where is *Malvolio*?
Mar. He's comming Madam:
But in very ſtrange manner. He is ſure poſſeſt Madam.
Ol. Why what's the matter, does he rave?
Mar. No Madam, he does nothing but ſmile: your Ladyſhip were beſt to have ſome guard about you, if he come, for ſure the man is tainted in's wits.
Ol. Goe call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I am as mad as he,
If ſad and merry madneſſe equall bee.
Ol. How now *Malvolio*?
Mal. Sweet Lady, ha, ha.
Ol. Smil'ſt thou? I ſent for thee upon a ſad occaſion.
Mal. Sad Lady, I could be ſad:
This does make ſome obſtruction in the blood:
This croſſe-gartering, but what of that?
If it pleaſe the eye of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet it: Pleaſe one, and pleaſe all.
Ol. Why how doeſt thou man?
What is the matter with thee?
Mal. Not blacke in my mind, though yellow in my legges: It did come to his hands, and Commands ſhall be executed. I thinke we doe know the ſweet Romane hand.
Ol. Wilt thou goe to bed *Malvolio*?
Mal. To bed? I ſweet heart; and Ile come to thee.
Ol. God comfort thee: Why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſſe thy hand ſo oft?
Mar. How doe you *Malvolio*.
Mal. At your requeſt:
Yes Nightingales anſwer Dawes.
Mar. Why appeare you with this ridiculous boldneſſe before my Lady?
Mal. Be not afraid of greatneſſe: 'twas well writ.
Ol. What meaneſt thou by that *Malvolio*?
Mal. Some are borne great.
Ol. Ha?
Mal. Some atcheeve greatneſſe.
Ol. What ſayſt thou?
Mal. And ſome have greatneſſe thruſt upon them.
Ol. Heaven reſtore thee.
Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings.
Ol. Thy yellow ſtockings?
Mal. And wiſh'd to ſee thee croſſe garter'd.
Ol. Croſſe garter'd?
Mal. Goe too, thou art made, if thou deſir'ſt to be ſo.
Ol. Am I made?
Mal. If not, let me ſee thee a ſervant ſtill.
Ol. Why this is very Midſommer madneſſe.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the yong Gentleman of the Count *Orſino's* is return'd, I could hardly entreate him backe: he attends your Ladyſhips pleaſure.
Ol. Ile come to him.
Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my Coſin *Toby*, let ſome of my people have a ſpeciall care of him, I would not have him miſcarry for the halfe of my Dowry. *Exit.*
Mal. Oh, ho, doe you come neere me now: no worſe man then ſir *Toby* to looke to me. This concurres directly with the Letter, ſhe ſends him on purpoſe, that I may appeare ſtubborne to him: for ſhe incites me to that in the Letter. Caſt thy humble ſlough ſayes ſhe: be oppoſite with a Kinſman, ſurly with ſervants, let thy tongue tang with arguments of ſtate, put thy ſelfe into the tricke of ſingularity: and conſequently ſets downe the manner how: as a ſad face, a reverend carriage, a ſlow tongue, in the habite of ſome Sir of note, and ſo forth. I have lymde her, but it is *Ioves* doing, and *Iove* make me thankefull. And when ſhe went away now, let this Fellow be look'd to: Fellow? not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why every thing adheres together, that no dramme of a ſcruple, no ſcruple of a ſcruple, no obſtacle, no incredulous or unſafe circumſtance: What can be ſaid? Nothing that can be, can come betweene me, and the full proſpect of my hopes. Well *Iove*, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

To. Which way is he in the name of ſanctity? If all the divels of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himſelfe poſſeſt him, yet Ile ſpeake to him.

Fab. Heere he is, heere he is: how iſt with you ſir? How iſt with you man?

Mal. Goe off, I diſcard you: let me enjoy my private: goe off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend ſpeakes within him; did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prayes you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does ſhe ſo?

To. Goe to, goe to: peace, peace, we muſt deale gently with him: Let me alone. How doe you *Malvolio*? How iſt with you? What man, defie the divell: conſider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Doe you know what you ſay?

Mar. La you, and you ſpeake ill of the divell, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th'wiſe woman.

Mar. Marry and it ſhall be done to morrow morning if I live. My Lady would not looſe him for more then ile ſay.

Mal. How now miſtris?

Mar. Oh Lord.

To. Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way: Doe you not ſee you move him? Let me alone with him.

Fa. No way but gentleneſſe, gently, gently: the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

To. Why how now my bawcocke? how doſt thou chucke?

Mal. Sir.

To. I biddy, come with me. What man, tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with ſathan. Hang him foule Colliar.

Mar. Get him to ſay his prayers, good ſir *Toby* get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers Minx.

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not heare of godlyneſſe.

Mal. Goe hang your ſelves all: you are idle ſhallow things, I am not of your element, you ſhall know more hereafter. *Exit.*

To. Iſt poſſible?

Fab. If this were plaid upon a ſtage now, I could condemne it as an improbable fiction.

To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device man.

Mar. Nay purſue him now, leaſt the device take ayre, and taint.

Fa. Why we ſhall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The houſe well be the quieter.

To. Come, we'l have him in a darke roome and bound. My Neece is already in the beleife that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleaſure, and his pennance, till our very paſtime tyred out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we wil bring the device to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen: but ſee, but ſee.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fa. More matter for a May morning.

And. Heere's the Challenge, reade it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Iſt ſo ſawcy?

And. I, iſt? I warrant him: doe but reade.

To. Give me.

Youth, whatſoever thou art, thou art but a ſcurvy fellow.

Fa. Good and valiant.

To. *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy minde why I doe call thee ſo, for I will ſhew thee no reaſon for't.*

Fa. A good note, that keepes you from the blow of the Law.

To. *Thou comſt to the Lady Olivia, and in my ſight ſhe uſes thee kindly: but thou lyeſt in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fa. Very breefe, and to exceeding good ſence-leſſe.

To. *I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me.*

Fa. Good.

To. *Thou kilſt me like a rogue and a villaine.*

Fa. Still you keepe o'th windie ſide of the Law: good.

To. *Fartheewell, and God have mercie upon one of our ſoules. He may have mercie upon mine, but my hope is better, and ſo looke to thy ſelfe. Thy friend as thou uſeſt him, and thy ſworne enemy,* Andrew Ague-cheeke.

To. If this Letter move him not, his legges cannot: Ile giv't him.

Mar. You may have verie fit occaſion for't: hee is now in ſome commerce with my Lady, and will by and by depart.

To. Go ſir *Andrew*: ſcout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Baily: ſo ſoone as ever thou ſeeſt him, draw, and as thou draw'ſt ſweare horribly: for it comes to paſſe oft, that a terrible oath, with a ſwaggering accent ſharpely twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation, then ever proofe it ſelfe would have earn'd him. Away.

And. Nay let me alone for ſwearing. *Exit.*

To. Now will not I deliuer his Letter: for the behaviour of the yong Gentleman, gives him out to be of good capacity, and breeding: his employment betweene his Lord and my Neice, confirmes no leſſe. Therefore, this Letter being ſo excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole. But ſir, I will deliver his Challenge by word of mouth; ſet upon *Ague-cheeke* a notable report of valor, and drive the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a moſt hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and impetuoſity. This will ſo fright them both, that they wil kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

F. Heere he comes with your Neice, give them way til he take leave, and preſently after him.

To. I wil meditate the while upon ſome horrid meſſage for a Challenge. *Exeunt.*

Ol. I have ſaid too much unto a heart of ſtone,
And laid mine honour too vnchary on't:
There's ſomething in me that reproves my fault:
But ſuch a head-ſtrong potent fault it is:
That it but mockes reproofe.

Vio. With the ſame haviour that your paſſion beares,
Goes on my Maiſters greefes.

Ol. Heere, weare this Iewell for me, tis my picture:
Refuſe it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you:
And I beſeech you come againe to morrow.
What ſhall you aske of me that Ile deny,
That honour (ſav'd) may upon asking give.

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my maiſter.

Ol. How with mine honor may I give him that,
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Ol. Well, come againe to morrow: fare-thee-well,
A Fiend like thee might beare my ſoule to hell. *Exit.*

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God ſave thee.

Vio. And you ſir.

To. That defence thou haſt, betake thee too't: of what nature the wrongs are thou haſt done him, I know not: but thy intercepter full of deſpight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard end: diſmount thy tucke, be yare in thy preparation, for thy aſſaylant is quicke, ſkillfull, and deadly.

Vio. You miſtake ſir I am ſure, no man hath any quarrell to me: my remembrance is very free and cleere from any image of offence done to any man.

To. You'l find it otherwiſe I aſſure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard: for your oppoſite hath in him what youth, ſtrength, ſkill, and wrath, can furniſh man withall.

Vio. I pray you ſir what is he?

To. He is knight dubb'd with unhatch'd Rapier, and on carpet conſideration, but he is a divell in private brall, ſoules and bodies hath he divorc'd three, and his incenſement at this moment is ſo implacable, that ſatisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and ſepulcher: Hob, nob, is his word: giv't or take't.

Vio. I will returne againe into the houſe, and deſire ſome conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I have heard of ſome kind of men, that put quarrells purpoſely on others, to taſte their valour: belike this is a man of that quirke.

To. Sir, no: his indignation derives it ſelfe out of a very computent injury, therefore get you on, and give him his deſire. Backe you ſhall not to the houſe, unleſſe you undertake that with me, which with as much ſafety you might anſwer him: therefore on, or ſtrippe your ſword ſtarke naked: for meddle you muſt that's certaine, or forſweare to weare iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivill as ſtrange. I beſeech you doe me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is ſomething of my negligence, nothing of my purpoſe.

To. I will doe ſo. Signiour *Fabian*, ſtay you by this Gentleman, till my returne, *Exit Toby.*

Vio. Pray you ſir, doe you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incenſt againſt you, even to a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumſtance more.

Vio. I beſeech you what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderfull promiſe to read him by his forme, as you are like to find him in the proofe of his valour. He is indeed ſir, the moſt ſkillfull, bloudy, and fatall oppoſite that you could poſſibly have found in any part of Illyria: will you walke towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I ſhall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather goe with ſir Prieſt, then ſir knight: I care not who knowes ſo much of my mettle. *Exeunt.*

Enter Toby, and Andrew.

Tob. Why man he's a very divell, I have not ſeene ſuch a firago: I had a paſſe with him, rapier, ſcabber'd, and all: and he gives me the ſtucke in with ſuch a mortall motion that it is ineuitable: and on the anſwer, he payes your as ſurely, as your feete hits the ground they ſtep on. They ſay, he has beene Fencer to the Sophy.

And. Pox on't, ile not meddle with him.

To. I but he will not now be pacified,
Fabian can ſcarſe hold him yonder.

An. Plague on't, and I thought he had beene valiant, and ſo cunning in Fence, I'de have ſeene him damn'd ere I'de have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter ſlip, and Ile give him my horſe, gray Capilet.

Tob. Ile make the motion: ſtand heere, make a good ſhew on't, this ſhall end without the perdition of ſoules, marry Ile ride your horſe as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian, and Viola.

I have his horſe to take up the quarrell, I have perſwaded him the youths a divell.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him: and pants, and lookes pale, as if a Beare were at his heeles.

To. There's no remedy ſir, he will fight with you for's oath ſake: marry he hath better bethought him of his quarrell, and he finds that now ſcarſe to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the ſupportance of his vow, he proteſts he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend mee: a little thing would make me tell them how much I lacke of a man.

Fab. Give ground if you ſee him furious.

To. Come ſir *Andrew*, there's no remedy, the Gentleman will for his honors ſake have one bout with you: he cannot by the Duello avoid it: but he has promiſed me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt you. Come on, too't.

And. Pray God he keepe his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I doe aſſure you tis againſt my will.

Ant. Put up your ſword: if this yong Gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defie you.

Tob. You ſir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One ſir, that for his love dares yet doe more
Then you have heard him brag to you he will.

Tob. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good ſir *Toby* hold: heere come the Officers.

Tob. Ile be with you anon.

Vio. Pray ſir, put your ſword up if you pleaſe.

And. Marry will I ſir: and for that I promis'd you Ile be as good as my word. He will beare you eaſily, and raines well.

1. Off. This is the man, doe thy Office.

2. Off. *Anthonio*, I arreſt thee at the ſuit of Count *Orſino*.

Ant. You doe miſtake me ſir.

1. Off. No ſir, no jot: I know your favour well:
Though now you have no ſea-cap on your head:
Take him away, he knowes I know him well.

Ant. I muſt obey. This comes with ſeeking you:
But there's no remedy, I ſhall anſwer it:
What will you doe? now my neceſſity
Makes me to aske you for my purſe. It greeves me
Much more, for what I cannot doe for you,
Then what befals my ſelfe: you ſtand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

2. Off. Come ſir away.

Ant. I muſt entreat of you ſome of that money.

Vio. What money ſir?
For the faire kindneſſe you have ſhew'd me here,
And part being prompted by your preſent trouble,
Out of my leane and low ability
Ile lend you ſomething: my having is not much,
Ile make diviſion of my preſent with you:
Hold, there's halfe my Coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now,
Iſt poſſible that my deſerts to you
Can lacke perſwaſion? Doe not tempt my miſery,
Leaſt that it make me ſo unſound a man
As to upbraid you with thoſe kindneſſes

That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none.
Nor know I you by voyce, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Then lying, vainneſſe, babling drunkenneſſe,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabites our fraile blood.

Ant. Oh heavens themſelves!

2. *Off.* Come ſir, I pray you goe.

Ant. Let me ſpeake a little. This youth that you ſee
I ſnatch'd one halfe out of the jawes of death, (heere;
Releev'd him with ſuch ſanctity of love;
And to his image, which me thought did promiſe
Moſt venerable worth, did I devotion.

1. *Off.* What's that to us, the time goes by: Away.

Ant. But oh, how vilde an idoll proves this god:
Thou haſt *Sebaſtian* done good feature, ſhame,
In Nature, there's no blemiſh but the mind:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind.
Vertue is beauty, but the beateous evill
Are empty trunkes, ore-flouriſh'd by the devill.

1. *Off.* The man growes mad, away with him:
Come, come ſir.

Ant. Leade me on. *Exit.*

Vio. Me thinkes his words doe from ſuch paſſion flye
That he beleeves himſelfe, ſo doe not I:
Prove true imagination, oh prove true,
That I deere brother, be now tane for you.

To. Come hither Knight, come hither *Fabian*: Well whiſper ore a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſawes.

Vio. He nam'd *Sebaſtian*: I my brother know
Yet living in my glaſſe: even ſuch, and ſo
In favour was my Brother, and he went
Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh if it prove,
Tempeſts are kind, and ſalt waves freſh in love. *Exit.*

Tob. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward then a Hare, his diſhoneſty appeares, in leaving his friend heere in neceſſity, and denying him: and for his cowardſhip aske *Fabian*.

Fab. A Coward, a moſt devout Coward, religious in it.

And. Slid Ile after him againe, and beate him.

To. Doe, cuffe him ſoundly, but never draw thy ſword

And. And I doe not.

Fab. Come, let's ſee the event.

Tob. I dare lay any mony, twill be nothing yet. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Sebaſtian, and Clowne.

Clo. Will you make me beleeve, that I am not ſent for you?

Seb. Goe to, goe to, thou art a fooliſh fellow,
Let me be cleere of thee.

Clo. Well held out yfaith: No, I doe not know you, nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come ſpeake with her: nor your name is not Maſter *Ceſario*, nor this is not my noſe neither: Nothing that is ſo, is ſo.

Seb. I prethee vent thy folly ſome-where elſe, thou know'ſt not me.

Clow. Vent my folly: He has heard that word of ſome great man, and now applyes it to a foole. Vent my folly: I am affraid this great lubber the World will prove a Cockney: I prethee now ungird thy ſtrangenes, and tell me what I ſhall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to her that that art comming?

Seb. I prethee fooliſh greeke depart from me, there's money for thee, if you tarry longer, I ſhall give worſe paiment.

Clo. By my troth thou haſt an open hand: theſe Wiſemen that give fooles money, get themſelves a good report, after fourteene yeares purchaſe.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

And. Now ſir, have I met you againe: there's for you.

Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there,
Are all the people mad?

To. Hold ſir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the houſe.

Clo. This will I tell my Lady ſtraight, I would not be in ſome of your coats for two pence.

To. Come on ſir, hold.

And. Nay let him alone, Ile goe another way to worke with him: Ile have an action of Battery againſt him, if there he any law in Illyria: though I ſtroke him firſt, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let goe thy hand.

Tob. Come ſir, I will not let you go. Come my yong ſouldier put up your yron: you are well fleſh'd: Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldſt thou now?
If thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword.

To. What, what? Nay then I muſt have an Ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Ol. Hold *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee hold.

Tob. Madam.

Ol. Will it be ever thus? Vngracious wretch,
Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caves,
Where manners ne're were preach'd: out of my ſight.
Be not offended, deere *Ceſario*:
Rudesbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend,
Let thy faire wiſedome, not thy paſſion ſway
In this uncivill, and unjuſt extent
Againſt thy peace. Goe with me to my houſe,
And heare thou there how many fruitleſſe prankes
This Ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Maiſt ſmile at this: Thou ſhalt not choose but goe:
Doe not deny, beſhrew his ſoule for me,
He ſtarted one poore heart of mine, in thee.

Seb. What relliſh is in this? How runs the ſtreame?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dreame:
Let fancy ſtill my ſenſe in Lethe ſteepe,
If it be thus to dreame, ſtill let me ſleepe.

Ol. Nay come I prethee, would thoud'ſt be rul'd by me.

Seb. Madam, I will.

Ol. O ſay ſo, and ſo be. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Maria, and Clowne.

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this gowne, and this beard, make him beleeve thou art ſir *Topas* the Curate, doe it quickly. Ile call ſir *Toby* the whilſt.

Clo. Well, Ile put it on, and I will diſſemble my ſelfe in't, and I would I were the firſt that ever diſſembled in ſuch a Gowne. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor leane enough to be thought a good Student: but to be ſaid an honeſt man, and a good Houſekeeper goes as fairely, as to ſay, a carefull man, and a great Scholler. The Competitors enter.

Enter Tobie.

To. *Iove* bleſſe thee M. Parſon.

Clo. *Bonos dies* ſir *Tobie*: for as the old Hermit of *Prage*, that never ſaw Pen and Inke, very wittily ſaid to a Neece of King *Gorbodacke*, that that is, is: ſo I being M. Parſon, am M. Parſon; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To. To him ſir *Topas*.

Clow. What hoa, I ſay, Peace in this priſon.

To. The Knave counterfeits well: a good Knave.

Malvolio within.

Mal. Who cals there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the Curate, who comes to viſite *Malvolio* the Lunaticke.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, ſir *Topas*, good ſir *Topas* goe to my Ladie.

Clo. Out hyperbolicall fiend, how vexeſt thou this man? Talkeſt thou nothing but of Ladies?

Tob. Well ſaid M. Parſon.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wronged, good ſir *Topas* doe not thinke I am mad: they have layde mee heere in hideous darkneſſe.

Clo. Fye, thou diſhoneſt Sathan: I call thee by the moſt modeſt termes, for I am one of thoſe gentle ones, that will uſe the Divell himſelfe with curteſie: ſayſt thou that houſe is darke?

Mal. As hell ſir *Topas*.

Clo. Why it hath bay Windowes tranſparant as Baricadoes, and the cleare ſtones toward the South North, are as luſtrous as Ebony: and yet complaineſt thou of obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad ſir *Topas*, I ſay to you this houſe is darke,

Clo. Madman thou erreſt: I ſay there is no darkneſſe but ignorance, in which thou art more puzell'd then the Ægyptians in their fogge.

Mal. I ſay this houſe is as darke as ignorance, though Ignorance were as darke as hell; and I ſay there was never man thus abus'd, I am no more madde than you are, make the triall of it in any conſtant queſtion.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras*, concerning Wilde-fowle?

Mal. That the ſoule of our Grandam, might happily inhabite a Bird.

Clo. What think'ſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I thinke nobly of the ſoule, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remaine thou ſtill in darkeneſſe, thou ſhalt hold th'opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits, and feare to kill a Woodcocke, leſt thou diſpoſſeſſe the houſe of thy Grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, ſir *Topas*.

To. My moſt exquiſite ſir *Topas*.

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightſt have done this without thy beard and gowne, he ſees thee not.

Tob. To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word, how thou findſt him: I would wee were all rid of this knavery. If hee may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now ſo farre in offence with my Neece, that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport the upſhot. Come by and by to my Chamber. *Exit.*

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. My Lady is unkinde, *perdie*.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. Alas why is ſhe ſo.

Mal. Foole, I ſay.

Clo. She loves another. Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good Foole, as ever thou wilt deſerve well at my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and Pen, Inke, and Paper: as I am a Gentleman, I will live to bee thankefull to thee for't.

Clo. M. *Malvolio*?

Mal. I good Foole.

Clo. Alas ſir, how fell you beſides your five wits?

Mal. Foole, there was never man ſo notoriouſly abus'd: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

Clo. But as well: then you are mad indeed, if you bee no better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They have here propertied me: keepe mee in darkeneſſe, ſend Miniſters to mee, Aſſes, and doe all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Adviſe you what you ſay: the Miniſter is here. *Malvolio, Malvolio*, thy wits the heavens reſtore: endevour thy ſelfe to ſleepe, and leave thy vaine bibble babble.

Mal. Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Maintaine no words with him good fellow. Who I ſir, not I ſir. God buy you good ſir *Topas*: Marry Amen. I will ſir, I will ſir.

Mal. Foole, foole, foole I ſay.

Clo. Alas ſir be patient. What ſay you ſir, I am ſhent for ſpeaking to you.

Mal. Good foole helpe me to ſome light, and ſome Paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria,

Clo: Well-a-day, that you were ſir.

Mal: By this hand I am: good foole, ſome Inke, Paper, and Light: and convey what I will ſet downe to my Lady: it ſhall advantage thee more, then ever the bearing of Letter did.

Clo. I will helpe you too't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or doe you but counterfeit?

Mal. Beleeve me, I am not, I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, Ile ne're beleeve a madman till I ſee his braines, I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.

Mal. Foole, Ile requite it in the higheſt degree: I prethee be gone.

Clo. I am gone ſir, and anon ſir,
Ile be with you againe:
In a trice, like to the old vice,
your neede to ſuſtaine.
Who with Dagger of Lath, in his rage and his wrath,
cryes ah ha, to the Divell:
Like a mad lad, paire thy nayles Dad,
Adieu good man Divell. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sebaſtian.

Seb. This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,
This Pearle ſhe gave me, I doe fee'l it, and ſee't,
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet 'tis not madneſſe. Where's *Anthonio* then?
I could not finde him at the Elephant,
Yet there he was, and there I found this credite,
That he did range the Towne to ſeeke me out,
His counſell now might doe me golden ſervice,
For though my ſoule diſputes well with my ſenſe,
That this may be ſome error, but no madneſſe,
Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,
So farre exceed all inſtance, all diſcourſe,
That I am ready to diſtruſt mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reaſon that perſwades me
To any other truſt, but that I am mad,
Or elſe the Ladies mad; yet if 'twere ſo,
She could not ſway her houſe, command her followers,
Take, and give backe affaires, and their diſpatch,
With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable-bearing
As I perceive ſhe do's: there's ſomething in't
That is deceiveable. But here the Lady comes.

Enter Olivia, and Prieſt.

Ol. Blame not this haſte of mine: if you meane well
Now goe with me, and with this holy-man
Into the Chantry by: there before him,
And underneath that conſecrated roofe,
Plight me the full aſſurance of your faith,
That my moſt jealous, and too doubtfull ſoule
May live at Peace. He ſhall conceale it,
Whiles you are willing it ſhall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keepe
According to my birth, what doe you ſay?

Seb. Ile follow this good man, and goe with you,
And having ſworne truth, ever will be true.

Ol. Then lead the way good father, and heavens ſo ſhine,
That they may fairely note this act of mine. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Clowne and Fabian.

Fab. Now as thou lov'ſt me, let me ſee this Letter.

Clow. Good M. *Fabian* grant me another requeſt.

Fab. Any thing.

Clow. Doe not deſire to ſee this Letter.

Fab. This is to give a Dog, and in recompence deſire my dogge againe.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady *Olivia*, friends?

Clow. I ſir, we are ſome of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how doeſt thou my good Fellow?

Clo. Truely ſir, the better for my foes, and the worſe for my friends.

Du. Iuſt the contrary: the better for thy friends.

Clo. No ſir, the worſe.

Du. How can that be?

Clo. Marry ſir, they praiſe me, and make an Aſſe of me, now my foes tell me plainely, I am an Aſſe: ſo that by my foes ſir, I profit in the knowledge of my ſelfe, and by my friends I am abuſed: ſo that concluſions to be as kiſſes, if your foure negatives make your two affirmatives, why then the worſe for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Du. Why this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth ſir, no: though it pleaſe you to bee one of my friends.

Du. Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double dealing ſir, I would you could make it another.

Du. O you give me ill counſell.

Clo. Put your Grace in your pocket ſir, for this once, and let your fleſh and blood obey it.

Du. Well, I will be ſo much a ſinner to be a double dealer: there's another.

Clo. *Primo, ſecundo, tertio,* is a good Play, and the olde ſaying is, the third Payes for all: the triplex ſir, is a good tripping meaſure, or the bels of S. *Bennet* ſir, may put you in minde, one, two, three.

Du. You can foole no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to ſpeake with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry ſir, lullaby to your bounty till I come agen. I goe ſir, but I would not have you to thinke, that my deſire of having is the ſinne of covetouſneſſe: but as you ſay ſir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. *Exit.*

Enter Anthonio and Officers.

Vio. Heere comes the man ſir, that did reſcue me.

Du. That face of his I doe remember well,
Yet when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd
As blacke as Vulcan, in the ſmoake of Warre:
A bawbling Veſſell was he Captain of,
For ſhallow draught and Bulke unprizable,
With which ſuch ſcathfull grapple did he make,
With the moſt noble bottome of our Fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loſſe
Cride' fame and honour on him: What's the matter?

1 Offi. *Orſino*, this is that *Anthonio*
That tooke the *Phœnix*, and her fraught from *Candy*,
And this is he that did the *Tiger* boord,
When your yong Nephew *Titus* loſt his legge;
Heere in the ſtreets, deſperate of ſhame and ſtate,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindneſſe ſir, drew on my ſide,
But in concluſion put ſtrange ſpeech upon me,
I know not what 't was, but diſtraction.

Du. Notable Pyrate, thou ſalt-water Theefe,
What fooliſh boldneſſe brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in termes ſo bloudy, and ſo deere
Haſt made thine enemies?

Ant. *Orſino*: Noble ſir,
Be pleas'd that I ſhake off theſe names you give mee:
Anthonio never yet was Theefe, or Pyrate,
Though I confeſſe, on baſe and ground enough
Orſino's enemie. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That moſt ingratefull Boy there by your ſide,
From the rude ſeas enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeeme: a wracke paſt hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto adde
My love without retention, or reſtraint,
All this in dedication. For his ſake,
Did I expoſe my ſelfe (pure for his love)
Into the danger of this adverſe Towne,
Drew to defend him, when he was beſet:
Where being apprehended, his falſe cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And grew a twenty yeeres removed thing,
While one would winke: denide me mine owne purſe,
Which I had recommended to his uſe,
Not halfe an houre before.
Vio. How can this be?
Du. When came he to this Towne?
Ant. To day my Lord: and for three monthes before,
No *interim*, not a minutes vacancie,
Both day and night did we keepe company.

Enter Olivia and attendants.

Du. Heere comes the Counteſſe, now heaven walkes on earth:
But for thee fellow; fellow thy words are madneſſe,
Three monthes this youth hath tended upon me,
But more of that anon. Take him aſide.
Ol. What would my Lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein *Olivia* may ſeeme ſerviceable?
Ceſario, you doe not keepe promiſe with me.
Vio. Madam.
Du. Gracious *Olivia*.
Ol. What doe you ſay *Ceſario*? Good my Lord.
Vio. My Lord would ſpeake, my dutie huſhes me.
Ol. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,
It is as fat and fulſome to mine eare
As howling after Muſicke.
Du. Still ſo cruell?
Ol. Still ſo conſtant Lord.
Du. What to perverſeneſſe? you uncivill Lady
To whoſe ingrate, and unauſpicious Altars
My ſoule the faithfull'ſt offerings have breath'd out
That ere devotion tender'd. What ſhall I doe?
Ol. Even what it pleaſe my Lord, that ſhall become (him.
Du. Why ſhould I not, (had I the heart to doe it)
Like to the Ægyptian Theefe, at point of death
Kill what I love: (a ſavage jealouſie,
That ſometime ſavours nobly) but heare me this:
Since you to non-regardance caſt my faith,
And that I partly know the inſtrument
That ſcrewes me from my true place in your favour:
Live you the Marble-breſted Tyrant ſtill.
But this your Minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I ſweare, I tender deerely,
Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,
Where he ſits crowned in his Maſters ſpight.
Come Boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in miſchiefe:
Ile ſacrifice the Lambe that I doe love,
To ſpight a Ravens heart within a Dove.
Vio. And I moſt jocond, apt, and willingly,
To doe you reſt, a thouſand deathes would die.
Ol. Where goes *Ceſario*?
Vio. After him I love,
More then I love theſe eyes, more then my life,
More by all mores, then ere I ſhall love wife.
If I doe feigne, you witneſſes above
Puniſh my life, for tainting of my Love.
Ol. Aye me deteſted, how am I beguil'd?
Vir. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Ol. Haſt thou forgot thy ſelfe? Is it ſo long?
Call forth the holy Father.
Du. Come, away.
Ol. Whither my Lord? *Ceſario*, Husband, ſtay.
Du. Husband?
Ol. I Husband. Can he that deny?
Du. Her husband, ſirrah?
Vio. No my Lord, not I.
Ol. Alas, it is the baſeneſſe of thy feare,
That makes thee ſtrangle thy propriety:
Feare not *Ceſario*, take thy fortunes up,
Be that thou know'ſt thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'ſt.

Enter Prieſt.

O welcome Father:
Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keepe in darkeneſſe, what occaſion now
Reveales before 'tis ripe: what thou doeſt know
Hath newly paſt, betweene this youth, and me.
Prieſt. A Contract of eternall bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutuall joynder of your hands,
Atteſted by the holy cloſe of lippes,
Strengthened by enterchangement of your Rings,
And all the Ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my teſtimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travail'd but two houres.
Du. O thou diſſembling Cub: what wilt thou be
When time hath ſow'd a grizzle on thy caſe?
Or will not elſe thy craft ſo quickly grow,
That thine owne trip ſhall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feet,
Where thou, and I (henceforth) may never meet.
Vio. My Lord, I doe proteſt.
Ol. O doe not ſweare,
How little faith, though thou haſt too much feare.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. For the love of God a Surgeon, ſend one preſently to ſir *Toby*.

Ol. What's the matter?

And. H'as broke my head a-croſſe, and has given Sir *Toby* a bloody Coxecombe to: for the love of God your helpe, I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Ol. Who has done this Sir *Andrew*?

And. The Counts Gentleman, one *Ceſario*: wee tooke him for a Coward, but he's the very Divell incardinate.

Du. My Gentleman *Ceſario*?

And. Odd's lifelings here he is: you broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was ſet on to doo't by ſir *Toby*.

Vio. Why doe you ſpeake to me, I never hurt you:
You drew your ſword upon me without cauſe,
But I beſpake you faire, and hurt you not.

Enter Toby and Clowne.

And. If a bloody Coxecombe be a hurt, you have hurt me: I thinke you ſet nothing by a bloody Coxecombe, Heere comes ſir *Toby* halting, you ſhall heare more: but if he had not beene in drinke, hee would have tickel'd you other gates then he did.

Du. How now Gentleman? how iſt with you?

To. That's all one, has hurt me, and there's th'end on't. Sot, didſt ſee Dicke Surgeon ſot?

Clo. O he's drunke ſir above an houre agone: his eyes were ſet at eight i'th morning.

To. Then he's a Rogue after a paſſy meaſures Pavin: I hate a drunken Rogue.

Ol. Away with him? Who hath made this havocke with them?

And. Ile helpe you Sir *Toby*, becauſe we'll be dreſt together.

To. Will you helpe an Aſſe-head, and a Coxecombe, and a Knave: a thinne-fac'd Knave, a Gull?

Ol. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter Sebaſtian.

Seb. I am ſorry Madam I have hurt your kinſman:
But had it beene the brother of my blood,
I muſt have done no leſſe with wit and ſafety.
You throw a ſtrange regard upon me, and by that
I doe perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me (ſweet one) even for the vowes
We made each other, but ſo late agoe.

Du. One face, one voyce, one habit, and two perſons,
A naturall Perſpective, that is, and is not.

Seb. *Anthonio*, O my deare *Anthonio*!
How have the houres rack'd, and tortu'rd me,
Since I have loſt thee?

Ant. *Sebaſtian* are you?

Seb. Fear'ſt thou that *Anthonio*?

Ant. How have you made diviſion of your ſelfe,
An Apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Then theſe two creatures. Which is *Sebaſtian*?

Ol. Moſt wonderfull.

Seb. Doe I ſtand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be a Deity in my nature
Of here, and every where. I had a ſiſter,
Whom the blinde waves and ſurges have devour'd:
Of charity, what kinne are you to me?
What Countreyman? What name? What Parentage?

Vio. Of *Meſſaline*: *Sebaſtian* was my Father,
Such a *Sebaſtian* was my brother to:
So went he ſuited to his watery tombe:
If ſpirits can aſſume both forme and ſuite,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A ſpirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimenſion groſly clad,
Which from the Wombe I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the reſt goe even,
I ſhould my teares let fall upon your cheeke,
And ſay, thrice welcome drowned *Viola*.

Vio. My Father had a Moale upon his brow.

Seb. And ſo had mine.

Vio. And di'd that day when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteene yeeres.

Seb. O that record is lively in my ſoule,
He finiſhed indeed his mortall acte
That day that made my ſiſter thirteene yeares.

Vio. If nothing lets to make vs happy both,
But this my maſculine uſurp'd attyre:
Doe not embrace me, till each circumſtance,
Of place, time, fortune, doe co-here and jumpe
That I am *Viola*, which to confirme,
Ile bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,
Where lye my Maiden weeds: by whoſe gentle helpe,
I was preſerv'd to ſerve this noble Count:
All the occurrence of my fortune ſince
Hath been between this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it Lady, you have beene miſtooke:
But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have beene contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a Maid and man.

Du. Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood:
If this be ſo, as yet the glaſſe ſeemes true,
I ſhall have ſhare in this moſt happy wracke.
Boy, thou haſt ſaid to me a thouſand times,
Thou never ſhoulſt love woman like to me.

Vio. And all thoſe ſayings, will I over-ſweare,
And all thoſe ſwearings keepe as true in ſoule,
As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,
That ſevers day from night.

Du. Give me thy hand,
And let me ſee thee in thy womans weeds.

Vio. The Captaine that did bring me firſt on ſhore,
Hath my Maides garments: he upon ſome Action
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio's* ſuite,
A Gentleman and follower of my Ladies.

Ol. He ſhall enlarge him: fetch *Malvolio* hither,
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They ſay, poore Gentleman, he's much diſtract.

Enter the Clowne with a Letter, and Fabian.

A moſt exacting frenzie of mine owne,
From my remembrance, clearely baniſh his.
How does he ſirrah?

Clo. Truely Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the ſtaves end as well as a man in his caſe may doe: has heere wri a letter to you, I ſhould have given't you to day morning. But as a madmans Epiſtles are no Goſpels, ſo it skills not much when they are deliver'd.

Ol. Open't, and reade it.

Clo. Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole delivers the Madman. *By the Lord Madam.*

Ol. How now, art thou mad?

Clo. No Madam, I doe but reade madneſſe: and your Ladyſhip will have it as it ought to be, you muſt allow *Vox.*

Ol. Prethee reade i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I doe Madona: but to reade his right wits, i to reade thus: therefore, perpend my Princeſſe, and give eare.

Ol. Reade it you, ſirrah.

Fab. Reads. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and the world ſhall know it: Though you have put mee into darkeneſſe, and given your drunken Cozen rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my ſenſes as well as your Ladyſhip. I have your owne Letter, that induced me to the ſemblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to doe my ſelfe much right, or you much ſhame: Thinke of me as you pleaſe. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and ſpeake out of my injury. *The madly us'd Malvolio.*

Ol. Did he write this?

Clo. I Madame.

Du. This ſavours not much of diſtraction.

Ol. See him deliver'd *Fabian*, bring him hither:
My Lord, ſo pleaſe you, theſe things further thought on,
To thinke me as well a ſiſter, as a wife,
One day ſhall crowne th'alliance on't, ſo pleaſe you,
Here at my houſe, and at my proper coſt.

Du: Madam, I am moſt apt t'embrace your offer:
Your Maſter quits you: and for your ſervice done him,
So much againſt the mettle of your ſex,
So farre beneath your ſoft and tender breeding,
And ſince you call'd me Maſter, for ſo long:
Here is my hand, you ſhall from this time bee
Your Maſters Miſtris.

Ol. A ſiſter, you are ſhe.

Enter Malvolio.

Du. Is this the Madman?

Ol. I my Lord, this ſame: How now *Malvolio*?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Ol. Have I *Malvolio*? No.

Mal. Lady you have, pray you peruſe that Letter.
You muſt not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it if you can, in hand, or phraſe,

Or ſay, 'tis not your ſeale, not your invention:
You can ſay none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modeſty of honour,
Why you have given me ſuch cleare lights of favour,
Bad me come ſmiling and croſſe-garter'd to to you,
To put on yellow ſtockings, and to frowne
Vpon ſir *Toby*, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you ſuffer'd me to be impriſon'd,
Kept in a darke houſe, viſited by the Prieſt,
And made the moſt notorious gecke or gull,
That ere invention plaid on? Tell me why?

Ol. Alas *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,
Though I confeſſe, much like the Character:
But out of queſtion, tis *Marias* hand.
And now I doe bethinke me, it was ſhe
Firſt told me thou waſt mad; then cam'ſt in ſmiling,
And in ſuch formes, which here were preſuppos'd
Vpon thee in the Letter: prethee be content;
This practiſe hath moſt ſhrewdly paſt upon thee:
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou ſhalt be both the Plaintiffe and the Iudge
Of thine owne cauſe.

Fab. Good Madam here me ſpeake,
And let no quarrell, nor no brawle to come,
Taint the condition of this preſent houre,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſſe my ſelfe, and *Toby*
Set this device againſt *Malvolio* heere,
Vpon ſome ſtubborne and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd againſt him. *Maria* writ
The Letter, at ſir *Tobyes* great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath marryed her:
How with a ſportfull malice it was follow'd,
May rather plucke on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be juſtly weigh'd,
That have on both ſides paſt.

Ol. Alas poore Foole how have they baffel'd thee?

Clo. Why ſome are borne great, ſome atchieve greatneſſe, and ſome have greatneſſe throwne upon them. I was one ſir, in this Enterlude, one ſir *Topas* ſir, but that's all one: By the Lord Foole, I am not mad: but doe you remember, Madam, why laugh you at ſuch a barren raſcal, and you ſmile not hee's gag'd: and thus the whirle-gigge of time, brings in his revenges

Mal. Ile be reveng'd on the whole packe of you.

Ol. He hath beene moſt notoriouſly abus'd.

Du. Purſue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the Captaine yet,
When that is knowne, and golden time convents,
A ſolemne Combination ſhall be made
Of our deere ſoules. Meane time ſweet ſiſter,
We will not part from hence. *Ceſario* come
(For ſo you ſhall be while you are a man:)
But when in other habites you are ſeene,
Orſino's Miſtris, and his fancies Queene. *Exeunt.*

Clowne ſings.

When that I was and a little tine Boy,
with hey, ho, the winde and the raine:
A fooliſh thing was but a toy,
for the raine it raineth every day.

But when I came to mans eſtate
with hey, ho, &c.
Gainſt knaves and theeves men ſhut their gate,
for the raine, &c.

But when I came alas to wive,
with hey, ho, &c.
By ſwaggering could I never thrive,
for the raine, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
with hey, ho, &c.
With Toſpots ſtill had drunken heads,
for the raine, &c.

A great while agoe the world begon,
with hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done,
and wee'l ſtrive to pleaſe you every day.

FINIS.

The VVinters Tale.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Eenter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch.

IF you ſhall chance (*Camillo*) to viſit *Bohemia*, on the like occaſion whereon my ſervices are now on-foot, you ſhall ſee (as I have ſaid) great difference betwixt our *Bohemia*, and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I thinke, this common Summer, the King of *Sicilia* meanes to pay *Bohemia* the viſitation, which he juſtly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our Entertainement ſhall ſhame us: we will be juſtified in our Loves: for indeed——

Cam. 'Beſeech you——

Arch. Verely I ſpeake it in the freedome of my knowledge: we cannot with ſuch magnificence——in ſo rare—— I know not what to ſay.—— We will give you ſleepy Drinkes, that your Sences (un-intelligent of our inſufficience) may, though they cannot prayſe us, as little accuſe us.

Cam. You pay a great deale too deare, for what's given freely.

Arch. 'Beleeve me, I ſpeake as my underſtanding inſtructs me, and as mine honeſtie puts it to utterance.

Cam. *Sicilia* cannot ſhew himſelfe over-kind to *Bohemia*: They were trayn'd together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then ſuch an affection, which cannot chuſe but branch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Neceſſities, made ſeperation of their Societie, their encounters (though not Perſonall) have beene royally attornyed with enter-change of Gift, Letters, loving Embaſſies, that they have ſeem'd to be together, though abſent: ſhooke hands, as over a Vaſt Sea, and embrac'd as it were from the ends of oppoſed Winds. The Heavens continue their Loves.

Arch. I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You have an unſpeakeable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius*: it is a gentleman of the greateſt Promiſe, that ever came into my Note.

Cam. I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child; one that (indeed) Phyſicks the Subject, makes old hearts freſh: they that went on Crutches ere he was borne, deſire yet their life, to ſee him a Man.

Arch. Would they elſe be content to dye?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuſe, why they ſhould deſire to live.

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would deſire to live on Crutches till he had one. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.

Pol. Nine Changes of the Watry-Starre hath beene
The Shepheards Note, ſince we have left our Throne
Without a Burthen: Time as long againe
Would be fill'd up (my Brother) with our Thankes,
And yet we ſhould, for perpetuitie,
Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher
(Yet ſtanding in rich place) I multiply
With one we thanke you, many thouſands moe,
That goe before it.

Leo. Stay your Thankes a while,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:
I am queſtion'd by my feares of what may chance,
Or breed upon our abſence, that may blow
No ſneaping Winds at home, to make us ſay,
This is put forth too truly: beſides, I have ſtay'd
To tyre your Royaltie.

Leo. We are tougher (Brother)
Then you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer ſtay.

Leo. One Seve'night longer.

Pol. Very ſooth, to morrow.

Leo. Wee'le part the time betweene's then: and in that
Ile no gaine-ſaying.

Pol. Preſſe me not ('beſeech you) ſo:
There is no Tongue that moves; none, none i'th' World
So ſoone as yours, could win me: ſo it ſhould now,
Were there neceſſitie in your requeſt, although
'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires
Doe even drag me home-ward: which to hinder,
Were (in your Love) a Whip to me; my ſtay,
To you a Charge, and Trouble: to ſave both,
Farewell (our brother.)

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queene? ſpeake you.

Her. I had thought (Sir) to have held my peace, untill
You had drawne Oathes from him, not to ſtay: you (Sir)
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are ſure
All in *Bohemia's* well: this ſatisfaction,
The by-gone-day proclaim'd, ſay this to him,
He's beat from his beſt ward.

Leo. Well ſaid, *Hermione*.

Her. To tell, he longs to ſee his Sonne, were ſtrong:
But let him ſay ſo then, and let him goe;
But let him ſweare ſo, and he ſhall not ſtay,
Wee'l thwack him hence with Diſtaffes.
Yet of your royall preſence, Ile adventure
The borrow of a Weeke. When at *Bohemia*
You take my Lord, Ile give him my Commiſſion,
To let him there a Moneth, behind the Geſt
Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good-heed) *Leontes*,
I love thee not a Iarre o'th' Clock, behind

What Lady ſhe her Lord. You'le ſtay?
Pol. No, Madame.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not verily.
Her. Verily?
You put me off with limber Vowes: but I,
Though you would ſeek t'unſphere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet ſay, Sir, no going: Verely
You ſhall not goe; a Ladyes Verely 'is
As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?
Force me to keepe you as a Priſoner,
Not like a Gueſt: ſo you ſhall pay your Fees
When you depart, and ſave your Thankes. How ſay you?
My Priſoner? or my Gueſt? by your dread verely,
One of them you ſhall be.
Pol. Your Gueſt then Madame:
To be your Priſoner, ſhould import offending;
Which is for me leſſe eaſie to commit,
Then you to puniſh.
Her. Not your Gaoler then,
But your kind Hoſteſſe, Come, Ile queſtion you
Of my Lords Tricks and yours, when you were Boyes:
You were pretty Lordings then?
Pol. We were (faire Queene)
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be boy eternall.
Hel. Was not my Lord
The verier Wag o'th' two?
Pol. We were as twyn'd Lambs, that did friſk i'th' Sun
And bleat the one at th'other: what we chang'd,
Was Innocence, for innocence: we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, no nor dream'd
That any did: Had we purſu'd that life,
And our weake Spirits ne're beene higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould have anſwer'd Heaven
Boldly, not guilty; the Impoſition clear'd,
Hereditarie ours.
Hel. By this we gather
You have tript ſince.
Pol. O my moſt ſacred Lady,
Temptations have ſince then beene borne to's: for
In thoſe unfledg'd dayes, was my Wife a Girle;
Your precious ſelfe had then not croſs'd the eyes
Of my young Play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot:
Of this make no concluſion, leaſt you ſay
Your Queene and I are Devils: yet goe on,
Th' offences we have made you doe, wee'le anſwere,
If you firſt ſinn'd with us: and that with us
You did continue fault; and that you ſlipt not
With any, but with us.
Leo. Is he wonne yet?
Her. Hee'le ſtay, (my Lord.)
Leo. At my requeſt, he would not:
Hermione (my deareſt) thou never ſpoak'ſt
To better purpoſe,
Her. Never?
Leo. Never, but once.
Her. What? have I twice ſaid well? when was't before?
I prethee tell me: cram's with praiſe, and make's
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tonguleſſe,
Slaughters a thouſand, wayting upon that.
Our prayſes are our Wages, You may ride's
With one ſoft Kiſſe a thouſand Furlongs, ere
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th' Goale:
My laſt good deed was to intreate his ſtay.
What was my firſt? it ha's an elder Siſter,
Or I miſtake you: O, would her name were *Grace*,
But once before I ſpoke to th' purpoſe? when?
Nay, let me have't: I long.
Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed Moneths had ſowr'd themſelves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:
And clap thy ſelfe, my Love; then didſt thou utter,
I am yours for ever.
Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.
Why lo-you now; I have ſpoke to th' purpoſe twice:
The one for ever earn'd a Royall Husband;
Th' other, for ſome while a Friend.
Leo. Too hot, too hot:
To mingle friendſhip farre, is mingling bloods.
I have *Tremor Cordis* on me: my heart daunces,
But not for joy; not joy. This entertainement
May a free face put on: derives a Libertie
From Heartineſſe, from Bountie, fertile Boſome,
And we'l become the Agent: 't may; I graunt:
But to be padling Palmes, and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles
As in a Looking-Glaſſe: and then to ſigh, as 'twere
The Mort o'th' Deere: oh, that is entertainement
My Boſome likes not, nor my Browes. *Mamillius*,
Art thou my Boy?
Mam. I my good Lord.
Leo. I'fecks:
Why that's my Bawcock: what? has't ſmutch'd thy Noſe?
They ſay it is a Coppy out of mine. Come Captaine,
We muſt be neat; not neat, cleanly Captaine:
And yet the Steere, the Heycfer, and the Calfe,
Are all call'd Neate. Still Virginalling
Vpon his palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)
Art thou my Calfe?
Mam. Yes if you will (my Lord.)
Leo. Thou want'ſt a rough paſh, & the ſhootes that I have
To be full, like me: yet they ſay we are
Almoſt as like as Egges; Women ſay ſo,
(That will ſay any thing,) But were they falſe
As o're-dy'd Blackes, as Wind, as Waters; falſe
As Dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No borne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To ſay this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)
Looke on me with your Welkin eye: ſweet Villaine.
Moſt dear'ſt, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be
Affection? thy intention ſtabs the Center.
Thou do'ſt make poſſible things not be ſo held,
Communicat'ſt with Dreames (how can this be?)
With what's unreall: thou coactive art,
And fellow'ſt nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'ſt co-joyne with ſomething, and thou do'ſt,
(And that beyond commiſſion) and I finde it,
(And that to the infection of my Braines,
And hardning of my Browes.)
Pol. What meanes *Sicilia*?
Her. He ſomething ſeemes unſetled.
Pol. How? my Lord?
Leo. What cheere? how is't with you, beſt Brother?
Her. You look as if you held a brow of much diſtraction,
Are you mov'd (my Lord?)
Leo. No, in good earneſt.
How ſometimes Nature will betray it's folly?
It's tenderneſſe? and make it ſelfe a Paſtime
To harder boſomes? Looking on the Lynes

Of my Boyes face, me thoughts I did requoyle
Twentie three yeares, and ſaw my ſelfe unbreech'd,
In my greene Velvet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,
Leaſt it ſhould bite it's Maſter, and ſo prove
(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous:
How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernell,
This Squaſh, this Gentleman. Mine honeſt frend,
Will you take egges for Money?

Mam. No (my Lord) Ile fight.

Leo. You will: why happy man be's dole. My Brother
Are you ſo fond of your young Prince, as we
Doe ſeeme to be of ours?

Pol. If at home (Sir)
Hee's all my Exerciſe, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my ſworne Friend, and then mine Enemie;
My paraſite, my Souldier: Stateſ-man; all:
He makes a Iulyes day, ſhort as December,
And with his varying child-neſſe, cures in me
Thoughts, that ſhould thicke my blood.

Leo. So ſtands this Squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walke (my Lord)
And leave you to your graver ſteps. *Hermione*,
How thou lou'ſt, us, ſhew in our Brothers welcome;
Let what is deare in Sicily, be cheape:
Next to thy ſelfe, and my young Rover, hee's
Apparant to my heart.

Her. If you would ſeeke us,
We are yours i'th' Garden: ſhall's attend you there?

Leo. To your owne bents diſpoſe you: you'le be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,
(Though you perceive me not how I give Lyne)
Goe to, goe to.
How ſhe holds up the Neb? the Byll to him?
And armes her with the boldneſſe of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Ynch-thicke, knee-deepe; ore head and eares a fork'd one.
Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother playes, and I
Play too; but ſo diſgrac'd a part, whoſe iſſue
Will hiſſe me to my Grave: Contempt and Clamor
Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there have been
(Or I am much deceiv'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (even at this preſent,
Now, while I ſpeake this) holds his Wife by th' Arme,
That little thinkes ſhe ha's beene ſluyc'd in's abſence,
And his Pond fiſh'd by his next Neighbor (by
Sir *Smile*, his Neighbor:) nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have Gates, and thoſe Gates open'd
(As mine) againſt their will. Should all deſpaire
That have revolted Wives, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang themſelves. Phyſicke for't, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will ſtrike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powrefull: thinke it:
From Eaſt, Weaſt, North, and South, be it concluded,
No Barricado for a Belly. Know't,
It wil let in and out the Enemie,
With bag and baggage: many thouſand on's
Have the Diſeaſe, and feele't not. How now Boy?

Mam. I am like you they ſay.

Leo. Why, that's ſome comfort.
What? *Camillo* there?

Cam. I, my good Lord.

Leo. Goe play (*Mamillius*) thou'rt an honeſt man:
Camillo, this great Sir will yet ſtay longer.

Cam. You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold,
When you caſt out, it ſtill came home.

Leo. Didſt note it?

Cam. He would not ſtay at your petitions, made
His buſineſſe more materiall.

Leo. Didſt perceive it?
They're here with me already; whiſp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a ſo-forth: 'tis farre gone,
When I ſhall guſt it laſt. How cam't (*Camillo*)
That he did ſtay?

Cam. At the good Queenes intreatie.

Leo. At the Queenes be't: Good ſhould be pertinent,
But ſo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any underſtanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is ſoaking, will draw in
More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is't,
But of the finer Natures? by ſome Severalls
Of Head-peece extraordinarie? Lower Meſſes
Parchance are to this buſineſſe purblind? ſay.

Cam. Buſineſſe, my Lord? I thinke moſt underſtand
Bohemia ſtayes heere longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stayes here longer.

Leo. I, but why?

Cam. To ſatisfie your Highneſſe, and the Entreaties
Of our moſt gracious Miſtris.

Leo. Satisfie?
Th'entreaties of your Miſtreſſe? Satisfie?
Let that ſuffice. I have truſted thee (*Camillo*)
With all the neereſt things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Councels, wherein (Prieſt-like) thou
Haſt cleans'd my Boſome: I, from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have beene
Deceiv'd in thy integritie, deceiv'd
In that which ſeemes ſo.

Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)

Leo. To bide upon't: thou art not honeſt: or
If thou inclinſt that way, thou art a Coward,
Which hoxes honeſtie behind, reſtrayning
From Courſe requir'd: or elſe thou muſt be counted
A Servant, grafted in my ſerious Truſt,
And therein negligent: or elſe a Foole,
That ſeeſt a Game plai'd home, the rich Stake drawne,
And tak'ſt it all for jeaſt.

Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh, and fearefull,
In every one of theſe, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, feare,
Amongſt the infinite doing of the World,
Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.)
If ever I were wilfull-negligent,
It was my folly; if induſtriouſly
I plai'd the foole, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearefull
To doe a thing, where I the iſſue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Againſt the non-performance, 'twas a feare
Which oft infects the wiſeſt: theſe (my Lord)
Are ſuch allow'd Infirmities that honeſtie
Is never free of. But beſeech your Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my treſpas
By it's owne viſage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha' not you ſeene *Camillo*?
(But that's paſt doubt: you have, or your eye-glaſſe
Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?
(For to a Viſion ſo apparant, Rumor
Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation
Reſides not in that man, that do's not thinke)

My Wife is ſlipperie? If thou wilt confeſſe,
Or elſe be impudently negative,
To have nor Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought, then ſay
My Wife's a Holy-Horſe, deſerves a Name
As ranke as any Flax-Wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: ſay't, and juſtify't.
Cam. I would not be a ſtander-by, to heare
My Soveraigne Miſtriſſe clouded ſo, without
My preſent vengeance taken: 'ſhrew my heart,
You never ſpoke what did become you leſſe
Then this; which to reiterate, were ſin
As deepe as that, though true.
Leo. Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning Cheeke to Cheeke? is meating Noſes?
Kiſſing with in-ſide Lip? ſtopping the Cariere
Of Laughter, with a ſigh? (a Note infallible
Of breaking honeſtie) horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing Clocks more ſwift?
Houres, Minutes? the Noone, Mid-night? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs onely,
That would unſeene be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing,
The covering Skie is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing,
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing have theſe Nothings,
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd Opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis moſt dangerous.
Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my Lord.
Leo. It is: you lye, you lye:
I ſay thou lyeſt *Camillo*, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a groſſe Lowt, a mindleſſe Slave;
Or elſe a hovering Temporizer, that
Canſt with thine eyes at once ſee good and evill,
Inclining to them both: were my wives Liver
Infected (as her life) ſhe would not live
The running of one Glaſſe.
Cam. Who do's infect her?
Leo. Why he that weares her like her Medull, hanging
About his necke (*Bohemia*) who, if I
Had Servants true about me, that bare eyes
To ſee alike mine Honor, as their profits,
(Their owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that
Which ſhould undoe more doing: I, and thou
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme
Have Bench'd, and rear'd to Worſhip, who may'ſt ſee
Plainely, as Heaven ſees Earth, and Earth ſees Heaven,
How I am gall'd, thou might'ſt be-ſpice a Cup,
To give mine Enemie a laſting Winke:
Which Draught to me, were cordiall,
Cam. Sir (my Lord)
I could doe this, and that with no raſh Potion,
But with a lingring Dram, that ſhould not worke
Maliciouſly, like Poyſon: But I cannot
Beleeve this Cracke to be in my dread Miſtreſſe
(So ſoveraignely being Honorable.)
I have lov'd thee.
Leo. Make that thy queſtion, and goe rot:
Do'ſt thinke I am ſo muddy, ſo unſetled,
To appoint my ſelfe in this vexation?
Sully the puritie and whiteneſſe of my Sheetes
(Which to preſerue, is Sleepe: which being ſpotted,
Is Goades, Thornes, Nettles, Tailes of Waſpes)
Give ſcandall to the blood o'th' Prince, my Sonne,
(Who I doe thinke is mine, and love as mine)
Without ripe moving to't? Would I doe this?
Could man ſo blench?
Cam. I muſt beleeve you (Sir)
I doe, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Provided, that when hee's remov'd, your Highneſſe
Will take againe your Queene, as yours at firſt,
Even for your Sonnes ſake, and thereby for ſealing
The Injurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes
Knowne, and ally'd to yours.
Leo. Thou do'ſt adviſe me,
Even ſo as I mine owne courſe have ſet downe:
Ile give no blemiſh to her Honor, none.
Cam. My Lord,
Goe then; and with a countenance as cleare
As Friendſhip weares at Feaſts, keepe with *Bohemia*,
And with your Queene: I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he have wholeſome Beveridge,
Account me not your Servant.
Leo. This is all:
Do't, and [illegible]aſt the one halfe of my heart;
Do't not, thou ſplitt'ſt thine owne.
Cam. Ile do't, my Lord.
Leo. I will ſeeme friendly, as thou haſt advis'd me. *Exit.*
Cam. O miſerable Lady. But for me!
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the poyſoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Maſter; one,
Who in Rebellion with himſelfe, will have
All that are his, ſo too. To doe this deed,
Promotion followes: If I could find example
Of thouſand's that had ſtruck anoynted Kings,
And flouriſh'd after, Il'd not do't: But ſince
Nor Braſſe, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares not one,
Let Villany it ſelfe forſwer't. I muſt
Forſake the Court: to do't, or no, is certaine
To me a breake-necke. Happy Starre raigne now,
Here comes *Bohemia* *Enter Polixenes.*
Plo. This is ſtrange: Me thinkes
Me fauor here begins to warpe. Not ſpeake?
Good day *Camllo*.
Cam. Hoyle moſt royall Sir.
Pol. What is the Newes i'th' Court?
Cam. None rare (my Lord.)
Pol. The King hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome Province, and a Region
Lov'd, as he loves himſelfe: even now I met him
With cuſtomary complement, when he
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A Lippe of much contempt, ſpeedes from me, and
So leaves me, to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.
Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)
Pol. How, dare not? doe not? doe you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to your ſelfe, what you doe know, you muſt,
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,
Which ſhewes me mine chang'd too: for I muſt be
A party in this alteration, finding
My ſelfe thus alter'd with't.
Cam. There is a ſicknes
Which puts ſome of vs in diſtemper, but
I cannot name the Diſeaſe, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.
Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the Baſiliſque.

I look'd on thouſands, who have ſped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none ſo : *Camillo*,
As you are certainely a Gentleman, thereto
Clerke-like expedienc'd, which no leſſe adornes
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
In whoſe ſucceſſe we are gentle : I beſeech you,
If you know ought which do's behove my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, impriſon't not
In ignorant concealement.

Cam. I may not anſwere.

Pol. A Sickneſſe caught of me, and yet I well ?
I muſt be anſwer'd. Do'ſt thou heare *Camillo*,
I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
Which honor do's acknowledge, whereof the leaſt
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidencie thou do'ſt geſſe of harme
Is creeping toward me; how farre off, how neere,
Which way to be prevented, if to be :
If not, how beſt to beare it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him
That I thinke Honorable: therefore marke my counſaile,
Which muſt be ev'n as ſwiftly followed, as
I meane to utter it; or both your ſelfe, and me,
Cry loſt, and ſo good night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo*.

Cam. I appointed him to murther you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo* ?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what ?

Cam. He thinkes, nay with all confidence he ſweares,
As he had ſeen't, or beene an Inſtrument
To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queene
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh then, my beſt blood turne
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the Beſt :
Turne then my freſheſt Reputation to
A ſavour, that may ſtrike the dulleſt Noſthrill
Where I arrive, and my approach be ſhun'd,
Nay hated too, worſe then the great'ſt infection
That ere was heard, or read.

Cam. Sweare his thought over
By each particular Starre in Heaven, and
By all their influences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,
As (or by Oath) remove, or (Counſaile) ſhake
The Fabrick of his Folly, whoſe foundation
Is pyl'd upon his Faith, and will continue
The ſtanding of his Body.

Pol. How ſhould this grow ?

Cam. I know not : but I am ſure 'tis ſafer to
Avoid what's growne, then queſtion how 'tis borne.
If therefore you dare truſt my honeſtie,
That lyes encloſed in this Trunke, which you
Shall beare along impawnd, away to Night,
Your Followers I wil whiſper to the Buſineſſe,
And will by twoes, and threes, at ſeverall Poſternes,
Cleare them o'th' Citie : For my ſelfe, Ile put
My fortunes to your ſervice (which are here
By this diſcoverie loſt.) Be not uncertaine,
For by the honor of my Parents, I
Have uttered Truth : which if you ſeeke to prove,
I dare not ſtand by; nor ſhall you be ſafer,
Then one condemned by the Kings owne mouth:
Thereon his Execution ſworne.

Pol. I doe beleeve thee :
I ſaw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand.
Be Pilot to me, and thy places ſhall
Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two dayes agoe. This iealouſie
Is for a precious Creature : as ſhee's rare,
Muſt it be great; and, as his Perſon's mightie,
Muſt it be violent : and, as he do's conceive,
He is diſhonor'd by a man, which ever
Profeſs'd to him: why his Revenges muſt
In that be made more bitter. Feare ore-ſhades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queene, part of his Theame; but nothing
Of his ill-ta'ne ſuſpition. Come *Camillo*,
I will reſpect thee as a Father, if
Thou bear'ſt my life off, hence : Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authoritie to command
The Keyes of all the Poſternes: Pleaſe your Highneſſe
To take the urgent houre. Come Sir, away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leontes,
Antigonus, Lord.

Her. Take the Boy to you : he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.

Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)
Shall I be your play-fellow ?

Mam. No, Ile none of you.

Lady. Why (my ſweet Lord?)

Mam. You'le kiſſe me hard, and ſpeake to me, as if
I were a Baby ſtill. I love you better.

2. *Lady.* And why ſo (my Lord?)

Mam. Not for becauſe
Your Browes are blacker (yet blacke-browes they ſay
Become ſome Women beſt, ſo that there be not
Too much haire there, but in a Semicircle,
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)

2. *Lady.* Who taught this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now,
What colour be your eye-browes ?

Lady. Blew (my Lord.)

Mam. Nay, that's a mock : I have ſeene a Ladies Noſe
That ha's beene blew, but not her eye-browes.

Lady. Hearke ye,
The Queene (your Mother) rounds apace: we ſhall
Preſent our ſervices to a fine new Prince
One of theſe dayes, and then youl'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2. *Lady.* She is ſpread of Late
Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)

Her. What wiſdome ſtirs amongſt you? Come Sir, now
I am for you againe : 'Pray you ſit by us,
And tell's a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or ſad, ſhal't, be?

Hel. As merry as you will.

Mam. A ſad Tale's beſt for Winter :
I have one of Sprights, and Goblins.

Hel. Let's have that (good Sir.)
Come-on, ſit downe, come-on, and doe your beſt,
To fright me with your ſprights : you're powrefull at it.

Mam. There was a man.
Her. Nay, come ſit downe: then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it ſoftly,
Yond Crickets ſhall not heare it,
Her. Come on then, and giv't me in mine eare. *Enter L.*
Leon. Was he met there? his Traine? *Camillo* with
him?
Lord. Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, never
Saw I men ſcowre ſo on their way: I eyed them
Even to their Ships.
Leo. How bleſt am I
In my juſt Cenſure? in my true Opinion?
Alack, for leſſer knowledge, how accurs'd,
In being ſo bleſt? There may be in the Cup
A Spider ſteep'd, and one may drinke; depart,
And yet partake no venome; (for his knowledge
Is not infected) but if one preſent
Th'abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make knowne
How he hath drunke, he cracks his gorge, his ſides
With violent Hefts: I have drunke, and ſeene the Spider.
Camillo was his helpe in this, his Pander:
There is a plot againſt my Life, my Crowne;
All's true that is miſtruſted: that falſe Villaine,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He ha's diſcover'd my Deſigne, and I
Remaine a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Tricke
For them to play at will: how came the Poſternes
So eaſily open?
Lord. By his great authoritie,
Which often hath no leſſe prevail'd, then ſo,
On your command.
Leo. I know't too well.
Give me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurſe him:
Though he do's beare ſome ſignes of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
Her. What is this? Sport?
Leo. Beare the Boy hence, he ſhall not come about her,
Away with him, and let her ſport her ſelfe
With that ſhe's big-with, for 'tis *Polixenes*
Ha's made thee ſwell thus.
Her. But Il'd ſay he had not;
And Ile be ſworne you would beleeve my ſaying,
How e're you leane to th'Nay-ward.
Leo. You (my Lords)
Looke on her, marke her well: be but about
To ſay ſhe is a goodly Lady, and
The juſtice of your hearts will thereto adde
'Tis pitty ſhe's not honeſt: Honorable;
Prayſe her but for this her without-dore-Forme,
(Which on my faith deſerves high ſpeech) and ſtraight
The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (theſe Petty-brands
That Calumnie doth uſe; Oh I am out,
That Mercy do's, for Calumnie will ſeare
Vertue it ſelfe) theſe Shrugs, theſe Hum's, and Ha's,
When you have ſaid ſhe's goodly, come betweene,
Ere you can ſay ſhe's honeſt: But be't knowne
(From him that ha's moſt cauſe to grieve it ſhould be)
She's an Adultreſſe.
Her. Should a Villaine ſay ſo,
(The moſt repleniſh'd Villaine in the World)
He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord)
Doe but miſtake.
Leo. You have miſtooke (my Lady)
Polixenes for *Leontes*: O thou Thing,
(Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place,
Leaſt Barbariſme (making me the precedent)
Should a like Language uſe to all degrees,
And mannerly diſtinguiſhment leave out,
Betwixt the Prince and Begger:) I have ſaid
Shee's an Adultreſſe, I have ſaid with whom:
More; Shee's a Traytor, and *Camillo* is
A Federarie with her, and one that knowes
What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know her ſelfe,
But with her moſt vild Principall; that ſhe's
A Bed-ſwarver, even as bad as thoſe
That Vulgars give bold'ſt Titles; I, and privie
To this their late eſcape.
Her. No (by my life)
Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you,
When you ſhall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publiſh'd me? Gentle my Lord,
You ſcarce can right me throughly, then, to ſay
Vou did miſtake.
Leo. No: if I miſtake
In thoſe Foundations which I build upon,
The Centre is not bigge enough to beare
A Schoole-Boyes Top. Away with her, to Priſon:
He who ſhall ſpeake for her, is a farre-off guiltie,
But that he ſpeakes.
Her. Thsre's ſome ill planet raignes:
I muſt be patient, till the Heavens looke
With an aſpect more favorable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex
Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew
Perchance ſhall dry your pitties: but I have
That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes
Worſe then Teares drowne: 'beſeech you all (my Lords)
With thoughts ſo qualified, as your Charities
Shall beſt inſtruct you, meaſure me; and ſo
The Kings will be perform'd.
Leo. Shall I be heard?
Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beſeech your Highnes
My women may be with me, for you ſee
My plight requires it. Doe not weepe (good Fooles)
There is no cauſe: When you ſhall know your Miſtris)
Ha's deſerv'd Priſon, then abound in Teares,
As I come out; this Action I now goe on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)
I never wiſh'd to ſee you ſorry, now
I truſt I ſhall: my Women come, you have leave.
Leo. Goe doe our bidding: hence.
Lord. Beſeech your Highneſſe call the Queene againe.
Ant. Be certaine what you do (Sir) leaſt your Iuſtice
Prove violence, in the which three great ones ſuffer,
Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne.
Lord. For her (my Lord)
I dare my life lay downe, and will do't (Sir)
Pleaſe you t'accept it, that the Queene is ſpotleſſe
I'th'eyes of Heaven, and to you (I meane
In this, which you accuſe her.)
Antig. If it prove
She's other wiſe, Ile keepe my Stables where
I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:
Then when I feele, and ſee her, no further truſt her;
For every ynch of Woman in the World,
I, every dram of Womans fleſh is falſe,
If ſhe be.
Leo. Hold your peaces.
Lord. Good my Lord.
Antg. It is for you we ſpeake, not for our ſelves:
You are abus'd, by ſome putter on,
That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,
I would

I would Land-damne him: be ſhe honor-flaw'd,
I have three daughters: the eldeſt is eleven:
The ſecond, and the third, nine: and ſonnes five:
If this prove true, they'l pay for't. By mine honor
Ile gell'd em all: fourteene they ſhall not ſee
To bring falſe generations: they are co-heires,
And I had rather glib my ſelfe, then they
Should not produce faire iſſue.
Leo. Ceaſe, no more:
You ſmell this buſineſſe with a ſence as cold
As is a dead-mans noſe: but I do ſee't, and feel't,
As you feele doing thus: and ſee withall
The Inſtruments that feele.
Ant. If it be ſo,
We neede no grave to burie honeſtie,
There's not a graine of it, the face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy-earth.
Leo. What? lacke I credit?
Lord. I had rather you did lacke then I (my Lord)
Vpon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her Honor true, then your ſuſpition
Be blam'd for't how you might.
Leo. Why what neede we
Commune with you for this? but rather follow
Our forcefull inſtigation? Our prerogative
Cals not your Counſailes, but our naturall goodneſſe
Imparts this; which, if you, or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo, in skill, cannot, or will not
Reliſh a truth, like us: informe your ſelves
We neede no more of your advice: the matter,
The loſſe, the gaine, the ord'ring on't,
Is all properly ours.
Ant. And I wiſh (my Liege)
You had onely in your ſilent judgement tride it,
Without more overture.
Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age,
Or thou wer't borne a foole: *Camillo's* flight
Added to their Familiarity
(Which was as groſſe, as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd ſight onely, nought for approbation
But onely ſeeing, all other circumſtances
Made up to'th deed) doth puſh on this proceeding,
Yet, for a greater confirmation
(For in an act of this importance, 'twere
Moſt pittious to be wilde) I have diſpatch'd in poſt,
To ſacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo's* Temple,
Cleomines and *Deon*, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd-ſufficiency: Now, from the Oracle
They will bring al, whoſe ſpirituall counſaile had,
Shall ſtop, or ſpurre me. Have I done well?
Lord. Well done (my Lord.)
Leo. Though I am ſatisfyde, and neede no more
Then what I know, yet ſhall the Oracle
Give reſt to th' mindes of others; ſuch as he
Whoſe ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th'truth. So have we thought it good
From our free perſon, ſhe ſhould be confinde,
Leaſt that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to performe. Come follow us,
We are to ſpeake in publike: for this buſineſſe
Will raiſe us all.
Antig. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth, were knowne. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaoler, Emilia.

Paul. The Keeper of the priſon, call to him:
Let him have knowledge whom I am. Good Lady,
No Court in Europe is too good for thee,
What doſt thou then in priſon? Now good Sir,
You know me, do you not?
Gao. For a worthy Lady,
And one, whom much I honour.
Pau. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queene.
Gao. I may not (Madam)
To the contrary I have expreſſe commandment.
Pau. Here's a-do, to locke up honeſtie and honor from
Th' acceſſe of gentle viſitors. Is't lawfull pray you
To ſee her Women? Any of them? *Emilia*?
Gao. So pleaſe you (Madam)
To put a-part theſe your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.
Pau. I pray you now call her:
With-draw your ſelves.
Gao. And Madam,
I muſt be preſent at your Conference.
Pau. Well: be't ſo: prethee. *Enter Emilia.*
Heere's ſuch a-doe, to make no ſtaine, a ſtaine,
As paſſes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,
How fares one gracious Lady?
Emil. As well as one ſo great, and ſo forlorne
May hold together: On her frights, and greefes
(Which never tender Lady hath borne greater)
She is, ſomething before her time, deliver'd.
Pau. A boy?
Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to live: the Queene receives
Much comfort in't: Sayes, my poore priſoner,
I am innocent as you,
Pau. I dare be ſworne:
Theſe dangerous, unſafe Lunes i'th' King, beſhrew them,
He muſt be told on't, and he ſhall: the office
Becomes a woman beſt. Ile take't upon me,
If I prove hony-mouth'd, let my tongue bliſter.
And never to my red-look'd Anger be
The Trumpet any more: pray you (*Emilia*)
Commend my beſt obedience to the Queene,
If ſhe dares truſt me with her little babe,
I'le ſhew't the King, and undertake to be
Her Advocate to'th lowd'ſt. We doe not know
How he may ſoften at the ſight o'th'Childe:
The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſwades, when ſpeaking failes.
Emil. Moſt worthy Madam,
Your honour, and your goodneſſe is ſo evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miſſe
A thriving iſſue: there is no Lady living
So meete for this great errand; pleaſe your Ladiſhip
To viſit the next roome, Ile preſently
Acquaint the Queene of your moſt noble offer,
Who, but to day hammered of this deſigne,
But durſt not tempt a miniſter of honor
Leaſt ſhe ſhould be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her (*Emilia*)
Ile uſe that tongue I have: If wit flow from't
As boldneſſe from my boſome, le't not be doubted
I ſhall do good.
Emil. Now be you bleſt for it.
Ile to the Queene: pleaſe you come ſomething neerer.
Gao. Madam, if't pleaſe the Queene to ſend the babe,
I know not what I ſhall incurre, to paſſe it,
Having no warrant.
Pau. You need not feare it (ſir)
This Childe was priſoner to the wombe, and is
By Law and proceſſe of great Nature, thence
Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a partie to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(If any be) the treſpaſſe of the Queene.
Gao. I do beleeve it.
Paul. Do not you feare: upon mine honor, I
Will ſtand betwixt you, and danger. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Seruants, Paulina, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no reſt: It is but weakneſſe
To beare the matter thus: meere weakneſſe, if
The cauſe were not in being: part o'th cauſe,
She, th' Adultreſſe; for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine arme, out of the blanke
And levell of my braine: plot-proofe: but ſhe,
I can hooke to me: ſay that ſhe were gone,
Given to the fire, a moity of my reſt
Might come to me againe. Whoſe there?
Ser. My Lord. *Enter.*
Leo. How do's the boy?
Ser. He tooke good reſt to night: 'tis hop'd
His ſickneſſe is diſcharg'd.
Leo. To ſee his Nobleneſſe,
Conceiving the diſhonour of his Mother,
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,
Faſten'd, and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelfe:
Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,
And down-right languiſh'd. Leave me ſolely: goe,
See how he fares: Fie, fie, no thought of him,
The very thought of my Revenges that way
Recoyle upon me: in himſelfe too mighty,
Vntill a time may ſerve. For preſent vengeance
Take it on her: *Camillo,* and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me; make their paſtime at my ſorrow:
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall ſhe, within my powre.
Enter Paulina.
Lord. You muſt not enter.
Paul: Nay rather (good my Lords) be ſecond to me:
Feare you his tyrannous paſſion more (alas)
Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent ſoule,
More free, then he is iealous.
Antig. That's enough.
Ser. Madam; he hath not ſlept to night, commanded
None ſhould come at him.
Pau. Not ſo hot (good Sir)
I come to bring him ſleepe. 'Tis ſuch as you
That creepe like ſhadowes by him, and do ſighe
At each his needleſſe heavings: ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinall, as true;
(Honeſt, as either;) to purge him of that humor,
That preſſes him from ſleepe.
Leo. What noyſe there, hoe?
Pau. No noyſe (my Lord) but needfull conference,
About ſome Goſſips for your Highneſſe.
Leo. How?
Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus*
I charg'd thee that ſhe ſhould not come about me,
I knew ſhe would.
Ant. I told her ſo (my Lord)
On your diſpleaſures perill and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you.
Leo. What? canſt not rule her?
Paul. From all diſhoneſtie he can: in this
(Vnleſſe he take the courſe that you have done)
Commit me, for committing honor, truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me:
Ant. La-you now, you heare,
When ſhe will take the raine, I let her run,
But ſhee'l not ſtumble.
Paul. Good my liege I come:
And I beſeech you heare me: who profeſſes
My ſelfe your loyall ſervant, your Phiſitian,
Your moſt obedient Counſailor: yet that dares
Leſſe appeare ſo, in comforting your Evilles,
Then ſuch as moſt ſeeme yours. I ſay, I come
From your good Queene.
Leo. Good Queene?
Paul. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,
I ſay good Queene,
And would by combate, make her good ſo, were I
A man, the worſt about you.
Leo. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
Firſt hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off,
But firſt; Ile do my errand. The good Queene
(For ſhe is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Heere 'tis: Commends it to your bleſſing.
Leo. Out:
A mankinde Witch? Hence with her, out o'dore:
A moſt intelligencing bawd.
Paul. Not ſo:
I am as ignorant in that, as you,
In ſo entit'ling me: and no leſſe honeſt
Then you are mad: which is enough, Ile warrant
(As this world goes) to paſſe for honeſt.
Leo. Traitors;
Will you not puſh her out? Give her the Baſtard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd: unrooſted
By thy dame *Partlet* heere. Take up the Baſtard,
Take't up, I ſay: give't to the Croane.
Paul. For ever
Vnvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'ſt up the Princeſſe, by that forced baſeneſſe
Which he ha's put upon't.
Leo. He dreads his Wife.
Paul, So I would you did: then 'twere paſt all doubt
Youl'd call your children, yours.
Leo. A neſt of Traitors.
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I: nor any
But one that's heere: and that's himſelfe: for he,
The

The ſacred honor of himſelfe, his Queenes,
His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrayes to ſlander,
Whoſe ſting is ſharper then the Swords; and will not
(For as the caſe now ſtands, it is a Curſe
He cannot be compell'd too't) once remove
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As ever Oake, or ſtone was found.
Leo. A Callat
Of boundleſſe tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me: This Brat is none of mine,
It is the Iſſue of *Polixenes*.
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the fire.
Paul. It is yours:
And might we lay th' old Proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worſe. Behold (my Lords)
Although the print be little, the whole Matter
And Coppy of the Father: (Eye, Noſe, Lippe,
The tricke of's Frowne, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley,
The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke; his Smiles:
The very Mold, and frame of hand, nayle, Finger.)
And thou good Goddeſſe *Nature*, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the Mind too, 'mongſt all Colours
No Yellow in't, leaſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he do's,
Her Children, not her Husbands.
Leo. A groſſe Hagge:
And Lozell, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not ſtay her Tongue.
Antig. Hang all the Husbands
That cannot doe that Feat, you'l leave your ſelfe
Hardly one ſubject.
Leo. Once more take her hence.
Paul. A moſt unworthy, and unnaturall Lord
Can doe no more.
Leo. Ile ha' thee burnt.
Paul. I care not:
It is an Heretique that makes the fire,
Not ſhe which burnes in't. Ile not call you Tyrant:
But this moſt cruell uſage of your Queene
(Not able to produce more accuſation
Then your owne weake-hindg'd Fancy) ſomething ſavors
Of Tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, ſcandalous to the World.
Leo. On your allegeance,
Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her life? ſhe durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.
Paul. I pray you doe not puſh me, Ile be gone.
Looke to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: *Iove* ſend her
A better guiding Spirit. What neede theſe hands?
You that are thus ſo tender o're his Follyes,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, ſo: Farewell, we are gone. *Exit.*
Leo. Thou (Traytor) haſt ſet on thy Wife to this.
My Child? away with't? even thou, that haſt
A heart ſo tender o're it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire.
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up ſtraight:
Within this houre bring me word 'tis done.
(And by good teſtimonie) or Ile ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: if thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, ſay ſo;
The Baſtard-braines with theſe my proper hands
Shall I daſh out. Goe take it to the fire,
For thou ſett'ſt on thy Wife.
Antig. I did not, Sir:
Theſe Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they pleaſe,
Can cleare me in't.
Lords. We can; my Royall Liege,
He is not guiltie of her comming hither.
Leo. You're lyers all.
Lord. Beſeech your Highneſſe, give us better credit:
We have alwayes truly ſerv'd you, and beſeech
So to eſteeme of us: and on our knees we begge,
(As recompence of our deare ſervices
Paſt, and to come) that you doe change this purpoſe,
Which being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Leade on to ſome foule Iſſue. We all kneele.
Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to ſee this Baſtard kneele,
And call me Father? better burne it now,
Then curſe it then. But be it: let it live.
It ſhall not neyther. You Sir, come you hither:
You that have beene ſo tenderly officious
With Lady *Margerie*, your Mid-wife there,
To ſave this Baſtards life; for 'tis a Baſtard,
So ſure as this Beard's gray. What will you adventure,
To ſave this Brats life?
Antig. Any thing (my Lord)
That my abilitie may undergoe,
And Nobleneſſe impoſe: at laſt thus much;
Ile pawne the little blood which I have left,
To ſave the innocent: any thing poſſible.
Leo. It ſhall be poſſible: Sweare by this Sword
Thou wilt performe my bidding.
Antig. I will (my Lord.)
Leo. Marke and performe it: ſeeſt thou? for the faile
Of any point in't, ſhall not onely be
Death to thy ſelfe, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife,
(Whom for this time we pardon) We enjoyne thee,
As thou art Liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female Baſtard hence, and that thou beare it
To ſome remote and deſart place, quite out
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leave it
(Without much mercy) to it owne protection,
And fauour of the Climate: as by ſtrange fortune,
It came to us, I doe in Iuſtice charge thee,
On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodies torture,
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,
Where Chance may nurſe, or end it: take it up.
Antig. I ſweare to doe this: though a preſent death
Had beene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)
Some powerfull Spirit inſtruct the Kytes and Ravens
To be thy Nurſes. Wolves and Beares, they ſay,
(Caſting their ſavageneſſe aſide) have done
Like offices of pitty. Sir, be proſperous
In more then this deed do's require; and bleſſing
Againſt this Crueltie, fight on thy ſide
(Poore Thing condemn'd to loſſe.) *Exit.*
Leo. No: Ile not reare
Anothers Iſſue. *Enter a Servant.*
Seru. Pleaſe' your Highneſſe, Poſts
From thoſe you ſent to th' Oracle, are come
An houre ſince: *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Haſting to th' Court.
Lord. So pleaſe you (Sir) their ſpeed
Hath beene beyond accompt.
Leo. Twentie three dayes
They have beene abſent: 'tis good ſpeed: fore-tells
The great *Apollo* ſuddenly will have

The truth of this appeare: Prepare you Lords,
Summon a Seſſion, that we may arraigne
Our moſt diſloyall Lady: for as ſhe hath
Been publikely accus'd, ſo ſhall ſhe have
A juſt and open Triall. While ſhe lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And thinke upon my bidding. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

Cle. The Clymat's delicate, the Ayre moſt ſweet,
Fertile the Iſle, the Temple much ſurpaſſing
The common prayſe it beares.
Dion. I ſhall report,
For moſt it caught me, the Celeſtiall Habits,
(Me thinkes I ſo ſhould terme them) and the reverence
Of the grave Wearers. O, the Sacrifice,
How ceremonious, ſolemne, and un-earthly
It was i'th' Offring?
Cleo. But of all, the burſt
And the eare-deaff'ning Voyce o'th' Oracle,
Kin to *Ioves* Thunder, ſo ſurpriz'd my Sence,
That I was nothing.
Dio. If th'event o'th' Iourney
Prove as ſucceſſefull to the Queene (O be't ſo)
As it hath beene to us, rare, pleaſant, ſpeedie,
The time is worth the uſe on't.
Cleo. Great *Apollo*
Turne all to th' beſt: theſe Proclamations,
So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,
I little like.
Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will cleare, or end the Buſineſſe, when the Oracle
(Thus by *Apollo's* great Divine ſeal'd up)
Shall the Contents diſcover: ſomething rare
Even then will ruſh to knowledge. Goe: freſh Horſes,
And gracious be the iſſue. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers: Hermione (as to her Triall) Ladies: Cleomines, Dion.

Leo. This Seſſions (to our great griefe we pronounce)
Even puſhes 'gainſt our heart. The partie try'd,
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one
Of us too much belou'd. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, ſince we ſo openly
Proceed in Iuſtice, which ſhall have due courſe,
Even to the Guilt, or the Purgation:
Produce the Priſoner.
Officer. It is his Highneſſe pleaſure, that the Queene
Appeare in perſon, here in Court. *Silence. Enter*
Leo. Reade the Indictment.
Officer. Hermione, *Queene to the worthy* Leontes, *King of Sicilia, thou art here accuſed and arraigned of High Treaſon, in committing Adultery with* Polixenes *King of Bohemia, and conſpiring with* Camillo *to take away the Life of our Soveraigne Lord the King, thy royall husband: the pretence whereof being by circumſtance partly layd open, thou (* Hermione *) contrarie to the Faith and Allegeance of a true Subject, didſt counſaile and ayde them, for their better ſafetie, to flye away by Night.*

Her. Since what I am to ſay, muſt be but that
Which contradicts my Accuſation, and
The teſtimonie on my part, no other
But what comes from my ſelfe, it ſhall ſcarce boot me
To ſay, Not guiltie: mine integritie
Being counted Falſehood, ſhall (as I expreſſe it)
Be ſo receiv'd. But thus, if Powres divine
Behold our humane Actions (as they doe)
I doubt not then, but innocence ſhall make
Falſe Accuſations bluſh, and Tyrannie
Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) beſt know
(Whom leaſt will ſeeme to doe ſo) my paſt life
Hath beene as continent, as chaſte, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Then hiſtorie can patterne, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me,
A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owe
A Moitie of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter,
The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here ſtanding
To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, fore
Who pleaſe to come and heare. For life, I prize it
As I weigh Griefe (which I would ſpare:) For Honor,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And onely that I ſtand for. I appeale
To your owne Conſcience (Sir) before *Polixenes*
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be ſo: Since he came,
With what encounter ſo uncurrant, I
Have ſtrayn'd t'appeare thus; if one jot beyond
The bound of honor, or in act, or will
That way enclining, hardened be the hearts
Of all that heare me, and my neer'ſt of Kin
Cry fie upon my grave.
Leo. I ne're heard yet,
That any of theſe bolder Vices wanted
Leſſe Impudence to gaine-ſay what they did,
Then to performe it firſt.
Her. That's true enough,
Though 'tis a ſaying (Sir) not due to me.
Leo. You will not owne it.
Her. More then Miſtreſſe of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I muſt not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*
(With whom I am accus'd) I doe confeſſe
I lov'd him, as in Honor he reqvir'd:
With ſuch a kind of Love, as might become
A Lady like me; with a Love, even ſuch,
So, and no other, as your ſelfe commanded:
Which, not to have done, I thinke had beene in me
Both Diſobedience, and ingratitude
To you, and toward your friends, whoſe love had ſpoke,
Even ſince it could ſpeake, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conſpiracie,
I know not how it taſtes, though it be diſh'd
For me to try how: All I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honeſt man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themſelves
(Wotting no more then I) are ignorant.
Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'ne to doe in's abſence.

Her. Sir,
you ſpeake a Language that I vnderſtand not:
My Life ſtands in the levell of your Dreames,
Which Ile lay downe.
Leo. Your Actions are my Dreames.
You had a Baſtard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it: As you were paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your Fact are ſo) ſo paſt all truth;
Which to deny, concernes more then availes: for as
Thy Brat hath beene caſt out, like to it ſelfe,
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminall in thee, then it) ſo thou
Shalt feele our Iuſtice; in whoſe eaſieſt paſſage,
Looke for no leſſe then death.
Her. Sir, ſpare your Threats:
The Bugge which you would fright me with, I ſeeke:
To me can Life be no commodity;
The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Fauor)
I doe giue loſt, for I doe feele it gone,
But know not how it went. My ſecond Ioy,
And firſt Fruits of my body, from his preſence
I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort
(Star'd moſt vnluckily) is from my breaſt
(The innocent milke in it moſt innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murther. My ſelfe on every Poſt
Proclaym'd a Strumpet: With immodeſt hatred
The Child-bed priviledge deny'd, which longs
To Women of all faſhion. Laſtly, hurried
Here, to this place, i'th' open ayre before
I have got ſtrength of limit. Now (my Liege
Tell me what bleſſings I have here alive,
That I ſhould feare to dye? Therefore proceed:
But yet heare this: miſtake me not: no Life,
(I prize it not a ſtraw) but for mine Honor,
Which I would free: if I ſhall be condemn'd
Vpon ſurmizes (all proofes ſleeping elſe,
But what your Iealouſies awake) I tell you
'Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all,
I doe referre me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my Iudge.
Lord. This your requeſt *Enter Dion and Cleomines.*
Is altogether juſt: therefore bring forth
(And in *Apoll's* Name) his Oracle.
Her. The Emperor of Ruſſia was my Father,
Oh that he were alive, and here beholding
His Daughters Tryall: that he did but ſee
The flatneſſe of my miſerie; yet with eyes
Of pitty, not Revenge.
Officer. You heere ſhall ſweare upon the Sword of Iuſtice,
That you (*Cleomines* and *Dion*) have
Beene both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This ſeal'd-up Oracle, by the Hand deliver'd
Of great *Apollo's* Prieſt; and that ſince then,
You have not dar'd to breake the holy Seale,
Nor read the Secrets in't.
Cleo. Dio. All this we ſweare.
Leo. Breake up the Seales, and reade.
Officer. Hermione *is caſt*, Polixenes *blameleſſe*, Camillo *a true Subject*, Leontes *a jealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe truly begotten, and the King ſhall live without an Heire, if that which is loſt, be not found.*
Lords. Now bleſſe[illegible] the great *Apollo*.
Her. Prayſed.
Leo. Haſt thou read truth?
Offic. I (my Lord) even ſo as it is here ſet downe.
Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle:
The Seſſions ſhall proceed: this is meere falſehood.
Ser My Lord the King: the King?
Leo. What is the buſineſſe?
Ser. O Sir I ſhall be hated to report it.
The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit and feare
Of the Queenes ſpeed, is gone.
Leo. How? gone?
Ser. Is dead.
Leo. Apollo's angry, and the heavens themſelves
Doe ſtrike at my Injuſtice. How now there?
Paul. This newes is mortall to the Queene: Look downe
And ſee what death is doing.
Leo. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o're-charg'd: ſhe will recover.
I have too much beleev'd mine owne ſuſpition:
'Beſeech you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Apollo* pardon
My great prophaneſſe 'gainſt thine Oracle.
Ile reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
New wooe my Queene, recall the good *Camillo*
(Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy:)
For being tranſported by my Iealouſies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I choſe
Camillo for the miniſter, to poyſon
My friend *Polixenes*: which had beene done,
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
My ſwift command: though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he (moſt humane,
And fill'd with Honor) to my Kingly Gueſt
Vnclaſp'd my practiſe, quit his fortunes here
(Which you knew great) and to the certaine hazard
Of all Incertainties, himſelfe commended,
No richer then his Honor: How he gliſters
Through my darke Ruſt? and how his Pietie
Do's my deeds make the blacker?
Paul. Woe the while:
O cut my Lace, leaſt my heart (cracking it)
Breake too.
Lord. What fit is this? good Lady?
Paul. What ſtudied torments (Tyrant) haſt for me?
What Wheeles? Racks? Fires? What flaying? boyling? Burning,
In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or new torture
Muſt I receive? whoſe very word deſerves
To taſte of thy moſt worſt. Thy Tyranny
(Together working with thy Iealouſies,
Fancies too weake for boyes, too greene and idle
For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they have done,
And then run mad indeed: ſtarke-mad: for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but ſpices for it.
That thou betrayed'ſt *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,
(That did but ſhew thee, of a Foole, inconſtant,
And damnable ingratefull:) Nor was't much
Thou would'ſt haue poyſon'd good *Camillo's* Honor,
To have him kill a King: poore Treſpaſſes,
More monſtrous ſtanding by: whereof I reckon
The caſting forth to Crowes, the Baby-daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a Devill
Would have ſhed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly layd to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whoſe honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one ſo tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a groſſe and fooliſh Sire
Blemiſh'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Layd to thy anſwer: but the laſt: O Lords,
When I have ſaid, cry woe: the Queene, the Queene,

The ſweet'ſt, deer'ſt creature's dead: & vengeance for't
Not drop'd downe yet.
Lord. The higher powres forbid.
Pau. I ſay ſhe's dead: Ile ſwear't. If word, nor oath
Prevaile not, go and ſee: if you can bring
Tincture, or luſtre in her lip, her eye
Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile ſerve you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Do'ſt not repent theſe things, for they are heavier
Then all thy woes can ſtirre: therefore betake thee
To nothing but diſpaire. A thouſand knees,
Ten thouſand yeares together, naked, faſting,
Vpon a barren Mountaine, and ſtill Winter
In ſtorme perpetuall, could not move the Gods
To looke that way thou wer't.
Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canſt not ſpeake too much, I have deſerv'd
All tongues to talke their bittreſt.
Lord. Say no more,
How ere the buſineſſe goes you have made fault
I'th boldneſſe of your ſpeech.
Pau. I am ſorry for't,
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have ſhew'd too much
The raſhneſſe of a woman: he is toucht
To th'Noble heart. What's gone, and what's paſt helpe
Should be paſt greefe: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beſeech you, rather
Let me be puniſh'd, that have minded you
Of what you ſhoold forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royall Sir, forgive a fooliſh woman:
The love I bore your Queene (Lo, foole againe)
Ile ſpeake of her no more, nor of your Children:
Ile not remember you of my owne Lord,
(Who is loſt too:) take your patience to you,
And Ile ſay nothing,
Leo. Thou didſt ſpeake but well,
When moſt the truth: which I receive much better,
Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,
One grave ſhall be for both: Vpon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appeare (unto
Our ſhame perpetuall) once a day, Ile viſit
The Chappell where they lye, and teares ſhed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will beare up with this exerciſe, ſo long
I dayly vow to uſe it. Come, and leade me
To theſe ſorrowes. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepe-heard, and Clowne.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ſhip hath toucht upon
The Deſarts of *Bohemia.*
Mar. I (my Lord) and feare
We have Landed in ill time: the skies looke grimly,
And threaten preſent bluſters. In my conſcience
The heavens with that we have in hand, are angry,
And frowne upon's.
Ant. Their ſacred wil's be done: get a-boord,
Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your beſte haſt, and go not
Too-farre i'th Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather,
Beſides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keepe upon't,
Aniig. Go thou away,
Ile follow inſtantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be ſo ridde o'th buſineſſe. *Exit*
Ant. Come, poore babe;
I have heard (but not beleeu'd) the Spirits o'th'dead
May walke againe: if ſuch thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me laſt night: for ne're was dreame
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head is on one ſide, ſome another,
I never ſaw a veſſell of like ſorrow
So fill'd, and ſo becomming: in pure white Robes
Like very ſanctity ſhe did approach
My Cabine where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And (gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech) her eyes
Became two ſpouts; the furie ſpent, anon
Did this breake from her. Good *Antigonus,*
Since Fate (againſt thy better diſpoſition)
Hath made thy perſon for the Thrower-out
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia,*
There weepe, and leave it crying: and for the babe
Is counted loſt for ever, *Perdita*
I prethee call't: For this ungentle buſineſſe
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're ſhalt ſee
Thy Wife *Paulina* more: and ſo, with ſhrickes
She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my ſelfe, and thought
This was ſo, and no ſlumber: Dreames, are toyes,
Yet for this once, yea ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do beleeve
Hermione hath ſuffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indeed the iſſue
Of King *Polexenus*) it ſhould heere be laide
(Either for life, or death) upon the earth
Of it's right Father. Bloſſome, ſpeed thee well,
There lye, and there thy character: there theſe,
Which may if Fortune pleaſe, both breed thee (pretty)
And ſtill reſt thine. The ſtorme beginnes, poore wretch,
That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
To loſſe, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,
But my heart bleedes: and moſt accurſt am I
To be by oath enjoyn'd to this. Farewell,
The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to have
A lullabie too rough: I never ſaw
The heavens ſo dim, by day. A ſavage clamor?
Well may I get a-boord: This is the Chace,
I am gone for ever. *Exit purſued by a Beare. Enter a Shep-*

Shep. I would there were no age betweene ten and three and twentie, or that youth would ſleepe out the reſt: for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wenches with childe, wronging the Auncientry, ſtealing, fighting, harke you now: would any but theſe boyle-braines of nineteene, and two and twentie hunt this weather? They have ſcarr'd away two of my beſt Sheepe, which I feare the Wolfe will ſooner finde then the Maiſter; if any where I have them, [illegible] by the ſea-ſide, brouzing of Ivy. Good-lucke (and't be the will) what have we heere? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty barne; A boy, or a Chide I wonder? (A pretty one, a very prettie one) ſure ſome Scape; Though I am not bookiſh, yet I can reade Waiting-Gentlewoman in the ſcape: this has beene ſome ſtaire-worke, ſome Trunke-worke, ſome behind-doore worke: they were warmer that got this, then the poore thing is here. Ile take it up for pity, yet Ile tarry til my ſonne come: he hallow'd but even now. Whoa-ho-hoa.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Hilloa, loa.

Shep. What? art ſo neere? If thou'lt ſee a thing to talke on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither: what ayl'ſt thou, man?

Clo. I have ſeene two ſuch ſights, by Sea and by Land: but I am not to ſay it is a Sea, for it is now the skye, betwixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thruſt a bodkins point.

Shep. Why boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but ſee how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the ſhore, but that's not to the point: Oh, the moſt pitteous cry of the poore ſoules, ſometimes to ſee'em, and not to ſee'em; Now the Shippe boaring the Moone with her maine Maſt, and anon ſwallowed with yeſt and froth, as you'ld thruſt a Corke into a hogſhead. And then for the Land-ſervice, to ſee how the Beare tore out his ſhoulder bone, how he cride to me for helpe, and ſaid his name was *Antigonus* a Nobleman: But to make an end of the Ship, to ſee how the Sea flapdragon'd it: but firſt, how the poore ſoules roared, and the ſea mock'd them: and how the poore Gentleman roared, and the Beare mock'd him, both roaring lowder then the ſea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this boy?

Clo. Now, now: I have not wink'd ſince I ſaw theſe ſights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the Beare halfe din'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had beene by, to have help'd the old man.

Clo. I would you had beene by the ſhip ſide, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters: but looke thee here boy. Now bleſſe thy ſelfe; thou met'ſt with things dying, I with things new borne. Here's a ſight for thee: Looke thee, a bearing-cloath for a Squires child: looke thee heere, take up, take up (Boy:) open't: ſo, let's ſee, it was told me I ſhould be rich by the Fairies. This is ſome Changeling: open't: what's within boy?

Clo. You're a mad old man; If the ſinnes of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold, all Gold.

Shep. This is Faiery Gold boy, and 'twill prove ſo: up with't, keepe it cloſe: home, home, the next way. We are lucky (boy) and to be ſo ſtill requires nothing but ſecrecy. Let my ſheepe goe: Come (good boy) the next way home.

Clo. Goe you the next way with your Findings, Ile go ſee if the Beare be gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curſt but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, Ile bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: if thou mayeſt diſcerne by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th'ſight of him.

Clo. 'Marry will I: and you ſhall helpe to put him i'th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll doe good deeds on't. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Tim. I that pleaſe ſome, try all: both joy and terror
Of good, and bad: that makes, and unfolds error.
Now take upon me (in the name of Time)
To uſe my wings: Impute it not a crime
To me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide
Ore ſixteene yeeres, and leave the growth untride
Of that wide gap, ſince it is in my powre
To orethrow Law, and in one ſelfe-borne houre
To plant, and ore-whelme Cuſtome. Let me paſſe
The ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt Order was,
Or what is now receiu'd. I witneſſe to
The times that brought them in, ſo ſhall I doe
To th'freſheſt things now reigning, and make ſtale
The gliſtering of this preſent, as my Tale
Now ſeemes to it: your patience this allowing,
I turne my glaſſe, and give my Scæne ſuch growing
As you had ſlept betweene: *Leontes* leaving
Th'effects of his fond jealouſies, ſo greeving
That he ſhuts up himſelfe, Imagine me
(Gentle Spectators) that I now may be
In faire *Bohemia*, and remember well,
I mention here a ſonne o'th'Kings, which *Florizell*
I now name to you: and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeake of *Perdita*, now growne in grace
Equall with wond'ring. What of her inſues
I liſt not prophefie: but let Times newes (daughter
Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A ſhepheards
And what to her adheres, which followes after,
Is th'argument of Time: of this allow,
If ever you have ſpent time worſe, ere now:
If never, yet that Time himſelfe doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly, you never may. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee (good *Camillo*) be no more importunate: 'tis a ſickeneſſe denying thee any thing: a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteene yeeres ſince I ſaw my Countrey: though I have (for the moſt part) beene ayred abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the penitent King (my Maſter) hath ſent for me, to whoſe feeling ſorrowes I might be ſome allay (or I oreweene to thinke ſo) which is another ſpurre to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'ſt me (*Camillo*) wipe not out the reſt of thy ſervices, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine owne goodneſſe hath made: better not to have had thee, then thus to want thee, thou having made me Buſineſſes, (which none (without thee) can ſufficiently manage) muſt either ſtay to execute them thy ſelfe, or take away with thee the very ſervices thou haſt done: which if I have not enough conſidered (as too much I cannot) to be more thankefull to thee, ſhall be my ſtudy, and my profit therein, the heaping friendſhippes. Of that fatall Countrey *Sicilia*, prethee ſpeake no more, whoſe very naming, puniſhes me with the remembrance of that penitent (as thou calſt him) and reconciled King my brother, whoſe loſſe of his moſt precious Queene and Children, are even now to bee a-freſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the Prince *Florizell* my ſon? Kings are no leſſe unhappy, their iſſue not being gracious, then they are in looſing them, when they have approved their Vertues.

Cam. Sir, it is three dayes ſince I ſaw the Prince: what his happier affayres may be, are to me unknowne: but I have (miſſingly) noted, he is of late much retyred from Court, and is leſſe frequent to his Princely exerciſes then formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have conſidered ſo much (*Camillo*) and with ſome care, ſo farre, that I have eyes under my ſervice, which looke upon his removedneſſe: from whom I have this Intelligence, that he is ſeldome from the houſe of a moſt homely ſhepheard: a man (they ſay) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is growne into an unſpeakable eſtate.

Cam. I have heard (Sir) of ſuch a man, who hath a daughter of moſt rare note: the report of her is extended more, then can be thought to begin from ſuch a cottage.

Pol. That's likewiſe part of my Intelligence: but (I feare) the Angle that pluckes our ſonne thither. Thou ſhalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have ſome queſtion with the ſhepheard; from whoſe ſimplicity, I thinke it not uneaſie to get the cauſe of my ſonnes reſort thither. Prethee be my preſent partner in this buſines, and lay aſide the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My beſt *Camillo*, we muſt diſguiſe our ſelves. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Autolicus ſinging.

When Daffadils begin to peere,
With heigh the Doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the ſweet o'the yeere,
For the red blood raignes in the winters pale.

The white ſheete bleaching on the hedge,
With hey the ſweet birds, O how they ſing:
Doth ſet my pugging tooth an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a diſh for a King.

The Larke, that tirra-Lyra chaunts,
With heigh, with heigh the Thruſh and the Iay:
Are Summer ſongs for me and my Aunts
While we lye tumbling in the hay.

I have ſeru'd Prince *Florizell*, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of ſervice.

But ſhall I goe mourne for that (my deere)
the pale Moone ſhines by night:
And when I wander here, and there
I then doe moſt goe right.
If Tinkers may have leave to live,
and beare the Sow-skin Bowget,
Then my account I well may give,
and in the Stockes avouch-it.

My Trafficke is ſheets: when the Kite builds, looke to leſſer Linnen. My Father nam'd me *Autolicus*, who being (as I am) lytter'd under Mercury, was likewiſe a ſnapper-up of unconſidered trifles: With Dye and drab, I purchas'd Capariſon, and my Revennew is the ſilly Cheate. Gallowes, and Knocke, are too powerfull on the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to me: For the life to come, I ſleepe out the thought of it. A prize, a prize.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Let me ſee, every Leaven-weather toddes, every told yeeldes pound and odde ſhilling: fifteene hundred ſhorne, what comes the wooll too?

Aut. If the ſprindge hold, the Cocke's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without Compters. Let me ſee, what am I to buy for our Sheepe-ſhearing-Feaſt? Three pound of Sugar, fiue pound of Currence, Rice: What will this ſiſter of mine do with Rice? But my father hath made her Miſtris of the Feaſt, and ſhe layes it on. Shee hath made-me foure and twenty Noſe-gayes for the ſhearers (three-man ſong-men, all, and very good ones) but they are moſt of them Meanes and Baſes; but one Puritan amongſt them, and he ſings Pſalmes to horne-pipes. I muſt have Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace: Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegges, ſeven; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Foure pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reyſons o'th Sunne.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was borne.

Clo. I'th'name of me.

Aut. Oh helpe me, helpe mee: plucke but off theſe ragges: and then, death, death.

Clo. Alacke poore ſoule, thou haſt need of more rags to lay on thee, rather then have theſe off.

Aut. Oh ſir, the loathſomneſſe of them offends mee, more then the ſtripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas poore man, a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am rob'd ſir, and beaten: my money, and apparrell tane from me, and theſe deteſtable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horſe-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A footman (ſweet ſir) a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he ſhould be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horſemans Coate, it hath ſeene very hot ſervice. Lend me thy hand, Ile helpe thee. Come lend me thy hand.

Aut. Oh good ſir, tenderly, oh.

Clo. Alas poore ſoule.

Aut. Oh good ſir, ſoftly, good ſir: I feare (ſir) my ſhoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? Canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, deere ſir: good ſir, ſoftly: you ha done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doeſt lacke any mony? I have a little mony for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet ſir: no, I beſeech you ſir: I have a Kinſman not paſt three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I ſhall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that killes my heart.

Clo. What manner of Fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow (Sir) that I have knowne to goe about with Troll-my-dames: I knew him him once a ſervant of the Prince: I cannot tell good ſir, for which of his Vertues it was, but he was certainely Whipt out of the Court.

Clo. His vices you would ſay: there's no vertue whipt out of the Court: they cheriſh it to make it ſtay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would ſay (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath beene ſince an Ape-bearer, then a Proceſſe-ſerver (a Bayliffe) then hee compaſt a Motion of the Prodigall ſonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and living lyes;. and (having flowne over many knaviſh profeſſions) he ſetled only in Rogue: ſome call him *Autolicus.*

Clo. Out upon him: Prig, for my life Prig: he haunts Wakes, Faires, and Beare-baitings

Aut. Very true ſir: he ſir he: that's the Rogue that put me into this apparrell.

Clo. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all *Bohemia*; If you had but look'd bigge, and ſpit at him, hee'ld have runne.

Aut. I muſt confeſſe to you (ſir) I am no fighter: I am falſe of heart that way, and that he knew I warrant him.

Clo. How doe you now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better then I was: I can ſtand, and walke: I will even take my leave of you, and pace ſoftly towards my Kinſmans.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good fac'd ſir, no ſweet ſir.

Clo. Then farewell, I muſt goe to buy Spices for our ſheepe-ſhearing. *Exit.*

Aut. Proſper you ſweet ſir. Your purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your Spice: Ile be with you at your ſheepe-ſhearing too: If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the ſheerers prove ſheepe, let me be unrold, and my name put in the booke of Vertue.

Song. *Iog-on, Iog-on, the foot-path way,*
And merrily hent the Stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tyres in a Mile-a. *Exit.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowne, Polixenes, Camillo, Mopſa, Dorcas, Servants, Autolicus.

Flo. Theſe your unuſuall weeds, to each part of you
Do's give a life: no Shepherdeſſe, but *Flora*
Peering in Aprils front. This your ſheepe-ſhearing,
Is as a merry meeting of the petty gods,
And you the Queene on't.

Per. Sir: my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extreames, it not becomes me:
(Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high ſelfe
The gracious marke o'th' Land, you have obſcur'd
With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maide)
Moſt goddeſſe-like prank'd up: But that our Feaſts
In every Meſſe, have folly; and the Feeders
Diſgeſt it with a Cuſtome, I ſhould bluſh
To ſee you ſo attyr'd: ſworne I thinke,
To ſhew my ſelfe a glaſſe.

Flo. I bleſſe the time
When my good Falcon, made her flight a-croſſe
Thy fathers ground.

Per. Now Iove affoord you cauſe:
To me the difference forges dread (your Greatneſſe
Hath not beene us'd to feare:) even now I tremble
To thinke your Father, by ſome accident
Should paſſe this way, as you did: Oh the Fates,
How would he looke, to ſee his worke, ſo noble,
Vildely bound up? What would he ſay? Or how
Should I (in theſe my borrowed Flaunts) behold
The ſternneſſe of his preſence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity: the Goddes themſelves
(Humbling their Deities to love) have taken
The ſhapes of Beaſts upon them. Iupiter,
Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the greene Neptune
A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-roab'd-God
Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine,
As I ſeeme now. Their transformations,
Were never for a peece of beauty, rarer,
Nor in a way ſo chaſte: ſince my deſires
Runne not before mine honor: nor my Luſts
Burne hotter then my Faith.

Perd. O but deere ſir,
Yur reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd (as it muſt be) by th'power of the King:
One of theſe two muſt be neceſſities,
Which then will ſpeake, that you muſt change this purpoſe,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou deereſt *Perdita,*
With theſe forc'd thoughts, I prethee darken not
The Mirth o'th' Feaſt: Or Ile be thine (my Faire)
Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be
Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am moſt conſtant,
Though deſtiny ſay no. Be merry (Gentle)
Strangle ſuch thoughts as theſe, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your gueſts are comming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptiall, which
We two have ſworne ſhall come.

Perd. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auſpicious. *Enter All.*

Flo. See, your Gueſts approach,
Addreſſe your ſelfe to entertaine them ſprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye (daughter) when my old wife liv'd: upon
This day, ſhe was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke,
Both Dame and Servant: Welcom'd all: ſerv'd all,
Would ſing her ſong, and dance her turne: now heere
At upper end o'th Table; now, i'th middle:
On his ſhoulder, and his: her face o'fire
With labour, and the thing ſhe tooke to quench it
She would to each one ſip. You are retyred,
As if you were a feaſted one: and not
The Hoſteſſe of the meeting: Pray you bid
Theſe unknowne friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make us better Friends, more knowne.
Come, quench your bluſhes, and preſent your ſelfe
That which you are, Miſtris o'th' Feaſt. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your ſheepe-ſhearing,
As your good flocke ſhall proſper.

Perd. Sir, welcome:
It is my Fathers will, I ſhould take on me
The Hoſteſſeſhip o'th'day, your're welcome ſir
Give me thoſe Flowres there (*Dorcas.*) Reverend Sirs,
For you, there's Roſemary, and Rue, theſe keepe
Seeming, and ſavour all the Winter long:
Grace, and Remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our Shearing.

Pol. Shepherdeſſe,
(A faire one are you :) well you fit our ages
With flowres of Winter.
Perd. Sir, the yeare growing ancient,
Not yet on ſummers death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fayreſt flowres o'th ſeaſon
Are our Carnations, and ſtreak'd Gilly-vors,
(Which ſome call Natures baſtards) of that kind
Our ruſticke Garden's barren, and I care not
To get ſlips of them.
Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)
Doe you neglect them.
Perd. For I have heard it ſaid,
There is an Art, which in their pideneſſe ſhares
With great creating-Nature.
Pol. Say there be :
Yet Nature is made better by no meane,
But Nature makes that Meane : ſo over that Art,
(Which you ſay addes to Nature) is an Art
That Nature makes : you ſee (ſweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Sien, to the wildeſt Stocke,
And make conceive a barke of baſer kind
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art
Which do's mend Nature : change it rather, but
The Art it ſelfe, is Nature.
Per. So it is.
Pol. Then make your Garden rich in Gilly'vors,
And doe not call them baſtards.
Per. Ile not put
The Dible in earth, to ſet one ſlip of them :
No more then were I painted, I would wiſh
This youth ſhould ſay 'twer well : and onely therefore
Deſire to breed by me. Here's flowres for you :
Hot Lavender, Mints, Savory, Mariorum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with 'Sun,
And with him riſes, weeping : Theſe are flowres
Of middle ſummer, and I thinke they are given
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.
Cam. I ſhould leave grazing, were I of your flocke,
And onely live by gazing.
Per. Out alas :
You'ld be ſo leane, that blaſts of Ianuary (Friend,
Would blow you through and through. Now (my fairſt
I would I had ſome Flowres o'th Spring, that might
Become your time of day : and yours, and yours,
That weare upon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing : O *Proſerpina*,
For the Flowers now, that (frighted) thou let'ſt fall
From *Diſſes* Waggon : Daffadils,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The windes of March with beauty : Violets (dim,
But ſweeter then the lids of *Iuno's* eyes,
Or *Cytherea's* breath) pale Prime-roſes,
That dye unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright *Phœbus* in his ſtrength (a Malady
Moſt incident to Maids :) bold Oxlips, and
The Crowne Imperiall : Lillies of all kinds,
(The flowre-de-Luce being one.) O, theſe I lacke,
To make you Garlands of) and my ſweet friend,
To ſtrew him o're, and ore.
Flo. What? like a Coarſe?
Per. No, like a banke, for Love to lye, and play on :
Not like a Coarſe : or if : not to be buried,
But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your flouers,
Me thinkes I play as I have ſeene them doe
In Whitſon-Paſtorals : Sure this Robe of mine
Do's change my diſpoſition :
Flo. What you doe,
Still betters what is done. When you ſpeake (ſweet)
I'ld have you doe it ever : When you ſing,
I'ld have you buy, and ſell ſo : ſo give Almes,
Pray ſo : and for the ord'ring your Affayres,
To ſing them too. When you doe dance, I wiſh you
A wave o'th Sea, that you might ever doe
Nothing but that : move ſtill, ſtill ſo :
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(So ſingular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the preſent deeds,
That all your Actes, are Queenes.
Perd. O *Doricles*,
Your praiſes are too large : but that your youth
And the true blood which peepes fairely through't,
Doe plainly give you out an unſtain'd Shepherd
With wiſedome, I might feare (my *Doricles*)
You woo'd me the falſe way.
Flo. I thinke you have
As little skill to feare, as I have purpoſe
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my *Perdita* :) ſo Turtles paire
That never meane to part.
Perd. Ile ſweare for 'em.
Pol. This is the pretrieſt Low-borne Laſſe, that ever
Ran on the greene-ſord : Nothing ſhe do's, or ſeemes
But ſmackes of ſomething greater then her ſelfe,
Too Noble for this place.
Cam. He tels her ſomething
That makes her blood looke on't : Good ſooth ſhe is
The Queene of Curds and Creame.
Clo. Come on : ſtrike up.
Dor. *Mopſa* muſt be your Miſtris : marry Garlicke to mend her kiſſing with.
Mop. Now in good time,
Clo. Not a word, a word, we ſtand upon our manners,
Come, ſtrike up.

Heere a Daunce of Shepheards and
Shepheardeſſes.

Pol. Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,
Which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and boaſts himſelfe
To have a worthy Feeding; but I have it
Vpon his owne report, and I beleeve it :
He lookes like ſooth : he ſayes he loves my daughter,
I thinke ſo too; for never gaz'd the Moone
Vpon the water, as he'll ſtand and reade
As 'twere my daughters eyes : and to be plaine,
I thinke there is not halfe a kiſſe to chooſe
Who loves another beſt.
Pol. She dances featly.
Shep. So ſhe do's any thing, though I report it
That ſhould be ſilent : if yong *Doricles*
Doe light upon her, ſhe ſhall bring him that
Which he not dreames of. *Enter Servant.*

Ser. O Maſter : if you did but heare the Pedler at the doore, you would never dance againe after a Tabor and Pipe : no, the Bag-pipe could not move you : he ſings ſeverall Tunes, faſter then you'll tell money : he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens eares grew to his Tunes.

Clo. He could never come better : he ſhall come in : I love a ballad but even too well, if it be dolefull matter merrily ſet downe : or a very pleaſant thing indeed, and ſung lamentably.

Ser. He hath ſongs for man, or woman, of all ſizes: No Milliner can ſo fit his cuſtomers with Gloues: he has the pretrieſt Love ſongs for Maids, ſo without bawdry (which is ſtrange) with ſuch delicate burthens of Dildo's and Fadings: Iump-her, and thump-her; and where ſome ſtretch-mouth'd Raſcall, would (as it were) meane miſcheefe, and breake a foule gap into the Matter, he makes the maid to anſwer, *Whoope, doe me no harme good man*: put's him off, ſlights him, with *Whoop, doe me no harme good man.*

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Beleeve me, thou talkeſt of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any unbraided Warres:

Ser. He hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th Rainebow; Points, more then all the Lawyers in *Bohemia*, can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th'groſſe: Inckles, Caddyſſes, Cambrickes, Lawnes: why he ſings em over, as they were Gods, or Goddeſſes: you would thinke a Smocke were a ſhe-Angell, he ſo chants to the ſleeve-hand, and the worke about the ſquare on't.

Clo. Prethee bring him in, and let him approach ſinging,

Perd. Forewarne him, that he vſe no ſcurrilous words in's tunes.

Clo. You have of theſe Pedlers, that have more in them, then youl'd thinke (Siſter)

Per. I good brother, or goe about to thinke.

Enter Autolicus ſinging.

Lawne as white as driven Snow,
Cypreſſe blacke as ere was Crow,
Gloves as ſweet as Damaske Roſes,
Maskes for faces, and for noſes:
Bugle-bracelet, Necke-lace Amber.
Perfume for a Ladies Chamber:
Golden Quoifes, and Stomachers
For my Lads, to give their deers:
Pins, and poaking-ſtickes of ſteele.
What Maids lacke from head to heele:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy.
Buy Lads, or elſe your Laſſes cry: Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopſa*, thou ſhouldſt take no money of me, but being enthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them againſt the Feaſt, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more then that, or there be lyars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'May be he has paid you more, which will ſhame you to give him againe.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they weare their plackets, where they ſhould bear their faces? Is there not milking-time? When you are going to bed? Or kill-hole? To whiſtle of theſe ſecrets, but you muſt be tittle-tatling before all our gueſts? Tis well they are whiſpring: clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done; Come you promis'd me a tawdry-lace, and a paire of ſweet Gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and loſt all my money?

Aut. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therefore it behooves men to be wary.

Clo. Feare not thou man, thou ſhalt loſe nothing here.

Aut. I hope ſo ſir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What haſt heere? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy ſome: I love a ballet in print, a life, for then we are ſure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very dolefull tune, how a Vſurers wife was brought to bed of twenty money bagges at a burthen, and how ſhe long'd to eate Adders heads, and Toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, thinke you?

Aut. Very true, and but a moneth old.

Dor. Bleſſe me from marrying a Vſurer.

Aut. Here's the Midwives name to't: one Miſtris *Tale-Porter*, and five or ſix honeſt Wives, that were preſent. Why ſhould I carry lyes abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let's firſt ſee moe Ballads: We'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a Fiſh, that appeared upon the coaſt, on wenſday the fourescore of Aprill, forty thouſand fadom aboue water, and ſung this ballad againſt the hard hearts of maides: it was thought ſhe was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold fiſh, for ſhe would not exchange fleſh with one that lov'd her: The Ballad is very pittifull, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, thinke you.

Auto, Five Iuſtices hands at it: and witneſſes more then my packe will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too; another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have ſome merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a paſſing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids wooing a man: there's ſcarſe a Maide weſtward but ſhe ſings it: 'tis in requeſt, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both ſing it: if thou'lt beare a part, thou ſhalt heare, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't, a month agoe.

Aut. I can beare my part, you muſt know 'tis my occupation: Have at it with you:

Song *Get you hence, for I muſt goe*
Aut. *Where it fits not you to know.*
Dor. *Whether?*
Mop. *O whether?*
Dor. *Whether?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy ſecrets tell.
Dor. *Me too. Let me goe thether:*
Mop. *Or thou goeſt to th'Grange, or Mill,*
Dor. *If to either thou doſt ill,*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *What neither?*
Aut. *Neither:*
Dor. *Thou haſt ſworne my Love to be,*
Mop. *Thou haſt ſworne it more to me.*
Then whether goeſt? Say whether?

Clo. We'll have this ſong out anon by our ſelves: My father, and the Gent. are in ſad talke, and we'll not trouble them: Come bring away thy packe after me, Wenches Ile buy for you both: Pedler let's have the firſt choyce; fellow me girles. *Aut.* And you ſhall pay well for 'em.

Song. *Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cape?*
My dainty Ducke, my deere-a?
Any Silke, any Thred, any Toyes for your head
Of the news't, and fins't, fins't weare-a.
Come to the Pedler, Money's a medler,
That doth utter all mens ware-a. *Exit.*

Ser. Maſter, there is three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds that have made themſelves all men of haire, they call themſelves Saltiers, and they have a Dance, which the Wenches ſay is a gally-maufry of Gambols, becauſe they are not in't: but they themſelves are o'th'mind (if it be not too rough for ſome, that know little but bowling) it will pleaſe plentifully.

Shep. Away: We'll none on't; heere has beene too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) we weary you.

Pol. You weary thoſe that refreſh us: pray let's ſee theſe foure-threes of Heardſmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,) hath danc'd before the King: and not the worſt of the three, but jumpes twelve foote and a halfe by th'ſquire.

Shep. Leave your prating, ſince theſe good men are pleaſ'd, let them come in: but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they ſtay at doore Sir.

Heere a Dance of twelve Satires.

Pol. O Father, you'll know more of that heereafter:
Is it not too farre gone? 'Tis time to part them,
He's ſimple, and tels much. How now (faire ſhepheard)
Your heart is full of ſomething, that do's take
Your mind from feaſting. Sooth, when I was yong,
And handed love, as you doe; I was wont
To load my Shee with knackes: I would have ranſackt
The Pedlers ſilken Treaſury, and have powr'd it
To her acceptance: you have let him goe,
And nothing marted with him. If your Laſſe
Interpretation ſhould abuſe, and call this
Your lacke of love, or bounty, you were ſtraited
For a reply at leaſt, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are:
The gifts ſhe lookes from me, are packt and lockt
Vp in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O heare me breath my life
Before this ancient Sir, who (it ſhould ſeeme)
Hath ſometime lov'd: I take thy hand, this hand,
As ſoft as Doves downe, and as white as it,
Or *Ethyopians* tooth, or the fan'd ſnow,
That's bolted by th'Northerne blaſt, twice ore.

Pol. What followes this?
How prettily th'yong Swaine ſeemes to waſh
The hand, was faire before? I have put you out,
But to your proteſtation: Let me heare
What you profeſſe.

Flo. Doe, and be witneſſe too't.

Plo. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men: the earth, the heavens, and all;
That were I crown'd the moſt Imperiall Monarch
Thereof moſt worthy: were I the fayreſt youth
That ever made eye ſwerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever mans, I would not prize them
Without her Love; for her, employ them all,
Commend them, and condemne them to her ſervice,
Or to their owne perdition.

Plo. Fairely offer'd.

Cam. This ſhewes a ſound affection.

She. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him.

Per. I cannot ſpeake
So well, (nothing ſo well) no, nor meane better
By th'patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargaine;
And friends unknowne, you ſhall beare witneſſe to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her Portion, equall his.

Flo. O, that muſt be
I'th Vertue of your daughter: One being dead,
I ſhall have more then you can dreame of yet,
Enough then for your wonder: but come-on:
Contract us 'fore theſe Witneſſes.

Shep, Come, your hand:
And daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft Swaine a-while: beſeech you,
Have you a Father?

Fol. I have: but what of him?

Rol. Knowes he of this?

Fol. He neither do's, nor ſhall.

Pol. Me-thinkes a Father,
Is at the Nuptiall of his ſonne, a gueſt
That beſt becomes the Table: Pray you once more
Is not your Father growne incapeable
Of reaſonable affaires? Is he not ſtupid
With Age, and altring Rheumes? Can he ſpeake? heare?
Know man, from man? Diſpute his owne eſtate?
Lyes he not bed-rid? And againe, do's nothing
But what he did, being childiſh?

Flo. No good Sir:
He has his health, and ampler ſtrength indeed
Then moſt have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him (if this be ſo) a wrong
Something unfilliall: Reaſon my ſonne
Should chooſe himſelfe a wife, but as good reaſon
The Father (all whoſe joy is nothing elſe
But faire poſterity) ſhould hold ſome counſaile
In ſuch a buſineſſe.

Flo. I yeeld all this;
But for ſome other reaſons (my grave Sir)
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this buſineſſe.

Plo. Let him know't.

Flo. He ſhall not.

Plo. Prethee let him.

Flo. No, he muſt not.

Shep. Let him (my ſonne) he ſhall not need to greeve
At knowing of thy choyce.

Flo. Come, come, he muſt not:
Marke our Contract.

Plo. Marke your divorce (yong Sir)
Whom ſonne I dare not call: Thou art too baſe
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a Scepters heire,
That thus affects a ſheepe-hooke? Thou old Traitor,
I am ſorry, that by hanging thee, I can
But ſhorten thy life one weeke. And thou, freſh peece
Of excellent Witchcraft, who of force muſt know
The royall Foole thou coap'ſt with.

Shep. Oh my heart.

Pol. Ile have thy beauty ſcratcht with briers and made
More homely then thy ſtate. For thee (fond boy)
If I may ever know thou doſt but ſigh,
That thou no more ſhalt never ſee this knacke (as never
I meane thou ſhalt) we'll barre thee from ſucceſſion,
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin,
Farre than *Deucalion* off: (marke thou my words)
Follow us to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time
(Though full of our diſpleaſure) yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,

Worthy enough a Heardſman: yea him too,
That makes himſelfe (but for our Honor therein)
Vnworthy thee. If ever henceforth, thou
Theſe rurall Latches, to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,
I will deviſe a death, as cruell for thee
As thou art tender to't. *Exit.*
Perd. Even heere undone:
I was not much a-fear'd: for once, or twice
I was about to ſpeake, and tell him plainely,
The ſelfe-ſame Sun, that ſhines upon his Court,
Hides not his viſage from our Cottage, but
Lookes on alike. Wilt pleaſe you (Sir) be gon?
I told you what would come of this: Beſeech you
Of your owne ſtate take care: This dreame of mine
Being now awake, Ile Queene it no inch farther,
But milke my Ewes, and weepe.
Cam. Why how now Father,
Speake ere thou dyeſt.
Shep. I cannot ſpeake, nor thinke,
Nor dare to know, that which I know: O Sir,
You have undone a man of foureſcore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet: yea,
To dye upon the bed my father dy'de,
To lye cloſe hy his honeſt bones; but now
Some Hangman muſt put on my ſhrowd, and lay me
Where no Prieſt ſhovels-in duſt. Oh curſed wretch,
That knew'ſt this was the Prince, and wouldſt adventure
To mingle faith with him. Vndone, undone:
If I might dye within this houre, I have liv'd
To dye when I deſire. *Exit.*
Flo. Why looke you ſo upon me?
I am but ſorry, not affear'd: delaid,
But nothing altred: What I was, I am:
More ſtraining on, for plucking backe; not following
My leaſh unwillingly.
Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know your Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no ſpeech: (which I doe gheſſe
You doe not purpoſe to him:) and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight, as yet I feare;
Then till the fury of his Highneſſe ſettle
Come not before him.
Flo. I not purpoſe it:
I thinke *Camillo.*
Cam. Even he, my Lord.
Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid, my dignity would laſt
But till 'twere knowne?
Flo. It cannot faile, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature cruſh the ſides o'th earth together,
And marre the ſeeds within. Lift up thy lookes:
From my ſucceſſion wipe me (Father) I
Am heyre to my affection.
Cam. Be advis'd.
Flo. I am: and by my fancy, if my Reaſon
Will thereto be obedient: I have reaſon:
If not, my ſences better (pleas'd with madneſſe)
Doe bid it welcome.
Cam. This is deſperate (ſir)
Flo. So call it: but it do's fulfill my vow:
I needs muſt thinke it honeſty. *Camillo,*
Not for *Bohemia,* nor the pompe that may
Be thereat gleaned: for all that the Sun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombes, or the profound ſeas hide
In unknowne fadomes, will I breake my oath
To this my faire belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have euer bin my Fathers friend,
When he ſhall miſſe me, as (in faith I meane not
To ſee him any more) caſt your good counſailes
Vpon his paſſion: Let my ſelfe, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliver, I am put to Sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on ſhore:
And moſt opportune to her need, I have
A Veſſell rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſigne. What courſe I meane to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concerne me the reporting.
Cam. O my Lord,
I would your ſpirit were eaſier for aduice,
Or ſtronger for your need.
Flo. Hearke *Perdita,*
Ile heare you by and by.
Cam. He's irremoveable,
Roſolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going, I could frame to ſerve my turne.
Save him from danger, doe him love and honour,
Purchaſe the ſight againe of deere Sicilia,
And that unhappy King, my Maſter, whom
I ſo much thirſt to ſee.
Flo. Now good *Camillo,*
I am ſo fraught with curious buſineſſe, that
I leave out ceremony.
Cam. Sir, I thinke
You have heard of my poore ſervices, i'th love
That I have borne your Father?
Flo. Very nobly
Have you deſerv'd: It is my Fathers Muſicke
To ſpeake your deeds: not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.
Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may pleaſe to thinke I love the King,
And through him, what's neereſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelfe; embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and ſetled project
May ſuffer alteration: On mine honor,
Ile point you where you ſhall have ſuch receiving
As ſhall become your Highneſſe, where you may
Enjoy your Miſtris; from the whom, I ſee
There's no diſiunction to be made, but by
(As heavens forefend) your ruine: Marry her,
And with my beſt endevours, in youe abſence,
Your diſcontenting Father, ſtrive to quallifie
And bring him up to liking.
Flo. How *Camillo*
May this (almoſt a miracle) be done?
That I may call thee ſomething more than man,
And after that truſt to thee.
Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll goe?
Flo. Not any yet:
But as th'unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly doe, ſo we profeſſe
Our ſelves to be the ſlaves of chance, and flyes
Of every winde that blowes.
Cam. Then liſt to me:
This followes, if you will not change your purpoſe
But undergoe this flight; make for Sicilia,
And there preſent your ſelfe, and your faire Princeſſe,
(For ſo I ſee ſhe muſt be) 'fore *Leontes;*

She ſhall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Me thinkes I ſee
Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping
His Welcomes forth: asks thee there Sonne forgiveneſſe,
As 'twere i'th' Fathers perſon: kiſſes the hands
Of your freſh Princeſſe; ore and ore divides him,
'Twixt his unkindneſſe, and his kindneſſe: th'one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faſter then Thought, or Time.

Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my Viſitation, ſhall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) ſhall deliver,
Things knowne betwixt us three, Ile write you downe,
The which ſhall point you forth at every ſitting
What you muſt ſay, that he ſhall not perceive,
But that you have your fathers Boſome there,
And ſpeake his very Heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is ſome ſappe in this.

Cam. A Courſe more promiſing,
Then a wild dedication of your ſelves
To unpath'd Waters, undream'd Shores; moſt certaine,
To Miſeries enough: no hope to helpe you,
But as you ſhake off one, to take another:
Nothing ſo certaine, as your Anchors, who
Doe their beſt office, if they can but ſtay you,
Where you'l be loth to be: beſides you know,
Proſperitie's the very bond of Love,
Whoſe freſh complexion, and whoſe heart together,
Affliction alters.

Per. One of theſe is true:
I thinke Affliction may ſubdue the Cheeke,
But not take-in the Mind,

Cam. Yea? ſay you ſo?
There ſhall not, at your fathers houſe, theſe ſeven yeeres
Be borne another ſuch,

Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as
She is i'th' reare 'our Birth.

Cam. I cannot ſay, 'tis pitty
She lackes inſtructions, for ſhe ſeemes a Miſtreſſe
To moſt that teach.

Per. Your pardon Sir, for this.
Ile bluſh you Thankes.

Flo. My prettieſt *Perdita*.
But O, the Thornes we ſtand upon: (*Camillo*)
Preſerver of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our Houſe: how ſhall we doe?
We are not furniſh'd like *Bohemia's* Sonne,
Nor ſhall appeare in *Sicily*.

Cam. My Lord,
Feare none of this: I thinke you know my fortunes
Doe all lye there: it ſhall be ſo my care,
To have you royally appointed, as if
The Scæne yov play, were mine. For inſtance Sir,
That you may know you ſhall not want: one word.

Enter Autolicus.

Aut. Ha ha, what a foole Honeſty is? and Truſt (his ſworne brother) a very ſimple Gentleman. I have ſold all my Trompery: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon, Glaſſe, Pomander, Browch, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife, Tape, Glove, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe my Packe from faſtning: they throng who ſhould buy firſt, as if my Trinkets had beene hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which meanes, I ſaw whoſe Purſe was beſt in Picture; and what I ſaw, to my good uſe, I remembred. My Clowne (who wants but ſomething to be a reaſonable man) grew ſo in love with the Wenches Song, that he would not ſtirre his Pettytoes till he had both Tune and Words, which ſo drew the reſt of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences ſtucke in Eares: you might have pinch'd a Placket, it was ſencelesse, 'twas nothing to gueld a Cod-peece of a Purſe: I would have fill'd Keyes of that hung in Chaynes: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargy, I pick'd and cut moſt of their Feſtivall Purſes: And had not the old-man come in with a Whoo-bub againſt his Daughter, and the Kings Sonne, and ſcar'd my Chowghes from the Chaffe, I had not left a Purſe alive in the whole Army.

Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this meanes being there
So ſoone as you arrive, ſhall cleare that doubt.

Flo. And thoſe that you'll procure from King *Leontes*?

Cam. Shall ſatisfie your Father.

Perd. Happy be you:
All that you ſpeake, ſhewes faire.

Cam. Who have we here?
We'll make an Inſtrument of this: omit
Nothing may give us ayde.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now: why hanging.

Cam. How now (good Fellow)
Why ſhak'ſt thou ſo? Feare not (man)
Here's no harme intended to thee,

Aut. I am a poore fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be ſo ſtill: here's no body will ſteale that from thee: yet for the out-ſide of thy poverty, we muſt make an exchange; therefore diſ-caſe thee inſtantly (thou muſt thinke there's a neceſſity in't) and change garments with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his ſide) be the worſt, yet hold thee, there's ſome boot.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well eenough.)

Cam. Nay prethee diſpatch: the Gentleman is halfe fled already.

Aut. Are you in earneſt, Sir? (I ſmell the tricke on't.)

Flo. Diſpatch, I prethee.

Aut. Indeed I have had earneſt, but I cannot with conſcience take it.

Cam. Vnbuckle, unbuckle.
Fortunate Miſtreſſe (let my prophecy
Come home to ye:) you muſt retire your ſelfe
Into ſome Covert; take your ſweet-hearts Hat
And plucke it ore your Browes, muffle your face,
Diſmantle you, and (as you can) diſliken
The truth of your owne ſeeming, that you may
(For I doe feare eyes over) to Ship-boord
Get undeſcry'd.

Per. I ſee the Play ſo lyes,
That I muſt beare a part.

Cam. No remedy:
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Sonne.

Cam. Nay, you ſhall have no Hat:
Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita*: what have we twaine forgot?

Pray you a word.
Cam. What I doe next, ſhall be to tell the King
Of this eſcape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I ſhall ſo prevaile,
To force him after: in whoſe company
I ſhall re-view *Sicilia*; for whoſe ſight,
I have a Womans Longing.

Flo. Fortune ſpeed us:
Thus we ſet on (*Camillo*) to th'Sea-ſide.

Cam. The ſwifter ſpeed, the better. *Exit.*

Aut. I underſtand the buſineſſe, I heare it: to have an open eare, a quicke eye; and a nimble hand, is neceſſary for a Cut-purſe; a good Noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out worke for th'other Sences. I ſee this is the time that the unjuſt man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange; Sure the gods doe this yeere connive at us, and we may doe any thing extempore. The Prince himſelfe is about a peece of iniquity (ſtealing away from his Father, with his Clog at his heeles:) if I thought it were a peece of honeſty to acquaint the King withall, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceale it; and therein am I conſtant to my Profeſſion.

Enter Clowne, and Shepherd.

Aſide, aſide, here is more matter for a hot braine: Every Lanes end, every Shop, Church, Seſſion, Hanging, yeelds a carefull man worke.

Clow. See, ſee: what a man you are now? there is no other way, but to tell the King ſhe's a Changeling, and none of your fleſh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but heare me.

Clow. Nay; but heare me.

Shep. Goe to then.

Clow. She being none of your fleſh and blood, your fleſh and blood ha's not offended the King, and ſo your fleſh and blood is not to be puniſh'd by him. Shew thoſe things you found about her (thoſe ſecret things, all but what ſhe ha's with her:) This being done, let the Law goe whiſtle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his Sonnes prancks too; who, I may ſay, is no honeſt man, neither to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me the Kings Brother in Law.

Clow. Indeed Brother in Law was the fartheſt off you could have beene to him, and then your Blood had beene the deerer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wiſely (Puppies.)

Shep. Wel: let us to the King: there is that in this Farthell, will make him ſcratch his Beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my Maſter.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at Pallace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honeſt, I am ſo ſometimes by chance: Let me pocket up my Pedlers excrement. How now (Ruſtiques) whither are you bound?

Shep. To th'Pallace (and it like your Worſhip.)

Aut. Your Affaires there? what? with whom? the Condition of that Farthell? the place of your dwelling? your names? your ages? of what having? breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be knowne, diſcover?

Clo. We are but plaine fellowes, Sir.

Aut. A Lye: you are rough, and hayrie: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but Tradeſ-men, and they often give us (Souldiers) the Lye, but we pay them for it with ſtamped Coyne, not ſtabbing Steele, therefore they doe not give us the Lye.

Clo. Your Worſhip had like to have given us one, if you had not taken your ſelfe with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, and't like you Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seeſt thou not the ayre of the Court, in theſe enfoldings? Hath not my gate in it, the meaſure of the Court? Receivs not thy Noſe Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy Baſeneſſe, Court-Contempt? Think'ſt thou, for that I inſinuate, or toaze from thee thy Buſineſſe, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier *Cap-a-pe*; and one that will either puſh-on, or pluck-backe, thy Buſineſſe there: whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.

Shep. My buſineſſe, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Aduocate ha'ſt thou to him?

Shep. I know not (and't like you.)

Clo. Aduocate's the Court-word for a Pheazant: ſay you have none.

Shep. None, Sir: I have no Pheazant Cocke, nor Hen.

Aut. How bleſſed are we, that are not ſimple men?
Yet Nature might have made me as theſe are,
Therefore I will not diſdaine.

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His Garments are rich, but he weares them not handſomely.

Clo. He ſeemes to be the more Noble, in being fantaſticall: a great man, Ile warrant; I know by the picking on's Teeth.

Aut. The Farthell there? What's i'th' Farthell? Wherefore that Box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes ſuch ſecrets in this Farthell and Box, which none muſt know but the King, and which he ſhall know within this houre, if I may come to th'ſpeech of him.

Aut. Age, thou haſt loſt thy labour.

Shep. Why Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone aboord a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himſelfe: for if thou bee'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know the King is full of griefe.

Shep. So'tis ſaid (Sir:) about his Sonne, that ſhould have marryed a Shepheards Daughter.

Aut. If that Shepheard be not in hand-faſt, let him flye; the Curſes he ſhall have, the Tortures he ſhall feele, will breake the backe of Man, the heart of Monſter.

Clo. Thinke you ſo, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone ſhall ſuffer what Wit can make heavy, and Vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are Iermaine to him (though remov'd fifty times) ſhall all come under the Hang-man: which, though it be great pitty, yet it is neceſſary. An old Sheepe-whiſtling Rogue, a Ram-tender, to offer to have his Daughter come into grace? Some ſay he ſhall be ſton'd: but that death is too ſoft for him (ſay I:) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat? all deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſie.

Clo. Ha's the old-man ere a Sonne Sir (doe you heare) and't like you, Sir?

Aut. He ha's a Sonne: who ſhall be flayd alive, then 'noynted over with Honey, ſet on the head of a Waſpes Neſt, then ſtand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd againe with Aquavitæ, or ſome other hot Infuſion: then, raw as he is (and in the hoteſt day Prognoſtication proclaymes) ſhall he be ſet againſt a Brick-wall (the Sunne looking with a South-ward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with Flyes blowne to death.) But what talke we of theſe Traitorly-Raſcals, whoſe miſeries are to be ſmil'd at, their offences being ſo capitall?

Tell me (for you ſeeme to be honeſt plaine men) what you have to the King: being ſomething gently conſider'd, Ile bring you where he is aboord, tender your perſons to his preſence, whiſper him in your behalfes; and if it be in man, beſides the King, to effect your Suites, here is man ſhall doe it.

Clo. He ſeemes to be of great authority: cloſe with him, give him Gold: and though Authority be a ſtubborne Beare, yet he is oft led by the Noſe with Gold: ſhew the in-ſide of your Purſe to the out-ſide of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember ſton'd, and flay'd alive.

Shep. And't pleaſe you (Sir) to undertake the Buſineſſe for us, here is that Gold I have: Ile make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawne, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promiſed?

Shep. I ſir.

Aut. Well, give me the Moity: Are you a party in this Buſineſſe?

Clo. In ſome ſort, Sir: but though my caſe be a pittifull one, I hope I ſhall not be flayd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the caſe of the Shepheards Sonne: hang him, he'le be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: We muſt to the King, and ſhew our ſtrange ſights: he muſt know 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Siſter: we are gone elſe. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man do's, when the Buſineſſe is performed, and remaine (as he ſayes) your pawne till it be brought you.

Aut. I will truſt you. Walke before toward the Sea-ſide, goe on the right hand, I will but looke upon the Hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bleſſ'd, in this man: as I may ſay, even bleſſ'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to doe us good. *Exeunt.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honeſt, I ſee *Fortune* would not ſuffer me: ſhe drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occaſion: (gold, and a means to doe the Prince my Maſter good; which, who knowes how that may turne backe to my aduancement?) I will bring theſe two Moales, theſe blind-ones, aboord him, if he thinke it fit to ſhoare them againe, and that the Complaint they have to the King, concernes him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being ſo farre officious, for I am proofe againſt that Title, and what ſhame elſe belongs to't: To him will I preſent them, there may be matter in it. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, Servants
Florizel, Perdita.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A Saint-like Sorrow: No fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed pay'd downe
More penitence, then done treſpas: At the laſt
Doe, as the Heavens have done; forget your evill,
With them, forgive your ſelfe.

Leo. Whileſt I remember
Her and her Vertues, I cannot forget
My blemiſhes in them, and ſo ſtill thinke of
The wrong I did my ſelfe: which was ſo much,
That Heire-leſſe it hath made my Kingdome, and
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt companion, that ere man
Bred his hopes out of, true.

Paul. Too true (my Lord:)
If one by one, you wedded all the World,
Or from the All that are, tooke ſomething good,
To make a perfect Woman; ſhe you kill'd,
Would be unparallell'd.

Leo. I thinke ſo. Kill'd?
She I kill'd? I did ſo: but thou ſtrik'ſt me
Sorely, to ſay I did: it is as bitter
Vpon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now,
Say ſo but ſeldome.

Cleo. Not at all, good Lady:
You might have ſpoken a thouſand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindneſſe better.

Paul. You are one of thoſe
Would have him wed againe.

Dio. If you would not ſo,
You pitty not the State, nor the Remembrance
Of his moſt Soveraigne Name: Conſider little,
What Dangers, by his Highneſſe faile of Iſſue,
May drop upon his Kingdome, and devoure
Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy,
Then to rejoyce the former Queene is well?
What holyer, then for Royalties repaire,
For preſent comfort, and for future good,
To bleſſe the Bed of Majeſty againe
With a ſweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
(Reſpecting her that's gone:) beſides the Gods
Will have fulfill'n their ſecret purpoſes:
For ha's not the Divine *Apollo* ſaid?
Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,
That King *Leontes* ſhall not have an Heire,
Till his loſt Child be found? Which, that it ſhall,
Is all as monſtrous to our humane reaſon,
As my *Antigonus* to breake his Grave,
And come againe to me: who, on my life,
Did periſh with the Infant. 'Tis your councell,
My Lord ſhould to the Heavens be contray,
Oppoſe againſt their wills. Care not for iſſue,
The Crowne will find an Heire. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th'Worthieſt: ſo his Succeſſor
Was like to be the beſt.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,
Who haſt the memory of *Hermione*
I know in honor: O, that ever I
Had ſquar'd me to thy councell: then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my Queenes full eyes,
Have taken Treaſure from her Lippes.

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yeelded.

Leo. Thou ſpeak'ſt truth:
No more ſuch Wives, therefore no Wife: one worſe,
And better us'd, would make her Sainted Spirit
Againe poſſeſſe her Corps, and on this Stage
(Where we offendors now appeare) Soule-vext,
And begin, why to me;

Paul. Had ſhe ſuch power,
She had juſt ſuch cauſe.

Leo. She had, and would incenſe me
To murther her I marryed.

Paul. I ſhould ſo:
Were I the Ghoſt that walk'd, Il'd bid you marke
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You choſe her: then Il'd ſhrieke, that even your eares
Should riſt to heare me, and the words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine.
Leo. Starres, Starres,
And all eyes elſe, dead coales: feare thou no Wife;
Ile have no Wife, *Paulina.*
Paul. Will you ſweare
Never to marry, but by my free leave?
Leo. Never (*Paulina*) ſo be bleſs'd my Spirit.
Paul. Then good my Lords, beare witneſſe to his Oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Vnleſſe another,
As like *Hermione*, as is her Picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good Madam, I have done.
Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;
No remedy but you will: Give me the office
To chuſe you a Queene: ſhe ſhall not be ſo young
As was your former, but ſhe ſhall be ſuch
As (walk'd your firſt Queenes Ghoſt) it ſhould take joy
To ſee her in your armes.
Leo. My true *Paulina*,
We ſhall not marry, till thou bidſt us.
Paul. That
Shall be when your firſt Queene's againe in breath:
Never till then.
Enter a Servant.
Ser. One that gives out himſelfe Prince *Florizell*,
Sonne of *Polixenes*, with his princeſſe (ſhe
The faireſt I have yet beheld) deſires acceſſe
To your high preſence.
Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his Fathers Greatneſſe: his approach
(So out of circumſtance, and ſuddaine) tells us,
'Tis not a Viſitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What Trayne?
Ser. But few,
And thoſe but meane.
Leo. His Princeſſe (ſay you) with him?
Ser. I: the moſt peereleſſe peece of Earth, I thinke,
That ere the Sunne ſhone bright on.
Paul. Oh *Hermione*,
As every preſent Time doth boaſt it ſelfe
Above a better, gone; ſo muſt thy Grave
Give way to what's ſeene now. Sir, you your ſelfe
Have ſaid, and writ ſo; but your writing now
Is colder then that Theame: ſhe had not beene,
Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Verſe
Flow'd with her Beauty once, 'tis ſhrewdly ebb'd,
To ſay you have ſeene a better.
Ser. Pardon, Madam:
The one, I have almoſt forgot (your pardon:)
The other, when ſhe ha's obtain'd your Eye,
Will have your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would ſhe begin a Sect, might quench the zeale
Of all Profeſſors elſe; make Proſelytes
Of who ſhe but bid follow.
Paul. How? not women?
Ser. Women will love her, that ſhe is a Woman
More worth then any Man: Men, that ſhe is
The rareſt of all Women.
Leo. Goe *Cleomines*,
Your ſelfe (aſſiſted with your honor'd friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis ſtrange,
He thus ſhould ſteale upon us. *Exit.*
Paul. Had our Prince
(Iewell of Children) ſeene this houre, he had payr'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth
Betweene their births.
Leo. 'Prethee no more; ceaſe: thou know'ſt
He dyes to me againe, when talk'd-of: ſure
When I ſhall ſee this Gentleman, thy ſpeeches
Will bring me to conſider that, which may
Vnfurniſh me of Reaſon. They are come.
Enter Florizell, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.
Your Mother was moſt true to Wedlocke, Prince,
For ſhe did print your Royall Father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty one,
Your Fathers Image is ſo hit in you,
(His very ayre) that I ſhould call you Brother,
As I did him, and ſpeake of ſomething wildly
By us perform'd before. Moſt dearely welcome,
And your faire Princeſſe (Goddeſſe) oh: alas,
I loſt a couple, that 'twixt Heaven and Earth
Might thus have ſtood, begetting wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I loſt
(All mine owne Folly) the Society,
Amity too of your brave Father, whom
(Though bearing Miſery) I deſire my life
Once more to looke on him.
Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a King (as friend)
Can ſend his Brother: and but infirmity
(Which waits upon worne times) hath ſomething ſeiz'd
His wiſh'd Ability, he had himſelfe
The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his
Meaſur'd, to looke upon you; whom he loves
(He bad me ſay ſo) more then all the Scepters,
And thoſe that beare them, living.
Leo. Oh my brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee, ſtirre
A freſh within me: and theſe thy offices
(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand ſlackeneſſe. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th'Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th'fearefull uſage
(At leaſt ungentle) of the dreadfull *Neptune*,
To greet a man, not worth her paines; much leſſe,
Th'adventure of her perſon?
Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from *Libia*.
Leo. Where the Warlike *Smalus*,
That Noble honor'd Lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?
Flo. Moſt Royall Sir,
From thence: from him, whoſe Daughter
His Teares proclaim'd his parting with her: thence
(A proſperous South-wind friendly) we have croſs'd,
To execute the Charge my Father gave me,
For viſiting your Highneſſe: My beſt Traine
I have from your *Sicilian* Shores diſmiſs'd;
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to ſignifie
Not onely my ſucceſſe in *Libia* (ſir)
But my arrivall, and my Wifes, in ſafety
Here, where we are.
Leo. The bleſſed gods
Purge all infection from our Ayre, whileſt you
Doe Clymate here: you have a holy Father,
A gracefull Gentleman, againſt whoſe perſon

(So ſacred as it is) I have done ſinne,
For which the Heavens (taking angry note)
Have left me Iſſue-leſſe: and your Father's bleſs'd
(As he from Heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodneſſe. What might I have beene,
Might I a Sonne and Daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Moſt Noble Sir,
That which I ſhall report, will beare no credit,
Were not the proofe ſo nigh. Pleaſe you (great Sir)
Bohemia greets you from himſelfe, by me:
Deſires you to attach his ſonne, who ha's
(His Dignity, and Duty both caſt off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepheards Daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia*? ſpeake:

Lor. Heere, in your Citty: I now came from him.
I ſpeake amazedly, and it becomes
My mervaile, and my Meſſage. To your Court
Whiles he was haſtning (in the Chaſe, it ſeemes,
Of this faire Couple) meets he on the way
The Father of this ſeeming Lady, and
Her Brother, having both their Country quitted,
With this young Prince.

Flo. *Camillo* ha's betray'd me;
Whoſe honor, and whoſe honeſty till now,
Endur'd all Weathers.

Lord. Lay't ſo to his charge:
He's with the King your Father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo*?

Lord. *Camillo* (Sir:) I ſpake with him: who now
Ha's theſe poore men in queſtion. Never ſaw I
Wretches ſo quake: they kneele, they kiſſe the Earth;
Forſweare themſelves as often as they ſpeake:
Bohemia ſtops his eares, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

Per. Oh my poore Father:
The Heaven ſets Spyes upon us, will not have
Our Contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marryed?

Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:
The Starres (I ſee) will kiſſe the Valleyes firſt:
The oddes for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once ſhe is my Wife.

Leo. That once (I ſee) by your good Fathers ſpeed,
Will come-on very ſlowly. I am ſory
(Moſt ſorry) you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty: and as ſorry,
Your Choyſe is not ſo rich in Worth, as Beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Deare looke up:
Though *Fortune*, viſible an Enemy,
Should chaſe us, with my Father: powre no jot
Hath ſhe to change our Loves. Beſeech you (Sir)
Remember, ſince you ow'd no more to Time
Then I doe now: with thought of ſuch Affections,
Step forth mine Aduocate: at your requeſt,
My Father will grant precious things, as Trifles.

Leo. Would he doe ſo, I'ld beg your precious Miſtris
Which he counts but a Trifle.

Paul. Sir (my Liege)
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a moneth
'Fore your Queene dy'd, ſhe was more worth ſuch gaze,
Then what you looke on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in theſe Lookes I made. But your Petition
Is yet un-anſwer'd: I will to your Father:
Your Honor not o're-throwne by your deſires,
I am friend to them, and you: upon which Errand
I now goe toward him: therefore follow me,
And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Autolicus, and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beſeech you (Sir) were you preſent at this Relation?

Gent. 1. I was by at the opening of the Farthell, heard the old Shepheard deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon (after a little amazedneſſe) we were all commanded out of the Chamber: onely this (me thought) I heard the Shepheard ſay, he found the Child.

Aut. I would moſt gladly know the iſſue of it.

Gen. 1. I make a broken delivery of the Buſineſſe; but the changes I perceived in the King, and *Camillo*, were very Notes of admiration: they ſeem'd almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to teare the Caſes of their Eyes. There was ſpeech in their dumbneſſe, Language in their very geſture: they look'd as they had heard of a World ranſom'd, or one deſtroyed: a notable paſſion of Wonder appeared in them: but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay, if th'importance were Ioy, or Sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it muſt needs be. *Enter another Gentleman.*
Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more:
The Newes, *Rogero*.

Gen. 2. Nothing but Bonfires: the Oracle is fulfill'd: the Kings Daughter is found: ſuch a deale of wonder is broken out within this houre, that Ballad-makers cannot be able to expreſſe it. *Enter another Gentleman.*
Here comes the Lady *Paulina*'s Steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which is call'd true) is ſo like an old Tale, that the verity of it is in ſtrong ſuſpition: Ha's the King found his Heire?

Gen. 3. Moſt true, if ever Truth were pregnant by Circumſtance: That which you heare, you'l ſweare you ſee, there is ſuch unity in the proofes. The Mantle of Queene *Hermiones*: her Iewell about the Necke of it: the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his Charracter; the Majeſty of the Creature, in reſemblance of the Mother: the Affection of Nobleneſſe, which Nature ſhewes above her Breeding, and many other Evidences, proclaime her, with all certainty, to be the Kings Daughter. Did you ſee the meeting of the two Kings?

Gent. 2. No.

Gent. 3. Then have you loſt a Sight which was to bee ſeene, cannot be ſpoken of. There might you have beheld one Ioy crowne another, ſo and in ſuch manner, that it ſeem'd Sorrow wept to take leave of them: for their Ioy waded in teares. There was caſting up of Eyes, holding up of hands, with Countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Favor.

Our King being ready to leape out of himſelfe, for joy of his found Daughter; as if that joy were now become a Loſſe, cryes, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then askes *Bohemia* forgiveneſſe, then embraces his Sonne-in Law: then againe worryes he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which ſtands by, like a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I never heard of ſuch another Encounter; which lames Report to follow it, and undo's deſcription to doe it.

Gen. 2. What, 'pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carryed hence the Child?

Gent. 3. Like an old Tale ſtill, which will have matter to rehearſe, though Credit be aſleepe, and not an eare open; he was torne to pieces with a Beare: This avouches the Shepheards Sonne, who ha's not onely his Innocence (which ſeemes much) to juſtifie him, but a hand-kerchiefe and Rings of his, that *Paulina* knowes.

Gent. 1. What became of his Barke, and his Followers?

Gent. 3. Wrackt the ſame inſtant of their Maſters death, and in the view of the Shepheard: ſo that all the Inſtruments which ayded to expoſe the Child, were even then loſt, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that 'twixt Ioy and Sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. She had one Eye declin'd for the loſſe of her Husband, another elevated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the Princeſſe from the Earth, and ſo lockes her in embracing as if ſhe would pin her to her heart, that ſhe might no more be in danger of loſing.

Gent. 1. The Dignity of this Act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by ſuch was it acted.

Gent. 3. One of the prettyeſt touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though not the Fiſh) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes death (with the manner how ſhe came to't, bravely confeſs'd, and lamented by the King) how attentiveneſſe wounded his Daughter, till (from one ſigne of dolour to another) ſhe did (with an *Alas*) I would faine ſay, bleed Teares; for I am ſure, my heart wept blood. Who was moſt Marble, there changed colour: ſome ſwownded, all ſorrowed: if all the World could have ſeen't, the Woe had beene univerſall.

Gent. 1. Are they returned to the Court?

Gent. 3. No: The Princeſſe hearing of her Mothers Statue (which is in the keeping of *Paulina*) a Peece many yeeres in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare Italian Maſter, *Iulio Romano*, who (had he himſelfe eternity, and could put Breath into his Worke) would beguile Nature of her Cuſtome, ſo perfectly he is her Ape: He ſo neere to *Hermione*, hath done *Hermione*, that they ſay one would ſpeake to her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer. Thither (with all greedineſſe of affection) are they gone, and there they intend to Sup.

Gent. 2. I thought ſhe had ſome great matter there in hand, for ſhe hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever ſince the death of *Hermione*, viſited that removed houſe. Shall we thither, and with our company peece the rejoycing?

Gent. 1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit of Acceſſe? every winke of an Eye, ſome new Grace will be borne: our Abſence makes us unthrifty to our Knowledge. Let's along. *Exit.*

Aut. Now (had I not the daſh of my former life in me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his Sonne aboord the the Prince; told him, I heard them talke of a Farthell, and I know not what: but he at that time over-fond of the Shepheards daughter (ſo he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea-ſick, and himſelfe little better, extremity of Weather continuing, this Myſtery remained undiſcover'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I beene the finder-out of this ſecret, it would not have relliſh'd among my other diſcredits.

Enter Shepheard, and Clowne.

Here come thoſe I have done good to againſt my will, and already appearing in the bloſſomes of their Fortune.

Shep. Come boy, I am paſt more Children: but thy Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.

Clown. You are well met (Sir;) you deny'd to fight with me this other day, becauſe I was no Gentleman borne. See you theſe Clothes? ſay you ſee them not, and thinke me ſtill no Gentleman borne: You were beſt ſay theſe Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Give me the Lye: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman borne.

Aut. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman borne.

Clow. I, and have beene ſo any time theſe foure houres.

Shep. And ſo have I, Boy.

Clow. So you have: but I was a Gentleman borne before my Father: for the Kings Sonne tooke me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my Father brother: and then the Prince (my brother) and the Princeſſe (my Siſter) call'd my father, father; and ſo we wept: and there was the firſt Gentleman-like teares that ever we ſhed.

Shep. We may live (Sonne) to ſhed many more.

Clo. I: or elſe 'twere hard lucke, being in ſo prepoſterous eſtate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beſeech you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Worſhip, and to give me your good report to the Prince my Maſter.

Shep. 'Prethee Sonne doe: for we muſt be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. I, and it like your good Worſhip.

Clow. Give me thy hand: I will ſweare to the Prince, thou art as honeſt a true Fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

Shep. You may ſay it, but not ſweare it.

Clow. Not ſweare it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boores and Francklins ſay it, Ile ſweare it.

Shep. How if it be falſe (Sonne?)

Clow. If it be ne're ſo falſe, a true Gentleman may ſweare it, in the behalfe of his friend: And Ile ſweare to the Prince, thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunke: but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: but Ile ſweare it, and I would thou would'ſt be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove ſo (Sir) to my power.

Clo. I, by any meanes prove a tall Fellow: if I doe not wonder, how thou dar'ſt venture to be drunke, not being a tall Fellow, truſt me not. Harke, the Kings and the Princes (our Kindred) are going to ſee the Queenes Picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good Maſter. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina: Hermione (like a Statue:) Lords, &c.

Leo. O grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort
That I have had of thee?

Paul. What (Soveragine Sir)
I did not well, I meant well : all my Services
You have pay'd home. But that you have vouchſaf'd
(With your Crown'd Brother, and theſe your contracted
Heires of your kingdomes) my poore Houſe to viſit;
It is a ſurplus of your Grace, which never
My life may laſt to anſwer.
Ler. O *Paulina*,
We honor you with trouble : but we came
To ſee the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallery
Have we paſs'd through, not without much content
In many ſingularities; but we ſaw not
That which my Daughter came to looke upon,
The Statue of her Mother.
Paul. As ſhe liv'd peereleſſe,
So her dead likeneſſe I doo well beleeve
Excells what ever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of Man hath done : therefore I keepe it
Lovely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To ſee the Life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still Sleepe mock'd death : behold, and ſay 'tis well.
I like your ſilence, it the more ſhewes off
Your wonder : but yet ſpeake, firſt you (my Liege)
Comes it not ſomething neere?
Leo. Her naturall Poſture.
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may ſay indeed
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art ſhe,
In thy not chiding : for ſhe was as tender
As infancy, and Grace. But yet (*Paulina*)
Hermione was not ſo much wrinckled, nothing
So aged as this ſeemes.
Pol. Oh, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our Carvers excellence.
Which lets goe-by ſome ſixteene yeeres, and makes her
As ſhe liv'd now.
Leo. As now ſhe might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus ſhe ſtood,
Even with ſuch Life of Majeſty (warme Life,
As now it coldly ſtands) when firſt I woo'd her.
I am aſham'd : Do's not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Peece:
There's Magicke in thy Majeſty, which ha's
My evils conjur'd to remembrance ;and
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee,
Perd. And give me leave,
And doe not ſay 'tis Superſtition, that
I kneele, and then implore her Bleſſing. Lady,
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiſſe.
Paul. O, patience :
The Statue is but newly fix'd ; the Colour's
Not dry.
Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too ſore lay'd-on,
Which ſixteene Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry : ſcarce any Ioy
Did ever ſo long live ; no Sorrow,
But kill'd it ſelfe much ſooner.
Pol. Deere my Brother,
Let him, that was the cauſe of this, have powre
To take off ſo much griefe from you, as he
Will peece up in himſelfe.
Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the ſight of my poore Image
Would thus have wrought you (for the Stone is mine)
Il'd not have ſhew'd it.
Leo. Doe not draw the Curtaine.
Paul. No longer ſhall you gaze on't, leaſt your Fancy
May thinke anon, it moves.
Leo. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that me thinkes already.
(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)
Would you not deeme it breath'd? and that thoſe veines
Did verily beare blood?
Pol. Maſterly done.
The very Life ſeemes warme upon her Lippe.
Leo. The fixure of her Eye ha's motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art.
Paul. Ile draw the Curtaine :
My Lord's almoſt ſo farre tranſported, that
Hee'll thinke anon it lives.
Leo. Oh ſweet *Paulina*,
Make me to thinke ſo twenty yeeres together :
No ſetled Sences of the World can match
The pleaſure of that madneſſe. Let't alone.
Paul. I am ſorry (Sir) I have thus farre ſtir'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.
Leo. Doe *Paulina* :
For this Affliction ha's a taſte as ſweet
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mocke me,
For I will kiſſe her,
Paul. Good me Lord forbeare;
The ruddineſſe upon her Lippe, is wet :
You'll marre it, if you kiſſe it ; ſtaine your owne
With Oyly Painting : ſhall I draw the Curtaine?
Leo. No : not theſe twenty yeeres.
Perd. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.
Paul. Either forbeare,
Quit preſently the Chappell, or reſolve you
For more amazement : if you can behold it,
Ile make the Statue move indeed ; deſcend,
And take you by the hand : but then you'll thinke
(Which I proteſt againſt) I am aſſiſted
By wicked Powers.
Leo. What you can make her doe,
I am content to looke on : what to ſpeake,
I am content to heare : for 'tis as eaſie
To make her ſpeake, as move.
Paul. It is requir'd
You doe awake your Faith : then, all ſtand ſtill :
On : thoſe that thinke it is unlawfull Buſinſſe
I am about, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed :
No foot ſhall ſtirre.
Paul. Muſicke ; awake her : Strike :
'Tis time : deſcend : be Stone no more : approach :
Strike all that looke upon with mervaile : Come :
Ile fill your Grave up : ſtirre : nay, come away :
Bequeath to Death your numneſſe : (for from him,
Deare Life redeemes you) you perceive ſhe ſtirres :
Start not : her Actions ſhall be holy, as
You heare my ſpell is lawfull : doe not ſhun her,
Vntill you ſee her dye againe ; for then
You kill her double : Nay, preſent your hand :
When ſhe was young, you woo'd her : now, in age,
Is ſhe become the Suitor?
Leo. Oh ſhe's warme :
If this be Magicke, let it be an Art

Lawfull as Eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his necke,
If ſhe pertaine to life, let her ſpeake too.
Pol. I, and make it manifeſt where ſhe ha's liv'd,
Or how ſtolne from the dead?
Paul. That ſhe is living,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old Tale: but it appeares ſhe lives,
Though yet ſhe ſpeake not. Marke a little while:
Pleaſe you to interpoſe (faire Madam) kneele,
And pray your Mothers bleſſing; turne good Lady,
Our *Perdita* is found.
Her. You gods looke downe,
And from your ſacred Viols poure your graces
Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)
Where haſt thou bin preſerv'd? Where liv'd? How found
Thy Fathers Court? For thou ſhalt heare that I
Knowing by *Paulina*, that the Oracle
Gave hope thou waſt in being, have preſerv'd
My ſelfe, to ſee the iſſue.
Paul. There's time enough for that;
Leaſt they deſire (upon this puſh) to trouble
Your joyes, with like Relation. Goe together
You precious winners all: your exultation
Partake to every one: I (an old Turtle)
Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough, and there
My Mate (that's never to be found againe)
Lament, till I am loſt.
Leo. O peace *Paulina*:
Thou ſhouldſt a husband take by my conſent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And made betweene's by Vowes. Thou haſt found mine,
But how, is to be queſtion'd: for I ſaw her
(As I thought) dead: and have (in vaine) ſaid many
A prayer upon her grave. Ile not ſeeke farre
(For him, I partly know his minde) to find thee
An honourable husband. Come *Camillo*,
And take her by the hand: whoſe worth, and honeſty
Is richly noted: and heere juſtified
By Vs, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? looke upon my Brother: both your pardons,
That ere I put betweene your holy lookes
My ill ſuſpition: This your Son-in-law,
And Sonne unto the King, whom heavens directing
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Leade us from hence, where we may leyſurely
Each one demand, and anſwer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, ſince firſt
We were diſſever'd. Haſtily leade away. *Exeunt.*

The Names of the Actors.

Leontes, King of Sicilia.
Mamillus, yong Prince of Sicilia.
Camillo.
Antigonus.
Cleomines.
Dion.
Foure Lords of Sicilia.
Hermione, Queene to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a Lady.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.
Old Shepheard, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clowne his Sonne.
Autolicus, a Rogue.
Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.
Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Servants.
Shepheards, and Shepheardeſſes.

FINIS.

Lawfull as Eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his necke,
If she pertaine to life, let her speake too.

Pol. I, and make it manifest where she ha's liu'd,
Or how stolne from the dead?

Paul. That she is liuing,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old Tale: but it appeares she liues,
Though yet she speake not. Marke a little while:
Please you to interpose (faire Madam) kneele,
And pray your Mothers blessing: turne good Lady,
Our *Perdita* is found.

Her. You Gods looke downe,
And from your sacred Viols poure your graces
Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)
Where hast thou bin preseru'd? Where liu'd? How found
Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heare that I
Knowing by *Paulina*, that the Oracle
Gaue hope thou wast in being, haue preseru'd
My selfe, to see the yssue.

Paul. There's time enough for that,
Least they desire (vpon this push) to trouble
Your ioyes, with like Relation. Go together
You precious winners all: your exultation
Partake to euery one: I (an old Turtle)
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My Mate (that's neuer to be found againe)
Lament, till I am lost.

Leo. O peace *Paulina*:
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And made betweene's by Vowes. Thou hast found mine,
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her
(As I thought) dead: and haue (in vaine) said many
A prayer vpon her graue. Ile not seeke farre
(For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee
An honourable husband. Come *Camillo*,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty
Is richly noted: and heere iustified
By Vs, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? looke vpon my Brother: both your pardons,
That ere I put betweene your holy lookes
My ill suspition: This your Son-in-law,
And Sonne vnto the King, whom heauens directing
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Leade vs from hence, where we may leysurely
Each one demand, and answere to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first
We were disseuer'd: Hastily lead away. *Exeunt.*

The Names of the Actors.

Leontes, King of Sicillia.
Mamillus, yong Prince of Sicillia.
Camillo,
Antigonus, } *Foure*
Cleomines, } *Lords of Sicillia.*
Dion.
Hermione, Queene to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, wife to Antigonus.
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Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.
Old Shepheard, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clowne his Sonne.
Autolicus, a Rogue.
Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.
Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Seruants.
Shepheards, and Shephearddesses.

FINIS.

The life and death of King Iohn.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter King Iohn, Queene Elinor, Pembroke, Eſſex, and Saliſbury, with the Chattylion of France.

King Iohn.
NOw ſay *Chattillion*, what would *France* with us?
Chat. Thus (after greeting) ſpeakes the King of France.
In my behaviour to the Majeſty,
The borrowed Majeſty of *England* heere.
Elea. A ſtrange beginning: borrowed Majeſty?
King Ioh. Silence (good mother) heare the Embaſſie.
Chat. Philip of *France*, in right and true behalfe
Of thy deceaſed brother, *Geffreyes* ſonne,
Arthur Plantaginet, layes moſt lawfull claime
To this faire Iland, and the Territories:
To *Ireland, Poyctiers, Anjowe, Lorayne, Maine*,
Deſiring thee to lay aſide the ſword
Which ſwayes vſurpingly theſe ſeverall titles,
And put the ſame into yong *Arthurs* hand,
Thy Nephew, and right royall Soveraigne.
King Ioh. What followes if we diſallow of this?
Chap. The proud controle of fierce and bloudy warre,
To inforce theſe rights, ſo forcibly withheld.
K. Ioh. Here have we war for war, & bloud for bloud,
Controlement for controlement: ſo anſwer *France*.
Chat. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,
The fartheſt limit of my Embaſſie.
King Iohn. Beare mine to him, and ſo depart in peace,
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of *France*;
For ere thou canſt report, I will be there:
The thunder of my Cannon ſhall be heard.
So hence: be thou the trum[illegible] our wrath,
And ſullen preſage of your owne decay:
An honorable conduct let him have,
Pembroke looke too't: farewell *Chattillion*.
Exet Chat. and Pem.
Ele. What now my ſonne, have I not ever ſaid
How that ambitious *Conſtance* would not ceaſe
Till ſhe had kindled *France* and all the world,
Vpon the right and party of her ſonne?
This might have beene prevented, and made whole
With very eaſie arguments of love,
Which now the mannage of two kingdomes muſt
With fearefull bloudy iſſue arbitrate.
K. Iohn. Our ſtrong poſſeſſion, and our right for us.
Eli. Your ſtrong poſſeſſion much more than your right
Or elſe it muſt goe wrong with you and me,
So much my conſcience whiſpers in your eare,
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, ſhall heare:
Enter a Sheriffe.
Eſſex. My Leige, here is the ſtrangeſt controverſie
Come from the Country to be judg'd by you
That ere I heard: ſhall I produce the men?
K. Iohn. Let them approach:
Our Abbies and our Priories ſhall pay
This expeditions charge. What men are you?
Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip.
Philip. Your faithfull ſubject, I a Gentleman,
Borne in *Northamptonſhire*, and eldeſt ſonne
As I ſuppoſe, to *Faulconbridge*,
A Souldier by the Honor-giving-hand
Of *Cordelion*, Knighted in the field.
K. Iohn. What art thou?
Robert. The ſon and heire to that ſame *Faulconbridge*.
K. Iohn. Is that the elder, and art thou the heyre?
You came not of one mother then it ſeemes.
Philip. Moſt certaine of one mother, mighty King,
That is well knowne, and as I thinke one father:
But for the certaine knowledge of that truth,
I put you o're to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.
Eli. Out on thee rude man, thou doſt ſhame thy mother,
And wound her honor with this diffidence.
Phil. I Madame? No, I have no reaſon for it,
That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,
The which if he can prove, a pops me out,
At leaſt from faire five hundred pound a yeere:
Heaven guard my mothers honor, and my Land.
K. Iohn. A good blunt fellow: why being yonger borne
Doth he lay claime to thine inheritance?
Phil. I know not why, except to get the land;
But once he ſlandered me with baſtardy:
But where I be as true begot or no,
That ſtill I lay upon my mothers head,
But that I am as well begot my Leige
(Faire fall the bones that tooke the paines for me)
Compare our faces, and be judge your ſelfe
If old Sir *Robert* did beget us both,
And were our father, and this ſonne like him:
O old Sir *Robert* father, on my knee
I give heaven thankes I was not like to thee.
K. Iohn. Why what a mad-cap hath heaven lent us here?
Elen. He hath a tricke of *Cordelions* face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not reade ſome tokens of my ſonne
In the large compoſition of this man?

K.Iohn. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect *Richard*: ſirra ſpeake,
What doth move you to claime your brothers land?
Philip. Becauſe he hath a halfe face like my father,
With halfe that face would he have all my Land,
A halfe-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a yeare?
Rob. My gracious Leige, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did imploy my father much.
Phil. Well ſir, by this you cannot get my land,
Your tale muſt be how he imploi'd my mother.
Rob. And once diſpatch'd him in an Embaſſie
To *Germany*, there with the Emperor
To treat of high affaires touching that time:
Th'advantage of his abſence tooke the King,
And in the meane time ſojourn'd at my fathers;
Where how he did prevaile, I ſhame to ſpeake:
But truth is truth, large lengths of ſeas and ſhores
Betweene my father, and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father ſpeake himſelfe
When this ſame luſty Gentleman was got:
Vpon his death bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and tooke it on his death
That this my mothers ſonne was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteene weekes before the courſe of time:
Then good my Liedge let me have what is mine,
My fathers land, as was my fathers will.
K. Iohn. Sirra, your brother is Legittimate,
Your fathers wife did after wedlocke beare him:
And if ſhe did play falſe, the fault was hers,
Which fault lyes on the hazzards of all husbands
That marry wives: tell me, how if my brother
Who as you ſay, tooke paines to get this ſonne,
Had of your father claim'd this ſonne for his,
Inſooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world:
Inſooth he might: then if he were my brothers,
My brother might not claime him, nor your father
Being none of his, refuſe him: this concludes,
My mothers ſonne did get your fathers heire,
Your fathers heire muſt have your fathers land.
Rob. Shall then my fathers Will be of no force,
To diſpoſſeſſe that child which is not his?
Phil. Of no more force to diſpoſſeſſe me Sir,
Then was his will to get me, as I thinke.
Eli. Whether hadſt thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And like thy brother to injoy thy land:
Or the reputed ſonne of *Cordelion*,
Lord of thy preſence, and no land beſide.
Baſt. Madam, and if my brother had my ſhape
And I had his, Sir *Roberts* his like him,
And if my legs were two ſuch riding rods,
My armes, ſuch eele-skins ſtuft, my face ſo thin,
That in mine eare I durſt not ſticke a roſe,
Leſt men ſhould ſay, looke where three farthings goes,
And to his ſhape were heire to all this land,
Would I might never ſtirre from off this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face:
I would not be ſir nobbe in any caſe.
Eli. I like thee well: wilt thou forſake thy fortunne,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a ſouldier, and now bound to *France*.
Baſt. Brother, take you my land, Ile take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a yeere,
Yet ſell your face for five pence and 'tis deere.
Madame, Ile follow you unto the death.
Eli. Nay, I would have you goe before me thither.
Baſt. Our Country manners giue our betters way.
K. Iohn. What is thy name?
Baſt. *Philip* my Liege, ſo is my name begun,
Philip, good old Sir *Roberts* wives eldeſt ſonne.
K. Iohn. From henceforth beare his name
Whoſe forme thou beareſt:
Kneele thou downe *Philip*, but riſe more great,
Ariſe Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.
Baſt. Brother by th'mothers ſide, give me your hand,
My father gave me honor, yours gave land,
Now bleſſed be the houre by night or day
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.
Ele. The very ſpirit of *Plantaginet*:
I am thy grandame *Richard*, call me ſo.
Baſt. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho;
Something about a little from the right,
In at the window, or elſe ore the hatch:
Who dares not ſtirre by day, muſt walke by night,
And have is have, how ever men doe catch:
Neere or farre off, well wonne is ſtill well ſhot,
And I am I, how ere I was begot.
K. Iohn. Goe *Faulconbridge*, now haſt thou thy deſire,
A landleſſe Knight, makes thee a landed Squire:
Come Madam, and come *Richard*, we muſt ſpeed
For *France*, for *France*, for it is more then need.
Baſt. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,
For thou waſt got i'th way of honeſty.

Exeunt all but baſtard.

Baſt. A foot of honor better then I was,
But many a many foot of Land the worſe.
Well, now can I make any *Ioane* a Lady;
Good denne Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,
And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter*;
For new made honor doth forget mens names:
'Tis too reſpective, and too ſociable
For your converſion, now your traveller,
He and his tooth-picke at my worſhips meſſe,
And when my knightly ſtomacke is ſuffis'd,
Why then I ſucke my teeth, and catechize
My picked man of Countries: my deare ſir,
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
I ſhall beſeech you; that is queſtion now,
And then comes anſwer like an Abſey booke:
O ſir, ſayes anſwer, at your beſt command,
At your employment, at your ſervice ſir:
No ſir, ſayes queſtion, I ſweet ſir at yours,
And ſo ere anſwer knowes what queſtion would,
Saving in Dialogue of Complement,
And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,
The Pyrennean and the river *Poe*,
It drawes toward ſupper in concluſion ſo.
But this is worſhipfull ſociety,
And fits the mounting ſpirit like my ſelfe;
For he is but a baſtard to the time
That doth not ſmoake of obſervation,
And ſo am I whether I ſmacke or no:
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior forme, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet poyſon for the ages tooth,
Which though I will not practice to deceive,
Yet to avoyd deceit I meane to learne;
For it ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing:
But who comes in ſuch haſte in riding robes?

What woman poſt is this? hath ſhe no husband
That will take paines to blow a horne before her?
O me, 'tis my mother: how now good Lady,
What brings you here to Court ſo haſtily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge, and Iames Gurney.

Lady. Where is that ſlave thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chaſe mine honor up and downe.
Baſt. My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Roberts* ſonne:
Colbrand the Gyant, that ſame mighty man,
Is it Sir *Rroberts* ſonne that you ſeeke ſo?
Lady. Sir *Roberts* ſonne, I thou unreverend boy,
Sir *Roberts* ſonne? why ſcorn'ſt thou at Sir *Robert*?
He is Sir *Roberts* ſonne, and ſo art thou.
Baſt. Iames Gourney, wilt thou give us leave a while?
Gour. Good leave good *Philip.*
Baſt. Philip, ſparrow, *Iames*,
There's toyes abroad, anon ile tell thee more.
Exit Iames.
Madame, I was not old Sir *Roberts* ſonne,
Sir *Robert* might have eate his part in me
Vpon good Friday, and neere broke his faſt:
Sir *Robert* could doe well, marry to confeſſe
Could get me, Sir *Robert* could not doe it;
We know his handy-worke, therefore good mother
To whom am I beholding for theſe limmes?
Sir *Robert* never holpe to make this legge.
Lady. Haſt thou conſpired with thy brother too,
That for thine owne gaine ſhouldſt defend mine honor?
What meanes this ſcorne, thou moſt untoward knave?
Baſt. Knight, knight good mother, Baſiliſco-like:
What, I am dub'd, I have it on my ſhoulder:
But mother, I am not Sir *Roberts* ſonne,
I have diſclaim'd Sir *Robert* and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone;
Then good my mother, let me know my father,
Some proper man I hope, who was it mother?
Lady. Haſt thou denied thy ſelfe a *Faulconbridge*?
Baſt. As faithfully as I deny the devill.
Lady. King *Richard Cordelion* was thy father,
By long and vehement ſuit I was ſeduc'd
To make roome for him in my husbands bed:
Heaven lay not my trangreſſion to my charge,
That art the iſſue of my deere offence
Which was ſo ſtrongly urg'd paſt my defence.
Baſt. Now by this light were I to get againe,
Madame I would not wiſh a better father:
Some ſinnes doe beare their priviledge on earth,
And ſo doth yours: your fault, was not you folly,
Needs muſt you lay your heart at his diſpoſe,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Againſt whoſe fury and unmatched force,
The awleſſe Lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keepe his Princely heart from *Richards* hand:
He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts,
May eaſily winne a womans: aye my mother,
With all my heart I thanke thee for my father:
Who lives and dares but ſay, thou didſt not well
When I was got, ile ſend his ſoule to hell.
Come Lady I will ſhew thee to my kinne,
And they ſhall ſay, when *Richard* me begot,
If thou hadſt ſaid him nay, it had beene ſinne;
Who ſayes it was, he lyes, I ſay twas not.
Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Daulphin, Auſtria, Conſtance, Arthur.

Lewis. Before *Angiers* well met brave *Auſtria*,
Arthur that great forerunner of thy bloud,
Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
And fought the holy Warres in *Paleſtine*,
By this brave Duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his poſterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To ſpread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,
And to rebuke the uſurpation
Of thy unnaturall Vncle, Engliſh *Iohn*,
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.
Arth. God ſhall forgive you *Cordelions* death
The rather, that you give his off-ſpring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of warre:
I give you welcome with a powerleſſe hand,
But with a heart full of unſtained love,
Welcome before the gates of *Angiers* Duke.
Lewis. A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?
Auſt. Vpon thy cheeke lay I this zealous kiſſe,
As ſeale to this indenture of my love:
That to my home I will no more returne
Till *Angiers*, and the right thou haſt in *France*,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore,
Whoſe foot ſpurnes backe the Oceans roaring tides,
And coopes from other lands her Ilanders,
Even till that *England* hedg'd in with the maine,
That Water-walled Bulwarke, ſtill ſecure
And confident from forraine purpoſes,
Even till that utmoſt corner of the Weſt
Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy
Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.
Conſt. O take his mothers thankes, a widdows thankes,
Till your ſtrong hand ſhall helpe to give him ſtrength,
To make a more requitall to your love.
Auſt. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their ſwords
In ſuch a juſt and charitable warre.
King. Well, then to worke our Cannon ſhall be bent
Againſt the browes of this reſiſting towne,
Call for our cheefeſt men of diſcipline,
To cull the plots of beſt advantages:
Wee'll lay before this towne our Royall bones,
Wade to the market-place in *French*-mens bloud,
But we will make it ſubject to this boy.
Conſt. Stay for an anſwer to your Embaſſie,
Leſt unaduiſ'd you ſtaine your ſwords with bloud:
My lord *Chattilion* may from *England* bring
That right in peace which heere we urge in warre,
And then we ſhall repent each drop of bloud,
That hot raſh haſte ſo indirectly ſhed.
Enter Chattilion.
King. A wonder Lady; lo upon thy wiſh
Our Meſſenger *Chattillion* is arriu'd;
What *England* ſayes, ſay breifely gentle lord,
We coldly pauſe for thee, *Chattillion* ſpeake.
Chat. Then turne your forces from this paltry ſiege,
And ſtirre them up againſt a mightier taske:
England impatient of your juſt demands,
Hath put himſelfe in Armes, the adverſe windes

Whoſe leiſure I have ſtaid, have given him time
To land his Legions all as ſoone as I:
His marches are expedient to this towne,
His forces ſtrong, his ſouldiers confident:
With him along is come the Mother Queene,
An Ace ſtirring him to bloud and ſtrife,
With her her Neece, the Lady *Blanch of Spaine*,
With them a Baſtard of the King deceaſt,
And all th'unſetled humors of the Land,
Raſh, inconſiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons ſpleenes,
Have ſold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backes,
To make a hazzard of new fortunes here:
In briefe, a braver choiſe of dauntleſſe ſpirits
Then now the *Engliſh* bottomes have waſt o're,
Did never flote upon the ſwelling tide,
To doe offence and ſcathe in Chriſtendome:
The interruption of their churliſh drummes
Cuts off more circumſtance, they are at hand:

Drummes beates.

To parly or to fight, therefore prepare.

King. How much unlook'd for, is this expedition.

Auſt. By how much unexpected, by ſo much
We muſt awake indevour for defence,
For courage mounteth with occaſion,
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King of England, Baſtard, Queene, Blanch, Pembroke, and others.

K. Iohn. Peace be to *France*: if France in peace permit
Our juſt and lineall entrance to our owne;
If not, bleed *France*, and peace aſcend to heaven.
Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
Their proud contempt that beates his peace to heaven.

Fran. Peace be to *England*, if that warre returne
From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace:
England we love, and for that *Englands* ſake,
With burden of our armor here we ſweat:
This toyle of ours ſhould be a worke of thine,
But thou from loving *England* art ſo farre,
That thou haſt under-wrought his lawfull King,
Cut off the ſequence of poſterity,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
Vpon the maiden vertue of the Crowne:
Looke heere upon thy brother *Geffreyes* face,
Theſe eyes, theſe browes, were moulded out of his;
This little abſtract doth containe that large,
Which died in *Geffrey*: and the hand of time,
Shall draw this breife into as huge a volume:
That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother borne,
And this his ſonne, *England* was *Geffreyes* right,
And this is *Geffreyes* in the Name of God:
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When living blood doth in theſe temples beat
Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-maſtereſt?

K. Iohn. From whom haſt thou this great commiſſion
To draw my anſwer from thy Articles? (*France*,

Fra. From that ſupernal judge that ſtirs good thoughts
In any breaſt of ſtrong authority,
To looke into the blots and ſtaines of right,
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy,
Vnder whoſe warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whoſe helpe I meane to chaſtiſe it.

King Ioh. Alacke thou doſt uſurpe authority.

Fran. Excuſe it is to beat uſurping downe,

Queen. Who is it thou doſt call uſurper *France*?

Conſt. Let me make anſwer: thy uſurping ſonne,

Queen. Out inſolent, thy baſtard ſhall be King,
That thou maiſt be a Queene, and checke the world.

Conſt. My bed was ever to thy ſonne as true
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*
Then thou and *Iohn*, in manners being as like,
As raine to water, or devill to his damme.
My boy a baſtard? by my ſoule I thinke
His father never was ſo true begot,
It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.

Qu. Theres a good mother boy, that blots thy father.

Conſt. There's a good grandame boy
That would blot thee.

Auſt. Peace.

Baſt. Heare the Cryer.

Auſt. What the devill art thou?

Baſt. One that will play the devill ſir with you,
And a may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the Hare of whom the Proverbe goes
Whoſe valour pluckes dead Lyons by the beard;
Ile ſmoake your skin-coat and I catch you right,
Sirra looke too't, yfaith I will, yfaith.

Blan. O well did he become that Lyons robe,
That did diſrobe the Lyon of that robe.

Baſt. It lyes as ſightly on the backe of him
As great *Alcides* ſhooes upon an Aſſe:
But Aſſe, Ile take that burthen from your backe,
Or lay on that ſhall make your ſhoulders cracke.

Auſt. What cracker is this ſame that deafes our eares
With this abundance of ſuperfluous breath?
King *Lewis*, determine what we ſhall doe ſtrait.

Lew. Women and fooles, breake off your conference.
King *Iohn*, this is the very ſumme of all:
England and *Ireland*, *Angiers*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,
In right of *Arthur* doe I claime of thee:
Wilt thou reſigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?

Iohn. My life as ſoone: I doe defie thee *France*.
Arthur of *Britaine*, yeeld thee to my hand,
And out of my deere love Ile give thee more,
Then ere the coward hand of *France* can winne;
Submit thee boy.

Queen. Come to thy grandame child.

Conſt. Doe child, goe to it grandame child,
Give grandame kingdome, and it grandame will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a figge,
There's a good grandame.

Arthur, Good my mother peace,
I would that I were low laid in my grave,
I am not worth this coyle that's made for me. (weepe

Qu. Mo. His mother ſhames him ſo, poore boy he

Conſt. Now ſhame upon you where ſhe does or no.
His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers ſhames
Draws thoſe heaven-moving pearles from his poor eie
Which heaven ſhall take in nature of a fee:
I, with theſe Criſtall beads heaven ſhall be brib'd
To doe him Iuſtice, and revenge on you.

Qu. Thou monſtrous ſlanderer of heaven, and earth.

Conſt. Thou monſtrous Injurer of heaven and earth,
Call not me ſlanderer, thou and thine uſurpe
The Domination, Royalties, and rights
Of this oppreſſed boy; this is thy eldeſt ſonnes ſonne,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;

Thy ſinnes are viſited in this poore child,
The Canon of the Law is laid on him,
Being but the ſecond generation
Removed from thy ſinne-conceiving wombe.
Iohn. Bedlam have done.
Conſt. I have but this to ſay,
That he is not onely plagued for her ſinne,
But God hath made her ſinne and her, the plague
On this removed iſſue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her ſinne: his injury
Her injury the Beadle to her ſinne,
All puniſh'd in the perſon of this child,
And all for her, a plague upon her.
Que. Thou unadviſed ſcold, I can produce
A Will, that barres the title of thy ſonne.
Conſt. I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
A womans will, a cankred Grandames will.
Fran. Peace Lady, pauſe, or be more temperate,
It ill beſeemes this preſence to cry ay me
To theſe ill tuned repetitions:
Some Trumpet ſummon hither to the walles
Theſe men of Angiers, let us heare them ſpeake,
Whoſe title they admit, *Arthurs* or *Iohns.*

Trumpet ſounds.
Enter a Citizen upon the walles.

Citti. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walles?
Fran. 'Tis *France*, for *England.*
Iohn. *England* for it ſelfe:
You men of Angiers, and my loving ſubjects.
Fran. You loving men of Angiers, *Arthurs* ſubjects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
Iohn. For our advantage, therefore heare us firſt:
Theſe flagges of *France* that are advanced here
Before the eye and proſpect of your Towne,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.
The Canons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to ſpit forth
Their Iron indignation 'gainſt your walles;
All preparation for a bloody ſiedge
And merciles proceeding, by theſe French.
Comfort yours Cities eyes, your winking gates:
And but for our approch, thoſe ſleeping ſtones,
That as a waſte doth girdle you about
By the compulſion of their ordinance,
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had beene diſhabited, and wide havocke made
For bloody power to ruſh upon your peace.
But on the ſight of us your lawfull King,
Who painefully with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-checke before your gates,
To ſave unſcratch'd your Cities threatened cheekes:
Behold the French amaz'd vouchſafe a parle,
And now inſteed of bullets wrapt in fire
To make a ſhaking fever in your walles,
They ſhoote but calme words, folded up in ſmoake,
To make a faithleſſe error in your eares,
Which truſt accordingly kind Citizens,
And let us in. Your King, whoſe labour'd ſpirits
Fore-wearied in this action of ſwift ſpeede,
Craves harbourage within your City walles.
Fran. When I have ſaid, make anſwer to us both.
Loe in this right hand, whoſe protection
Is moſt divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, ſtands yong *Plantagenet*,
Sonne to the elder brother of this man,
And King ore him, and all that he enjoyes:
For this downe-troden equity, we tread
In warlike march, theſe greenes before your Towne,
Being no further enemy to you
Then the conſtraint of hoſpitable zeale,
In the releife of this oppreſſed child,
Religiouſly provokes. Be pleaſed then
To pay that duty which you truely owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,
And then our Armes, like to a muzled Beare,
Save in aſpect, hath all offence ſeal'd up:
Our Cannons malice vainely ſhall be ſpent
Againſt th'invulnerable clouds of heaven,
And with a bleſſed and un-vext retire,
With unhack'd ſwords, and Helmets all unbruis'd,
We will beare home that luſty bloud againe,
Which heere we came to ſpout againſt your Towne,
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly paſſe our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old fac'd walles,
Can hide you from our meſſengers of Warre,
Though all theſe Engliſh, and their diſcipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference;
Then tell us, Shall your City call us Lord,
In that behalfe which we have challeng'd it?
Or ſhall we give the ſignall to our rage,
And ſtalke in bloud to our poſſeſſion?
Citi. In breife, we are the King of *Englands* ſubjects,
For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.
Iohn. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.
Citi. That can we not: but he that proves the King
To him will we prove loyall, till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates againſt the world.
Iohn. Doth not the Crowne of *England*, prove the King?
And if not that, I bring you Witneſſes
Twice fifteene thouſand hearts of *Englands* breed.
Baſt. Baſtards and elſe.
Iohn. To verifie our title with their lives.
Fran. As many and as well borne bloods as thoſe.
Baſt. Some baſtards too.
Fran. Stand in his face to contradict his claime.
Citi. Till you compound whoſe right is worthieſt,
We for the worthieſt hold the right from both.
Iohn. Then God forgive the ſinne of all thoſe ſoules,
That to their everlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of evening fall ſhall fleete
In dreadfull triall of our Kingdomes King.
Fran. Amen, Amen, mount Chevaliers to Armes.
Baſt. Saint *George* that ſwindg'd the Dragon,
And e're ſince ſit's on's horſebacke at mine Hoſteſſe dore,
Teach us ſome fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den ſirrah, with your Lyonneſſe,
I would ſet an Oxe-head to your Lyons hide;
And make a monſter of you.
Auſt. Peace no more.
Baſt. O tremble: for you heare the Lyon rore.
Iohn. Vp higher to the plaine, where we'l ſet forth
In beſt appointment all our Regiments.
Baſt. Speed then to take advantage of the field.
Fran. It ſhall be ſo, and at the other hill
Command the reſt to ſtand. God and our right. *Exeunt.*

Heere after excurſions, Enter the Herald of France with Trumpets to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers open wide your gates,
And let yong *Arthur* Duke of *Britaine* in,

Who by the hand of *France*, this day hath made
Much worke for teares in many an Engliſh mother,
Whoſe ſonnes lye ſcattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widdowes husband groveling lyes,
Coldly embracing the diſcoloured earth,
And victory with little loſſe doth play
Vpon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly diſplayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaime
Arthur of *Britaine*, *Englands* King, and yours.

Enter Engliſh Herald with Trumpet.

E. Har. Rejoyce you men of Angiers, ring your bels,
King *Iohn*, your King and *Englands*, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day,
Their Armours that march'd hence ſo ſilver bright,
Hither returne all gilt with Frenchmens blood:
There ſtucke no plume in any Engliſh Creſt,
That is removed by a ſtaffe of *France*.
Our colours doe returne in thoſe ſame hands
That did diſplay them when we firſt marcht forth:
And like a jolly troope of Huntſmen come
Our luſty Engliſh, all with purpled hands,
Dide in the dying ſlaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the Victors way.

Hub. Heralds, from off our towres we might behold
From firſt to laſt, the on-ſet and retyre,
Of both your Armies, whoſe equality
By our beſt eyes cannot be cenſured: (blowes:
Blood hath bought blood, and blowes have anſwered
Strength matcht with ſtrength, and power confronted
power.
Both are alike, and both alike we like:
One muſt prove greateſt. While they weigh ſo even,
We hold our Towne for neither: yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers,
at ſeverall doores.

Iohn. *France*, haſt thou yet more bloud to caſt away?
Say, ſhall the currant of our right runne on,
Whoſe paſſage vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channell, and ore ſwell
With courſe diſturb'd even thy confining ſhores,
Vnleſſe thou let his ſilver Water, keepe
A peacefull progreſſe to the Ocean.

Fran. *England* thou haſt not ſav'd one drop of blood
In this hot triall more than we of *France*,
Rather loſt more. And by this hand I ſweare
That ſwayes the earth this Climate over-lookes,
Before we will lay downe our juſt borne Armes,
Wee'l put thee downe, 'gainſt whom theſe Armes we
Or adde a royall number to the dead: (beare,
Gracing the ſcroule that tels of this warres loſſe,
With ſlaughter coupled to the name of Kings.

Baſt. Ha Majeſty: how high thy glory towres,
When the rich blood of Kings is ſet on fire:
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with ſteele,
The ſwords of ſouldiers are his teeth, his phangs,
And now he feaſts, mouſing the fleſh of men
In undetermin'd differences of Kings.
Why ſtand theſe royall fronts amazed thus:
Cry havocke kings, backe to the ſtained field
You equall Potents, fiery kindled ſpirits,
Then let confuſion of one part confirme
The others peace: till then, blowes, blood, and death.

Iohn. Whoſe party doe the Towneſmen yet admit?

Fran. Speake Citizens for *England*, who's your King.

Hub. The King of *England*, when we know the King.

Fran. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

Iohn. In us, that are our owne great Deputy,
And beare poſſeſſion of our Perſon here,
Lord of our preſence Angiers, and if you.

Fran. A greater powre than We denies all this,
And till it be undoubted, we doe locke
Our former ſcruple in our ſtrong barr'd gates:
Kings of our feare, untill our feares reſolv'd
Be by ſome certaine King, purg'd and depoſ'd.

Baſt. By heaven, theſe ſcroyles of Angiers flout you
And ſtand ſecurely on their battelments, (kings,
As in a Theater, whence they gape and point
At your induſtrious Scenes and acts of death.
Your Royall preſences be rul'd by me,
Doe like the Mutines of *Ieruſalem*,
Be friends a-while, and both conjoyntly bend
Your ſharpeſt Deeds of malice on this Towne.
By Eaſt and Weſt let *France* and *England* mount
Their battering Canon charged to the mouthes,
Till their ſoule-fearing clamours have braul'd downe
The flinty ribbes of this contemptuous City,
I'de play inceſſantly upon theſe Iades,
Even till unfenced deſolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar ayre:
That done, diſſever your united ſtrengths,
And part your mingled colours once againe,
Turne face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then in a moment Fortune ſhall cull forth
Out of one ſide her happy Minion,
To whom in favour ſhe ſhall give the day,
And kiſſe him with a glorious victory:
How like you this wilde counſel mighty States,
Smackes it not ſomething of the policy?

Iohn. Now by the ſky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. *France*, ſhall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then after fight who ſhall be king of it?

Baſt. And if thou haſt the mettle of a King,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeviſh Towne:
Turne thou the mouth of thy Artillery,
As we will ours, againſt theſe ſawcy walles,
And when that we have daſh'd them to the ground,
Why then defie each other, and pell-mell,
Make worke upon our ſelves, for heaven or hell.

Fran. Let it be ſo: ſay, where will you aſſault?

Iohn. We from the Weſt will ſend deſtruction
Into this Cities boſome.

Auſt. I from the North.

Fran. Our thunder from the South,
Shall raine their drift of bullets on this Towne.

Baſt. O prudent diſcipline! From North to South:
Auſtria and *France* ſhoot in each others mouth,
Ile ſtirre them to it: come, away, away.

Hub. Heare us great Kings, vouchſafe awhile to ſtay
And I ſhall ſhew you peace, and faire-fac'd league;
Win you this City without ſtroke, or wound,
Reſcue thoſe breathing lives to dye in beds,
That heere come ſacrifices for the field.
Perſever not, but heare me mighty Kings.

Iohn. Speake on with favour, we are bent to heare.

Hub. That daughter there of *Spaine*, the Lady *Blanch*
Is neere to *England*, looke upon the yeeres
Of *Lewis* the *Dolphin*, and that lovely mayd.
If luſty love ſhould goe in queſt of beauty,

Where ſhould he find it fairer, than in *Blanch*:
If zealous Love goe in ſearch of vertue,
Where ſhould he find it purer than in *Blanch*?
If Love ambitious, ſought a match of birth,
Whoſe veines bound richer bloud then Lady *Blanch*?
Such as ſhe is, in beauty, vertue, birth,
Is the yong *Dolphin* every way compleat,
If not compleat of, ſay he is not ſhe,
And ſhe againe wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that ſhe is not he:
He is the halfe part of a bleſſed man,
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch as ſhe,
And ſhe a faire divided excellence,
Whoſe fulneſſe of perfection lyes in him.
O two ſuch ſilver Currents when they joyne,
Doe glorifie the bankes that bound them in:
And two ſuch ſhores, to two ſuch ſtreames made one,
Two ſuch controlling bounds ſhall you be, Kings,
To theſe two Princes, if you marry them:
This vnion ſhall doe more than battery can,
To our faſt cloſed gates: for at this match,
With ſwifter ſpleene than powder can enforce,
The mouth of paſſage ſhall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but without this match,
The Sea enraged is not halfe ſo deafe,
Lyons more confident, Mountaines and Rocks,
More free from motion, no not death himſelfe
In mortall fury halfe ſo peremptory,
As we to keepe this Citie.
Baſt. Heere's a ſtay,
That ſhakes the rotten carkaſſe of old death
Out of his ragges. Here's a large mouth indeed,
That ſpits forth death, and mountaines, rocks, and ſeas,
Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
As Maids of thirteene doe of Puppi-dogs.
What Cannoneere begot this luſty bloud,
He ſpeakes plaine Cannon fire, and ſmoake, and bounce,
He gives the Baſtinado with his tongue:
Our eares are cudgel'd, not a word of his
But buffets better than a fiſt of *France*:
Zounds, I was never ſo bethumpt with words,
Since I firſt call'd my brothers father Dad.
Old Qu. Son, liſt to this conjunction, make this match,
Give with our Neece a dowry large enough,
For by this knot, thou ſhalt ſo ſurely tye,
Thy now unſur'd aſſurance to the Crowne,
That yon greene Boy ſhall have no Sunne to ripe,
The bloome that promiſeth a mighty fruit,
I ſee a yeelding in the lookes of *France*:
Marke how they whiſper, urge them while their ſoules
Are capeable of this ambition,
Leaſt zeale now melted by the windy breath
Of ſoft petitions, pitty and remorſe,
Coole and congeale againe to what it was.
Hub. Why anſwer not the double Majeſties,
This friendly Treaty of our threatned towne?
Fra. Speake *England* firſt, that hath been forward firſt,
To ſpeake unto this Citie: what ſay you?
Iohn. If that the Dolphin there thy Princely ſonne,
Can in this booke of beauty reade, I love:
Her Dowry ſhall weigh equall with a Queene,
For *Angiers*, and faire *Toraine, Maine, Poyctiers*,
And all that we upon this ſide the Sea,
(Except this Citie now by us beſieg'd)
Find liable to our Crowne and dignity,
Shall gild her bridall bed and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As ſhe in beauty, education, bloud,
Holds hands with any Princeſſe of the world.
Fra. What ſay'ſt thou Boy? looke in the Ladies face.
Dol. I doe my Lord, and in her eye I find,
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The ſhadow of my ſelfe form'd in her eye,
Which being but the ſhadow of your ſonne,
Becomes a ſonne, and makes your ſonne a ſhaddow:
I doe proteſt I never lov'd my ſelfe
Till now, infixed I beheld my ſelfe,
Drawne in the flattering table of her eye.
Whiſpers with Blanch.
Baſt. Drawne in the flattering table of her eye,
Hang'd in the frowning wrincle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, he doth eſpie
Himſelfe Loves traitor, this is pitty now;
That hang'd and drawne, and quarter'd there ſhould be
In ſuch a love, ſo vile a Lout as he.
Blan. My Vncles will in this reſpect is mine,
If he ſee ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing he ſee's which moves his liking,
I can with eaſe tranſlate it to my will:
Or if you will, to ſpeake more properly,
I will enforce it eaſlie to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
That all I ſee in you is worthy love,
Than this, that nothing doe I ſee in you,
Though churliſh thoughts themſelves ſhould be your Iudge,
That I can find, ſhould merit any hate.
Iohn. What ſay theſe yong-ones? What ſay you my Neece?
Blan. That ſhe is bound in honour ſtill to doe
What you in wiſedome ſtill vouchſafe to ſay.
Iohn. Speake then Prince *Dolphin*, can you love this Lady?
Dol. Nay aske me if I can refraine from love,
For I doe love her moſt unfainedly.
Iohn. Then doe I give *Volqueſſen, Toraine, Maine*,
Poyctiers, and *Anjow*, theſe five Provinces
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thouſand Markes of Engliſh coyne;
Philip of *France*, if thou be pleaſ'd withall,
Command thy ſonne and daughter to joyne hands.
Fran. It likes us well young Princes: cloſe your hands.
Auſt. And your lippes too, for I am well aſſur'd,
That I did ſo when I was firſt aſſur'd.
Fran. Now Citizens of Angiers ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made,
For at Saints *Maries* Chappell preſently,
The rights of marriage ſhall be ſolemniz'd.
Is not the Lady *Conſtance* in this troope?
I know ſhe is not for this match made up,
Her preſence would have interrupted much,
Where is ſhe and her ſonne, tell me, who knowes?
Dol. She is ſad and paſſionate at your Highneſſe Tent.
Fran. And by my faith, this league that we have made,
Will give her ſadneſſe very little cure:
Brother of *England*, how may we content
This widdow Lady? In her right we came,
Which we God knowes, have turned another way,
To our owne vantage:
Iohn. We will heale up all,
For wee'l create yong *Arthur* Duke of *Britaine*
And Earle of *Richmond*, and this rich faire Towne

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady *Conſtance*,
Some ſpeedy Meſſenger bid her repaire
To our ſolemnity : I truſt we ſhall,
(If not fill up the meaſure of her will)
Yet in ſome meaſure ſatisfie her ſo,
That we ſhall ſtop her exclamation.
Goe we as well as haſt will ſuffer us,
To this unlook'd for unprepared pompe. *Exeunt.*

Baſt. Mad world, mad kings, mad compoſition :
Iohn to ſtop *Arthurs* Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whoſe armour Conſcience buckled on,
Whom zeale and charity brought to the field,
As Gods owne ſouldier, rounded in the eare,
With that ſame purpoſe-changer, that ſlye divel,
That broker, that ſtill breakes the pate of faith,
That dayly breake-vow, he that winnes of all,
Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids,
Who having no externall thing to loſe,
But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maide of that.
That ſmooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commodity,
Commodity, the byas of the world,
The world, who of it ſelfe is peyſed well,
Made to run even, upon even ground :
Till this advantage, this vile drawing byas,
This ſway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent.
And this ſame byas, this commodity,
This Bawd, this Broker, that all-changing-world,
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd,
From a reſolv'd and honorable warre,
To a moſt baſe and vile concluded peace.
And why raile I on this commodity ?
But for becauſe he hath not wooed me yet :
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his faire Angels would ſalute my palme,
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poore begger, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a begger, I will raile,
And ſay there is no ſinne but to be rich,
And being rich, my vertue then ſhall be,
To ſay there is no vice, but beggery :
Since Kings breake faith upon commodity,
Gaine be my lord, for I will worſhip thee. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Conſtance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Conſt. Gone to be married ? Gone to ſweare a peace ?
Falſe blood to falſe blood joyn'd. Gone to be friends ?
Shall *Lewis* have *Blaunch*, and *Blaunch* thoſe provinces ?
It is not ſo, thou haſt miſpoke, miſheard,
Be well adviſ'd, tell ore thy tale againe.
It cannot be, thou do'ſt but ſay 'tis ſo.
I truſt I may not truſt thee, for thy word
Is but the vaine breath of a common man :
Beleeve me, I doe not beleeve thee man,
I have a Kings oath to the contrary.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſicke, and capeable of feares.
Oppreſt with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
A widdow, husbandles, ſubject to feares,
A woman naturally borne to feares ;
And though thou now confeſſe thou didſt but jeſt
With my vext ſpirits, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou meane by ſhaking of thy head ?
Why doſt thou looke ſo ſadly on my ſonne ?
What meanes that hand upon that breaſt of thine ?
Why holdes thine eye that lamentable rhewme,
Like a proud river peering ore his bounds ?
Be theſe ſad ſignes confirmers of thy words ?
Then ſpeake againe, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I beleeve you thinke them falſe,
That give you cauſe to prove my ſaying true.

Conſt. Oh if thou teach me to beleeve this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleefe, and life encounter ſo,
As doth the fury of two deſperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.
Lewis marry *Blaunch* ? O boy, then where art thou ?
France friend with *England*, what becomes of me ?
Fellow be gone : I cannot brooke thy ſight,
This newes hath made thee a moſt ugly man.

Sal. What other harme have I good Lady done,
But ſpoke the harme, that is by others done ?

Conſt. Which harme within it ſelfe ſo heynous is,
As it makes harmefull all that ſpeake of it.

Arthur. I doe beſeech you Madame be content.

Conſt. If thou that bidſt me be content, wert grim
Vgly, and ſlandrous to thy Mothers wombe,
Full of unpleaſing blots, and ſightleſſe ſtaines,
Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending markes,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I ſhould not love thee : no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deſerve a Crowne.
But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deere boy)
Nature and Fortune joyn'd to make thee great.
Of Natures gifts, thou mayſt with Lillies boaſt,
And with the halfe blowne Roſe. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee,
Sh'adulterates hourely with thine Vnckle *Iohn*,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France
To tread downe faire reſpect of Soveraignty,
And made his Majeſty the bawd to theirs.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king *Iohn*,
That ſtrumpet Fortune, that uſurping *Iohn* :
Tell me thou fellow, is not France forſworne ?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave thoſe woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-beare.

Sal. Pardon me Madam,
I may not goe without you to the kings.

Conſt. Thou mayſt, thou ſhalt, I will not goe with thee,
I will inſtruct my ſorrowes to be proud,
For greif is proud, and makes his owner ſtoope;
To me and to the ſtate of my great greife,
Let kings aſſemble : for my greife's ſo great,
That no ſupporter but the huge firme earth
Can hold it up : here I and ſorrowes ſit,
Here is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Actus

Actus Tertius, Scæna prima.

Enter King Iohn, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Elianor, Philip, Auſtria, Conſtance.

Fran. 'Tis true (faire daughter) and this bleſſed day,
Ever in *France* ſhall be kept feſtiuall:
To ſolemnize this day the glorious ſunne
Stayes in his courſe, and playes the Alchymiſt,
Turning with ſplendor of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearely courſe that brings this day about,
Shall never ſee it, but a holy day.

Conſt. A wicked day, and not a holy day.
What hath this day deſeru'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters ſhould be ſet
Among the high tides in the Kalender?
Nay, rather turne this day out of the weeke,
This day of ſhame, oppreſſion, perjury.
Or if it muſt ſtand ſtill, let wives with child
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Leſt that their hopes prodigiouſly be croſt:
But (on this day) let Sea-men feare no wracke,
No bargaines breake that are not this day made;
This day all things begun, come to ill end,
Yea, faith it ſelfe to hollow falſhood change.

Fran. By heaven Lady, you ſhall have no cauſe
To curſe the faire proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majeſty?

Conſt. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Reſembling Majeſty, which being touch'd and tride,
Proves valueleſſe: you are forſworne, forſworne,
You came in Armes to ſpill mine enemies bloud,
But now in Armes, you ſtrengthen it with yours.
The grapling vigor, and rough frowne of Warre
Is cold in amity, and painted peace,
And our oppreſſion had made up this league:
Arme, arme, you heavens, againſt theſe perjur'd Kings,
A widdow cries, be husband to me (heavens)
Let not the houres of this ungodly day
Weare out the dayes in peace: but ere Sun-ſet,
Set armed diſcord 'twixt theſe perjur'd Kings,
Heare me, Oh, heare me.

Auſt. Lady *Conſtance*, peace.

Conſt. Warre, warre, no peace, peace is to me a warre:
O *Lymoges*, O *Auſtria*, thou doſt ſhame
That bloudy ſpoile: thou ſlave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villany,
Thou ever ſtrong vpon the ſtronger ſide;
Thou Fortunes Champion, that do'ſt never fight
But when her humourous Ladiſhip is by
To teach thee ſafety: thou art perjur'd too,
And ſooth'ſt up greatneſſe. What a foole art thou,
A ramping foole, to brag, and ſtamp, and ſweare,
Vpon my party: thou cold blouded ſlave,
Haſt thou not ſpoke like thunder on my ſide?
Beene ſworne my ſouldier, bidding me depend
Vpon thy ſtarres, thy fortune, and thy ſtrength,
And doſt thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou weare a Lyons hide? doff it for ſhame,
And hang a Calves skin on thoſe recreant limbes.

Auſt. O that a man ſhould ſpeake thoſe words to me.

Phil. And hang a Calves skin on thoſe recreant limbes.

Auſt. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo villaine for thy life.

Phil. And hang a Calves skin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Iohn. We like not this, thou doſt forget thy ſelfe.

Enter Pandulph.

Fran. Heere comes the holy Legat of the Pope.

Pan. Haile you annointed deputies of heaven;
To thee King *Iohn* my holy errand is:
I *Pandulph*, of faire *Millane* Cardinall,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate heere,
Doe in his name religiouſly demand
Why thou againſt the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully doſt ſpurne; and force perforce
Keepe *Stephen Langton* choſen Arſhbiſhop
Of *Canterbury* from that holy Sea:
This in our foreſaid holy Fathers name
Pope *Innocent*, I doe demand of thee.

Iohn. What earthy name to interrogatories
Can taſt the free breath of a ſacred King?
Thou canſt not (Cardinall) deviſe a name
So ſlight, unworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an anſwer, as the Pope:
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*,
Adde thus much more, that no *Italian* Prieſt
Shall tythe or toll in our dominions:
But as we, under heaven, are ſupreame head,
So under him that great ſupremacy
Where we doe reigne, we will alone uphold
Without th'aſſiſtance of a mortall hand:
So tell the Pope, all reverence ſet apart
To him and his uſurp'd authority.

Fran. Brother of *England*, you blaſpheme in this.

Iohn. Though you, and all the Kings of Chriſtendome
Are led ſo groſſely by this medling Prieſt,
Dreading the curſe that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vilde gold, droſſe, duſt,
Purchaſe corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that ſale ſels pardon from himſelfe:
Though you, and all the reſt ſo groſſely led,
This jugling witch-craft with revenue cheriſh,
Yet I alone, alone doe me oppoſe
Againſt the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawfull power that I have,
Thou ſhalt ſtand curſt, and excommunicate,
And bleſſed ſhall he be that doth revolt
From his Allegeance to an heretique,
And meritorious ſhall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worſhipp'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any ſecret courſe
Thy hatefull life.

Conſt. O lawfull let it be
That I have roome with *Rome* to curſe a while,
Good Father Cardinall, cry thou Amen
To my keene curſes; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curſe him right.

Pan. There's law and warrant (Lady) for my curſe.

Conſt. And for mine too, when law can doe no right.
Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdome heere;
For he that holds his kingdome, holds the law:
Therefore ſince Law it ſelfe is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curſe?

Pand. *Philip* of *France*, on perill of a curſe,
Let goe the hand of that Arch-heretique,
And raiſe the power of *France* upon his head,
Vnleſſe he doe ſubmit himſelfe to *Rome*.

Elea Look'ſt thou pale *France*? do not let go thy hand.

Conſt. Looke to that devill, leſt that *France* repent,

And by diſioyning hands hell loſe a ſoule.
Auſt. King *Philip*, liſten to the Cardinall.
Baſt. And hang a Calves-skin on his recreant limbes.
Auſt. Well ruffian, I muſt pocket up theſe wrongs,
Becauſe,
Baſt. Your breeches beſt may carry them.
Iohn. *Philip*, what ſaiſt thou to the Cardinall?
Con. What ſhould he ſay, but as the Cardinall?
Dolph. Bethinke you father, for the difference
Is purchaſe of a heavy curſe from *Rome*,
Or the light loſſe of *England*, for a friend:
Forgoe the eaſier.
Bla. That is the curſe of *Rome*.
Con. O *Lewis*, ſtand faſt, the devill tempts thee heere
In likeneſſe of a new untrimmed Bride.
Bla. The Lady *Conſtance* ſpeakes not from her faith,
But from her need.
Conſt. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which onely lives but by the death of faith,
That need, muſt needs inferre this principle,
That faith would live againe by death of need:
O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts up,
Keepe my need up, and faith is trodden downe.
Iohn. The kind is moved, and anſwers not to this.
Conſt. O be remov'd from him, and anſwer well:
Auſt. Doe ſo king *Philip*, hang no more in doubt.
Baſt. Hang nothing but a Calves-skin moſt ſweet lout.
Fran. I am perplext, and know not what to ſay.
Pan. What canſt thou ſay, but will perplex thee more?
If thou ſtand excommunicate, and curſt?
Fran. Good reverend father, make my perſon yours,
And tell me how you would beſtow your ſelfe?
This royall hand, and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward ſoules
Married in league, coupled, and link'd together
With all religious ſtrength of ſacred vowes:
The lateſt breath that gave the ſound of words
Was deepe-ſworne faith, peace, amity, true love
Betweene our kingdomes and our royall ſelves,
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could waſh our hands,
To clap this royall bargaine up of peace,
Heaven knowes they were beſmear'd and over-ſtaind
With ſlaughters pencill; where revenge did paint
The fearefull difference of incenſed kings:
And ſhall theſe hands ſo lately purg'd of bloud?
So newly joyn'd in love? ſo ſtrong in both,
Vnyoke this ſeyſure, and this kind regreet?
Play faſt and looſe with faith? ſo jeſt with heaven,
Make ſuch unconſtant children of our ſelves
As now againe to ſnatch our palme from palme:
Vn-ſweare faith ſworne, and on the marriage bed
Of ſmiling peace to march a bloody hoaſt,
And make a ryot on the gentle brow
Of true ſincerity? O holy ſir
My reverend father, let it not be ſo;
Out of your grace, deviſe, ordaine, impoſe
Some gentle order, and then we ſhall be bleſt
To doe your pleaſure, and continue friends.
Pand. All forme is formeleſſe, Order orderleſſe,
Save what is oppoſite to *Englands* love.
Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,
Or let the Church our mother breathe her curſe,
A mothers curſe, on her revolting ſonne.
France, thou maiſt hold a ſerpent by the tongue,
A caſed Lion by the mortall paw,
A faſting Tyger ſafer by the tooth,
Than keepe in peace that hand which thou doſt hold.
Fran. I may diſioyne my hand, but not my faith,
Pand. So mak'ſt thou faith an enemy to faith,
And like a civill warre ſetſt oath to oath,
Thy tongue againſt thy tongue. O let thy vow
Firſt made to heaven, firſt be to heaven perform'd,
That is, to be the Champion of our Church,
What ſince thou ſwor'ſt, is ſworne againſt thy ſelfe,
And may not be performed by thy ſelfe,
For that which thou haſt ſworne to doe amiſſe,
Is not amiſſe when it is truely done:
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moſt done not doing it:
The better Act of purpoſes miſtooke,
Is to miſtake againe, though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby growes direct,
And falſehood, falſehood cures, as fire cooles fire
Within the ſcorched veines of one new burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vowes kept,
But thou haſt ſworne againſt religion:
By what thou ſwear'ſt againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt,
And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth,
Againſt an oath the truth, thou art unſure
To ſweare, ſweares onely not to be forſworne,
Elſe what a mockery ſhould it be to ſweare?
But thou doſt ſweare, onely to be forſworne,
And moſt forſworne, to keepe what thou doſt ſweare,
Therefore thy later vowes, againſt thy firſt,
Is in thy ſelfe rebellion to thy ſelfe:
And better conqueſt never canſt thou make,
Than arme thy conſtant and thy nobler parts
Againſt theſe giddy looſe ſuggeſtions:
Vpon which better part, our prairs come in
If thou vouchſafe them. But if not, then know
The perill of our curſes light on thee
So heavy, as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off
But in deſpaire, dye under their blacke weight.
Auſt. Rebellion, flat rebellion.
Baſt. Wil't not be?
Will not a Calves-skin ſtop that mouth of thine?
Daul. Father, to Armes.
Blanch. Vpon thy wedding day?
Againſt the blood that thou haſt married?
What, ſhall our feaſt be kept with ſlaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churliſh drums
Clamors of hell, be meaſures to our pompe?
O husband heare me: aye, alacke, how new
Is husband in my mouth? even for that name
Which till this time my tongue did neere pronounce;
Vpon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes
Againſt mine Vncle.
Conſt. O, upon my knee made hard with kneeling,
I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous *Daulphin*,
Alter not the doome fore-thought by heaven.
Blan. Now ſhall I ſee thy love, what motive may
Be ſtronger with thee, than the name of wife?
Conſt. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His honor, Oh thine honor, *Lewis* thine honor.
Dolph. I muſe your Majeſty doth ſeeme ſo cold,
When ſuch profound reſpects doe pull you on?
Pand. I will denounce a curſe upon his head.
Fra. Thou ſhalt not need. *England*, I will fall from thee.
Conſt. O faire returne of baniſh'd Majeſty.
Elea. O foule revolt of French inconſtancy.
Eng. *France*, thou ſhalt rue this houre within this houre.

Baſt. Old Time the clocke ſetter, that bald ſexton Time:
Is it as he will? well then, *France* ſhall rue.
Bla. The Sun's orecaſt with bloud: faire day adieu,
Which is the ſide that I muſt goe withall?
I am with both, each Army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whurle a-ſunder, and diſmember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou maiſt winne:
Vncle, I needs muſt pray that thou maiſt loſe:
Father, I may not wiſh the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wiſh thy wiſhes thrive:
Who ever winnes, on that ſide ſhall I loſe:
Aſſured loſſe, before the match be plaid.
Dolph. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.
Bla. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.
Iohn. *Coſen*, goe draw our puiſance together,
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whoſe heat hath this condition;
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood and deereſt valued bloud of *France.*
Fran. Thy rage ſhall burne thee up, and thou ſhalt turne
To aſhes, ere our blood ſhall quench that fire:
Looke to thy ſelfe, thou art in jeopardy.
Iohn. No more then he that threats. To Arms le'ts hie.
Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Allarums, Excurſions: Enter Baſtard with Auſtria's head.

Baſt. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
Some ayery devil hovers in the skie,
And pour's downe miſchiefe. *Auſtrias* head ly there,
Enter Iohn, Arthur, Hubert.
While *Philip* breathes.
Iohn. *Hubert*, keepe this boy: *Philip* make up,
My Mother is aſſailed in our Tent,
And tane I feare.
Baſt. My Lord I reſcued her.
Her Highneſſe is in ſafety, feare you not:
But on my Leige, for very little paines
Will bring this labour to an happy end. *Exit.*

Alarums, excurſions, Retreat. Enter Iohn, Eleanor, Arthur, Baſtard, Hubert, Lords,

Iohn. So ſhall it be: your grace ſhall ſtay behind
So ſtrongly guarded: Coſen, looke not ſad,
Thy Grandame loves thee, and thy Vnkle will
As deere be to thee, as thy father was.
Arth. O this will make my mother die with griefe.
Iohn. Coſen away for *England*, haſte before,
And ere our comming ſee thou ſhake the bags
Of hoording Abbots, impriſoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Muſt by the hungry now be fed upon:
Vſe our commiſſion in his utmoſt force.
Baſt. Bell, Booke, and Candle, ſhall not drive me backe,
When gold and ſilver becks me to come on.
I leave your highneſſe: Grandame, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your faire ſafety: ſo I kiſſe your hand.
Ele. Farewell gentle Coſen.
Iohn. Coz, farewell.
Ele. Come hether little kinſman, harke, a word,
Iohn. Come hether *Hubert.* O my gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much: within this wall of fleſh
There is a ſoule counts thee her Creditor,
And with advantage meanes to pay thy love:
And my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this boſome, deerely cheriſhed.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to ſay,
But I will fit it with ſome better tune.
By heaven *Hubert*, I am almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good reſpect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your Majeſty.
Iohn. Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet,
But thou ſhalt have: and creepe time neere ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come, for me to doe thee good.
I had a thing to ſay, but let it goe:
The Sunne is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes.
To give me audience; if the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue, and brazen mouth
Sound on into the drowzy race of night:
If this ſame were a Church-yard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs:
Or if that ſurly ſpirit melancholy
Had bak'd thy bloud, and made it heavy, thicke,
Which elſe runnes tickling up and downe the veines,
Making that idiot laughter keepe mens eyes,
And ſtraine their cheekes to idle merriment,
A paſſion hatefull to my purpoſes:
Or if that thou couldſt ſee me without eyes,
Heare me without thine eares, and make reply
Without a tongue, uſing conceit alone,
Without eyes, eares, and harmefull ſound of words:
Then, in deſpight of brooded watchfull day,
I would into thy boſome poure my thoughts:
But (ah) I will not, yet I love thee well,
And by my troth I thinke thou lov'ſt me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my Act,
By heaven I would doe it.
Iohn. Doe not I know thou wouldſt?
Good *Hubert, Hubert, Hubert*, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: Ile tell thee what my friend,
He is a very ſerpent in my way,
And whereſoere this foot of mine doth tread,
He lyes before me: doſt thou underſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And ile keepe him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your Majeſty.
Iohn. Death.
Hub. My Lord.
Iohn. A Grave.
Hub. He ſhall not live.
Iohn. Enough.
I could be merry now, *Hubert*, I love thee.
Well, Ile not ſay what I intend for thee:
Remember: Madam, fare you well.
Ile ſend thoſe powers o're to your Majeſty.
Ele. My bleſſing goe with thee.
Iohn. For *England* Coſen, goe.
Hubert ſhall be your man, attend on you
With all true duety: on toward *Callice*, hoa.
Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter France, Dolphin, Pandulpho, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaring Tempeſt on the flood,
A whole Armado of convicted ſaile
Is ſcattered and diſioyned from fellowſhip.
Pand. Courage and comfort, all ſhall yet goe well.
Fran. What can goe well, when we have runne ſo ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* loſt?
Arthur tane priſoner? divers deere friends ſlaine?
And bloudy *England* into *England* gone,
Ore-bearing interruption ſpight of *France*?
Dol. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a ſpeed, with ſuch advice diſpoſ'd,
Such temperate order in ſo fierce a cauſe,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?
Fran. Well could I beare that *England* had this praiſe,
So we could finde ſome patterne of our ſhame.
Enter Conſtance.
Looke who comes here? a grave unto a ſoule,
Holding th'eternall ſpirit againſt her will,
In the vilde priſon of afflicted breath:
I prethee Lady goe away with me.
Conſt. Lo, now: now ſee the iſſue of your peace.
Fran. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle *Conſtance*.
Conſt. No, I defie all counſell, all redreſſe,
But that which ends all counſell, true redreſſe:
Death, death, O amiable, lovely death,
Thou odoriferous ſtench: ſound rottenneſſe,
Ariſe forth from the couch of laſting night,
Thou hate and terror to proſperity,
And I will kiſſe thy deteſtable bones,
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty browes,
And ring theſe fingers with thy houſhold wormes,
And ſtop this gap of breath with fulſome duſt,
And be a Carrion Monſter like thy ſelfe;
Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou ſmil'ſt,
And buſſe thee as thy wife: Miſeries love,
O come to me.
Fran. O faire affliction, peace.
Conſt. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a paſſion I would ſhake the world,
And rowze from ſleepe that fell Anatomy
Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce,
Which ſcornes a moderne invocation.
Pand. Lady, you utter madneſſe, and not ſorrow.
Conſt. Thou art holy to belye me ſo,
I am not mad: this haire I teare is mine,
My name is *Conſtance*, I was *Geffreyes* wife,
Yong *Arthur* is my ſonne, and he is loſt:
I am not mad, I would to heaven I were,
For then 'tis like I ſhould forget my ſelfe:
O, if I could, what griefe ſhould I forget?
Preach ſome Philoſophy to make me mad,
And thou ſhalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinall)
For, being not mad, but ſenſible of greefe,
My reaſonable part produces reaſon
How I may be deliver'd of theſe woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang my ſelfe:
If I were mad, I ſhould forget my ſonne,
Or madly thinke a babe of clowts were he;
I am not mad: too well, too well I feele
The different plague of each calamity.
Fran. Bind up thoſe treſſes: O what love I note
In the faire multitude of thoſe her haires;
Where but by chance a ſilver drop hath falne,
Even to that drop ten thouſand wiery fiends
Doe glew themſelves in ſociable griefe,
Like true, inſeparable, faithfull loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
Conſt. To *England*, if you will.
Fran. Bind up your haires.
Conſt. Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cride aloud,
O, that theſe hands could ſo redeeme my ſonne,
As they have given theſe hayres their liberty:
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will againe commit them to their bonds,
Becauſe my poore child is a priſoner.
And father Cardinall, I have heard you ſay
That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I ſhall ſee my boy againe:
For ſince the birth of *Caine*, the firſt male-child
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious creature borne:
But now will Canker-ſorrow eate my bud,
And chaſe the native beauty from his cheeke,
And he will looke as hollow as a Ghoſt,
As dim and meager as an Agues fit,
And ſo hee'll dye: and riſing ſo againe,
When I ſhall meet him in the Court of heaven
I ſhall not know him: therefore never, never
Muſt I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.
Pand. You hold too heynous a reſpect of greefe.
Conſt. He talkes to me, that never had a ſonne.
Fran. You are as fond of greefe, as of your child.
Conſt. Greefe fils the roome up of my abſent child:
Lyes in his bed, walkes up and downe with me,
Puts on his pretty lookes, repeates his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffes out his vacant garments with his forme;
Then, have I reaſon to be fond of griefe?
Fare you well: had you ſuch a loſſe as I,
I could give better comfort than you doe.
I will not keepe this forme upon my head,
When there is ſuch diſorder in my wit:
O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my faire ſonne,
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world:
My widow-comfort, and my ſorrowes cure. *Exit.*
Fran. I feare ſome outrage, and ile follow her. *Exit.*
Dol. There's nothing in this world can make me joy.
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull eare of a drowſie man;
And bitter ſhame hath ſpoyl'd the ſweet words taſte,
That it yeelds nought but ſhame and bitterneſſe.
Pand. Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe,
Even in the inſtant of repaire and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt: evils that take leave
On their departure, moſt of all ſhew evill:
What have you loſt by loſing of this day?
Dol. All dayes of glory, joy, and happineſſe.
Pand. If you had won it, certainely you had.
No, no: when Fortune meanes to men moſt good,
Shee lookes upon them with a threatning eye:
'Tis ſtrange to thinke how much King *Iohn* hath loſt
In this which he accounts ſo clearely wonne:

Are not you griev'd that *Arthur* is his priſoner?
Dol. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
Pand. Your mind is all as youthfull as your blood.
Now heare me ſpeake with a propheticke ſpirit:
For even the breath of what I meane to ſpeake,
Shall blow each duſt, each ſtraw, each little rub
Out of the path which ſhall directly leade
Thy foote to *Englands* Throne. And therefore marke:
Iohn hath ſeiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be,
That whiles warme life playes in that infants veines,
The miſ-plac'd-*Iohn* ſhould entertaine an houre,
One minute, nay one quiet breath of reſt.
A Scepter ſnatch'd with an unruly hand,
Muſt be as boyſterouſly maintain'd as gain'd.
And he that ſtands upon a ſlipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vilde hold to ſtay him up:
That *Iohn* may ſtand, then *Arthur* needs muſt fall,
So be it, for it cannot be but ſo.
Dol. But what ſhall I gaine by yong *Arthurs* fall?
Pand. You, in the right of Lady *Blanch* your wife,
May then make all the claime that *Arthur* did.
Dol. And loſe it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.
Pand. How greene you are, and freſh in this old world?
Iohn layes you plots: the times conſpire with you,
For he that ſteepes his ſafety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody ſafety, and untrue.
This Act ſo evilly borne ſhall coole the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeale,
That none ſo ſmall advantage ſhall ſtep forth
To checke his reigne, but they will cheriſh it.
No naturall exhalation in the skie,
No ſcope of Nature, no diſtemper'd day,
No common wind, no cuſtomed event,
But they will plucke away his naturall cauſe,
And call them Meteors, prodigies, and ſignes,
Abbortives, preſages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainely denouncing vengeance upon *Iohn*.
Dol. May be he will not touch yong *Arthurs* life,
But hold himſelfe ſafe in his priſonment.
Pand. O Sir, when he ſhall heare of your approach,
If that yong *Arthur* be not gone already,
Even at that newes he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people ſhall revolt from him,
And kiſſe the lippes of unacquainted change,
And picke ſtrong matter of revolt, and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers ends of *Iohn*.
Me thinkes I ſee this hurley all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd. The baſtard *Falconbridge*
Is now in England ranſacking the Church,
Offending Charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in Armes, they would be as a Call
To traine ten thouſand Engliſh to their ſide;
Or, as a little ſnow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a Mountaine. O noble Dolphine,
Go with me to the King, 'tis wonderfull,
What may be wrought out of their diſcontent,
Now that their ſoules are topfull of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the King.
Dol. Strong reaſons makes ſtrong actions: let us go,
If you ſay I, the King will not ſay no. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heate me theſe Irons hot, and looke thou ſtand
Within the Arras: when I ſtrike my foot
Vpon the boſome of the ground, ruſh forth
And binde the boy, which you ſhall finde with me
Faſt to the chaire: be heedfull: hence and watch.
Exec. I hope your warrant will beare out the deed.
Hub. Vncleanly ſcruples feare not you: looke too't.
Yong Lad come forth; I have to ſay with you.

Enter Arthur.

Ar Good morrow *Hubert*.
Hub. Good morrow little Prince.
Ar. As little Prince, having ſo great a Title
To be more Prince, as may be: you are ſad.
Hub. Indeed I have beene merrier.
Art. 'Mercie on me:
Me thinkes no body ſhould be ſad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in Fance,
Yong Gentlemen would be as ſad as night
Onely for wantonneſſe: by my Chriſtendome,
So I were out of priſon, and kept Sheepe
I ſhould be as as merrie as the day is long:
And ſo I would be heere, but that I doubt
My Vnckle practiſes more harme to me:
He is affraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault, that I was *Geffreyes* ſonne?
No indeed it's not: and I would to heaven
I were your ſonne, ſo you would love me, Hubert:
Hub. If I talke to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercie, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be ſodaine, and diſpatch.
Ar. Are you ſicke Hubert? you looke pale to day,
Inſooth I would you were a little ſicke.
That I might ſit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſome.
Reade here yong *Arthur*. How now fooliſh rheume?
Turning diſpitious torture out of doore?
I muſt be breefe, leaſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womaniſh teares.
Can you not reade it? Is it not faire writ?
Ar. Too fairely *Hubert*, for ſo foule effect,
Muſt you with hot Irons, burne out both mine eyes?
Hub. Yong Boy, I muſt.
Art. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Art. Have you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my hand-kercher about your browes
(The beſt I had, a Princeſſe wrought it me)
And I did never aske it you againe:
And with my hand, at midnight held your head;
And like the watchfull minutes, to the houre,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your greefe?
Or what good love may I performe for you?
Many a poore mans ſonne would haue lyen ſtill,
And ne're have ſpoke a loving word to you:
But you, at your ſicke ſervice had a Prince:
Nay, you may thinke my love was craftie love,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,

If heaven be pleaſ'd that you muſt uſe me ill,
Why then you muſt. Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes, that never did, nor never ſhall
So much as frowne on you.
Hub. I have ſworne to doe it:
And with hot Irons muſt I burne them out.
Ar. Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would doe it:
The Iron of it ſelfe, though heate red hot,
Approaching neere theſe eyes, would drinke my teares,
And quench this fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harme mine eye:
Are you more ſtubborne hard, than hammer'd Iron?
And if an Angell ſhould have come to me,
And told me *Hubert* ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not have beleev'd him: no tongue but *Huberts.*
Hub. Come forth: Doe as I bid you doe.
Ar. O ſave me *Hubert*, ſave me: my eyes are out
Even with the fierce lookes of theſe bloody men.
Hub. Give me the Iron I ſay, and bind him heere.
Art. Alas, what need you be ſo boiſtrous rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone ſtill:
For heaven ſake *Hubert* let me not be bound:
Nay heare me *Hubert*, drive theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a Lamb.
I will not ſtirre, nor wince, nor ſpeake a word,
Nor looke upon the Iron angerly:
Thruſt but theſe men away, and Ile forgive you,
What ever torment you doe put me too.
Hub. Goe ſtand within: let me alone with him.
Exec. I am beſt pleaſ'd to be from ſuch a deed.
Art. Alas, I then have chid away my friend,
He hath a ſterne looke, but a gentle heart:
Let him come backe, that his compaſſion may
Give life to yours.
Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your ſelfe.
Art. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.
Art. O heaven: that there were but a moth in yours,
A graine, a duſt, a gnat, a wandering haire,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe:
Then feeling what ſmall things are boyſterous there
Your vilde intent muſt needs ſeeme horrible.
Hub. Is this your promiſe? Go too, hold your tongue.
Art. *Hubert*, the utterance of a brace of tongues,
Muſt needs want pleading for a paire of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue: let me not *Hubert*,
Or *Hubert*, if you will cut out my tongue,
So I may keepe mine eyes. O ſpare mine eyes,
Though to no uſe, but ſtill to looke on you.
Loe, by my troth, the inſtrument is cold,
And would not harme me.
Hub. I can heate it, boy.
Art. No, in good ſooth: the fire is dead with griefe,
Being create for comfort, to be uſ'd
In undeſerved extreames: See elſe your ſelfe,
There is no malice in this burning cole,
The breath of heaven, hath blowne his ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can reviue it Boy.
Art. And if you doe, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, *Hubert*:
Nay, it perchance will ſparkle in your eyes:
And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things that you ſhould uſe to doe me wrong
Deny their office: onely you doe lacke
That mercy, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking uſes.
Hub. Well, ſee to live: I will not touch thine eye,
For all the Treaſure that thine Vnckle owes,
Yet am I ſworne, and I did purpoſe, Boy,
With this ſame very Iron, to burne them out.
Art. O now you looke like *Hubert*. All this while
You were diſguiſ'd.
Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your Vnckle muſt not know but you are dead.
Ile fill theſe dogged Spies with falſe reports:
And, pretty child, ſleepe doubtleſſe, and ſecure,
That *Hubert* for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Art. O heaven! I thanke you *Hubert.*
Hub. Silence, no more: goe cloſely in with me.
Much danger doe I undergoe for thee. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Iohn, Pembroke, Saliſbury, and other lords.
Iohn. Heere once againe we ſit: once againſt crown'd
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearefull eyes.
Pem. This once againe (but that your highneſſe pleaſ'd)
Was once ſuperfluous: you were Crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was ne're pluck'd off:
The faiths of men, ne're ſtained with revolt:
Freſh expectation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for-change, or better State.
Sal. Therefore, to be poſſeſt with double pompe,
To guard a Title, that was rich before;
To gild refined gold, to paint the Lilly;
To throw a perfume on the Violet,
To ſmooth the yce, or adde another hew
Vnto the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light
To ſeeke the beauteous eye of heaven to garniſh,
Is waſtefull, and ridiculous exceſſe.
Pem. But that your Royall pleaſure muſt be done,
This acte is as an ancient tale new told,
And, in the laſt repeating, troubleſome,
Being urged at a time unſeaſonable.
Sal. In this the Anticke, and well noted face
Of plaine old forme, is much diſfigured,
And like a ſhifted winde unto a ſaile,
It makes the courſe of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles, and frights conſideration:
Makes ſound opinion ſicke, and truth ſuſpected,
For putting on ſo new a faſhion'd robe.
Pem. When workemen ſtrive to doe better than wel,
They doe confound their ſkill in covetouſneſſe,
And oftentimes excuſing gf a fault,
Doth make the fault the worſe by th'excuſe:
As patches ſet upon a little breach,
Diſcredite more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was ſo patch'd,
Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd
We breath'd our Councell: but it pleaſ'd your highneſſe
To over-beare it, and we are all well pleaſ'd,
Since all, and every part of what we would
Doth make a ſtand, at what your highneſſe will.

Ioh. Some reaſons of this double Coronation
I have poſſeſt you with, and thinke them ſtrong.
And more, more ſtrong, then leſſe is my feare
I ſhall indue you with: Meane time, but aske
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well ſhall you perceive, how willingly
I will both heare, and grant you your requeſts.
Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of theſe
To ſound the purpoſes of all their hearts,
Both for my ſelfe, and them: but chiefe of all
Your ſafety: for the which, my ſelfe and them
Bend their beſt ſtudies, heartily requeſt
Th'infranchiſement of *Arthur*, whoſe reſtraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of diſcontent
To breake into this dangerous argument.
If what in reſt you have, in right you hold,
Why then your feares, which (as they ſay) attend
The ſteppes of wrong, ſhould move you to mew up
Your tender kinſman, and to choake his dayes
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exerciſe,
That the times enemies may not have this
To grace occaſions: let it be our ſuite,
That you have bid us aske his liberty,
Which for our goods, we doe no further aske,
Than, whereupon our weale on you depending,
Counts it your weale: he have his liberty.
Enter Hubert.
Iohn. Let it be ſo: I doe commit his youth
To your direction: *Hubert*, what newes with you?
Pem. This is the man ſhould doe the bloody deed:
He ſhew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heynous fault
Lives in his eye: that cloſe aſpect of his,
Doe ſhew the mood of a much troubled breaſt,
And I doe fearefully beleeve 'tis done,
What we ſo fear'd he had a charge to doe.
Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and goe,
Betweene his purpoſe and his conſcience,
Like Heralds 'twixt two dreadfull battailes ſet:
His paſſion is ſo ripe, it needs muſt breake.
Pem. And when it breakes, I feare will iſſue thence
The foule corruption of a ſweet childs death.
Iohn. We cannot hold mortalities ſtrong hand.
Good lords, although my will to give, is living,
The ſuite which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tels us *Arthur* is deceaſ'd to night.
Sal. Indeed we fear'd his ſickneſſe was paſt cure.
Pem. Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,
Before the child himſelfe felt he was ſicke;
This muſt be anſwer'd either heere, or hence.
Iohn. Why doe you bend ſuch ſolemne browes on me?
Thinke you I beare the Sheeres of deſtiny?
Have I commandement on the pulſe of life?
Sal. It is apparant foule-play, and 'tis ſhame
That greatneſſe ſhould ſo groſſely offer it;
So thrive it in your game, and ſo farewell.
Pem. Stay yet (lord *Salisbury*) Ile goe with thee,
And find th'inheritance of this poore child,
His little kingdome of a forced grave.
That blood which ow'd the bredth of all this Ile,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while:
This muſt not be thus borne, this will breake out
To all our ſorrowes, and ere long I doubt. *Exeunt.*
Iohn. They burne in indignation: I repent: *Enter Meſ.*
There is no ſure foundation ſet on blood:
No certaine life atchiev'd by others death:
A fearefull eye thou haſt. Where is that blood,
That I have ſeene inhabite in thoſe cheekes?
So foule a skie, cleeres not without a ſtorme,
Poure downe thy weather: how goes all in *France*?
Meſ. From *France* to *England*, never ſuch a powre
For any forraigne preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land.
The Copy of your ſpeed is learn'd by them:
For when you ſhould be told they doe prepare,
The tydings comes, that they are all arriv'd.
Ioh. Oh where hath our intelligence beene drunke?
Where hath it ſlept? Where is my Mothers care?
That ſuch an Army could be drawen in *France*,
And ſhe not heare of it?
Meſ. My Leige, her eare
Is ſtopt with duſt: the firſt of Apill di'de
Your noble mother; and as I heare, my lord,
The Lady *Conſtance* in a frenize di'de
Three dayes before: but this from Rumors tongue
I idely heard: if true, or falſe I know not.
Iohn. Withhold thy ſpeed, dreadfull occaſion:
O make a league with me, 'till I have pleaſ'd
My diſcontented Peeres. What? Mother dead?
How wildely then walkes my Eſtate in *France*?
Vnder whoſe conduct came thoſe powers of *France*,
That thou for truth giv'ſt out are landed heere?
Meſ. Vnder the *Dolphin*.
Enter Baſtard, and Peter of Pomfret.
Iohn. Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill tydings: Now? What ſayes the world
To your proceedings? Doe not ſeeke to ſtuffe
My head with more ill newes: for it is full.
Baſt. But if you be afeard to heare the worſt,
Then let the worſt unheard, fall on your head.
Iohn. Beare with me Coſen, for I was amaz'd
Vnder the tide; but now I breath againe
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue; ſpeake it of what it will.
Baſt. How I have ſped among the Clergy men,
The ſummes I have collected ſhall expreſſe:
But as I travail'd hither through the land,
I find the people ſtrangely fantaſied,
Poſſeſt with rumors, full of idle dreames,
Not knowing what they feare, but full of feare.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the ſtreets of *Pomfret*, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heeles:
To whom he ſung in rude harſh ſounding rimes,
That ere the next Aſcenſion day at noone,
Your highneſſe ſhould deliver up your Crowne.
Ioh. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didſt thou ſo?
Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out ſo.
Ioh. *Hubert*, away with him: impriſon him,
And on that day at noone, whereon he ſayes
I ſhall yeeld up my Crowne, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to ſafety, and returne,
For I muſt uſe thee. O my gentle Coſen,
Hear'ſt thou the newes abroad, who are arriv'd?
Baſt. The French (my lord) mens mouths are ful of it:
Beſides I met lord *Bigot*, and lord *Salisbury*
With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,
And others more, going to ſeeke the grave
Of *Arthur*, whom they ſay is kill'd to night, on your (ſuggeſtion.
Iohn. Gentle kinſman, goe
And thruſt thy ſelfe into their Companies,

I have a way to winne their loves againe:
Bring them before me.
Baſt. I will ſeeke them out.
Iohn. Nay, but make haſte: the better foot before.
O, let me have no ſubjects enemies,
When adverſe Forreyners affright my Townes
With dreadfull pompe of ſtout invaſion.
Be Mercury, ſet feathers to thy heeles,
And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe.
Baſt. The ſpirit of the time ſhall teach me ſpeed. *Exit.*
Iohn. Spoke like a ſprightfull Noble Gentleman.
Goe after him: for he perhaps ſhall need
Some Meſſenger betwixt me, and the Peeres,
And be thou he.
Meſ. With all my heart, my Liege.
Iohn. My mother dead?

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they ſay five Moones were ſeene to (night:
Foure fixed, and the fift did whirle about
The other foure, in wondrous motion.
Iohn. Five Moones?
Hub. Old men, and Beldames, in the ſtreets
Doe propheſie upon it dangerouſly:
Yong *Arthurs* death is common in their mouths,
And when they talke of him, they ſhake their heads,
And whiſper one another in the eare.
And he that ſpeakes, doth gripe the hearers wriſt,
Whilſt he that heares, makes fearefull action
With wrinkled browes, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I ſaw a Smith ſtand with his hammer (thus)
The whilſt his Iron did on the Anvile coole,
With open mouth ſwallowing a Taylors newes,
Who with his Sheeres, and Meaſure in his hand,
Standing on ſlippers, which his nimble haſte
Had falſely thruſt upon contrary feete,
Told of a many thouſand warlike French,
That were embattailed, and rank'd in Kent.
Another leane, unwaſh'd Artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talkes of *Arthurs* death.
Ioh. Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſſe me with theſe feares?
Why urgeſt thou ſo oft yong *Arthurs* death?
Thy hand hath murdred him: I had a mighty cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou hadſt none to kill him.
H. No had (my lord?) why, did you not provoke me?
Iohn. It is the curſe of Kings, to be attended
By ſlaves, that take their humors for a warrant,
To breake the bloody houſe of life,
And on the winking of Authority
To underſtand a Law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous Majeſty, when perchance it frownes
More upon humor, than adviſ'd reſpect.
Hub. Heere is your hand and Seale for what I did.
Ioh. Oh, when the laſt accompt twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this hand and Seale
Witneſſe againſt us to damnation.
How oft the ſight of meanes to doe ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done? Had'ſt not thou beene by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and ſign'd to doe a deed of ſhame,
This murther had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd Aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany:
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthurs* death:
And thou, to be endeered to a King,
Made it no conſcience to deſtroy a Prince.
Hub. My lord.
Ioh. Had'ſt thou but ſhooke thy head, or made a pauſe
When I ſpake darkely, what I purpoſed:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face;
As bid me tell my tale in expreſſe words:
Deepe ſhame had ſtruck me dumbe, made me breake off,
And thoſe thy feares, might have wrought feares in me.
But, thou didſt underſtand me by my ſignes,
And didſt in ſignes againe parley with ſinne,
Yea, without ſtop, didſt let thy heart conſent,
And conſequently, thy rude hand to acte
The deed, which both our tongues held vild to name
Out of my ſight, and never ſee me more:
My Nobles leave me, and my State is braved,
Even at my gates, with rankes of forraigne powres;
Nay, in the body of this fleſhly Land,
This kingdome, this Confine of blood, and breathe
Hoſtility, and civill tumult reignes
Betweene my conſcience, and my Coſins death.
Hub. Arme you againſt your other enemies:
Ile make a peace betweene your ſoule, and you.
Yong *Arthur* is alive: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the Crimſon ſpots of blood:
Within this boſome, never entred yet
The dreadfull motion of a murderous thought,
And you have ſlander'd Nature in my forme,
Which howſoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fayrer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.
Iohn. Doth *Arthur* live? O haſt thee to the Peeres,
Throw this report on their incenſed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the Comment that my paſſion made
Vpon thy feature, for my rage was blind,
And foule immaginary eyes of blood
Preſented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, anſwer not; but to my Cloſſet bring
The angry Lords, with all expedient haſt,
I conjure thee but ſlowly: run more faſt. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Arthur on the walles.

Art. The wall is high, and yet will I leape downe.
Good ground be pitifull, and hurt me not:
There's few or none doe know me, if they did,
This Ship-boyes ſemblance hath diſguiſ'd me quite.
I am afraide, and yet Ile venture it.
If I get downe, and doe not breake my limbes,
Ile find a thouſand ſhifts to get away;
As good to dye, and goe; as dye, and ſtay.
Oh me, my Vnckles ſpirit is in theſe ſtones,
Heaven take my ſoule, and *England* keepe my bones. *Dies*

Enter Pembrooke, and Saliſbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint *Edmondsbury*,
It is our ſafety, and we muſt embrace
This gentle offer of the perillous time.
Pem. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinall?
Sal. The Count *Melloone*, a Noble lord of *France*,
Whoſe private with me of the *Dolphines* love,
Is much more generall, than theſe lines import.

Big. To morrow morning let us meete him then.
Sal. Or rather then ſet forward, for'twill be
Two long dayes journey (lords) or ere we meete.
Enter Baſtard.
Baſt. Once more to day well met, diſtemper'd lords,
The King by me requeſts your preſence ſtraight.
Sal. The King hath diſpoſſeſt himſelfe of us,
We will n ot lyne his thin-beſtained clake
With our pure Honors: nor attend the foote
That leaves the print of blood where ere it walkes.
Returne, and tell him ſo: we know the worſt. (beſt.
Baſt. What ere you thinke, good words I thinke were
Sal. Our greifes, and not our manners reaſon now.
Baſt. But there is little reaſon in your griefe.
Therfore 'twere reaſon you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, ſir, impatience hath his priviledge.
Baſt. 'Tis true, to hurt his maſter, no man elſe.
Sal. This is the priſon: What is he lyes heere?
P. Oh death made proud with pure and princely beuty,
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murther, as hating what himſelfe hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
Big. Or when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious Princely, for a grave.
Sal. Sir *Richard*, what thinke you? you have beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you thinke?
Or doe you almoſt thinke, although you ſee,
That you doe ſee? could thought, without this object
Forme ſuch another? this is the very top,
The heighth, the Creſt: or Creſt unto the Creſt
Of murthers Armes: this is the bloodieſt ſhame,
The wildeſt Savagery, the vildeſt ſtroke
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or ſtaring rage
Preſented to the teares of ſoft remorſe.
Pem. All murthers paſt, doe ſtand excuſ'd in this:
And this ſo ſole, and ſo unmatcheable,
Shall give a holineſſe, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten ſinne of times;
And prove a deadly blood-ſhed, but a jeſt,
Exampled by this heynous ſpectacle.
Baſt. It is a damned, and a bloody worke,
The graceleſſe action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the worke of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the worke of any hand?
We had a kind of light, what would enſue:
It is the ſhamefull worke of *Huberts* hand,
The practice, and the purpoſe of the King:
From whoſe obedience I forbid my ſoule,
Kneeling before this ruine of ſweet life,
And breathing to his breathleſſe excellence
The incenſe of a Vow, a holy Vow:
Never to taſte the pleaſures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor converſant with Eaſe, and idleneſſe,
Till I have ſet a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worſhip of Revenge.
Pem.Big. Our ſoules religiouſly confirme thy words.
Enter Hubert
Hub. Lords, I am hot with haſte, in ſeeking you,
Arthur doth live, the King hath ſent for you.
Sal. Oh he is bold, and bluſhes not at death:
Avant thou hatefull villaine, get thee gone.
Hub. I am no villaine.
Sal. Muſt I rob the Law.
Baſt. Your ſword is bright ſir, put it up againe.
Sal. Not till I ſheath it in a murtherers skin.
Hub. Stand backe lord *Salſbury*, ſtand backe I ſay
By heaven, I thinke my ſword's as ſharpe as yours.
I would not have you (lord) forget your ſelfe,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Leaſt I by marking of your rage, forget
Your Worth, your Greatneſſe, and Nobility.
Big. Out dunghill: dar'ſt thou brave a Nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life againſt an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a Murtherer.
Hub. Doe not prove me ſo:
Yet I am none. Whoſe tongue ſo ere ſpeakes falſe,
Not truly ſpeakes: who ſpeakes not truly, Lies.
Pem. Cut him to peeces.
Baſt. Keepe the peace, I ſay.
Sal. Stand by, or I ſhall gaul you *Faulconbridge*.
Baſt. Thou wer't better gaul the divel, *Salsbury*.
If thou but frowne on me, or ſtirre thy foote,
Or teach thy haſty ſpleene to doe me ſhame,
Ile ſtrike thee dead. Put up thy ſword betime,
Or Ile ſo maule you, and your toſting-Iron,
That you ſhall thinke the divel is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou doe, renowned *Faulconbridge*?
Second a Villaine, and a Murtherer?
Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this Prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an houre ſince I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weepe
My date of life out, for his ſweet lives loſſe.
Sal. Truſt not thoſe cunning waters of his eyes,
For villanie is not without ſuch rheume,
And he, long traded in it, makes it ſeeme
Like Rivers of remorſe and innocency.
Away with me, all you whoſe ſoules abhorre
Th'uncleanely ſavour of a ſlaughter-houſe,
For I am ſtifled with this ſmell of ſinne.
Big. Away, toward *Bury*, to the *Dolphin* there.
P. There tell the King, he may inquire us out. *Ex. Lords.*
Ba. Here's a good world: knew you of this faire worke?
Beyond the infinite and boundleſſe reach of mercy,
(If thou didſt this deed of death) art thou damn'd *Hubert*.
Hub. Doe but heare me ſir.
Baſt. Ha? Ile tell thee what,
Thou'rt damn'd as blacke, nay nothing is ſo blacke,
Thou art more deepe damn'd than Prince *Lucifer*.
There is not yet ſo ugly a fiend of hell
As thou ſhalt be, if thou didſt kill this child.
Hub. Vpon my ſoule.
Baſt. If thou didſt but conſent
To this moſt cruell Act: doe but deſpaire,
And if thou want'ſt a Cord, the ſmalleſt thred
That ever Spider twiſted from her wombe
Will ſerve to ſtrangle thee: A ruſh will be a beame
To hang thee on. Or wouldſt thou drowne thy ſelfe,
Put but a little water in a ſpoone,
And it ſhall be as all the Ocean,
Enough to ſtifle ſuch a villaine up.
I doe ſuſpect thee very greivouſly.
Hub. If I in act, conſent, or ſinne of thought,
Be guilty of the ſtealing that ſweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want paines enough to torture me:
I left him well.
Baſt. Goe, beare him in thine armes:
I am amaz'd me thinkes, and looſe my way
Among the thornes, and dangers of this world.

How eaſie doſt thou take all *England* up,
From forth this morcell of dead Royalty?
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme
Is fled to heaven: and *England* now is left
To tug and ſcamble, and to part by th'teeth
The unowed intereſt of proud ſwelling State:
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Majeſty,
Doth dogged warre briſtle his angry creſt,
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now Powers from home, and diſcontents at home
Meet in one line: and vaſt confuſion waites
As doth a Raven on a ſicke-falne beaſt,
The imminent decay of wreſted pompe.
Now happy he, whoſe cloake and center can
Hold out this tempeſt. Beare away that child,
And follow me with ſpeed; Ile to the King:
A thouſand buſineſſes are briefe in hand,
And heaven it ſelfe doth frowne upon the Land. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scæna Prima.

Enter King Iohn, and Pandulph, attendants.

K. Iohn. Thus have I yeelded up into your hand
The Circle of my glory.
Pand. Take againe
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Soveraigne greatneſſe and authority.
Iohn. Now keepe your holy word, goe meet the *French,*
And from his holineſſe uſe all your power
To ſtop their marches 'fore we are enflam'd:
Our diſcontented Counties doe revolt:
Our people quarrell with obedience,
Swearing Allegiance, and the love of ſoule
To ſtranger-bloud, to forren Royalty;
This inundation of miſtempred humor,
Reſts by you onely to be qualified.
Then pauſe not; for the preſent time's ſo ſicke,
That preſent medcine muſt be miniſtred,
Or overthrow incureable enſues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempeſt up,
Vpon your ſtubborne uſage of the Pope:
But ſince you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue ſhall huſh againe this ſtorme of warre,
And make faire weather in your bluſtring land:
On this Aſcention day, remember well,
Vpon your oath of ſervice to the Pope,
Goe I to make the French lay downe their Armes. *Exit.*
Iohn. Is this Aſcenſion day? did not the Prophet
Say, that before Aſcenſion day at noone,
My Crowne I ſhould give off? even ſo I have:
I did ſuppoſe it ſhould be on conſtraint,
But (heav'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. All *Kent* hath yeelded: nothing there holds out
But Dover Caſtle: *London* hath receiv'd
Like a kind Hoſt, the *Dolphin* and his powers.
Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone
To offer ſervice to your enemy:
And wilde amazement hurries up and downe
The little number of doubtfull friends.
Iohn. Would not my lords returne to me againe
After they heard yong *Arthur* was alive?
Baſt. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets,
An empty Casket, where the Iewell of life
By ſome damn'd hand was rob'd, and tane away.
Iohn. That villaine *Hubert* told me he did live.
Baſt. So on my ſoule he did, for ought he knew:
But wherefore doe you droope? why looke you ſad?
Be great in act, as you have beene in thought:
Let not the world ſee feare and ſad diſtruſt
Governe the motion of a kinglye eye:
Be ſtirring as the time, be fire with fire,
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: So ſhall inferior eyes
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntleſſe ſpirit of reſolution.
Away, and gliſter like the god of warre
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldneſſe and aſpiring confidence:
What, ſhall they ſeeke the Lyon in his denne,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh let it not be ſaid: forrage, and runne
To meet diſpleaſure farther from the doores,
And grapple with him ere he come ſo nye.
Iohn. The Legat of the Pope hath beene with mee,
And I have made a happy peace with him,
And he hath promiſ'd to diſmiſſe the Powers
Led by the *Dolphin.*
Baſt. Oh inglorious league:
Shall we upon the footing of our land,
Send faire-play-orders, and make comprimiſe,
Inſinuation, parley, and baſe truce
To Armes Invaſive? Shall a beardleſſe boy,
A cockred-ſilken wanton brave our fields,
And fleſh his ſpirit in a warre-like ſoyle,
Mocking the ayre with colours idlely ſpred,
And find no checke? Let us my Leige to Armes:
Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace;
Or if he doe, let it at leaſt be ſaid
They ſaw we had a purpoſe of defence.
Iohn. Have thou the ordering of this preſent time.
Baſt. Away then with good courage: yet I know
Our Party may well meet a prowder foe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salisbury, Mel'oone, Pembroke, Bigot, Souldiers.

Dol. My lord *Melloone,* let this be coppied out,
And keepe it ſafe for our remembrance:
Returne the preſident to theſe lords againe,
That having our faire order written downe,
Both they and we, peruſing ore theſe notes
May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament,
And keep our faithes firme and inviolable.
Sal. Vpon our ſides it never ſhall be broken.
And Noble *Dolphin,* albeit we ſweare
A voluntary zeale, and an un-urg'd faith
To your proceedings: yet beleeve me Prince,
I am not glad that ſuch a ſore of time
Should ſeeke a plaſter by contemn'd revolt,
And heale the inveterate Canker of one wound,

By making many: Oh it grieves my ſoule,
That I muſt draw this mettle from my ſide
To be a widdow-maker: oh, and there
Where honourable reſcue, and defence
Cries out upon the name of *Salisbury*.
But ſuch is the infection of the time,
That for the health and Phyſicke of our right,
We cannot deale but with the very hand
Of ſterne injuſtice, and confuſed wrong:
And is't not pitty, (oh my grieved friends)
That we, the ſonnes and children of this *Iſle*,
Were borne to ſee ſo ſad an houre as this,
Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger, march
Vpon her gentle boſome, and fill up
Her enemies rankes? I muſt withdraw, and weepe
Vpon the ſpot of this inforced cauſe,
To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours heere:
What heere? O Nation that thou couldſt remove,
That *Neptunes* Armes who clippeth thee about,
Would beare thee from the knowledge of thy ſelfe,
And cripple thee unto a Pagan ſhore,
Where theſe two Chriſtian Armies might combine
The bloud of malice, in a veine of league,
And not to ſpend it ſo un-neighbourly.
Dolph. A noble temper doſt thou ſhew in this,
And great affections wraſtling in thy boſome
Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility:
Oh, what a noble combate haſt fought
Betweene compulſion, and a brave reſpect:
Let me wipe off this honourable dewe,
That ſilverly doth progreſſe on thy cheekes:
My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares,
Being an ordinary Inundation:
But this effuſion of ſuch manly drops,
This ſhowre, blowne up by tempeſt of the ſoule,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I ſeene the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite ore with burning Meteors.
Lift up thy brow (renowned *Salisbury*)
And with a great heart heave away this ſtorme:
Commend theſe warres to thoſe baby-eyes
That never ſaw the giant-world enrag'd,
Nor met with Fortune, other than at feaſts,
Full warme of blood, of mirth, of goſſipping:
Come, come; for thou ſhalt thruſt thy hand as deepe
Into the purſe of rich proſperity
As *Lewis* himſelfe: ſo (Nobles) ſhall you all,
That knit your ſinewes to the ſtrength of mine.

Enter Pandulpho.

And even there, methinkes an Angel ſpake,
Looke where the holy Legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions ſet the name of right
With holy breath.
Pand. Haile noble Prince of *France*:
The next is this: King *Iohn* hath reconcil'd
Himſelfe to *Rome*, his ſpirit is come in,
That ſo ſtood out againſt the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and Sea of Rome:
Therefore thy threatning colours now wind up,
And tame the ſavage ſpirit of wilde warre,
That like a Lyon foſtered up at hand,
It may lye gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmefull than in ſhew.
Dolph. Your grace ſhall pardon me, I will not backe:
I am too high-borne to be propertied
To be a ſecnodary at controull,
Or uſefull ſerving-man, and inſtrument
To any Soveraigne State throughout the world.
Your breath firſt kindled the dead coale of warres,
Betweene this chaſtiz'd kingdome and my ſelfe,
And brought in matter that ſhould feed this fire;
And now 'tis farre too huge to be blowne out
With that ſame weake wind, which enkindled it:
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with intereſt to this land,
Yea, thruſt this enterprize into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me *Iohn* hath made
His peace with Rome? what is that peace to me?
I (by the honor of my marriage bed)
After yong *Arthur*, claime this land for mine,
And now it is halfe conquer'd, muſt I backe,
Becauſe that *Iohn* hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Romes ſlave? what penny hath Rome borne?
What men provided? what munition ſent
To under-prop this Action? Is't not I
That under-goe this charge? who elſe but I,
And ſuch as to my claime are liable,
Sweat in this buſineſſe, and maintaine this warre?
Have I not heard theſe Iſlanders ſhout out
Vive le Roy, as I have bank'd their Townes?
Have I not heere the beſt Cards for the game
To winne this eaſie match, plaid for a Crowne?
And ſhall I now give ore the yeelded Set?
No, no, on my ſoule it never ſhall be ſaid.
Pand. You looke but on the out-ſide of this worke.
Dolph. Out-ſide or in-ſide, I will not returne
Till my attempt ſo much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promiſed,
Before I drew this gallant head of warre,
And cull'd theſe fiery ſpirits from the world
To out-looke Conqueſt, and to winne renowne
Even in the jawes of danger, and of death:
What luſty Trumpet thus doth ſummon us?

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. According to the faire-play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am ſent to ſpeake:
My holy lord of *Millane*, from the King
I come to learne how you have dealt for him:
And, as you anſwer, I doe know the ſcope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.
Pand. The *Dolphin* is too wilfull oppoſite
And will not temporize with my intreaties:
He flately ſayes, hee'll not lay downe his Armes.
Baſt. By all the bloud that ever fury breath'd,
The youth ſayes well. Now heare our *Engliſh* King,
For thus his Royalty doth ſpeake in me:
He is prepar'd, and reaſon too he ſhould,
This apiſh and unmannerly approach,
This harneſſ'd Maske, and unadviſed Revell,
This unheard ſawcineſſe and boyiſh Troopes,
The King doth ſmile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfiſh warre, this Pigmy Armes
From ont the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the ſtrength, even at your dore,
To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch,
To dive like Buckets in concealed Wells,
To crowch in litter of your ſtable plankes,
To lye like pawnes, lock'd up in cheſts and truncks,
To hug with ſwine, to ſeeke ſweet ſafety out
In vaults and priſons, and to thrill and ſhake,

Even at the crying of your Nations crow,
Thinking this voyce an armed *Engliſh* man.
Shall that victorious hand be feebled heere,
That in your Chambers gave you chaſticement?
No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,
And like an Eagle, o're his ayery towres,
To ſowſſe annoyance that comes neere his Neſt;
And you degenerate, you ingrate Revolts,
You bloudy Nero's, ripping up the wombe
Of your deere Mother-*England*: bluſh for ſhame:
For your owne Ladies, and pale-viſag'd Maides,
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drummes:
Their thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needl's to Lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloudy inclination.
Dol. There end thy brave, and turne thy face in peace,
We grant thou canſt out-ſcold us: fare thee well,
We hold our time too precious to be ſpent
With ſuch a brabler.
Pan. Give me leave to ſpeake.
Baſt. No, I will ſpeake.
Dol. We will attend to neither:
Strike up the drummes, and let the tongue of warre
Pleade for our intereſt, and our being heere.
Baſt. Indeed your drummes being beaten, wil cry out;
And ſo ſhall you, being beaten: doe but ſtart
An eccho with the clamor of thy drumme,
And even at hand, a drumme is ready brac'd,
That ſhall reverberate all, as lowd as thine.
Sound but another, and another ſhall
(As lowd as thine) rattle the Welkins eare,
And mocke the deepe mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not truſting to this halting Legate heere,
Whom he hath uſ'd rather for ſport, than need)
Is warlike *Iohn*: and in his forehead ſits
A bare-rib'd death, whoſe office is this day
To feaſt upon whole thouſands of the French.
Dol. Strike up our drummes, to find this danger out.
Baſt. And thou ſhalt find it (*Dolphin*) doe not doubt
Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Alarums. Enter Iohn, and Hubert.

Iohn. How goes the day with us? oh tell me *Hubert.*
Hub. Badly I feare; how fares your Majeſty?
Iohn. This Feaver that hath troubled me ſo long,
Lyes heavy on me: oh, my heart is ſicke.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. My lord: your valiant kinſman *Faulconbridge*,
Deſires your Majeſty to leave the field,
And ſend him word by me, which way you goe.
Iohn. Tell him toward *Swinſted*, to the Abbey there.
Meſ. Be of good comfort: for the great ſupply,
That was expected by the *Dolphin* heere,
Are wrack'd three nights agoe on *Goodwin* ſands.
This newes was brought to *Richard* but even now,
The French fight coldly, and retire themſelves.
Iohn. Aye me, this tyraot Feaver burnes me up,
And will not let me welcome this good newes.
Set on toward *Swinſted*: to my Litter ſtraight,
Weakeneſſe poſſeſſeth me, and I am faint. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not thinke the King ſo ſtor'd with friends.
Pem. Vp once againe: put ſpirit in the French,
If they miſcarry: we miſcarry too.
Sal. That miſbegotten divell *Faulconbridge*,
In ſpight of ſpight, alone upholds the day.
Pem. They ſay King *Iohn* ſore ſicke, hath left the field.
Enter Meloon wounded.
Mel. Lead me to the Revolts of *England* heere.
Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.
Pem. It is the Count *Meloone.*
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Flye Noble *Engliſh*, you are bought and ſold,
Vnthred the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home againe diſcarded faith,
Seeke out King *Iohn*, and fall before his feet:
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He meanes to recompence the paines you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he ſworne,
And I with him, and many moe with me,
Vpon the Altar at Saint *Edmondsbury*,
Even on that Altar, where we ſwore to you
Deere Amity, and everlaſting love.
Sal. May this be poſſible? May this be true?
Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a forme of waxe
Reſolveth from his figure 'gainſt the fire?
What in the world ſhould make me now deceive,
Since I muſt loſe the uſe of all deceite?
Why ſhould I then be falſe, ſince it is true
That I muſt dye heere, and live hence, by truth?
I ſay againe, if *Lewis* doe winne the day,
He is forſworne, if ere thoſe eyes of yours
Behold another day breake in the Eaſt:
But even this night, whoſe blacke contagious breath
Already ſmoakes about the burning Creſt
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sunne,
Even this ill night, your breathing ſhall expire,
Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives:
If *Lewis*, by your aſſiſtance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
The love of him, and this reſpect beſides
(For that my Grandſire was an Engliſhman)
A wakes my conſcience to confeſſe all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence
From forth the noiſe and rumour of the field;
Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts
In peace: and part this body and my ſoule
With contemplation, and devout deſires.
Sal. We doe beleeve thee, and beſhrew my ſoule,
But I doe love the favour, and the forme
Of this moſt faire occaſion, by the which
We will untread the ſteps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankeneſſe and irregular courſe,
Stoope low within thoſe bounds we have ore-look'd,
And calmely run on in obedience,
Even to our Ocean, to our great King *Iohn.*
My arme ſhall give thee helpe to beare thee hence,

For I doe ſee the cruell pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends, new flight,
And happy newneſſe that intends old right. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Dolphin, and his Traine.

Dol. The Sun of heaven (me thought) was loath to ſet;
But ſtaid, and made the Weſterne Welkin bluſh,
When *Engliſh* meaſure backward their owne ground
In faint retyre: Oh bravely came we off,
When with a Volley of our needleſſe ſhot,
After ſuch bloody toyle, we bid good night,
And woun'd our tott'ring colours clearely up,
Laſt in the field, and almoſt Lords of it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where is my Prince the Dolphin?
Dol. Heere, what newes?
Meſ. The Count *Meloone* is ſlaine: The *Engliſh* Lords
By his perſwaſion are at length falne off,
And your ſupply which you have wiſh'd ſo long,
Are caſt away, and ſunke on *Goodwin* Sands.
Dol. Ah foule ſhrew'd newes. Beſhrew thy very heart:
I did not thinke to be ſo ſad to night
As this hath made me. Who was he that ſaid
King *Iohn* did fly an houre or two before
The ſtumbling night did part our weary powres?
Meſ. Who ever ſpoke it, it is true my Lord,
Dol. Well: keep good quarter, and good care to night,
The day ſhall not be up ſo ſoone as I,
To try the faire adventure of to morrow. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Baſtard and Hubert ſeverally.

Hub. Whoſe there? Speake hoa, ſpeake quickly, or I ſhoot.
Baſt. A Friend. What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of *England*.
Baſt. Whither doſt thou goe?
Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine affaires,
As well as thou of mine?
Baſt. *Hubert*, I thinke.
Hub. Thou haſt a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazzards well beleeve
Thou art my friend, that know'ſt my tongue ſo well:
Who art thou?
Baſt. Who thou wilt: and if thou pleaſe
Thou maiſt be-friend me ſo much, as to thinke
I come one way of the *Plantagenets*.
Hub. Vnkinde remembrance: thou, and endleſſe night,
Have done me ſhame: Brave Souldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue,
Should ſcape the true acquaintance of mine eare.
Baſt. Come, come: ſans complement, What newes abroad?
Hub. Why here walke I, in the blacke brow of night,
To finde you out.
Baſt. Briefe then: and what's the newes?
Hub. O my ſweet Sir, newes fitting to the night,
Blacke, fearefull, comfortleſſe, and horrible.
Baſt. Shew me the very wound of this ill newes,
I am no woman, Ile not ſwound at it.
Hub. The King I feare is poyſon'd by a Monke,
I left him almoſt ſpeechleſſe, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evill, that you might
The better arme you to the ſodaine time,
Than if you had at leiſure knowne of this.
Baſt. How did he take it? Who did taſte to him?
Hub. A Monke I tell you, a reſolved Villaine
Whoſe bowels ſuddenly burſt out: The King
Yet ſpeakes, and peradventure may recover.
Baſt. Who didſt thou leave to tend his Majeſty?
Hub. Why know you not? The Lords are all come backe,
And brought Prince *Henry* in their company,
At whoſe requeſt the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majeſtie.
Baſt. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to beare above our power.
Ile tell thee *Hubert*, halfe my power this night
Paſſing theſe Flats, are taken by the Tide,
Theſe *Lincolne*-waſhes have devoured them,
My ſelfe, well mounted, have eſcap'd.
Away before: Conduct me to the King,
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Septima.

Enter Prince Henry, Saliſbury, and Bigot.

Hen. It is too late, the life of all his bloud
Is touch'd, corruptibly: and his pure braine
(Which ſome ſuppoſe the ſoules fraile dwelling houſe)
Doth by the idle Comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highneſſe yet doth ſpeake, and holds beleefe,
That being brought into the open ayre,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poyſon which aſſayleth him.
Hen. Let him be brought into the Orchard heere:
Doth he ſtill rage?
Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he ſung.
Hen. Oh vanity of ſickneſſe: fierce extreames
In their continuance, will not feele themſelves.
Death having prei'd upon the outward parts
Leaves them inviſible, and hir ſiege is now
Againſt the wind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of ſtrange fantaſies,
Which in their throng and preſſe to that laſt hold,
Confound themſelves. Tis ſtrange that death ſhould ſing:
I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,
Who chaunts a dolefull hymne to his owne death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty ſings
His ſoule and body their laſting reſt.
Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne
To ſet a forme upon that indigeſt
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſſe, and ſo rude.

Iohn brought in.

Iohn. I marry, now my ſoule hath elbow-roome,

It would not out at windowes,nor at doores,
There is ſo hot a Summer in my boſome,
That all my bowels crumble up to duſt :
I am a ſcribled forme drawne with a pen,
Vpon a Parchment ,and againſt this fire
Doe I ſhrinke up.

Hen. How fares your Majeſtie?

Ioh. Poyſon'd,ill fare : dead,forſooke,caſt off,
And none of you will bid the Winter come
To thruſt his ycie fingers in my maw;
Nor let my Kingdomes Rivers take their courſe
Through my burn'd boſome : nor intreat the North
To make his bleake windes kiſſe my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold.I doe not aske you much,
I beg cold comfort : and you are ſo ſtraight
And ſo ingratefull, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh that there were ſome vertue in my teares,
That might relieve you.

Iohn. The ſalt of them is hot.
Within me is a hell,and there the poyſon
Is,as a fiend,confin'd to tyrannize,
On unrepreeveable condemned blood.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Oh, I am ſcalded with my violent motion
And ſpleene of ſpeed,to ſee your Majeſtie.

Iohn. Oh Cozen, thou art come to ſet mine eye :
The tackle of my heart,is crack'd and burnt,
And all the ſhrowds wherewith my life ſhould ſaile,
Are turned to one thred, one little haire :
My heart hath one poore ſtring to ſtay it by,
Which holds but till thy newes be uttered,
And then all this thou ſeeſt, is but a clod,
And module of confounded Royalty.

Baſt. The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward,
Where heaven he knowes how we ſhall anſwer him.
For in a night the beſt part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the *Waſhes* all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

Sal. You breathe theſe dead newes in as dead an eare
My Liege,my Lord : but now a King,now thus.

Hen. Even ſo muſt I runne on,and even ſo ſtop.
What ſurety of the world,what hope,what ſtay,
When this was now a King,and now is Clay?

Baſt. Art thou gone ſo? I doe but ſtay behinde
To doe the office for thee,of revenge,
And then my ſoule ſhall waite on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy ſervant ſtill.
Now,now you Stars,that move in your right Spheres,
Where be your powers? Shew now your mended faiths,
And inſtantly returne with me againe,
To puſh deſtruction and perpetuall ſhame
Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land :
Straight let us ſeeke,or ſtraight we ſhall be ſought,
The Dolphin rages at our very heeles.

Sal. It ſeemes you know not then ſo much as we,
The Cardinall *Pandulph* is within at reſt,
Who halfe an houre ſince came from the Dolphin,
And brings from him ſuch offers of our peace,
As we with honour and reſpect may take,
With purpoſe preſently to leave this warre.

Baſt. He will the rather doe it,when he ſees
Our ſelves well ſinew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay,'tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages he hath diſpatch'd
To the Sea-ſide,and put his cauſe and quarrell
To the diſpoſing of the Cardinall,
With whom your ſelfe,my ſelfe,and other Lords,
If you thinke meete,this afternoone will poſt
To conſummate this buſineſſe happily.

Baſt. Let it be ſo,and you my Noble Prince,
With other Princes that may beſt be ſpar'd,
Shall waite upon your Fathers funerall.

Hen. At *Worſter* muſt his body be interr'd,
For ſo he will'd it.

Baſt. Thither ſhall it then,
And happily may your ſweet ſelfe put on
The lineall ſtate,and glory of the Land,
To whom with all ſnbmiſſion on my knee,
I doe bequeath my faithfull ſervices
And true ſubjection everlaſtingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make
To reſt without a ſpot for evermore.

Hen. I have a kinde ſoule that would give thankes,
And knowes not how to doe it,but with teares.

Baſt. Oh let us pay the time : but needfull woe,
Since it hath beene beforehand with our griefes.
This *England* never did,nor never ſhall
Lye at the prond foote of a Conquerer,
But when it firſt did helpe to wound it ſelfe.
Now,theſe her Princes are come home againe,
Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
And we ſhall ſhocke them : Nought ſhall make us rue,
If *England* to it ſelfe,doe reſt but true. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Life and Death of King Richard the Second.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

King Richard.

OLd *Iohn of Gaunt*, time-honoured *Lancaſter*,
Haſt thou according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither *Henry Herford* thy bold ſon:
Here to make good the boyſterous late appeale,
Which then our leaſure would not let us heare,
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray*?
Gaunt. I have my Liege.
King. Tell me moreover, haſt thou ſounded him,
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good ſubject ſhould,
On ſome knowne ground of treachery in him.
Gaunt. As neere as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparant danger ſeene in him,
Aym'd at your highneſſe, no inveterate malice.
King. Then call them to our preſence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our ſelves will heare
Th'accuſer, and the accuſed, freely ſpeake;
High ſtomack'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the ſea; haſty as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bull. Many yeares of happy dayes befall
My gracious Soveraigne, my moſt loving Liege.
Mow. Each day ſtill better others happineſſe,
Vntill the heavens envying earths good hap,
Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.
King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come,
Namely to appeale each other of high treaſon.
Couſin of *Hereford* what doſt thou object
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray*?
Bull. Firſt, heaven be the record to my ſpeech,
In the devotion of a ſubjects love,
Tendring the precious ſafety of my Prince,
And free from other miſ-begotten hate,
Come I appealant to this Princely preſence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray* doe I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting well: for what I ſpeake,
My body ſhall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine ſoule anſwer it in heaven.
Thou art a Traitor and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to live,
Since the more faire and Criſtall is the skie,
The uglier ſeeme the cloudes that in it flye:
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foule traitors name ſtuffe I thy throat,
And wiſh (ſo pleaſe my Soveraigne) ere I move,
What my tongue ſpeaks, my right drawne ſword may prove.
Mow. Let not my coole words here accuſe my zeale:
Tis not the tryall of a womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt us twaine:
The bloud is hot that muſt be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht, and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt the faire reverence of your highneſſe curbes mee,
From giving reines and ſpurres to my free ſpeech,
Which elſe would poſt, untill it had return'd
Theſe tearmes of treaſon, doubly downe his throat.
Setting aſide his high blouds royalty,
And let him be no kinſman to my Liege,
I doe defie him, and I ſpit at him,
Call him a ſlanderous Coward, and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him oddes,
And meet him, were I tide to run afoot,
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever *Engliſhman* durſt ſet his foot.
Meane time, let this defend my loyalty,
By all my hopes moſt falſely doth he lye.
Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming here the kindred of a King,
And lay aſide my high bloods Royalty,
Which feare, not reverence makes thee to except,
If guilty dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take up mine honours pawne, then ſtoope.
By that, and all the rights of Knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee arme to arme,
What I have ſpoken, or thou canſt deviſe.
Mow. I take it up, and by that ſword I ſweare,
Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my ſhoulder,
Ile anſwer thee in any faire degree,
Or Chivalrous deſigne of knightly tryall:
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjuſtly fight.
King. What doth our Couſin lay to *Mowbrayes* charge?
It muſt be great that can inherite us,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
Bul. Looke what I ſaid, my life ſhall prove it true,
That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thouſand Nobles,

In name of lendings for your Highneſſe Souldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd imployments,
Like a falſe traitor, and injurious Villaine.
Beſides I ſay, and will in battaile prove,
Or heere, or elſewhere to the furtheſt Verge
That ever was ſurvey'd by *Engliſh* eye,
That all the treaſons for theſe eighteene yeares
Complotted and contrived in this Land,
Fetcht from falſe *Mowbray* their firſt head and ſpring.
Further I ſay, and further will maintaine
Vpon hi sbad life, to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of *Glouſters* death,
Suggeſt his ſoone beleeving adverſaries,
And conſequently like a traitor Coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent ſoule through ſtreames of blood:
Which bloud, like ſacrificing *Abels* cryes,
(Even from the tongueleſſe cavernes of the earth)
To me for Iuſtice, and rough chaſtiſement:
And by the glorious worth of my deſcent,
This arme ſhall doe it, or this life be ſpent.
King. How high a pitch his reſolution ſoares:
Thomas of *Norfolke*, why ſayſt thou to this?
Mow. Oh let my Soveraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I have told this ſlander of his bloud,
How God and good men hate ſo fowle a lyer.
King. *Mowbray*, impartiall are our eyes and eares,
Were he my brother, nay, our Kingdomes heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers ſonne;
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-neereneſſe to our ſacred blood,
Should nothing priviledge him, nor partialize
The unſtooping firmeneſſe of my upright ſoule.
He is our ſubject (*Mowbray*) ſo art thou,
Free ſpeech and feareleſſe, I to thee allow.
Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke* as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat; thou lyeſt:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Diſburſt I to his Highneſſe ſouldiers;
The other part reſerv'd I by conſent,
For that my Soveraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere account,
Since laſt I went to *France* to fetch his Queene:
Now ſwallow downe that lye. For *Glouſters* death,
I ſlew him not; but (to mine owne diſgrace)
Neglected my ſworne duty in that caſe:
For you my noble Lord of *Lancaſter*,
The honourable Father to my Foe,
Once I did lay an ambuſh for your life,
A treſpaſſe that doth vex my grieved ſoule:
But ere I laſt receiv'd the Sacrament,
I did confeſſe it, and exactly begg'd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the reſt appeal'd,
It iſſues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A recreant and moſt degenerate traitor,
Which in my ſelfe I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage,
Vpon this overweening traitors foot,
To prove my ſelfe a loyall Gentleman,
Even in the beſt bloud chamber'd in his boſome.
In haſte whereof moſt heartily I pray
Your Highneſſe to aſſigne our tryall day.
King. Wrath kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me:
Let's purge this choller without letting blood:
This we preſcribe, though no Phyſition.
Deepe malice makes too deepe inciſion.
Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors ſay, this is no time to bleed.
Good Vncle, let this end where it begun,
Wee'l calme the Duke of *Norfolke*, you your ſon.
Gaunt. To be a make-peace ſhall become my age,
Throw downe (my ſonne) the Duke of *Norfolkes* gage.
King. And *Norfolke* throw downe his.
Gaunt. When *Harry* when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids, I ſhould not bid agen.
King. *Norfolke*, throw downe, we bid; there is no boote.
Mow. My ſelfe I throw (dread Soveraigne) at thy foot.
My life thou ſhalt command, but not my ſhame,
The one my duty owes, but my faire name
Deſpight of death that lives upon my grave
To darke diſhonours uſe, thou ſhalt not have.
I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd here,
Pierc'd to the ſoule with ſlanders venom'd ſpeare:
The which no blame can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poyſon.
King. Rage muſt be withſtood:
Give me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.
Mow. Yea, but not change his ſpots: take but my ſhame,
And I reſigne my gage. My deere, deere Lord,
The pureſt treaſure mortall times afford,
Is ſpotleſſe reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.
A Iewell in a ten-times barr'd up Cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyall breſt.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one:
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then (deere my Liege) mine honour let me try,
In that I live; and for that will I die.
King. Cooſin, throw downe your gage,
Doe you begin.
Bul. Oh heaven defend my ſoule from ſuch foule ſin.
Shall I ſeeme Creſt-falne in my fathers ſight,
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my hight
Before this out-dar'd daſtard? Ere my toong,
Shall wound mine honor with ſuch feeble wrong;
Or ſound ſo baſe a parle: my teeth ſhall teare
The ſlaviſh motive of recanting feare,
And ſpit it bleeding in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, even in *Mowbrayes* face.
Exit Gaunt.
King. We were not borne to ſue, but to command,
Which ſince we cannot doe to make you friends,
Be ready, (as your lives ſhall anſwer it)
At *Coventree*, upon Saint *Lamberts* day:
There ſhall your ſwords and Lances arbitrate
The ſwelling difference of your ſetled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you ſhall ſee
Iuſtice deſigne the Victors Chivalry.
Lord Marſhall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be ready to direct theſe home Alarmes. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutcheſſe of Glouceſter.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in *Glouſters* blood,
Doth more ſolicite me than your exclaimes,
To ſtirre againſt the Butchers of his life.

But ſince correction lyeth in thoſe hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of heaven,
Who when they ſee the houres ripe on earth,
Will raine hot vengeance on offenders heads.
Dut. Findes brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpurre?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edwards ſeven ſonnes (whereof thy ſelfe art one)
Were as ſeven vialles of his Sacred blood.
Or ſeven faire branches ſpringing from one roote:
Some of thoſe ſeven are dride by natures courſe,
Some of thoſe branches by the deſtinies cut:
But *Thomas*, my deere Lord, my life, my Gloſter,
One Viall full of *Edwards* Sacred blood,
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt Royall roote
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor ſpilt;
Is hackt downe, and his ſummer leaves all vaded
By Envies hand, and Murders bloody Axe.
Ah *Gaunt*? His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettle, that ſelfe-mould that faſhion'd thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liv'ſt, and breath'ſt;
Yet art thou ſlaine in him: thou doeſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother dye,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life.
Call it not patience (*Gaunt*) it is deſpaire,
In ſuffering thus thy brother to be ſlaughter'd,
Thou ſhew'ſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſterne murther how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardiſe in noble breſts:
What ſhall I ſay, to ſafegard thine owne life,
The beſt way is to venge my Gloſters death.
Gaunt. Heavens is the quarrell: for heavens ſubſtitute
His Deputy annoynted in his ſight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heaven revenge: for I may never lift
An angry arme againſt his Miniſter.
Dut. Where then (alas) may I complaine my ſelfe?
Gau. To heaven, the widdowes Champion to defence.
Dut. Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*.
Thou go'ſt to Coventry, there to behold
Our Coſine Hereford, and fell Mowbray fight:
O ſit my husbands wrongs on Herefords ſpeare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes breſt:
Or if misfortune miſſe the firſt carreere,
Be Mowbrayes ſinnes ſo heavy in his boſome,
That they may breake his foaming Courſers backe,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Liſts,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Coſine Hereford.
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy ſometimes brothers wife
With her companion Greefe, muſt end her life.
Gau. Siſter fare well: I muſt to Couentrie,
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with me.
Dut. Yet one word more: Greefe boundeth where it (falls,
Not with the emptie hollowneſſe, but weight:
I take my leave, before I have begun,
For ſorrow ends not: when it ſeemeth done.
Commend me to my brother *Edward Yorke*.
Loe, this is all: nay yet depart not ſo,
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly goe,
I ſhall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good ſpeed at Plaſhie viſit me.
Alacke, and what ſhall good old Yorke there ſee
But empty lodgings, and unfurniſh'd walles,
Vn-peopel'd Offices, untroden ſtones?
And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To ſeeke out ſorrow, that dwels every where:
Deſolate, deſolate will I hence, and dye,
The laſt leave of thee, takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Marſhall, and Aumerle.
Mar. My L. *Aumerle*, is *Harry Hereford* arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all poynts, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of Norfolke, ſprightfull and bold,
Stayes but the ſummons of the Appealants Trumpet.
Au. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and ſtay
For nothing but his Majeſties approach. *Flouriſh.*
Enter King, Gaunt, Buſhy, Bagot, Greene, & others: Then Mowbray in Armor, and Harrold.
Rich. Marſhall, demand of yonder Champion
The cauſe of his arrivall heere in Armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To ſweare him in the juſtice of his cauſe.
Mar. In Gods Name, and the Kings, ſay who thou art,
And why thou com'ſt, thus knightly clad in Armes?
Againſt what man thou com'ſt, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truely on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
As ſo defend thee heaven, and thy valour.
Mow. My name is *Tho. Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolke,
Who hither come engaged by my oath
(Which heaven defend a knight ſhould violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and his ſuceeding iſſue,
Againe the Duke of Hereford, that appeales me:
And by the grace of God and this mine arme,
To prove him (in defending of my ſelfe)
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven.
Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harold.
Rich. Marſhall: Aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who hee is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre:
And formally according to our Law
Depoſe him in the juſtice of his cauſe.
Mar. What is thy name? & wherfore com'ſt thou hither
Before King *Richard* in his Royall Liſts?
Againſt whom com'ſt thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, ſo defend thee heaven.
Bull. *Harry* of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derbie,
Am I: who ready here do ſtand in Armes,
To prove by heavens grace, and my bodyes valour,
In Liſts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,
That he's a Traitor foule and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King *Richard*, and to me,
And as I truely fight, defend me heaven.
Mar. On paine of death, no perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring hardie as to touch the Liſtes,
Except the Marſhall, and ſuch officers
Appointed to direct theſe faire deſignes.
Bull. Lord Marſhall, let me kiſſe my Soveraigns hand,
And bow my knee before his Majeſtie:
For *Mowbray* and my ſelfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,

Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our ſeverall friends.
Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And craves to kiſſe your hand, and take his leave.
Rich. We will deſcend, and fold him in our armes.
Coſin of Hereford as thy cauſe is juſt,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou ſhead,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.
Bull. Oh let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbrayes* ſpeare:
As confident, as is the Falcons flight
Againſt a bird, doe I with *Mowbray* fight.
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you (my Noble Coſin) Lord *Aumerle*;
Not ſicke, although I have to doe with death,
But luſtie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at Engliſh Feaſts, ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whoſe youthfull ſpirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigor lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Adde proofe unto mine Armour with thy prayers,
And with thy bleſſings ſteele my Lances point,
That it may enter *Mowbrayes* waxen Coate,
And furniſh new the name of *Iohn a Gaunt*,
Even in the luſty haviour of his ſonne.
Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cauſe make thee proſp'rous,
Be ſwift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.
Rouze up thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and live.
Bull. Mine innocence, and S. *George* to thrive.
Mow. How ever heaven or fortune caſt my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to King *Richards* Throne,
A loyall, juſt, and upright Gentleman:
Never did Captaine with a freer heart,
Caſt off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroul'd enfranchiſement,
More than my dancing ſoule doth celebrate
This Feaſt of Battell, with mine adverſarie.
Moſt mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth, the wiſh of happy yeeres,
As gentle, and as iocond, as to jeſt,
Go I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet breſt.
Rich. Farewell, my Lord, ſecurely I eſpy
Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye:
Order the triall Marſhall, and begin.
Mar. *Harrie* of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter*, and *Derby*,
Receive thy Launce, and heaven defend thy right.
Bull. Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.
Mar. Go beare this Lance to *Thomas* D. of Norfolke.
1.*Harry* of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter*, and *Derby*,
Stands heere for God, his Soveraigne, and himſelfe,
On paine to be found falſe, and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to ſet forwards to the fight.
2.*Har.* Here ſtandeth *Tho. Mowbray* Duke of Norfolk
on paine to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelfe, and to approve
Henry of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter*, and *Derby*,
To God, his Soveraigne, and to him diſloyall:
Couragiouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignall to begin. *A charge ſounded*
Mar. Sound trumpets, and ſet forward Conbatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.
Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets & their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with us, and let the Trumpets ſound,
While we returne theſe Dukes what we decree.
A long Flouriſh.
Draw neere and liſt
What with our Councell we have done.
For that our kingdomes earth ſhould not be ſoyld
With that deere blood which it hath foſtered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of civill wounds plowgh'd up with neighbors ſwords,
Which ſo rouz'd up with boyſtrous untun'd drummes,
With harſh reſounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating ſhocke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire Peace,
And make us wade even in our kindreds blood:
Therefore, we baniſh you our Territories.
You Coſin Hereford, upon paine of death,
Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall nor regreet our faire dominions,
But treade the ſtranger pathes of baniſhment.
Bull. Your will be done: This muſt my comfort be,
That Sun that warmes you heere, ſhall ſhine on me:
Aud thoſe his golden beames to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my baniſhment.
Rich. Norfolke: for thee remaines a heavier doome,
Which I with ſome unwillingneſſe pronounce,
The ſlye ſlow houres ſhall not determinate
The dateleſſe limit of thy deere exile:
The hopeleſſe word, of never to returne,
Breathe I againſt thee, upon paine of life.
Mow. A heavy ſentence, my moſt Soveraigne Liege,
And all unlook'd for from your Highneſſe mouth:
A deerer merit, not ſo deepe a maime,
As to be caſt forth in the common ayre
Have I deſerved at your Highneſſe hands.
The Language I have learn'd theſe forty yeares
(My native Engliſh) now I muſt forgo,
And now my tongues uſe is to me no more,
Than an unſtringed Vyoll, or a Harpe,
Or like a cunning Inſtrument cas'd up,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly perculliſt with my teeth and lippes,
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance,
Is made my Gaoler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne upon a Nurſe,
Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now:
What is thy ſentence then, but ſpeechleſſe death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?
Rich. It boots thee not to be compaſſionate,
After our ſentence, plaining comes to late.
Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light
To dwell in ſolemne ſhades of endleſſe night.
Rich. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall ſword, your baniſht hands;
Sweare by the duty that you owe to heaven
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelves)
To keepe the Oath that we adminiſter:
You never ſhall (ſo helpe you Truth, and Heaven)
Embrace each others love in baniſhment,
Nor ever looke upon each others face,

Nor ever write,regreete,or reconcile
This lowring tempeſt of your home-bred hate,
Nor ever by adviſed purpoſe meete,
To plot,contrive,or complot any ill,
'Gainſt Vs,our State,our ſubjects,or our Land.
Bul. I ſweare.
Mow. And I,to keepe all this.
Bull. Norfolke,ſo farre,as to mine enemie,
By this time(had the King permitted us)
One of our ſoules had wandred in the ayre,
Baniſh'd this fraile ſepulcher of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this Land.
Confeſſe thy Treaſons,ere thou flye this Realme,
Since thou haſt farre to go,beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty ſoule.
Mow. No *Bullingbrooke*: If ever I were Traitor,
My name be blotted from the booke of Life,
And I from heaven baniſh'd,as from hence :
But what thou art,heaven,thou, and I do know,
And all too ſoone(I feare) the King ſhall rue.
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I ſtray,
Save backe to England,all the worlds my way.
Rich. Vncle,even in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy greeved heart : thy ſad aſpect,
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd yeares
Pluck'd foure away : Six frozen Winters ſpent,
Returne with welcome home,from baniſhment.
Bull. How long a time lies in one little word :
Foure lagging Winters,and foure wanton Springs
End in a word,ſuch is the breath of Kings.
Gaunt. I thanke my Liege,that in regard of me
He ſhortens foure yeares of my ſonnes exile :
But little vantage ſhall I reape thereby.
For ere the ſixe yeares that he hath to ſpend
Can change the Moones,and bring their times about,
My oyle-dride Lampe,and time-bewaſted light
Shall be extinct with age,and endleſſe night :
My inch of Taper,will be burnt,and done,
And blindfold death,not let me ſee my ſonne.
Rich. Why Vncle,thou haſt many yeeres to live.
Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canſt give ;
Shorten my dayes thou canſt with ſudden ſorrow,
And plucke nights from me,but not lend a morrow :
Thou canſt helpe time to furrow me with age,
But ſtop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage :
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead,thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.
Rich. Thy ſonne is baniſh'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave,
Why at our Iuſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to lowre?
Gau. Things ſweet to taſt,prove in digeſtion ſowre :
You urg'd me as a Iudge,but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a Father.
Alas,I look'd when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine owne away :
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Againſt my will,to do my ſelfe this wrong.
Rich. Coſine farewell : and Vncle bid him ſo :
Six yeares we baniſh him,and he ſhall go. *Exit.*
Flouriſh.
Au. Coſine farewell : what preſence muſt not know
From where you do remaine,let paper ſhow.
Mar. My Lord,no leave take I,for I will ride
As farre as land will let me,by your ſide.
Gaunt. Oh to what purpoſe doſt thou hord thy words,
That thou return'ſt no greeting to thy friends ?
Bull. I have too few to take my leave of you,
when the tongues office ſhould be prodigall,
To breath th'abundant dolour of the heart.
Gau. Thy greefe is but thy abſence for a time.
Bull. Ioy abſent,greefe is preſent for that time.
Gau. What is ſixe Winters, they are quickely gone ?
Bull. To men in joy, but greefe makes one houre ten.
Gau. Call it a travell that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.
Bull. My heart will ſigh,when I miſcall it ſo,
Which findes it an inforced Pilgrimage.
Gau. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteppes
Eſteeme a ſoyle,wherein thou art to ſet
The precious Iewell of thy home returne.
Bull. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the froſtie *Caucaſus* ?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a Feaſt ?
Or Wallow naked in December ſnow
By thinking on fantaſticke Summers heate ?
Oh no,the apprehenſion of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe :
Fell ſorrowes tooth,doth ever ranckle more
Then when it bites,but lanceth not the ſore.
Gau. Come,come (my ſon) Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth,and cauſe,I would not ſtay.
Bull. Then Englands ground farewell : ſweet ſoil adieu
My Mother and my Nurſe,which beares me yet :
Where ere I wander,boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſh'd,yet a true-borne Engliſhman.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot.

Rich. We did obſerve. Coſine *Aumerle*,
How farre brought you high Hereford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Hereford (if you call him ſo)
But to the next high way,and there I left him.
Rich. And ſay,what ſtore of parting teares were ſhed?
Aum. Faith none by me : except the Northeaſt wind
Which then grew bitterly againſt our face,
Awak'd the ſleepie rhewme,and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.
Rich. What ſaid our Coſin when you parted with him?
Au. Farewell : and for my hart diſdained ỳ my tongue
Should ſo prophane the word,that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreſſion of ſuch greefe,
That word ſeemde buried in my ſorrowes grave.
Marry,would the word Farewell,had lengthen'd houres,
And added yeeres to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould have had a volume of Farewels,
But ſince it would not,he had none of me.
Rich. He is our Coſin(Coſin) but 'tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends,
Our ſelfe,and *Buſhy* : heere *Bagot* and *Greene*
Obſervde his Courtſhip to the common people :
How he did ſeeme to dive into their hearts,
With humble, and familiar courteſie,
What reverence he did throw away on ſlaves ;
wooing poore Craftes-men, with the craft of ſoules,
And patient under-bearing of his Fortune,
As 'twere to baniſh their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an Oyſter-wench,

A brace of Dray-men bid God ſpeed him well,
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee,
With thankes my Countrimen, my loving friends,
As were our England in reverſion his,
And he our ſubjects next degree in hope.
Gr. Well, he is gone, & with him goe theſe thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which ſtand out in Ireland,
Expedient mannage muſt be made my Liege
Ere further leyſure, yeeld the futher meanes
For their aduantage, and your highneſſe loſſe.
Rich. We will our ſelfe in perſon to this warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largeſſe, are growne ſomewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farme our royall Realme,
The revennew whereof ſhall furniſh us
For our affayres in hand: if they come ſhort
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall have Blanke-charters:
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of Gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland preſently.

Enter Buſhy.

Buſhy, what newes?
Bu. Old *Iohn of Gaunt* is verie ſicke my Lord,
Sodainly taken, and hath ſent poſt haſte
To entreat your Majeſty to viſit him.
Ric. Where lyes he?
Bu. At Ely houſe.
Ric. Now put it (heaven) in his Phyſitians minde,
To helpe him to his grave immediately:
The lining of his coffers ſhall make Coates
To decke our ſouldiers for theſe Iriſh warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray heaven we may make haſt, and come too late, *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Gaunt, ſicke with Yorke.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breathe my laſt
In wholſome counſell to his unſtaid youth?
Yor. Vex not your ſelfe, nor ſtrive not with your breth,
For all in vaine comes counſell to his eare.
Gau. Oh but (they ſay) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deepe harmony;
Where words are ſcarſe, they are ſeldome ſpent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more,
Then they whom youth and eaſe have taught to gloſe,
More are mens ends markt, then their lives before,
The ſetting Sun, and muſicke is the cloſe
As the laſt taſte of ſweetes, is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long paſt;
Though *Richard* my lives counſell would not heare,
My deaths ſad tale, may yet undeafe his eare.
Yor. No, it is ſtopt with other flatt'ring ſounds
As prayſes of his ſtate: then there are found
Laſcivious Meeters, to whoſe venom ſound
The open eares of youth doth alwayes liſten.
Report of faſhions in proud Italy,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardie apiſh Nation
Limpes after in baſe imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buz'd into their eares?
That all too late comes counſell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelfe will chooſe;
Tis breath thou lackſt, and that breath wilt thou looſe.
Gaunt. Me thinkes I am a Prophet new inſpir'd,
And thus expiring do foretell of him,
His raſh fierce blaze of Ryot cannot laſt,
For violent fires ſoone burne out themſelves;
Small ſhowres laſt long, but ſodaine ſtormes are ſhort,
He tyres betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choake the feeder:
Light vanity, inſatiate cormorant,
Conſuming meanes ſoone preyes upon it ſelfe.
This royall Throne of Kings, this ſceptred Iſle,
This earth of Majeſty, this ſeate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradiſe,
This Fortres built by nature for her ſelfe,
Againſt infection, and the hand of warre:
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This pecious ſtone ſet in the ſilver Sea,
Which ſerves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defenſiue to a houſe,
Againſt the enuy of leſſe happier Lands,
This bleſſed plot, this Earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurſe, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,
For Chriſtian ſervice, and true Chivalrie,
As is the ſepulcher in ſtubborne *Iury*
Of the worlds ranſome, bleſſed *Maries* Sonne.
This Land of ſuch deere ſoules, this deere-deere Land,
Deere for her reputation through the world,
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beates backe the envious ſiedge
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with ſhame,
With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhamefull conqueſt of it ſelfe.
Ah? would the ſcandall vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death?

Enter King, Queene, Aumerle, Buſhy, Greene, Bagot, Ros, and Willoughby.

Yor. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Coalts, being rag'd, do rage the more.
Qu. How fares our noble Vncle Lancaſter?
Ri. What comfort man? How iſt with aged *Gaunt*?
Ga. Oh how that name befits my compoſition:
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me greefe hath kept a tedious faſt,
And who abſtaines from meate, that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping England long time have I watcht,
Watching breeds leanneſſe, leanneſſe is all gaunt:
The pleaſure that ſome Fathers feed upon,
Is my ſtrict faſt, I meane my Childrens lookes,
And therein faſting, haſt thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whoſe hollow wombe inherits nought but bones.
Ric. Can ſicke men play ſo nicely with their names?
Gau. No, miſery makes ſport to mocke it ſelfe:
Since thou doſt ſeeke to kill my name in mee,

I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.
Ric. Should dying men flatter thoſe that live?
Gau. No,no men living flatter thoſe that dye.
Rich. Thou now a dying,ſayſt thou flatter'ſt me.
Gau. Oh no,thou dyeſt,though I the ſicker be.
Rich. I am in health,I breathe,I ſee thee ill.
Gau. Now he that made me,knowes I ſee thee ill:
Ill in my ſelfe to ſee,and in thee,ſeeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no leſſer then the Land,
Wherein thou lyeſt in reputation ſicke,
And thou too care-leſſe patient as thou art,
Commit'ſt thy anointed body to the cure
Of thoſe Phyſitions,that firſt wounded thee:
A thouſand flatterers ſit within thy Crowne,
Whoſe compaſſe is no bigger then thy hand,
And yet incaged in ſo ſmall a Verge,
The waſte is no whit leſſer then thy Land.
Oh had thy Grandſire with a Prophets eye,
Seene how his ſonnes ſonne, ſhould deſtroy his ſonnes,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy ſhame,
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſt,
Which art poſſeſt now to depoſe thy ſelfe.
Why (Coſine) were thou Regent of the world,
It were a ſhame to let his Land by leaſe:
But for thy world enjoying but this Land,
Is it not more then ſhame,to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of England art thou, and not King:
Thy ſtate of Law,is bondſlave to the law,
And ———
Rich. And thou,a lunaticke leane-witted foole,
Preſuming on an Agues priviledge,
Dar'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chaſing the Royall blood
With fury,from his native reſidence?
Now by my Seates right Royall Majeſtie,
Wer't thou not Brother to great *Edwards* ſonne,
This tongue that runs ſo roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverent ſhoulders.
Gau. Oh ſpare me not,my brothers *Edwards* ſonne,
For that I was his Father *Edwards* ſonne:
That blood already (like the Pellican)
Thou haſt tapt out,and drunkenly carows'd.
My brother Glouceſter,plaine well meaning ſoule
(Whom faire befall in heaven 'mongſt happy ſoules)
May be a preſident,and witneſſe good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling *Edwards* blood:
Ioyne with the preſent ſickeneſſe that I have,
And thy unkindneſſe be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flowre.
Live in thy ſhame,but dye not ſhame with thee,
Theſe words hereafter,thy tormentors be.
Convey me to my bed,then to my grave.
Love they to live,that love and honor have. *Exit*
Rich. And let them dye,that age and ſullens have,
For both haſt thou, and both become the grave.
Yor. I doe beſeech your Majeſtie impute his words
To wayward ſickelineſſe,and age in him:
He loves you on my life,and holds you deere
As *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, were he heere.
Rich. Right,you ſay true: as *Herefords* love;ſo his;
As theirs,ſo mine: and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your Majeſtie.
Rich. What ſayes he?
Nor. Nay nothing, all is ſaid.
His tongue is now a ſtringleſſe inſtrument,
Words,life,and all,old Lancaſter hath ſpent.
Yor. Be Yorke the next, that muſt be bankrupt ſo,
Though death be poore,it ends a mortall wo.
Rich. The ripeſt fruit firſt fals,and ſo doth he,
His time is ſpent,our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that. Now for our Iriſh warres,
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed Kernes,
Which live like venom,where no venom elſe
But onely they,have priviledge to live.
And for theſe great affayres do aske ſome charge
Towards our aſſiſtance,we do ſeize to us
The plate,coyne,and revennewes,and moveables,
Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* did ſtand poſſeſt.
Yor. How long ſhall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender dutie make me ſuffer wrong?
Not *Glouſters* death,nor *Herefords* baniſhment,
Nor *Gauntes* rebukes,nor Englands private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poore *Bullingbrooke*,
About his marriage,nor my owne diſgrace
Have ever made me ſowre my patient cheeke,
Or bend one wrinkle on my Soveraignes face:
I am the laſt of noble *Edwards* ſonnes,
Of whom thy father Prince of Wales was firſt;
In warres was never Lyon rag'd more fierce:
In peace, was never gentle Lambe more milde,
Then was that yong and Princely Gentleman:
His face thou haſt,for even ſo look'd he
Accompliſh'd with the number of thy howers:
But when he frown'd, it was againſt the French,
And not againſt his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did ſpend: and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had won:
His hands were guiltie of no kindreds blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne:
Oh *Richard,Yorke* is too farre gone with greefe,
Or elſe he never would compare betweene.
Rich. Why Vncle,
What's the matter?
Yor. Oh my Liege,pardon me if you pleaſe,if not
I pleas'd not to be pardon'd,am content with all:
Seeke you to ſeize,and gripe into your hands
The Royalties and Rights of baniſh'd Hereford?
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not *Gaunt* juſt? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deſerve to have an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well-deſerving ſonne?
Take Herefords rights away,and take from time
His Charters,and his cuſtomarie rights:
Let not to morrow then inſue to day,
Be not thy ſelfe. For how art thou a King
But by faire ſequence and ſucceſſion?
Now afore God,God forbid I ſay true,
If you doe wrongfully ſeize Herefords right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Atturneyes generall,to ſue
His Liverie,and denie his offer'd homage,
You plucke a thouſand dangers on your head,
You looſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to thoſe thoughts
Which honor and allegeance cannot thinke.
Ric. Thinke what you will: we ſeiſe into our hands,
His plate,his goods,his money,and his lands.
Yor. Ile not be by the while: My Leige farewell,

What will enſue hereof, there's none can tell,
But by bad courſes may be underſtood,
That their events can never fall out good. *Exit.*
Rich. Go *Buſhie* to the Earle of *Wiltſhire* ſtreight,
Bid him repaire to us to *Ely* houſe,
To ſee this buſineſſe: to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create in abſence of our ſelfe
Our Vnckle Yorke, Lord Governor of England:
For he is juſt, and alwayes lov'd us well.
Come on our Queene, to morrow muſt we part,
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort. *Flouriſh.*

Manet North. Willoughby, and Roſſ.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaſter is dead.
Roſſ. And living too, for now his ſonne is Duke.
Will. Barely in title, not in revennew.
Nor. Richly in both, if juſtice had her right.
Roſſ. My heart is great: but it muſt break with ſilence
Er't be diſburthen'd with a liberall tongue.
Nor. Nay ſpeake thy mind: & let him ne'r ſpeake more
That ſpeakes thy words againe to doe thee harme.
Wil. Tends that thou'dſt ſpeake to th'Du. of Hereford?
If it be ſo, out with it boldly man:
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.
Roſſ. No good at all that I can doe for him,
Vnleſſe you call it good to pitie him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.
Nor. Now afore heaven, 'its ſhame ſuch wrongs are borne,
In him a royall Prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himſelfe, but baſely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe
Meerely in hate 'gainſt any of us all,
That will the King ſeverely proſecute
'Gainſt us, our lives, our children, and our heires.
Roſſ. The Commons hath he pill'd with greevous taxes
And quite loſt their hearts: the Nobles hath he fin'de
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.
Wil. And daily new exactions are deviſ'd,
As blankes, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what o'Gods name doth become of this?
Nor. Wars hath not waſted it, for war'd he hath not,
But baſely yeelded upon comprimize,
That which his Anceſtors atchiev'd with blowes:
More hath he ſpent in peace, then they in warres.
Roſ. The Earle of Wiltſhire hath the realme in Farme.
Wil. The King's growne bankrupt like a broken man.
Nor. Reproach, and diſſolution hangeth over him.
Roſ. He hath not monie for theſe Iriſh warres:
(His burthenous taxations notwithſtanding)
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd Duke.
Nor. His noble Kinſman, moſt degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeeke no ſhelter to avoyd the ſtorme:
We ſee the winde ſit ſore upon our ſailes,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſ. We ſee the very wracke that we muſt ſuffer,
And unavoyded is the danger now
For ſuffering ſo the cauſes of our wracke.
Nor. Not ſo: even through the hollow eyes of death,
I ſpie life peering: but I dare not ſay
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
Wil. Nay let us ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours.
Roſ. Be confident to ſpeake Northumberland,
We three, are but thy ſelfe, and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
Nor. Then thus: I have from Port *le Blan*
A Bay in *Britaine*, receiv'd intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, *Rainald* Lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother Archbiſhop, late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *Iohn Rainſton*,
Sir *Iohn Norberie*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Quoin*
All theſe well furniſh'd by the Duke of *Britaine*,
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of warre
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly meane to touch our Northerne ſhore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlaviſh yoake,
Impe out our drooping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broaking pawne the blemiſh'd Crown
Wipe off the duſt that hides our Scepters gilt,
And make high Majeſtie looke like it ſelfe,
Away with me in poſte to *Ravenſpurgh*,
But if you faint, as fearing to doe ſo,
Stay, and be ſecret, and my ſelfe will go.
Roſ. To horſe, to horſe, urge doubts to them that fear
Wil. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Queene, Buſhy, and Bagot.

Buſh. Madam, your Majeſty is too much ſad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aſide ſelfe-harming heavineſſe,
And entertaine a cheerefull diſpoſition.
Qu. To pleaſe the King, I did: to pleaſe my ſelfe
I cannot doe it: yet I know no cauſe
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as greefe,
Save bidding farewell to ſo ſweet a gueſt
As my ſweet *Richard*; yet againe me thinkes
Some unborne ſorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe
Is comming towards me, and my inward ſoule
With nothing trembles, at ſomething it greeves,
More than with parting from my Lord the King.
Buſh. Each ſubſtance of a greefe hath twenty ſhadows
Which ſhewes like greefe it ſelfe, but is not ſo:
For ſorrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,
Divides one thing intire, to many objects,
Like perſpectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Shew nothing but confuſion, ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh forme: ſo your ſweet Majeſtie
Looking awry upon your Lords departure,
Finde ſhapes of greefe, more then himſelfe to waile,
Which look'd on as it is, is nought but ſhadowes
Of what it is not: then thrice-gracious Queene,
More then your Lords departure weepe not, more's not (ſeene;
Or if it be, 'tis with falſe ſorrowes eye,
Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.
Qu. It may be ſo: but yet my inward ſoule
Perſwades me it is otherwiſe: how ere it be,
I cannot but be ſad: ſo heavy ſad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and ſhrinke.
Buſh. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)

Qu. 'Tis nothing leſſe: conceit is ſtill deriu'd
From ſome fore-father greefe, mine is not ſo,
For nothing hath begot my ſomething greefe,
Or ſomething, hath the nothing that I greeve,
'Tis in reverſion that I doe poſſeſſe,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameleſſe woe I wot.

Enter Greene.

Gree. Heaven ſave your Majeſty, and wel met Gentle-
I hope the King is not yet ſhipt for Ireland. (men;
Qu. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? 'Tis better hope he is:
For his deſignes crave haſte, good hope;
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipt?
Gree. That he our hope, might have retyr'd his power,
and driven into deſpaire an enemies hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this Land,
The baniſh'd *Bullingbrooke* repeales himſelfe,
And with up-lifted Armes is ſafe arriu'd
At *Ravenſpurg.*
Qu. Now God in heaven forbid.
Gree. O Madam 'tis too true: and that is worſe,
The L. Northumberland, his yong ſonne *Henry Percie,*
The Lords of *Roſſe, Beaumond,* and *Willoughby,*
With all their powerfull friends are fled to him.
Buſh. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And the reſt of the revolted faction, Traitors?
Gree. We have: whereupon the Earle of Worceſter
Hath broke his ſtaffe, reſign'd his Stewardſhip,
And al the houſhold ſervants fled with him to *Bullenbrook*
Qu. So *Greene,* thou art the midwife of my woe,
And *Bullinbrooke* my ſorrowes diſmall heyre:
Now hath my ſoule brought forth her prodigie,
And I a gaſping new delivered mother,
Have woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow joyn'd.
Buſh. Deſpaire not Madam.
Qu. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will deſpaire, and be at enmitie
With couzening hope; he is a Flatterer,
A Paraſite, a keeper backe of death,
Who gently would diſſolve the bands of life,
Which falſe hopes linger in extremity.

Enter Yorke.

Gree. Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.
Qu. With ſignes of warre about his aged necke,
Oh full of carefull buſineſſe are his lookes:
Vnckle, for heavens ſake ſpeake comfortable words.
Yor. Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but croſſes, care and greefe:
Your husband he is gone to ſave farre off,
Whilſt others come to make his looſe at home:
Heere am I left to underprop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot ſupport my ſelfe:
Now comes his ſicke houre that his ſurfet made,
Now ſhall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, your ſonne was gone before I came.
Yor. He was: why ſo, go all which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will I feare revolt on Herefords ſide.
Sirra, get thee to Plaſhie to my ſiſter Gloſter,
Bid her ſend me preſently a thouſand pound,
Hold, take my Ring.
Ser. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell your Lordſhip, to day I came by, and call'd there,
But I ſhall greeve you to report the reſt.
Yor. What is't knave?
Ser. An houre before I came, the Dutcheſſe di'de.
Yor. Heav'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come ruſhing on this wofull Land at once?
I know not what to doe: I would to heaven
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.
What, are there poſtes diſpatcht for Ireland?
How ſhall we doe for mony for theſe warres?
Come ſiſter (Cozen I would ſay) pray pardon me.
Go follow, get thee home, provide ſome Carts,
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you muſter men?
If I know how, or which way to order theſe affaires
Thus diſorderly thruſt into my hands,
Never beleeve me. Both are my kinſmen,
Th'one is my Soveraigne, whom both my oath
And dutie bids defend: th'other againe
Is my kinſman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom conſcience, and my kindred bids to right.
Well, ſomewhat we muſt do: Come Cozen,
Ile diſpoſe of you. Gentlemen, go muſter up your men,
And meet me preſently at Barkley Caſtle:
I ſhould to Plaſhy too: but time will not permit,
All is uneven, & every thing is left at ſix and ſeven. *Exit.*
Buſh. The wind ſits faire for newes to go to Ireland,
But none returnes: For us to levy power
Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impoſſible.
Gre. Beſides our neereneſſe to the King in love,
Is neere the hate of thoſe love not the King.
Bag. And that's the wavering Commons, for their love
Lies in their purſes, and who ſo empties them,
By ſo much fils their hearts with deadly hate.
Buſh. Wherein the king ſtands generally condemn'd.
Bag. If judgement lye in them, then ſo do we,
Becauſe we have beene ever neere the King.
Gree. Well: I will for refuge ſtreight to Briſtoll Caſtle,
The Earle of Wiltſhire is already there.
Buſh. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull Commons performe for us,
Except like Curres, to teare us all in peeces:
Will you goe along with us?
Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Majeſtie:
Farewell, if hearts preſages be not vaine,
We three here part, that neu'r ſhall meete againe.
Bu. That's as Yorke thrives to beate backe *Bullinbrooke*
Gr. Alas poore Duke, the taske he undertakes
Is numbring ſands, and drinking Oceans drie,
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will flye.
Buſh. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.
Well, we may meete againe.
Bag. I feare me never. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northumberland.

Bul. How farre is it my Lord to Barkley now?
Nor. Beleeve me noble Lord,
I am a ſtranger heere in Glouſterſhire,
Theſe high wilde hilles, and rough uneeven wayes,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them weariſome:
And yet our faire diſcourſe hath beene as ſugar,

Making the hard way ſweet and delectable:
But I bethinke me, what a wearie way
From Ravenſpurgh to Cottſhold will be found,
In *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*, wanting your companie,
Which I proteſt hath very much beguild
The tediouſneſſe, and proceſſe of my travell:
But theirs is ſweetned with the hope to have
The preſent benefit that I poſſeſſe:
And hope to joy, is little leſſe in joy,
Then hope enjoy'd: By this, the wearie Lords
Shall make their way ſeeme ſhort, as mine hath done,
By ſight of what I have, your Noble Companie.
Bull. Of much leſſe value is my Companie,
Then your good words: but who comes here?

Enter H. Percy.

North. it is my Sonne, young *Harry Percie*,
Sent from my brother *Worceſter*: Whence ſoever.
Harry, how fares your Vnckle?
Percie. I had thought, my Lord, to have learn'd his health of you.
North. Why, is he not with the Queene?
Percie. No, my good Lord, he hath forſooke the Court,
Broken his Staffe of Office, and diſperſt
The Houſehold of the King.
North. What was his reaſon?
He was not ſo reſolv'd, when we laſt ſpake together.
Percie. Becauſe your Lordſhip was proclaimed Traitor.
But hee, my Lord, is gone to Ravenſpurgh,
To offer ſervice to the Duke of Hereford,
And ſent me over by Barkely, to diſcover
What power the Duke of Yorke had levied there,
Then with direction to repaire to Ravenſpurgh.
North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy.)
Percie. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did looke on him.
North. Then learne to know him now: this is the Duke.
Percie. My gracious Lord, I tender you my ſervice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes ſhall ripen, and confirme
To more approved ſervice, and deſert.
Bull. I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be ſure
I count my ſelfe in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a Soule remembring my good Friends:
And as my fortune ripens with thy Love,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true Loves recompence,
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus ſeales it.
North. How farre is it to Barkely? and what ſtirre
Keepes good old *Yorke* there, with his Men of Warre?
Percie. There ſtands the Caſtle, by yond tuft of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard,
And in it are the Lords of *Yorke*, *Barkely*, and *Seymor*,
None elſe of Name, and noble eſtimate.

Enter Roſſe and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with ſpurring, fierie red with haſte.
Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your love purſues
A baniſht Traitor; all my Treaſurie
Is yet but unfelt thankes, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your love, and labours recompence.
Roſſe. Your preſence makes us rich, moſt Noble Lord.
Willo. And farre ſurmounts our labour to attaine it.
Bull. Evermore thankes, th'Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeeres,
Stands for my Bountie: but who comes here?

Enter Barkely.

North. It is my Lord of Barkely, as I gheſſe.
Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my Meſſage is to you.
Bull. My Lord, my anſwer is to *Lancaſter*,
And I am come to ſeeke that Name in England,
And I muſt finde that Title in your Towne,
Before I make reply to aught you ſay.
Bark. Miſtake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the moſt glorious of this Land,
The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the abſent time,
And fright our Native Peace with ſelfe-borne Armes.

Enter Yorke.

Bull. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in Perſon. My Noble Vnckle.
Yor. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe dutie is deceivable, and falſe.
Bull. My gracious Vnckle.
Yor. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Vnckle me,
I am no Traytors Vnckle; and that word Grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have theſe baniſh'd, and forbidden Legges,
Dar'd once to touch a Duſt of Englands Ground?
But more then why, why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peacefull Boſome,
Frighting her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre,
And oſtentation of deſpiſed Armes?
Com'ſt thou becauſe th'anoynted King is hence?
Why fooliſh Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyall Boſome lyes his power.
Were I but now the Lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when brave *Gaunt*, thy Father, and thy ſelfe
Reſcued the *Black Prince*, that yong *Mars* of men,
From forth the Rankes of many thouſand French:
Oh then, how quickly ſhould this Arme of mine,
Now Priſoner to the Palſie, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy Fault.
Bull. My gracious Vnckle, let me know my Fault,
On what condition ſtands it, and wherein?
Yor. Even in condition of the worſt degree,
In groſſe Rebellion, and deteſted Treaſon:
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come
Before th'expiration of thy time,
In braving Armes againſt thy Soveraigne.
Bull. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd *Hereford*,
But as I come, I come for *Lancaſter*.
And Noble Vnckle, I beſeech your Grace
Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, for me thinkes in you
I ſee old *Gaunt* alive. Oh then my Father,
Will you permit, that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wandring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and given away
To upſtart Vnthrifts? Wherefore was I borne?
If that my Couſin King, be King of England,
It muſt be graunted, I am Duke of Lancaſter.
You have a Sonne, *Aumerle*, my Noble Kinſman,
Had you firſt died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He ſhould have found his Vnckle *Gaunt* a Father,
To rowze his Wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am denyde to ſue my Liverie here,
And yet my Letters Patents give me leave:
My Fathers goods are all diſtraynd, and ſold,
And theſe, and all, are all amiſſe imployd.

Wha

What would you have me doe? I am a ſubject,
And challenge Law: Attorneyes are denyde me,
And therefore perſonally I lay my claime
To mine inheritance of free Deſcent.
North. The Noble Duke hath beene too much abuſd.
Roſſ. It ſtands your Grace upon, to doe him right.
Willo. Baſe men by his endowments are made great.
York. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my Coſens Wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to doe him right:
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his owne Carver, and cut out his way,
To find out Right with wrongs, it may not be;
And you that doe abet him in this kind,
Cheriſh Rebellion, and are Rebels all.
North. The Noble Duke hath ſworne his comming is
But for his owne; and for the right of that,
We all have ſtrongly ſworne to give him ayd,
And let him nev'r ſee Ioy, that breakes that Oath.
York. Well, well, I ſee the iſſue of theſe Armes,
I cannot mend it, I muſt needes confeſſe,
Becauſe my power is weake, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you ſtoope
Vnto the Soueraigne mercy of the King.
But ſince I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,
Vnleſſe you pleaſe to enter in the Caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this Night.
Bull. An offer Vnckle, that we will accept:
But we muſt winne your Grace to goe with us
To Briſtow Caſtle, which they ſay is held
By *Buſhie, Bagot,* and their Complices,
The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,
Which I have ſworne to weed, and plucke away.
York. It may be I will go with you: but yet Ile pawſe,
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:
Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,
Things paſt redreſſe, are now with me paſt care. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we have ſtayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept your Countrey men together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will diſperſe our ſelves: farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou truſtie Welchman,
The King repoſeth all his confidence in thee.
Capt. Tis thought the King is dead, we will not ſtay;
The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are wither'd,
And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heaven;
The pale-fac'de Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,
And leane-lookt Prophets whiſper fearefull change;
Rich men looke ſad, and Ruffians dance and leape,
The one in feare, to loſe what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by Rage, and Warre:
Theſe ſignes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countreymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd *Richard* their King is dead. *Exit.*

Sal. Ah *Richard,* with eyes of heauie mind,
I ſee thy Glory, like a ſhooting Starre,
Fall to the baſe Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne ſets weeping in the lowly Weſt.
Witneſſing Stormes to come, Woe, and Vnreſt:
Thy Friends are fled, to wait upon thy Foes,
And croſſely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland,
Roſſe, Percie, Willoughby, with Buſhie
and Greene Priſoners.

Bull. Bring forth theſe men:
Buſhie and *Greene,* I will not vex your ſoules,
(Since preſently your ſoules muſt part your bodyes)
With too much urging your pernitious lives,
For 'twere no Charitie: yet to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold ſome cauſes of your deaths.
You have mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,
A happy Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you unhappied, and diſfigur'd cleane:
You have in manner with your ſinfull houres
Made a Divorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the poſſeſſion of a Royall Bed,
And ſtayn'd the beautie of a faire Queenes Cheekes,
With teares drawn frō her eyes, with your foule wrongs.
My ſelfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in love,
Till you did make him miſ-interprete me,
Have ſtoopt my necke under your injuries,
And ſigh'd my Engliſh breath in forraine Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of baniſhment;
While you have fed upon my Seignories,
Diſ-park'd my Parkes and fell'd my Forreſt Woods;
From mine owne Windowes torne my Houſehold Coat,
Raz'd out my Impreſſe, leaving me no ſigne,
Save mens opinions, and my living blood,
To ſhew the world I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemnes you to the death: ſee them delivered over
To execution, and the hand of death.
Buſhie. More welcome is the ſtroke of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to England.
Gree. My comfort is, that Heaven will take our ſoules,
And plague Iniuſtice with the paines of Hell.
Bull. My Lord *Northumberland,* ſee them diſpatch'd:
Vnckle, you ſay the Queene is at your Houſe,
For Heavens ſake fairely let her be entreated,
Tell her I ſend to her my kind commends;
Take ſpeciall care my Greetings be deliver'd.
York. A Gentleman of mine I have diſpatch'd
With Letters of your love, to her at large.
Bull. Thankes gentle Vncle: come Lords away,
To fight with *Glendoure,* and his Complices;
A while to worke, and after holliday.
Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Drums: Flouriſh, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlile, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly Caſtle call you this at hand?
Au. Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,
After your late toſſing on the breaking Seas?
Rich. Needes muſt I like it well: I weepe for ioy
To ſtand upon my Kingdome once againe.
Deere Earth, I doe ſalute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horſes hoofes:
As a long parted Mother with her Child,
Playes fondly with her teares, and ſmiles in meeting;
So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee the Earth,
And doe thee fauor with my Royall hands.
Feed not thy Soveraigns Foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy ſweetes, comfort his ravenous ſence:
But let thy Spiders that ſucke up thy Venome,
And heavie-gated Toades lye in their way,
Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,
Which with uſurping ſteps doe trample thee.
Yeeld ſtinging Nettles to mine Enemies;
And when they from thy Boſome plucke a Flower,
Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortall touch
Throw death upon thy Soveraignes Enemies.
Mocke not my ſenceleſſe Conjuration: Lords;
This Earth ſhall have a feeling, and theſe Stones
Prove armed Souldiers, ere her Native King
Shall falter under foule Rebellious Armes.
Car. Feare not my Lord, that Power that made you King
Hath power to keepe you King, in ſpight of all.
Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remiſſe,
Whileſt *Bullingbrooke* through their ſecurity,
Growes ſtrong and great, in ſubſtance and in friends.
Rich. Diſcomfortable Couſin, knoweſt thou not,
That when the ſearching Eye of heaven is hid
Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,
Then Theeues and Robbers raunge abroad unſeene,
In Murthers and in out-rage bloody here:
But when from under this Terreſtriall Ball
He fires the prowd tops of the Eaſterne Pines,
And darts his Lightning through ev'ry guiltie hole,
Then Murthers, Treaſons and deteſted ſinnes
(The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs)
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelves.
So when this Theefe, this Traytor *Bullingbrooke*,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the Night,
Shall ſee us riſing in our Throne, the Eaſt,
His Treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of Day;
But ſelfe-affrighted, tremble at his ſinne.
Not all the water in the rough rude Sea
Can waſh the Balme from an anoynted King;
The breath of wordly men cannot depoſe
The Deputie elected by the Lord:
For every man that *Bullingbrooke* hath preſt,
To lift ſhrewd Steele againſt our Golden Crowne,
Heaven for his *Richard* hath in heavenly pay
A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,
Weake men muſt fall, for Heaven ſtill guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power?
Saliſb. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Then this weake arme; diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeake of nothing but deſpaire:
One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)
Hath clouded all my happie dayes on Earth:
Oh call backe Yeſter day, bid time returne,
And thou ſhalt have twelve thouſand fighting men:
To day, to day, unhappie day too late
Orethrowes thy Ioyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy ſtate.
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, diſperſt, and fled.
Aum. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace ſo pale?
Rich. But now the blood of twentie thouſaud men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,
And till ſo much blood thither come againe,
Have I not reaſon to looke pale, and dead?
All ſoules that will be ſafe, flye from my ſide,
For time hath ſet a blot upon my pride.
Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.
Rich. I had forgot my ſelfe. Am I not King?
Awake thou ſluggard Majeſtie, thou ſleepeſt:
Is not the Kings Name fortie thouſand Names?
Arme, arme my Name: a punie ſubject ſtrikes
At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,
Ye Favorites of a King: are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my Vnckle *Yorke*
Hath Power enough to ſerve our turne,
But who comes here? *Enter Scroope*
Scroope. More health and happineſſe betide my Leige,
Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.
Rich. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worſt is worldly loſſe, thou canſt unfold:
Say, Is my Kingdome loſt? why 'twas my Care:
And what loſſe is it to be rid of Care?
Strives *Bullingbrooke* to be as great as we?
Greater he ſhall not be: If he ſerve God,
Wee'l ſerve him too, and bee his Fellow ſo.
Revolt our ſubjects? That we cannot mend,
They breake their Faith to God as well as us:
Cry Woe, Deſtruction, Ruine, Loſſe, Decay,
The worſt is Death, and death will have his day.
Scroope. Glad am I, that your Highneſſe is ſo arm'd
To beare the tidings of Calamitie.
Like an unſeaſonable ſtormie day,
Which make the ſilver Rivers drowne their Shores,
As if the World were all diſſolu'd to teares:
So high, above his Limits, ſwells the Rage
Of *Bullingbrooke*, covering your fearefull Land
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:
White Beares have arm'd their thin & haireleſſe Scalps
Againſt thy Majeſty, and Boyes with Womens Voyces,
Strive to ſpeake bigge, and clap their female joynts
In ſtiffe unwieldie Armes: againſt thy Crowne
Thy very Beadſ-men learne to bend their Bowes
Of double fatall Eugh: againſt thy ſtate
Yea Diſtaffe-Women manage ruſtie Bills:
Againſt thy Seat both young and old rebell,
And all goes worſe then I have power to tell.
Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'ſt a Tale ſo ill.
Where is the Earle of Wiltſhire? where is *Bagot*?
What is become of *Buſhie*? where is *Greene*?

That they have let the dangerous Enemy
Meaſure our Confines with ſuch peacefull ſteps?
If we prevaile, their hands ſhall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with *Bullingbrooke*.
Scroope. Peace have they made with him indeede (my Lord.)
Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogges, eaſily won to fawne on any man,
Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that ſting my heart,
Three Iudaſſes, each one thrice worſe then *Iudas*,
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre
Vpon their ſpotted Soules for this Offence.
Scroope. Sweet Love (I ſee) changing his property,
Turnes to the ſowreſt, and moſt deadly hate:
Againe uncurſe their Soules; their peace is made
With Heads, and not with Hands: thoſe whom you curſe
Have felt the worſt of Deaths deſtroying hand,
And lye full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is *Buſhie, Greene*, and the Earle of Wiltſhire dead?
Scroope. Yea, all of them at Briſtow loſt their heads.
Aum. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?
Rich. No matter where, of comfort no man ſpeake:
Let's talke of Graves, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make Duſt our Paper, and with Rainy eyes
Write Sorrow in the Boſome of the Earth.
Let's chuſe Executors, and talke of Wills:
And yet not ſo; for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed bodyes to the ground?
Our Lands, our lives and all are *Bullingbrookes*,
And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,
And that ſmall Modell of the barren Earth,
Which ſerves as paſte, and Cover to our Bones:
For Heavens ſake let us ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of Kings:
How ſome have beene depos'd, ſome ſlaine in warre,
Some haunted by the Ghoſts they have depos'd,
Some poyſon'd by their Wives ſome ſleeping kill'd,
All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,
Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique ſits
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes,
Infuſing him with ſelfe and vaine conceit,
As if this Fleſh, which walls about our Life,
Were Braſſe impregnahle: and humor'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little Pinne
Boares through his Caſtle Walls, and farewell King.
Cover your heads, and mocke not fleſh and blood
With ſolemne Reverence: throw away Reſpect,
Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie,
For you have but miſtooke me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feele Want,
Taſte Griefe, need Friends: ſubjected thus,
How can you ſay to me, I am a King?
Carl. My Lord; wiſe men ne're waile their preſent woes,
But preſently prevent the wayes to waile:
To feare the Foe, ſince feare oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Gives in your weakeneſſe, ſtrength unto your Foe;
Feare, and be ſlaine, no worſe can come to fight,
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death.
Where fearing, dying, payes death ſervile breath.
Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learne to make a Body of a Limbe.
Rich: Thou chid'ſt me well: proud *Bullingbrooke* I come
To change blowes with thee, for our day of Doome:
This ague fit of feare is over-blowne,
An eaſie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say *Scroope*, where lyes our Vnckle with his Power?
Speake ſweetely man, although thy lookes be ſowre.
Scroope. Men judge by the complexion of the Skie
The ſtate and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavie Eye:
My tongue hath but a heavier Tale to ſay:
I play the Torturer, by ſmall and ſmall
To lengthen out the worſt, that muſt be ſpoken.
Your Vnckle *Yorke* is joyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Northerne Caſtles yeelded up,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes
Vpon his Faction.
Rich. Thou haſt ſayd enough.
Beſhrew thee Couſin, which didſt leade me forth
Of that ſweet way I was in, to deſpaire:
What ſay you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven Ile hate him everlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Goe to Flint Caſtle, there Ile pine away,
A King, Woes ſlave, ſhall Kingly Woe obey:
That Power I have, diſcharge, and let 'em goe
To eare the Land, that hath ſome hope to grow,
For I have none. Let no man ſpeake againe
To alter this, for counſaile is but vaine.
Aum. My Liege, one word.
Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Diſcharge my followers: let them hence away,
From *Richards* Night, to *Bullingbrooke* faire Day.
Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrooke,
Yorke, Northumberland, Attendants.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are diſpers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With ſome few private friends, upon this Coaſt.
North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord,
Richard not farre from hence, hath hid his head.
Yor. It would beſeeme the Lord Northumberland,
To ſay King *Richard*: alacke the heavie day,
When ſuch a ſacred King ſhould hide his head.
North. Your Grace miſtakes: onely to be briefe,
Left I his Title out.
Yor. The time hath beene,
Would you have beene ſo briefe with him, he would
Have beene ſo briefe with you, to ſhorten you,
For taking ſo the head, your whole heads length.
Bull. Miſtake not (Vnckle) farther than you ſhould.
Yor. Take not (good Couſin) farther than you ſhould,
Leaſt you miſtake the heavens are ore your head.
Bull. I know it (Vnckle) and oppoſe not my ſelfe
Againe their will. But who comes here?
EnteTr ercie.
Welcome *Harry*: what; will not this Caſtle yeeld?
Per. The Caſtle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Againſt thy entrance.
Bull. Roy-

Bull. Royally? Why,it contaynes no King?
Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King: Kind *Richard* lyes
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him,the Lord *Aumerle*,Lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroope*,beſides a Clergie man
Of holy reverence; who,I cannot learne.
North. Oh,belike it is the Biſhop of Carlile.
Bul. Noble Lord,
Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Caſtle,
Through Brazen Trumpet ſend the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd Eares,and thus deliver:
Henry Bullingbrooke upon his knees doth kiſſe
King *Richards* hand,and ſends allegeance
And true faith of heart to his royall Perſon: hither come
Even at his feet, to lay my Armes and power,
Provided,that my Baniſhment repeal'd,
And Lands reſtor'd againe,be freely graunted:
If not,Ile uſe th'advantage of my power,
And lay the ſummers duſt with ſhowers of blood,
Rayn'd from the wounds of ſlaughter'd Engliſhmen;
The which,how farre off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is,ſuch Crimſon Tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh greene Lap of faire King *Richards* Land,
My ſtooping duty tenderly ſhall ſhew.
Goe ſignifie as much,while here we march
Vpon the Graſſie Carpet of this plaine:
Let's march without the noyſe of threatning Drum,
That from this Caſtles tatter'd Battlements
Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd.
Me thinkes King *Richard* and my ſelfe ſhould meete
With no leſſe terror than the Elements
Of Fire and Water,when their thundring ſmoake
At meeting teares the cloudie Cheekes of Heaven:
Be he the fire,Ile be the yeelding Water;
The Rage be his,while on the Earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth,and not on him.
March on,and marke King *Richard* how he lookes.

Parle without,and anſwere within: then a Flouriſh.
Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Scroop, Salisbury.

See,ſee,King *Richard* doth himſelfe appeare
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented Sunne,
From out the fierie Portall of the Eaſt,
When he perceives the envious Clouds are bent
To dimme his glory,and to ſtaine the tract
Of his bright paſſage to the Occident.
York. Yet lookes he like a King: behold his Eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Majeſtie: alack, alack, for woe,
That any harme ſhould ſtaine ſo faire a ſhow.
Rich. We are amaz'd,and thus long have we ſtood
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
Becauſe we thought our ſelfe thy lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy joynts forget
To pay the awfull dutie to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew us the Hand of God,
That hath diſmiſs'd us from our Stewardſhip,
For well we know, no hand of Blood and Bone
Can gripe the ſacred Handle of our Scepter,
Vnleſſe he doe prophane, ſteale or uſurpe.
And though you thinke, that all, as you have done,
Have torne their ſoules, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:
Yet know, my Maſter, God Omnipotent,
Is muſtring in his Clouds, on our behalfe,
Armies of Peſtilence, and they ſhall ſtrike
Your Children yet unborne, and unbegot,
That lift your Vaſſall Hands againſt my Head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell *Bullingbrooke*, for yond me thinkes he is,
That every ſtride he makes upon my Land,
Is dangerous Treaſon: he is come to ope
The purple Teſtament of bleeding Warre;
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, live in peace.
Ten thouſand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her Paſtors Graſſe with faithfull Engliſh Blood.
North. The King of Heaven forbid our Lord the King
Should ſo with civill and uncivill Armes
Be ruſh'd upon: Thy thrice-noble Couſin,
Harry Bullingbrooke, doth humbly kiſſe thy hand,
And by the Honorable Tombe he ſweares,
That ſtands upon your Royall Grandſires Bones,
And by the Royalties of both your bloods
(Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious Head)
And by the buried Hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the Worth and Honour of himſelfe,
Compriſing all that may be ſworne, or ſaid,
His comming hither hath no furthet ſcope,
Than for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchiſement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy Royall partie granted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to Ruſt,
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart
To faithfull ſervice of your Maieſty:
This ſweares he, as he is a Prince, is juſt,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.
Rich. *Northumberland*, ſay thus: The King returnes,
His Noble Couſin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accompliſh'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou haſt,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We doe debaſe our ſelfe (Couſin) doe we not,
To looke ſo poorely, and to ſpeake ſo faire?
Shall we call back *Northumberland* and ſend
Defiance to the Traytor and ſo die?
Aum. No,good my Lord,let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, & friends their hopefull Swords.
Rich. Oh God, oh God,that ere this tongue of mine,
That layd the Sentence of dread Baniſhment
On yond proud man, ſhould take it off againe
With words of ſooth: Oh that I were as great
As is my Griefe, or leſſer than my Name,
Or that I could forget what I have beene,
Or not remember what I muſt be now:
Swell'ſt thou proud heart? Ile give thee ſcope to beate,
Since foes have ſcope to beate both thee and me.
Aum. *Northumberland* comes backe from *Bullingbrooke*.
Rich. What muſt the King doe now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall doe it: Muſt he be depos'd?
The King ſhall be contented: Muſt he loſe
The Name of King? o' Gods Name let it goe.
Ile give my Iewels for a ſet of beades,
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,
My gay Apparrell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,
My figur'd Goblets, for a Diſh of Wood;
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,

My Subjects, for a payre of carved Saints,
And my large Kingdome, for a little Grave,
A little little Grave, an obſcure Grave.
Or Ile be buried in the Kings high-way,
Some way of common Trade, where Subjects feete
May howrely trample on their Soveraignes Head:
For on my heart they tread now, whileſt I live;
And buried once, why not upon my Head?
Aumarle, thou weep'ſt (my tender-hearted Couſin)
Wee'le make foule Weather with deſpiſed Teares:
Our ſighes, and they, ſhall lodge the Summer Corne,
And make a Dearth in this revolting Land.
Or ſhall we play the Wantons with our Woes,
And make ſome prettie Match with ſhedding Teares?
As thus: to drop them ſtill upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a payre of Graves,
Within the Earth: and therein lay'd, their lyes
Two Kinſmen digg'd their Graves with weeping Eyes?
Would not this ill, doe well? Well, well, I ſee
I talke but idly, and you mocke at me.
Moſt mightie Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
What ſayes King *Bullingbrooke*? Will his Majeſtie
Give *Richard* leave to live, till *Richard* die?
You make a Legge, and *Bullingbrooke* ſayes I.
North. My Lord, in the baſe Court he doth attend
To ſpeake with you, may it pleaſe you to come downe.
Rich. Downe, downe I come, like gliſt'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of unruly Iades.
In the baſe Court? baſe Court where Kings grow baſe,
To come at Traytors Calls, and doe them Grace.
In the baſe Court come down: down Court, down King,
For night-Owls ſhrike, where mounting Larks ſhould (ſing.
Bull. What ſayes his Majeſtie?
North. Sorrow, and griefe of heart
Makes him ſpeake fondly, like a franticke man:
Yet he is come.
Bull. Stand all apart,
And ſhew faire dutie to his Majeſtie.
My gracious Lord.
Rich. Faire Couſin.
You debaſe your Princely Knee,
To make the baſe Earth proud with kiſſing it.
Me rather had, my Heart might feele your Love,
Than my unpleas'd Eye ſee your Courteſie.
Vp Couſin, up, your Heart is up, I know,
Thus high at leaſt, although your Knee be low.
Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.
Rich. Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and all.
Bull. So farre be mine, (my moſt redoubted Lord,)
As my true ſervice ſhall deſerue your love.
Rich. Well you deſerv'd:
They well deſerue to have,
That know the ſtrong'ſt, and ſureſt way to get.
Vnckle give me your hand: nay, drie your Eyes,
Teares ſhew their Love, but want their remedies.
Couſin I am to young too be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
What you will have, Ile give, and willing too,
For doe we muſt, what force will have us doe.
Set one towards London:
Couſin, is it ſo?
Bull. Yea, my good Lord.
Rich. Then I muſt not ſay, no.
Flouriſh. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Queene and two Ladies.

Qu. What ſport ſhall we deviſe here in this Garden,
To drive away the heavie thought of Care?
La. Madame, wee'le play at Bowles.
Qu. 'Twill make me thinke the World is full of Rubs,
And that my fortune runnes againſt the Byas.
La. Madame, wee'le Dance.
Qu. My Legges can keepe no meaſure in Delight,
When my poore Heart no meaſure keepes in Griefe.
Therefore no Dancing (Girle) ſome other ſport.
La. Madame, wee'le tell Tales.
Qu. Of Sorrow, or of Griefe?
La. Of eyther, Madame.
Qu. Of neyther, Girle.
For if of Ioy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of Sorrow:
Or if of Griefe, being altogether had,
It addes more Sorrow to my want of Ioy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.
La. Madame, Ile ſing.
Qu. 'Tis well that thou haſt cauſe:
But thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe me better, would'ſt thou weepe.
La. I could weepe, Madame, would it doe you good.
Qu. And I could ſing, would weeping doe me good,
And never borrow any Teare of thee.
Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.
But ſtay, heere come the Gardiners,
Let's ſtep into the ſhadow of theſe Trees.
My wretchedneſſe, unto a Rowe of Pinnes,
They'le talke of ſtate: for every one doth ſo,
Againſt a Change; Woe is fore-runne with Woe.
Gard. Goe binde thou up yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like unruly Children, make their Syre
Stoupe with oppreſſion of their prodigall weight:
Give ſome ſupportance to the bending twigges.
Goe thou, and like an Executioner
Cut off the heads of too faſt growing ſprayes,
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth:
All muſt be even, in our Governement.
You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away
The noyſome weedes, that without profit ſucke
The Soyles fertilitie from wholeſome flowers.
Ser. Why ſhould wee, in the compaſſe of a Pale,
Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,
Shewing as in a Modell our firme ſtate?
When our Sea-walled Garden, (the whole Land,)
Is full of Weedes, her faireſt Flowers choakt up,
Her Fruit-trees all unpruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd,
Her Knots diſorder'd, and her wholeſome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.
Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd Spring,
Hath now himſelfe met with the Fall of Leafe.
The Weeds that his broad-ſpreading Leaves did ſhelter,
That ſeem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pull'd up, Root and all, by *Bullingbrooke*:
I meane, the Earle of Wiltſhire, *Buſhie*, *Greene*,

Ser. What are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And *Bullingbrooke* hath ſeiz'd the waſtefull King.
What pitty is it, that he had not trim'd
And dreſt his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare;
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-trees,
Leaſt being over-proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it ſelfe?
Had he done ſo, to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to beare, and he to taſte
Their fruites of dutie. All ſuperfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may live:
Had he done ſo, himſelfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waſte and idle houres, hath quite thrown downe.
Ser. What thinke you the King ſhall be depos'd?
Gor. Depreſt he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came laſt night
To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorke,
That tell blacke tydings.
Qu. Oh I am preſt to death through want of ſpeaking:
Thou old *Adams* likeneſſe, ſet to dreſſe this Garden:
How dares thy harſh tongue ſound this unpleaſing newes?
What Eve? what ſerpent hath ſuggeſted thee,
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why do'ſt thou ſay King *Rechard* is depos'd?
Dar'ſt thou (thou little better thing then earth)
Divine his downfall? Say where, when, and how
Cam'ſt thou by this ill tydings? Speake thou wretch.
Gard. Pardon me Madam. Little joy have I
To breath theſe newes; yet what I ſay, is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*, their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himſelfe,
And ſome few Vanities, that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Beſides himſelfe, are all the Engliſh Peeres,
And with that oddes he weighes King *Richard* downe.
Poſte you to London, and you'l finde it ſo,
I ſpeake no more, then every one doth know.
Qu. Nimble miſchance, that art ſo light of foote,
Doth not thy Embaſſage belong to me?
And am I laſt that knowes it? Oh thou think'ſt
To ſerve me laſt, that I may longeſt keepe
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt. Come Ladie goe,
To meet at London, Londons King in woe.
What, was I borne to this! that my ſad looke,
Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*!
Gard'ner, for telling me this newes of woe,
I would the Plants thou graft'ſt, may never grow. *Exit.*
G. Poore Queene, ſo that thy ſtate might be no worſe,
I would my skill were ſubject to thy curſe:
Heere did ſhe drop a teare, heere in this place
Ile ſet a Banke of Rew, (ſowre Herbe of Grace:)
Rue, eu'n for ruth, heere ſhortly ſhall be ſeene,
In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percie, Fitz-Water, Surrey, Carlile, Abbot of Weſtminſter. Herauld, Officers, and Bagot.

Bullingbrooke, Call forth *Bagot*.
Now *Bagot*, freely ſpeake thy minde,
What thou do'ſt know of Noble Glouſters death;
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his timeleſſe end.
Bag. Then ſet before my face, the Lord *Aumerle.*
Bull. Coſin, ſtand forth and looke upon that man.
Bag. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to unſay, what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time, when Glouſters death was plotted,
I heard you ſay, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the reſt full Engliſh Court
As farre as Callis, to my Vnckles head.
Amongſt much other talke, that very time,
I heard you ſay, that you had rather refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand Crownes,
Then *Bullingbrooke* returne to England; adding withall,
How bleſt this Land would be, in this your Coſins death.
Aum. Princes and Noble Lords:
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my faire Starres,
On equall termes to give him chaſticement?
Either I muſt, or have mine honour ſpoyld
With th' Atteindor of his ſland'rous Lippes.
There is my Gage, the manuall Seale of death
That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyeſt,
And will maintaine what thou haſt ſaid, is falſe,
In thy heart blood, though being all too baſe,
To ſtaine the temper of my Knightly ſword.
Bul. *Bagot* forbeare, thou ſhalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence, that hath moved me ſo.
Fitz. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies:
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:
By that faire Sunne, that ſhewes me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay (and vantingly thou ſpak'ſt it)
That thou wer't cauſe of Noble Glouſters death.
If thou denieſt it, twenty times thou lyeſt,
And I will turne thy falſhood to thy heart,
Where it was forged with my Rapiers point.
Aum. Thou dar'ſt not (Coward) live to ſee the day.
Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.
Aum *Fitzwater* thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Per. *Aumerle*, thou lye'ſt: his Honor is as true
In this appeale, as thou art all unjuſt:
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to th'extreameſt point
Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'ſt.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandiſh more revengefull Steele,
Over the glittering Helmet of my Foe.
Surrey. My Lord *Fitz-water*:
I do remember well, the very time
Aumerle, and you did talke.
Fitz. My Lord,
'Tis very true: You were in preſence then,
And you can witneſſe with me, this is true.
Surrey. As falſe, by heaven,
As heaven it ſelfe is true.
Fitz. Surry, thou Lyeſt.
Surry. Diſhonourable Boy;
That Lye, ſhall lie ſo heavy on my Sword,
That it ſhall render Vengeance and Revenge,
Till thou the Lye-giver, and that Lye, doe lye
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.
In proofe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,
Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'ſt.

Fitzw. How fondly do'ſt thou ſpurre a forward Horſe?
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breath, or live,
I dare meete *Surry* in a Wilderneſſe,
And ſpit upon him, whilſt I ſay he Lyes,
And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my bond of Faith,
To tye thee to my ſtrong Correction.
A I intended to thrive in this new World,
Aumerle is guilty of my true Appeale.
Beſides, I heard the baniſh'd *Norfolke* ſay,
That thou *Aumerle* didſt ſend two of thy men,
To execute the Noble Duke at Callis.
Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a Gage,
That *Norfolke* lyes: here doe I throw downe this,
If he may be repeald, to try his honour.
Bull. Theſe differences ſhall all reſt under Gage,
Till *Norfolke* be repeal'd: repeal'd he ſhall be;
(And though mine Enemy) reſtor'd againe
To all his Lands and Seignories: when hee's return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will inforce his Tryall.
Carl. That honorable day ſhall ne're be ſeene.
Many a time hath baniſh'd *Norfolke* fought
For Ieſu Chriſt, in glorious Chriſtian field
Streaming the Enſigne of the Chriſtian Croſſe
Againſt blacke Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens:
And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retyr'd himſelfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gave
His Body to that pleaſant Countries Earth,
And his pure Soule unto his Captaine Chriſt,
Vnder whoſe Colours he had fought ſo long.
Bull. Why Biſhop, is *Norforke* dead?
Carl. As ſure as I live my Lord.
Bull. Sweet peace conduct his ſweet Soule
To the Boſome of good old *Abraham.*
Lords Appealants, your differẽces ſhal all reſt under gage,
Till we aſſigne you to your dayes of Tryall.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaſter, I come to thee
From Plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing Soule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds
To the poſſeſſion of thy Royall Hand.
Aſcend his Throne, deſcending now from him,
And long live *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.
Bull. In Gods Name, Ile aſcend the Regall throne.
Carl. Mary, Heaven forbid.
Worſt in this Royall Preſence may I ſpeake,
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeake the truth.
Would God, that any in this Noble Preſence
Were enough Noble to be upright Iudge
Of Noble *Richard*; then true Nobleneſſe would
Learne him forbearance from ſo foule a Wrong.
What Subject can give Sentence on his King?
And who ſits here, that is not *Richards* Subject?
Theeves are not judg'd, but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be ſeene in them:
And ſhall the figure of Gods Majeſtie,
His Captaine, Steward, Deputie elect,
Anoynted, Crown'd and planted many yeeres,
Be judg'd by ſubject, and inferior breath,
And he himſelfe not preſent? Oh, forbid it, God,
That in a Chriſtian Climate, Soules refinde
Should ſhew ſo heynous, blacke, obſcene a deed.
I ſpeake to Subjects, and a Subject ſpeakes,
Stirr'd up by Heaven, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,
Is a foule Traytor to prowd *Herefords* King.
And if you Crowne him, let me prophecie,
The blood of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for his foule Act.
Peace ſhall goe ſleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres
Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound.
Diſorder, Horror, Feare, and Mutinie
Shall here inhabite, and this Land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead mens Sculls.
Oh, if you reare this Houſe, againſt this Houſe
It will the wofulleſt Diviſion prove,
That ever fell upon this curſed Earth.
Prevent it, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leaſt Child, Childs Children cry againſt you, Woe.
North. Well have you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,
Of Capitall Treaſon we arreſt you here.
My Lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge,
To keepe him ſafely, till his day of Tryall.
May it pleaſe you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?
Bull. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may ſurrender: ſo we ſhall proceede
Without ſuſpition.
Yor. I will be his Conduct. *Exit.*
Bull. Lords, you that here are under our Arreſt,
Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Anſwer:
Little are we beholding to your Love,
And little look'd for at your helping Hands.

Enter Richard and Yorke.

Rich. Alack, why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I have ſhooke off the Regall thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To inſinuate, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knee.
Give Sorrow leave a while, to returne me
To this ſubmiſſion. Yet I will remember
The favors of theſe men: were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, All hayle to me?
So *Iudas* did to Chriſt: but he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thouſand, none.
God ſave the King: will no man ſay, Amen?
Am I both Prieſt and Clarke? well then, Amen.
God ſave the King, although I be not he:
And yet Amen, if Heaven doe thinke him me.
To doe what ſervice, am I ſent for hither?
Yor. To doe that office of thine owne good will,
Which tyred Majeſtie did make thee offer:
The Reſignation of thy State and Crowne
To *Henry Bullingbrooke.*
Rich. Give me the Crown. Here Couſin, ſeize the Crown:
Here Coſin, on this ſide my Hand, on that ſide thine.
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the ayre,
The other downe, unſeene, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,
Drinking my Griefes, whilſt you mount up on high.
Bul. I thought you had beene willing to reſigne.
Rich. My Crowne I am, but ſtill my Griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depoſe,
But not my Griefes; ſtill am I King of thoſe.
Bull. Part of your Cares you give me with your Crown.
Rich. Your Cares ſet up, doe not pluck my Cares down.
My Care, is loſſe of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:
The Cares I give, I have, though given away,
They tend the Crowne, yet ſtill with me they ſtay:
Bull. Are you contented to reſigne the Crowne?

Rich. I,no;no,I : for I muſt nothing bee :
Therefore no,no,for I reſigne to thee.
Now,marke me how I will undoe my ſelfe.
I give this heavie Weight from off my Head,
And this unwieldie Scepter from my Hand,
The pride of Kingly ſway from out my Heart,
With mine owne Teares I Waſh away my Blame,
With mine owne Hands I give away my Crowne,
With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State,
With mine owne Breath releaſe all dutious Oathes :
All Pompe and Majeſtie I doe forſweare :
My Manors,Rents,Revenues, I forgoe ;
My Acts,Decrees,and Statutes I denie :
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to me,
God keepe all Vowes unbroke are made to thee.
Make me,that nothing have,with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd,that haſt all atchiev'd,
Long mayſt thou live in *Richards* Seat to ſit,
And ſoone lye *Richard* in an Earthie Pit.
God ſave King *Henry*,un-King'd *Richard* ſayes,
And ſend him many yeeres of Sunne-ſhine dayes.
What more remaines ?
North. No more : but that you reade
Theſe Accuſations,and theſe grievous Crymes,
Committed by your Perſon,and your followers,
Againſt the State,and Profit of this Land:
That by confeſſing them,the Soules of men
May deeme,that you are worthily depos'd.
Rich. Muſt I doe ſo ? and muſt I ravell out
My weav'd-up follyes ? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy Offences were upon Record,
Would it not ſhame thee, in ſo faire a troupe,
To reade a Lecture of them ? If thou would'ſt,
There ſhould'ſt thou finde one haynous Article,
Containing the depoſing of a King,
And cracking the ſtrong Warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a Blot,damn'd in the Booke of Heaven.
Nay, all of you,that ſtand and looke upon me,
Whil'ſt that my wretchedneſſe doth bait my ſelfe,
Though ſome of you,with *Pilate* waſh your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie ; yet you *Pilates*
Have here deliver'd me to my ſowre Croſſe,
And Water cannot waſh away your ſinne.
North. My Lord diſpatch,reade o're theſe Articles.
Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Teares,I cannot ſee :
And yet ſalt-Water blindes them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of Traytors here.
Nay,if I turne mine Eyes upon my ſelfe,
I finde my ſelfe a Traytor with the reſt :
For I have given here my Soules conſent,
T'undeck the pompous Body of a King ;
Made Glory baſe ; a Soveraigne,a Slave;
Prowd Majeſtie,a Subject ; State,a Peſant.
North. My Lord.
Rich. No Lord of thine,thou haught-inſulting man ;
No,nor no mans Lord : I have no Name,no Title;
No,not that Name was given me at the Font,
But 'tis uſurpt : alack the heavie day,
That I have worne ſo many Winters out,
And know not now,what Name to call my ſelfe.
Oh,that I were a Mockerie,King of Snow,
Standing before the Sunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my ſelfe away in Water-drops.
Good King,great King,and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be Sterling yet in England,
Let it command a Mirror hither ſtraight,
That it may ſhew me what a Face I have,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Majeſtie.
Bull. Goe ſome of you,and fetch a Looking-Glaſſe.
Nor. Reade o're this Paper,while the Glaſſe doth come.
Rich. Fiend,thou torments me,ere I come to Hell.
Bull. Vrge it no more,my Lord *Northumberland*.
North. The Commons will not then be ſatisfy'd.
Rich. They ſhall be ſatisfy'd : Ile reade enough,
When I doe ſee the very Booke indeede,
Where all my ſinnes are writ,and that's my ſelfe.

Enter one with a Glaſſe.

Give me that Glaſſe,and therein will I reade.
No deeper wrinckles yet? hath ſorrow ſtrucke
So many Blowes upon this Face of mine,
And made no deeper Wounds ? Oh flatt'ring Glaſſe,
Like to my followers in proſperitie,
Thou do'ſt beguile me. Was this Face,the Face
That every day, under his Houſe-hold Roofe,
Did keepe ten thouſand men ? Was this the Face,
That like the Snnne,did make beholders winke ?
Is this the Face,which fac'd ſo many follyes,
That was at laſt out-fac'd by *Bullingbrooke* ?
A brittle Glory ſhineth in this Face,
As brittle as the Glory,is the Face,
For there it is,crackt in an hundred ſhivers.
Marke ſilent King,the Morall of this ſport,
How ſoone my Sorrow hath deſtroy'd my Face.
Bul. The ſhadow of your Sorrow hath deſtroy'd
The ſhadow of your Face.
Rich. Say that againe.
The ſhadow of my Sorrow : ha, let's ſee,
'Tis very true, my Griefe lyes all within,
And theſe externall manners of Laments,
Are meerely ſhadowes to the unſeene Griefe,
That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd Soule.
There lyes the ſubſtance : and I thanke thee King
For thy great bounty, that not onely giv'ſt
Me cauſe to waile, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe. Ile begge one Boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtaine it ?
Bul. Name it, faire Couſin.
Rich. Faire Couſin ? I am greater than a King :
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but ſubjects ; being now a ſubject,
I have a King heere to my flatterer:
Being ſo great, I have no neede to begge.
Bul. Yet aske.
Rich. And ſhall I have?
Bul. You ſhall.
Rich. Then give me leave to goe.
Bul. Whither ?
Rich. Whither you will,ſo I were from your ſights.
Bul. Goe ſome of you, convey him to the Tower.
Rich. Oh good : convey : Conveyers are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.
Bul. On Wedneſday next, we ſolemnly ſet downe
Our Coronation : Lords, prepare your ſelves. *Exeunt.*
Abbot. A wofull Pageant have we here beheld.
Carl. The Woe's to come,the Children yet unborne,
Shall feele this day as ſharpe to them as Thorne.
Aum. You holy Clergie-men, is there no Plot
To rid the Realme of this pernicious Blot?
Abbot. Before I freely ſpeake my minde heerein,
You ſhall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but alſo to effect

Wh

What ever I ſhall happen to deviſe.
I ſee your Browes are full of Diſcontent,
Your Heart of Sorrow, and your eyes of Teares:
Come home with me to Supper, Ile lay a Plot
Shall ſhew us all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To *Julius Cæsars* ill-erected Tower:
To whoſe flint Boſome, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Priſoner, by proud *Bullingbrooke*.
Here let us reſt, if this Rebellious Earth
Have any reſting for her true Kings Queene.

Enter Richard and Guard.

But ſoft, but ſee, or rather doe not ſee,
My faire Roſe wither: yet looke up; behold,
That you in pittie may diſſolve to dew,
And waſh him freſh againe with true-love Teares.
Ah thou, the Modell where old Troy did ſtand,
Thou Mappe of Honour, thou King *Richards* Tombe,
And not King *Richard*: thou moſt beauteous Inne,
Why ſhould hard-favor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-houſe Gueſt?
Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire Woman, do not ſo,
To make my end too ſudden: learne good Soule,
To thinke our former State a happy Dreame,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes us but this. I am ſworne Brother (Sweet)
To grim Neceſſitie; and he and I
Will keepe a League till Death. High thee to France,
And Cloyſter thee in ſome Religious Houſe:
Our holy lives muſt winne a new worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houres here have ſtricken downe.
Qu. What, is my *Richard* both in ſhape and minde
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath *Bullingbrooke*
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath he beene in thy Heart?
The Lyon dying thruſteth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing elſe, with rage
To be o're-powr'd: and wilt thou, Pupill-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kiſſe the Rodde,
And fawne on rage with baſe humility,
Which art a Lyon and a King of Beaſts?
Rich. A King of beaſts indeed: if aught but Beaſts,
I had beene ſtill a happy King of Men.
Good (ſometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:
Thinke I am dead, and that even here thou tak'ſt,
As from my Death-bed, my laſt living leave.
In Winters tedious Nights ſit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales
Of wofull Ages, long agoe betide:
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their Beds:
For why? the ſenceleſſe Brands will ſympathize
The heavie accent of my moving Tongue,
And in compaſſion, weepe the fire out:
And ſome will mourne in Aſhes, ſome coale-blacke,
For the depoſing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is chang'd.
You muſt to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And Madame, there is order ta'ne for you:
With all ſwift ſpeed, you muſt away to France.
Rich. *Northumberland*, thou Ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* aſcends my Throne,
The time ſhall not be many houres of age,
More than it is, ere foule ſinne, gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption: thou ſhalt thinke,
Though he devide the Realme, and give thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He ſhall thinke, that thou which know'ſt the way
To plant unrightfull Kings, wilt know againe,
Being ne're ſo little urg'd, another way,
To plucke him headlong from th' uſurped Throne.
The Love of wicked friends converts to Feare;
That Feare, to Hate; and Hate turnes one, or both,
To worthie Danger, and deſerved Death.
North. My guilt be on my Head, and there an end:
Take leave, and part, for you muſt part forthwith.
Rich. Doubly divorc'd? (bad men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage; 'twixt my Crowne, and me,
And then betwixt me, and my marryed Wife.
Let me un-kiſſe the Oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not ſo, for with a kiſſe 'twas made.
Part us *Northumberland*: I, towards the North,
Where ſhivering Cold and Sickneſſe pines the Clyme:
My Queene to France: from whence, ſet forth in pompe,
She came adorned hither like ſweet May;
Sent backe like Hollowmas, or ſhort'ſt of day.
Qu. And muſt wee be divided? muſt we part?
Rich. I, hand from hand (my Love) and heart frō heart.
Qu. Baniſh us both, and ſend the King with me.
North. That were ſome Love, but little Pollicy.
Qu. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.
Rich. So two together weping, make one Woe.
Weepe thou for me in France; I, for thee heere:
Better farre off, than neere, be ne're the neere.
Goe, count thy Way with Sighes; I, mine with Groanes.
Qu. So longeſt Way ſhall have the longeſt Moanes.
Ric. Twice for one ſtep Ile groane, the way being ſhort,
And peece the way out with a heavie heart.
Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is ſuch length in Griefe:
One Kiſſe ſhall ſtop our mouthes, and dumbely part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
Qu. Give me mine owne againe: 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
So, now I have mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may ſtrive to kill it with a groane.
Rich. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the reſt let Sorrow ſay. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Yorke, and his Ducheſſe.

Duch. My Lord, you told me you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you breake the ſtory off,
Of our two Couſins comming into London.
Yor. Where did I leave?
Dut. At that ſad ſtoppe, my Lord,
Where rude miſ-govern'd hands, from Windowes tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on King *Richards* head.

Yo. Then, as I ſayd, the Duke (great *Bullingbrooke*,)
Mounted upon a hot and fierie Steed,
Which his aſpiring Rider ſeem'd to know,
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe :
While all tongues cride, God ſave thee *Bullingbrooke*.
You would have thought the very windowes ſpake,
So many greedy lookes of young and old,
Through Caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Vpon his viſage : and that all the walles
With painted Imagery had ſayd at once,
Ieſu preſerve thee, welcome *Bullingbrooke*.
Whil'ſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke,
Beſpake them thus : I thanke you Countrimen :
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſt along.
Dutch. Alas poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilſt?
Yorke. As in a Theater, the eyes of men
After a well grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idlely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious :
Even ſo, or with much more contempt, mens eyes
Did ſcowle on *Richard* ; no man cride, God ſave him :
No joyfull tongue gave him his welcome home,
But duſt was throwne upon his Sacred head,
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhooke off,
His face ſtill combating with teares and ſmiles
(The badges of his greefe and patience)
That had not God (for ſome ſtrong purpoſe) ſteel'd
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted,
And Barbariſme it ſelfe have pittied him.
But heaven hath a hand in theſe events,
To whoſe high will we bound our calme contents.
To *Bullingbrooke*, are we ſworne Subjects now,
Whoſe State, and Honour, I for for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Heere comes my ſonne *Aumerle*.
Yor. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is loſt, for being *Richards* Friend.
And Madam, you muſt call him *Rutland* now :
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And laſting fealtie in the new-made King.
Dut. Welcome my ſonne : who are the Violets now,
That ſtrew the greene lap of the new-come Spring ?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God knowes, I had as liefe be none, as one.
Yorke. Well, beare you well in this new-ſpring of time,
Leaſt you be cropt before you come to prime.
What newes frō Oxford? Hold thoſe Iuſts & Triumphs?
Aum. For ought I know my Lord, they do.
York. You will be there I know.
Aum. If God prevent not, I pupoſe ſo.
Yor. What Seale is that that hangs without thy boſom?
Yea, look'ſt thou pale ? Let me ſee the Writing.
Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.
Yor. No matter then who ſees it,
I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee the Writing.
Aum. I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of ſmall conſequence,
Which for ſome reaſons I would not have ſeene.
Yor. Which for ſome reaſons ſir, I meane to ſee :
I feare, I feare.
Dut. What ſhould you feare?
'Tis nothing but ſome bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparrell, againſt the Triumph.
Yor. Bound to him ſelfe? What doth he with a Bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole.
Boy, let me ſee the Writing.
Aum. I do beſeech you pardon me, I may not ſhew it.
Yor. I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee it I ſay. *Snatches it*
Treaſon, foule Treaſon, Villaine, Traitor, Slave.
Dut. What's the matter, my Lord ?
Yorke. Hoa, who's within there ? Saddle my horſe.
Heaven for his mercy : what treachery is heere ?
Dut. Why, what is't my Lord ?
Yorke. Give me my boots, I ſay : Saddle my horſe :
Now by my honour, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the Villaine.
Dut. What is the matter ?
Yorke. Peace fooliſh Woman.
Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?
Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life muſt anſwer.
Dut. Thy life anſwer ?

Enter Servant with Boots.

Yor. Bring my Bootes, I will unto the King.
Dut. Strike him *Aumerle*. Poore boy, thou art amaz'd,
Hence Villaine, never more come in my ſight.
Yor. Give me my Bootes I ſay.
Dut. Why Yorke what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the Treſpaſſe of thine owne?
Have we more Sonnes? Or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunke up with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire Sonne from mine Age,
And rob me of a happie Mothers name ?
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne?
Yor. Thou fond mad woman:
Wilt thou conceale this darke Conſpiracy ?
A dozen of them heere have tane the Sacrament,
And interchangeably ſet downe their hands
To kill the King at Oxford.
Dut. He ſhall be none:
Wee'l keepe him here : then what is that to him?
Yor. Away fond woman : where he twenty times my
Son, I would appeach him.
Dut. Hadſt thou groan'd for him as I have done,
Thou wouldeſt be more pittifull :
But now I know thy minde; thou do'ſt ſuſpect
That I have beene diſloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a Baſtard, not thy Sonne :
Sweet Yorke, ſweet husband, be not of that minde:
He is as like thee, as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,
And yet I love him.
Yor. Make way, unruly Woman. *Exit*
Dut. After *Aumerle*. Mount thee upon his horſe,
Spurre poſt, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere he do accuſe thee,
Ile not be long behind : though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as Yorke:
And never will I riſe up from the ground,
Till *Bullingbrooke* have pardon'd thee: Away, be gone. *Ex*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Percie, and other Lords.

Bull. Can no man tell of my unthriftie Sonne ?
'Tis full three monthes ſince I did ſee him laſt.
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he:
I would to heaven (my Lords) he might be found,
Enquire at London, 'mongſt the Tavernes there:

For there (they ſay) he dayly doth frequent,
With unreſtrained looſe Companions,
Even ſuch (they ſay) as ſtand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our Watch, and beate our paſſengers,
Which he (yong wanton, and effeminate Boy)
Takes on the point of Honour, to ſupport
So diſſolute a crew.

Per. My Lord, ſome two dayes ſince I ſaw the Prince,
And told him of theſe Triumphes held at Oxford.

Bull. And what ſayd the Gallant?

Per. His anſwer was: he would unto the Stewes,
And from the common'ſt creature plucke a Glove
And weare it as a favour, and with that
He would unhorſe the luſtieſt Challenger.

Bull. As diſſolute as deſp'rate, yet through both,
I ſee ſome ſparkes of better hope: which elder dayes
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Bull. What meanes our Couſin, that he ſtares
And lookes ſo wildely?

Aum. God ſave your Grace. I do beſeech your Majeſty
To have ſome conference with your Grace alone.

Bull. Withdraw your ſelves, and leave us here alone:
What is the matter with our Couſin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roofe within my mouth,
Vnleſſe a Pardon, ere I riſe or ſpeake.

Bull. Intended or committed was this fault?
If on the firſt, how hainous ere it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave, that I may turne the key,
That no man enter till the tale be done.

Bull. Have thy deſire. *Yorke within.*

Yor. My Liege beware, looke to thy ſelfe,
Thou haſt a Traytor in thy preſence there.

Bull. Villaine, Ile make thee ſafe.

Aum. Stay thy revengefull hand, thou haſt no cauſe to feare.

Yorke. Open the doore, ſecure foole-hardy King:
Shall I for love ſpeake treaſon to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open.

Enter Yorke.

Bul. What is the matter (Vnkle) ſpeak, recover breath,
Tell us how neere is danger,
That we may arme us to encounter it.

Yor. Peruſe this writing here, and thou ſhalt know
The reaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.

Aum. Remember as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt:
I do repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Yor. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did ſet it downe.
I tore it from the traitors boſome, King.
Feare and not Love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pitty him, leaſt thy pitty prove
A Serpent, that will ſting thee to the heart.

Bull. Oh heinous, ſtrong, and bould Conſpiracie,
O loyall Father of a treacherous Sonne:
Thou ſheere, immaculate, and ſilver fountaine,
From whence this ſtreame, through muddy paſſages
Hath had his current, and defil'd himſelfe.
Thy overflow of good, converts to bad,
And thine abundant goodneſſe ſhall excuſe
This deadly blot, in thy digreſſing ſonne.

Yor. So ſhall my vertue be his vices bawd,
And he ſhall ſpend mine Honour, with his Shame:
As thriftleſſe Sonnes their ſcraping Fathers Gold.
Mine honour lives when his diſhonor dyes,
Or my ſham'd life in his diſhonour lies:
Thou kill'ſt me in his life, giving him breath,
The Traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Dutcheſſe within.

Dut. What hoa (my Liege) for heavens ſake let me in.

Bull. What ſhrill-voic'd Suppliant makes this eager cry?

Dut. A Woman and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.
Speake with me, pitty me, open the dore,
A Begger begs, that never begg'd before.

Bul. Our Scene is alter'd from a ſerious thing,
And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King:
My daungerous Coſin, let your Mother in,
I know ſhe's come to pray for your foule ſin.

Yor. If thou do pardon, whoſoever pray,
More ſinnes for this forgiveneſſe, proſper may.
This feſter'd joynt cut off, the reſt reſts ſound,
This let alone, will all the reſt confound.

Enter Dutcheſſe.

Dut. O King, beleeve not this heard-hearted man,
Love, loving not it ſelfe, none other can.

Yor. Thou franticke woman, what doſt thou make here,
Shall thy old dugges once more a Traitor reare?

Dut. Sweet Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.

Bul. Riſe up good Aunt.

Dut. Not yet, I thee beſeech.
For ever will I kneele upon my knees,
And never ſee day that the happy ſees,
Till thou give joy: vntill thou bid me ioy.
By pardoning Rutland, my tranſgreſſing Boy.

Aum. Vnto my Mothers prayers, I bend my knee.

Yorke. Againſt them both, my true joynts bended be.

Dut. Pleades he in earneſt? Looke upon his Face,
His eyes do drop no teares: his prayers are in ieſt:
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breſt.
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,
We pray with heart, and ſoule, and all beſide:
His wearie joynts would gladly riſe, I know,
Our knees ſhall kneele, till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of falſe hypocriſie,
Ours of true zeale, and deepe integritie:
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Bul. Good Aunt ſtand up.

Dut. Nay do not ſay ſtand up.
But Pardon firſt, and afterwards ſtand up.
And if I were thy Nurſe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeech.
I never long'd to heare a word till now:
Say Pardon (King,) let pitty teach thee how.
The word is ſhort: but not ſo ſhort as ſweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's ſo meet.

Yor. Speake it in French (King) ſayd *Pardon'ne moy.*

Dut. Doſt thou teach pardon, Pardon to deſtroy?
Ah my ſowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That ſet'ſt the word it ſelfe, againſt the word.
Speake pardon as 'tis currant in our Land,
The chopping French we doe not underſtand.
Thine eye begins to ſpeake, ſet thy tongue there;
Or in thy pitteous heart, plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pearce,
Pitty may move thee, Pardon to rehearſe.

Bul. Good Aunt, ſtand up.

Dut. I do not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the ſuit I have in hand.

Bull. I pardon him as heaven ſhall pardon me.
Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:
Yet am I ſicke for feare: Speake it againe,
Twice ſaying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.
Bull. I pardon him with all my heart.
Dut. A God on earth thou art.
Bul. But for our truſty brother-in-Law, the Abbot,
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dogge them at the heeles:
Good Vnckle helpe to order ſeverall powres
To Oxford, or where ere theſe Traitors are:
They ſhall not live within this world I ſweare,
But I will have them once know where.
Vnckle farewell, and Coſin adieu:
Your mother well hath prayd, and prove you true.
Dut. Come my old ſon, I pray heaven make thee new.
Exit.

Enter Exton and Servant.

Ext. Didſt thou not marke the King what words he ſpake?
Have I no friend will rid me of this living feare:
Was it not ſo?
Ser. Thoſe were his very words.
Ex. Have I no Friend? (quoth he:) he ſpake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together, did he not?
Ser. He did.
Ex. And ſpeaking it, he wiſtly look'd on me,
As who ſhall ſay, I would thou wer't the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the King at Pomfret: Come, let's goe;
I am the Kings friend, and will rid his Foe. *Exit.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I have bin ſtudying, how to compare
This Priſon where I live, unto the World:
And for becauſe the world is populous,
And heere is not a Creature, but my ſelfe,
I cannot doe it: yet Ile hammer't out.
My Braine, Ile prove the Female to my Soule,
My ſoule, the Father: and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill breeding Thoughts;
And theſe ſame Thoughts, people this Little World
In humors, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better ſort,
As thoughts of things Divine, are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the Faith it ſelfe
Againſt the Faith: as thus: Come little ones: & then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell
To thred the poſterne of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Vnlikely wonders; how theſe vaine weake nailes
May teare a paſſage through the Flinty ribbes
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon walles:
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themſelves,
That they are not the firſt of Fortunes ſlaves,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt. Like ſilly Beggars,
Who ſitting in the Stockes, refuge their ſhame
That many have, and others muſt ſit there;
And in this Thought, they finde a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
Of ſuch as have before indur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Priſon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King;
Then Treaſon makes me wiſh my ſelfe a Beggar,
And ſo I am. Then cruſhing penurie,
Perſwades me, I was better when a King:
Then am I king'd againe: and by and by,
Thinke that I am un-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And ſtraight am nothing. But what ere I am, *Muſick*
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Muſicke do I heare?
Ha, ha? keepe time: How ſowre ſweet Muſicke is,
When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Muſicke of mens lives:
And here have I the daintineſſe of eare,
To heare time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring:
But for the Concord of my State and Time,
Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke.
I waſted Time, and now doth Time waſte me:
For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke;
My Thoughts, are minutes; and with Sighes they iarre,
Their watches to mine eyes, the outward Watch,
Whereto my finger, like a Dialls point,
Is pointing ſtill, in clenſing them from teares.
Now ſir, the ſound that tels what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, that ſtrike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: ſo Sighes, and Teares, and Grones,
Shew Minutes, Houres, and Times: O but my Time
Runs poaſting on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud joy,
While I ſtand fooling heere, his jacke o' th' Clocke.
This Muſicke mads me, let it ſound no more,
For though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
In me it ſeemes, it will make wiſe-men mad:
Yet bleſſing on his heart that gives it me;
For 'tis a ſigne of love, and love to *Richard*,
Is a ſtrange Brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groome.

Groo. Haile Royall Prince.
Rich. Thankes Noble Peere.
The cheapeſt of us, is ten groates too deere.
What art thou? And how com'ſt thou hither?
Where no man ever comes, but that ſad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?
Groo. I was a poore Groome of thy Stable (King)
When thou wer't King, who travelling towards Yorke,
With much adoo, at length have gotten leave
To looke upon my (ſometimes Royall) maſters face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London ſtreetes, that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbary,
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid,
That horſe, that I ſo carefully have dreſt.
Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend,
How went he under him?
Groo. So proudly, as if he had diſdaind the ground.
Rich. So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe;
That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? Would he not fall downe
(Since Pride muſt have a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did uſurpe his backe?
Forgiveneſſe horſe: Why do I raile on thee,
Since thou created to be aw'd by man
Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horſe,

And yet I beare a burthen like an Aſſe,
Spur-gall'd, and tyr'd by jauncing *Bullingbrooke*.

Enter Keeper with a Diſh.

Keep. Fellow, give place, heere is no longer ſtay.
Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wer't away.
Groo. What my tongue dares nor, that my heart ſhall ſay. *Exit.*
Keep. My Lord, wilt pleaſe you to fall too?
Rich. Taſte of it firſt, as thou wer't wont to doo.
Keep. My Lord I dare not: Sir *Pierce* of Exton,
Who lately came from th' King, commands the contrary.
Rich. The divell take *Henrie* of Lancaſter, and thee;
Patience is ſtale, and I am weary of it.
Keep. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Enter Exton and Servants.

Ri. How now? what meanes Death in this rude aſſalt?
Villaine, thine owne hand yeelds thy deaths inſtrument,
Go thou and fill another roome in hell.

Exton ſtrikes him downe.

That hand ſhall burne in never-quenching fire,
That ſtaggers thus my perſon. *Exton*, thy fierce hand,
Hath with the Kings blood, ſtain'd the Kings own land.
Mount, mount my ſoule, thy ſeate is up on high;
Whil'ſt my groſſe fleſh ſinkes downward, heere to dye.
Exton. As full of Valor as of Royall blood,
Both have I ſpilt: Oh would the deed were good,
For now the divell, that told me I did well,
Sayes, that this deede is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King Ile beare,
Take hence the reſt, and give them buriall heere. *Exit.*

Scæna Quinta.

Flouriſh. Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with other Lords & attendants.

Bull. Vnkle Yorke, the lateſt newes we heare,
Is that the Rebels have conſum'd with fire
Our Towne of Ciceter in Glouceſterſhire,
But whether they be tane or ſlaine, we heare not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord: What is the newes?
Nor. Firſt to thy Sacred State, wiſh I all happineſſe:
The next newes is, I have to London ſent
The heads of *Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt,* and *Kent*:
The manner of their taking may appeare
At large diſcourſed in this paper heere.
Bull. We thanke thee gentle *Percy* for thy paines,
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter Fitz-waters.

Fitz. My Lord, I have from Oxford ſent to London,
The heads of *Broccas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*,
Two of the dangerous conſorted Traitors,
That ſought at Oxford, thy dire overthrow.
Bull. Thy paines *Fitzwaters* ſhall not be forgot,
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy and Carlile.

Per. The grand Conſpirator, Abbort of Weſtminſter,
With clog of Conſcience, and ſowre melancholly,
Hath yeelded up his body to the grave:
But heere is *Carlile*, living to abide
Thy Kingly doome, and ſentence of his pride.
Bull. *Carlile*, this is your doome:
Chooſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reverend roome
More than thou haſt, and with it joy thy ſelfe:
So as thou liv'ſt in peace, dye free from ſtrife:
For though mine enemy thou haſt ever beene,
High ſparkes of Honor in thee have I ſeene.

Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I preſent
Thy buried feare. Heerein all breathleſſe lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.
Bull. *Exton*, I thanke thee not, for thou haſt wrought
A deede of Slaughter, with thy fatall hand,
Vpon my head, and all this famous Land.
Ex. From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.
Bull. They love not poyſon, that do poyſon neede,
Nor do I thee: though I did wiſh him dead,
I hate the Murtherer, love him murthered.
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neyther my good word, nor Princely favour.
With *Caine* go wander through the ſhade of night,
And never ſhew thy head by day, nor light.
Lords, I proteſt my ſoule is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinkle me, and make me grow.
Come mourne with me, for that I do lament,
And put on ſullen Blacke incontinent:
Ile make a voyage to the holy-land,
To waſh this blood off from my guilty hand.
March ſadly after, grace my mourning heere,
In weeping after this untimely Beere. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Firſt Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of HENRY Sirnamed HOT-SPVRRE.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, with others.

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breath ſhortwinded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in Stronds a-farre remote:
No more the thirſty entrance of this Soyle,
Shall dambe her lippes with her owne childrens blood:
No more ſhall trenching Warre channell her fields,
Nor bruiſe her Flowrets with the Armed hooſes
Of hoſtile paces. Thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heaven,
All of one Nature, of one Subſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke,
And furious cloze of civill Butchery,
Shall now in mutuall well-beſeeming rankes
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Againſt Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his Maſter. Therefore Friends,
As farre as to the Sepulcher of Chriſt,
Whoſe Souldier now, under whoſe bleſſed Croſſe
We are impreſſed and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of Engliſh ſhall we levie,
Whoſe armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe,
To chace theſe Pagans in thoſe holy Fields,
Over Whoſe Acres walk'd thoſe bleſſed feete
Which fourteene hundred yeares ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter Croſſe.
But this our purpoſe is a twelvemonth old,
And bootleſſe 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare
Of you my gentle Couſin Weſtmerland,
What yeſternight our Councell did decree,
In forwarding this deere expedience.

Weſt. My Liege: This haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the Charge ſet downe
But yeſternight: when all athwart there came
A Poſt from Wales, loaden with heavy Newes;
Whoſe worſt was, That the Noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of Herefordſhire to fight
Againſt the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welſhman taken,
And a thouſand of his people butchered:
Vpon whoſe dead corpes there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly, ſhameleſſe transformation,
By thoſe Welſhwomen done, as may not be
(Without much ſhame) re-told or ſpoken of.

King. It ſeemes then, that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our buſineſſe for the Holy land.

Weſt. This matcht with other like, my gracious Lord,
Farre more vneven and unwelcome Newes
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotſpurre* there,
Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
That ever-valiant and approoved Scot,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did ſpend
A ſad and bloody houre:
As by diſcharge of their Artillerie,
And ſhape of likelyhood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take horſe,
Vncertaine of the iſſue any way.

King. Heere is a deere and true induſtrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horſe,
Stain'd with the variation of each ſoyle,
Betwixt tha *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought us ſmooth and welcome newes.
The Earle of *Dowglas* is diſcomfited,
Ten thouſand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir *Walter* ſee
On *Holmedons* Plaines. Of Priſoners, *Hotſpurre* tooke
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldeſt ſonne
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earle of *Atholl*,
Of *Marry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an honourable ſpoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha Coſin, is it not? In faith it is.

Weſt. A Conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, & mak'ſt me ſin,
In envy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father of ſo bleſt a ſonne:
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue;
Amongſt a Grove, the very ſtraighteſt Plant,
Who is ſweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:
Whil'ſt I by looking on the prayſe of him,
See Ryot and Diſhonor ſtaine the brow
Of my yong *Harry*. O that it could be prov'd,
That ſome Night-tripping Faiery, had exchang'd
In Cradle clothes, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*:

Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you Coze
Of this young *Percies* pride? The Priſoners
Which he in this adventure hath ſupriz'd,
To his owne uſe he keepes, and ſends me word
I ſhall have none but *Mordake* Eare of *Life*.

Weſt. This is his Vnckles teaching. This is Worceſter
Malevolent to you in all Aſpects:
Which makes him prune himſelfe, and briſtle up
The creſt of Youth againſt your Dignity.

King. But I have ſent for him to anſwer this:
And for this cauſe a while we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to *Ieruſalem*.
Coſin, on Wedneſday next, our Councell we will hold
At *Windſor*, ſo informe the lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to us againe,
For more is to be ſaid, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

Weſt. I will my Liege. *Exeunt*.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir Iohn Falſtaffe, and Pointz.

Fal. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it Lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke and unbuttoning thee after Supper, and ſleeping upon benches in the afternoone, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldeſt truly know. What a divell haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? unleſſe houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons, and clockes the tongue of Bawdes, and dialls the ſignes of Leaping-houſes, and the bleſſed Sunne himſelfe a faire hot Wench in Flame?coloured Taffata; I ſee no reaſon, why thou ſhouldeſt bee ſo ſuperfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you came neere me now *Hal*. for we that take Purſes, go by the Moone and ſeven Starres, and not by Phœbus hee, that wand'ring Knight ſo faire. And I pray thee ſweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God ſave thy Grace, Maieſty I ſhould ſay, for grace thou wilt have none.

Prin. What! none?

Fal. No, not ſo much as will ſerve to be Prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prin. well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marre then, ſweet Wagge, when thou art King, let not us that are Squires of the Nights body, bee call'd Theeves of the Dayes beautie. Let us be *Dianaes* Forreſters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone; and let men ſay, we be men of good Government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaſt miſtris the Moone, under whoſe countenance we ſteale.

Prin. Thou ſay'ſt well, and it holds well too: for the fortune of us that are the Moones men, doeth ebbe and flow like the Sea, being governed as the Sea is, by the Moone: as for proofe. Now a purſe of Gold moſt reſolutely ſnatch'd on Monday night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday Morning; got with ſwearing, Layd by: and ſpent with crying, Bring in: now, in as low an ebbe as the foot of the Ladder; and by and by in as high a flow as the ride of the Gallowes.

Fal. Thou ſay'ſt true Lad: and is not my Hoſteſſe of the Taverne a moſt ſweet Wench?

Prin. As is the hony, my old Lad of the Caſtle: and is not a Buffe Ierkin a moſt ſweet robe durance?

Fal. How how? how now mad Wagge? What in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to doe with a Buffe-Ierkin?

Prin. Why, what a poxe have I to doe with my Hoſteſſe of the Taverne?

Fal. Well, thou haſt call'd her to a reckning many a time and oft.

Prin. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, Ile give thee thy due, thou haſt paid all there.

Prin. Yea and elſewhere, ſo farre as my Coyne would ſtretch, and where it would not, I have uſ'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and ſo us'd it, that were it heere apparant, that thou art Heire apparant. But I pry thee ſweet Wag, ſhall there be Gallowes ſtanding in *England* when thou art King? and reſolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ruſty curbe of old Father Anticke the Law? Doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.

Prin. No, thou ſhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! Ile be a brave Iudge.

Prin. Thou judgeſt falſe already. I meane, thou ſhalt have the hanging of the Theeves, and ſo become a rare Hangman.

Fal. Well *Hal*, well: and in ſome ſort it jumpes with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prin. For obtaining of ſuites?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of ſuites, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Beare,

Prin. Or an old Lyon, or a Lovers Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a *Lincolnſhire* Bagpipe.

Prin. What ſay'ſt thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly of Moore-Ditch?

Fal. Thou haſt the moſt unſavoury ſimiles, and art indeed the moſt comparative raſcalleſt ſweet yong Prince. But *Hal*, I pry thee trouble me no more with vanity, I would thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names were to be bought: an old lord of the Councell rated me the other day in the ſtreet about you ſir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wiſely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

Prin. Thou didſt well: for no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint. Thou haſt done much harme unto me *Hal*, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee *Hal*. I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man ſhould ſpeake truly) little better than one of the wicked. I muſt give over this life, and I will give it over: and I do not, I am a Villaine. Ile be damn'd for never a Kings ſonne in Chriſtendome.

Prin. Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow, Iacke?

Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, Ile make one: and I doe not, call me Villaine, and baffle me.

Prin. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee: From Praying, to Purſe-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*. 'tis my Vocation *Hal*. 'Tis no ſin for a man to labour in his Vocation.

Pointz. Now ſhall wee know if Gads hill have ſet a Watch. O, if men were to be ſaved by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the moſt omnipotent Villaine, that ever cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow *Ned*.

Poines. Good morrow ſweet *Hal.* What ſaies Monſieur Remorſe? What ſayes Sir Iohn Sacke and Sugar. Iacke? How agrees the Divell and thee about thy Soule, that thou ſoldeſt him on Good-friday laſt, for a Cup of Madera, and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir Iohn ſtands to his word, the devill ſhall have his bargaine, for he was never yet a Breaker of Proverbs: *He will give the devill his due.*

Poin. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the divell.

Prin. Elſe he had bin damn'd for cozening the divell.

Poy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to London with fat Purſes. I have vizards for you all; you have horſes for your ſelves: Gads-hill lyes to night in Rocheſter, I have beſpoke Supper to morrow in Eaſtcheape; we may doe it as ſecure as ſleepe: if you wll go, I will ſtuffe you Purſes full of Crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Fal. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a Theefe? Not I.

Fal. There's neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cam'ſt not of the blood-royall, if thou dar'ſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prin. Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why that's well ſayd.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Fal. Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poyn. Sir *Iohn*, I pray thee leave the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe ſuch reaſons for this adventure, that he ſhall go.

Fal. Well, maiſt thou have the ſpirit of perſwaſion; and he the eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt, may move; and what he heares may be beleeved, that the true Prince, may (for recreation ſake) prove a falſe theefe; for the poore abuſes of the time, want countenance. Farewell, you ſhall finde me in Eaſtcheape.

Prin. Farewell the latter Spring. Farewell Alhollown Summer. *Exit. Fal.*

Poy. Now, my good ſweet Hony Lord, ride with us to morrow. I have a jeſt to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. *Falſtaffe, Harvy, Roſſill,* and *Gads-hill*, ſhall robbe thoſe men that we have already way-layde; your ſelfe & I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I doe not rob them, cut this head from my ſhoulders.

Prid. But how ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Poyn. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleaſure to faile; and then will they adventure upon the exployt themſelves, which they have no ſooner atchieved, but wee'l ſet upon them.

Prin. I but tis like that they will know us by our horſes, by our habits, and by every other appointment to be our ſelves.

Poy. Tut, our horſes they ſhall not ſee, Ile tye them in the Wood; our vizards wee will change after wee leave them: and ſirrah, I have Caſes of Buckram for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poyn. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred Cowards as ever turn'd backe: and for the third if he fight longer than he ſees reaſon, Ile forſwear Armes. The vertue of this Ieſt will be, the incomprehenſible lyes that this fat Rogue will tell us, when we meete at Supper: how thirty at leaſt he fought with, what Wardes, what blowes, what extremities he endured; and in the reproofe of this, lyes the jeſt.

Prin. Well, Ile goe with thee, provide us all things neceſſary, and meete mee to morrow night in Eaſtcheape, there Ile ſup. Farewell.

Poyn. Farewell, my Lord. *Exit Poinz.*

Prin. I know you all, and will a-while uphold
The unyoak'd humor of your idleneſſe:
Yet herein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious cloudes
To ſmother up his Beauty from the world;
That when he pleaſe againe to be himſelfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foule and ugly miſts
Of vapours, that did ſeeme to ſtrangle him.
If all the yeare were playing holidayes,
To ſport, would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they ſeldome come, they wiſht-for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents.
So when this looſe behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiſed;
By how much better than my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie mens hopes,
And like bright Mettall on a ſullen ground:
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes;
Than that which hath no ſoyle to ſet it off.
Ile ſo offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke leaſt I will.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpurre, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate,
Vnapt to ſtirre at theſe indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: But be ſure,
I will from henceforth rather be my ſelfe,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,
Which hath beene ſmooth as Oyle, ſoft as yong Downe,
And therefore loſt the Title of reſpect,
Which the proud ne're payes, but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe (my Soveraigne Liege) little deſerves
The ſcourge of greatneſſe to be uſed on it,
And that ſame greatneſſe too, which our owne hands
Have holpe to make ſo portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worceſter get thee gone: for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye.
O ſir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory,
And Majeſtie might never yet endure
The moody Frontier of a ſervant brow,
You have good leave to leave us. When we need
Your uſe and counſell, we ſhall ſend for you.
You were about to ſpeake.

North. Yea, my good Lord.

Thoſe Priſoners in your Highneſſe demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* tooke,
Were (as he ſayes) not with ſuch ſtrength denied
As was delivered to your Majeſty:
Who eyther through envy, or miſpriſion,
Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne.
Hot. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners.
But, I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extreame Toyle,
Breathleſſe, and faint, leaning upon my Sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly dreſt;
Freſh as a Bride-groome, and his Chin new reapt,
Shew'd like a ſtubble Land at harveſt home.
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumbe, he held
A Pouncet-box: which ever and anon
He gave his Noſe, and took't away againe:
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in Snuffe. And ſtill he ſmil'd and talk'd:
And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught Knaves, Vnmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly unhandſome Coarſe
Betwixt the winde, and his Nobility.
With many holiday and Lady tearmes
He queſtion'd me: Among the reſt, demanded
My Priſoners, in your Majeſties behalfe.
I then, all-ſmarting, with my wounds being cold,
(To be ſo peſtered with a Popingay)
Out of my Greeſe, and my impatience,
Anſwer'd (neglectingly) I know not what,
He ſhould, or ſhould not: For he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briske, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talke ſo like a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
Of Guns, and Drums, and Wounds: God ſave the marke;
And telling me, the Soveraign'ſt thing on earth
Was Parmacity, for an inward bruiſe:
And that it was great pitty, ſo it was,
That vilanous Salt-peter ſhould be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmeleſſe Earth,
Which many a good Tall Fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly. And but for theſe vile Gunnes,
He would himſelfe have beene a Souldier.
This bald, unjoynted Chat of his (my Lord)
Made me to anſwere indirectly (as I ſayd.)
And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an Accuſation,
Betwixt my love and your high Majeſty.
Blunt. The circumſtance conſidered, good my Lord,
What ever *Harry Percie* then had ſaid,
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonable dye, and never riſe
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he unſay it now.
King. Why yet he doth deny his Priſoners,
But with proviſo and Exception,
That we at our owne charge, ſhall ranſome ſtraight
His Brother-in-Law, the fooliſh *Mortimer*,
Who (in my ſoule) hath wilfully betrayd
The lives of thoſe, that he did leade to Fight,
Againſt the great Magitian, damn'd *Glendower*:
Whoſe daughter (as we heare) the Earle of March
Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then,
Be emptied, to redeeme a Traitor home?
Shall we buy Treaſon? and indent with Feares,
When they have loſt and forfeyted themſelves?
No: on the barren Mountaine let him ſtarve:
For I ſhall never hold that man my Friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aske me for one peny coſt
To ranſome home revolted *Mortimer*,
Hot. Revolted *Mortimer*?
He never did fall off, my Soveraigne Liege,
But by the chance of Warre: to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue. For all thoſe Wounds,
Thoſe mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle Severnes ſiedgie banke,
In ſingle Oppoſition hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drinke
Vpon agreement, of ſwift Severnes flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,
Ran fearefully among the trembling Reedes,
And hid his criſped-head in a hollow banke,
Blood ſtained with theſe Valiant Combatants.
Never did baſe and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble *Mortimer*
Receive ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be ſland'red with Revolt.
King. Thou do'ſt bely him *Percy*, thou doſt bely him;
He never did encounter with *Glendower*:
I tell thee, he durſt as well have met the divell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd? But Sirrah, henceforth
Let me not heare you ſpeake of *Mortimer*.
Send me your Priſoners with the ſpeedieſt meanes,
Or you ſhall heare in ſuch a kinde from me
As will diſpleaſe ye. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We Licenſe your departure with your ſonne,
Send us your Priſoners, or you'l heare of it. *Exit King.*
Hot. And if the divell come and roare for them,
I will not ſend them. I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo: for I will eaſe my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head,
Nor. What? drunke with choller? ſtay & pauſe awhile,
Heere comes your Vnckle. *Enter Worceſter.*
Hot. Speake of *Mortimer*?
Yes, I will ſpeake of him, and let my ſoule
Want mercy, if I do not joyne with him.
In his behalfe, Ile empty all thoſe Veines,
And ſhed my deere blood drop by drop i'th duſt,
But I will lift the downfall *Mortimer*
As high i'th Ayre as this unthankefull King,
As this Ingrate and Cankred *Bullingbrooke*.
Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad.
Wor. Who ſtrooke this heate up after I was gone?
Hot. He will (forſooth) have all my priſoners:
And when I urg'd the ranſome once againe
Of my wives Brother, then his cheeke look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of *Mortimer*.
Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?
Nor. He was: I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whoſe wrongs in us God pardon) did ſet forth
Vpon his Iriſh Expedition:
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depoſ'd, and ſhortly murthered.
Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Live ſo ſcandaliz'd, and fouly ſpoken of.

Hot. But ſoft I pray you; did King *Richard* then
Proclaime my brother *Mortimer*,
Heyre to the Crowne?
Nor. He did, my ſelfe did heare it.
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Couſin King.
That wiſh'd him on the barraine Mountaines ſtarv'd.
But ſhall it be, that you that ſet the Crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his ſake, wore the deteſted blot
Of murtherous ſubornations? ſhall it be,
That you a world of curſes undergoe,
Being the Agents, or baſe ſecond meanes,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range under this ſubtill King.
Shall it for ſhame, be ſpoken in theſe dayes,
Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an unjuſt behalfe
(As both of you, God pardon it, have done)
To put downe *Richard*, that ſweet lovely Roſe,
And plant this Thorne, this Canker *Bullingbrooke*?
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhooke off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye underwent?
No: yet time ſerves, wherein you may redeeme
Your baniſh'd Honors, and reſtore your ſelves
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.
Revenge the geering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwer all the Debt he owes unto you,
Even with the bloody Payments of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay———
Wor. Peace Couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will unclaſpe a Secret booke,
And to your quicke conceyving Diſcontents,
Ile reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and adventurous Spirit,
As to o're-walke a Current, roaring loud
On the unſtedfaſt footing of a Speare.
Hot. If he fall in, good night, or ſinke or ſwimme:
Send danger from the Eaſt unto the Weſt,
So Honor croſſe in from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The blood more ſtirres
To rowze a Lyon, then to ſtart a Hare.
Nor. Imagination of ſome great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of Patience.
Hot. By heaven, me thinkes it were an eaſie leap,
To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or dive into the bottome of the deepe,
Where Fadome-line could never touch the ground,
And plucke up drowned Honor by the Lockes:
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without Co-rivall, all her Dignities:
But out upon this halfe-fac'd Fellowſhip.
Wor. He apprehends a world of Figures here,
But not the forme of what he ſhould attend:
Good Couſin give me audience for a-while,
And liſt to me.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Thoſe ſame Noble Scottes
That are your Priſoners.
Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By heaven, he ſhall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would ſave his Soule, he ſhall not.
Ile keepe them, by this Hand.
Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no eare unto my purpoſes.
Thoſe Priſoners you ſhall keepe.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He ſaid he would not ranſome *Mortimer*:
Forbad my tongue to ſpeake of *Mortimer*.
But I will finde him when he lyes aſleepe,
And in his eare, Ile holla *Mortimer*.
Nay, Ile have a Starling ſhall be taught to ſpeake
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keepe his anger ſtill in motion.
Wor. Heare you Couſin: a word.
Hot. All ſtudies here I ſolemnly defie,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*,
And that ſame Sword and Buckler prince of Wales.
But that I thinke his Father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance,
I would have poyſon'd him with a pot of Ale.
Wor. Farewell Kinſman: Ile talke to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.
Nor. Why what a Waſpe-tongu'd and impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this Womans mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?
Hot. Why looke you, I am whipt & ſcourg'd with rods,
Netled, and ſtung with Piſmiers, when I heare
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbrooke*.
In *Richards* time: What de'ye call the place?
A plague upon't, it is in Glouſterſhire:
'Twas where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept,
His Vncle Yorke, where I firſt bow'd my knee
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*:
When you and he came backe from Rauenſpurgh.
Nor. At Barkley Caſtle.
Hot. You ſay true:
Why what a caudie deale of curteſie,
This fauning Gray-hound then did proffer me.
Looke when his infant fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kinde Couſin:
O, the Divell take ſuch Couziners, God forgive me,
Good Vncle tell your tale, for I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, too't againe,
Wee'l ſtay your leyſure.
Hot. I have done inſooth.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh Priſoners.
Deliver them up without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the *Dowglas* ſonne your onely meane
For powers in Scotland: which for divers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd
Will eaſily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Sonne in Scotland being thus imploy'd,
Shall ſecretly in the boſome creepe
Of that ſame noble Prelate, well belov'd,
The Archbiſhop.
Hot. Of yorke, is't not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His Brothers death at *Briſtow*, the Lord *Scroope*.
I ſpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and ſet downe,
And onely ſtayes but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it:
Vpon my life, it will do wond'rous well.
Nor. Before the gam's a-foot, thou ſtill let'ſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chooſe but be a Noble plot,

And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke
To joyne with *Mortimer*, Ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hotſp. Infaith it is exceedingly well aym'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reaſon bids us ſpeed,
To ſave our heads, by raiſing of a Head:
For, beare our ſelves as even as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt;
And thinke, we thinke our ſelves unſatisfied,
Till he he hath found a time to pay us home.
And ſee already, how he doth beginne
To make us ſtrangers to his lookes of love.
Hot. He does, he does; wee'l be reveng'd on him.
Wor. Couſin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters ſhall direct your courſe
When time is ripe, which will be ſodainely:
Ile ſteale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Dowglas*, and our powers at once,
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne ſtrong armes,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
Nor. Farewell good Brother, we ſhall thrive, I truſt.
Hot. Vncle, adieu: O let houres be ſhort,
Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our ſport. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1. Car. Heigh-ho, an't be not foure by the day, Ile bee hang'd. *Charles waine* is over the new Chimney, and yet our horſe not packt. What Oſtler?

Oſt. Anon, anon.

1. Car. I prethee Tom, beate Cuts Saddle, put a few Flockes in the point: the poore Iade is wrung in the withers, out of all ceſſe.

Enter another Carrier.

2. Car. Peaſe and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog, and this is the next way to give poore Iades the Bottes: This houſe is turned upſide downe ſince *Robin* the Oſtler dyed.

1. Car. Poore fellow never joy'd ſince the price of oats roſe, it was the death of him.

2. Car. I thinke this is the moſt villanous houſe in all London rode for Fleas: I am ſtung like a Tench.

1. Car. Like a Tench? There is ne're a King in Chriſtendome, could be better bit, then I have beene ſince the firſt Cocke.

2. Car. Why, you will allow us ne're a Iourden, and then we leake in your Chimny: and your Chamber-lye breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1. Car. What Oſtler, come away, and be hang'd: come away.

2. Car. I have a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be delivered as farre as Charing-croſſe.

1. Car. The Turkies in my Panniers are quite ſtarved. What Oſtler? A plague on thee, haſt thou never an eye in thy head? Can'ſt not heare? And t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to breake the pate of thee, I am a very Villaine. Come and be hang'd, haſt no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to ſee my Gelding in the ſtable.

1. Car. Nay ſoft I pray ye, I know a tricke worth two of that.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. Car. I, when, canſt tell? Lend mee thy Lanthorne (quoth-a) marry Ile ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Gad. Sirra Carrier: What time doe you meane to come to London?

2. Car. Time enough to goe to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour *Mugges*, wee'll call up the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they have great charge. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purſe.

Gad. That's even as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: For thou varieſt no more from picking of Purſes, then giving direction, doth from labouring. Thou lay'ſt the plot, how.

Cham. Good morrow Maſter *Gads-Hill*, it holds currant that I told you yeſternight. There's a Franklin in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Markes with him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at Supper; a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too (God knowes what) they are up already, and call for Egges and Butter. They will away preſently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meete not with S. Nicholas Clarks, Ile give thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it: I prythee keepe that for the Hangman, for I know thou worſhipſt S. Nicolas as truly as a man of falſhood may.

Gad. What talkeſt thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, Ile make a fat payre of Gallowes. For, if I hang, old Sir *Iohn* hangs with mee, and thou know'ſt hee's no Starueling. Tut, there are other Troians that ỳ dream'ſt not of, the which (for ſport ſake) are content to doe the Profeſſion ſome grace; that would (if matters ſhould be look'd into) for their owne Credit ſake, make all Whole. I am joyned with no Foot-land-Rakers, no Long-ſtaffe ſix-penny ſtrikers, none of theſe mad Muſtachio-purple-hu'd-Maltwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquilitie; Bourgomaſters, and great Oneyers, ſuch as can holde in, ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner then ſpeake; and ſpeake ſooner then drinke, and drinke ſooner then pray: and yet I lye, for they pray continually unto their Saint the Commonwealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but prey on her: for they ride up and downe on her, and make her their Boots.

Cham. What, the Commonwealth their Bootes? Will ſhe hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, ſhe will; Iuſtice hath liquor'd her. We ſteale as in a Caſtle, cockſure: we have the receit of Fernſeede, we walke inviſible.

Cham. Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then the Fernſeed, for your walking inviſible.

Gad. Give me thy hand.
Thou ſhalt have a ſhare in our purpoſe,
As I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a falſe Theefe.

Gad. Goe too: *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the Oſtler bring the Gelding out of the ſtable. Farewell, ye muddy Knave. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto.

Poines. Come ſhelter, ſhelter, I have removed *Falſtafs* Horſe, and he frets like a gum'd Velvet.

Prin. Stand cloſe.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Fal. *Poynes, Poynes,* and be hang'd *Poines.*

Prin. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Raſcall, what a brawling doſt thou keepe?

Fal. What *Poines.* *Hal*?

Prin. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, Ile go ſeeke him,

Fal. I am accurſt to rob in that Theefes company: that Raſcall hath removed my Horſe, and tied him I know not where. If I travaile but foure foot by the ſquire further a foote, I ſhall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I ſcape hanging for killing that Rogue. I have forſworne his company hourely any time this two and twenty yeare, and yet I am bewitcht with the Rogues company. If the Raſcall have not given me medicines to make me love him, Ile be hang'd; it could not be elſe: I have drunke Medicines. *Poines, Hall,* a Plague upon you both. *Bardolph, Peto*: Ile ſtarve ere I rob a foot further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to drinke, to turne Trueman, and to leave thoſe Rogues, I am the verieſt Varlet that ever chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threeſcore and ten miles afoot with me: and the ſtony-hearted Villaines know it well enough. A plague upon't, when Theeves cannot bee true one to another. *They Whiſtle.*
Whew: a plague light upon you all. Give my Horſe you Rogues: give me my Horſe and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can heare the tread of Travellers.

Fal. Have you any Leavers to lift me up againe being downe? Ile not beare mine owne fleſh ſo far afoot again, for all the coine in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou ly'ſt, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prethee good Prince *Hal,* helpe me to my horſe, good Kings ſonne.

Prin. Out you Rogue, ſhall I be your Oſtler?

Fal. Go hang thy ſelfe in thine owne heire-apparant-Garters: If I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I have not Ballads made on all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sacke be my poyſon: when a jeſt is ſo forward, and a foote too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I do againſt my will.

Poin. O'tis our Setter, I know his voyce:
Bardolfe, what newes?

Bar. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your Vizards, there's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fal. You lie you rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Taverne.

Gad. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

Prin. You foure ſhall front them in the narrow Lane; *Ned* and I will walke lower; if they ſcape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob us?

Prin. What, a Coward Sir *John* Paunch?

Fal. Indeed I am not *John of Gaunt* your Grandfather: but yet no Coward, *Hal.*

Prin. Wee'l leave that to the proofe.

Poin. Sirra Iacke thy horſe ſtands behinde the hedge, when thou need'ſt him, there ſhalt thou finde him, Farewell, and ſtand faſt.

Fal. Now cannot I ſtrike him, if I ſhould be hang'd.

Prin. *Ned,* where are our diſguiſes?

Poin. Heere hard by: Stand cloſe.

Fal. Now my Maſters, happy man be his dole, ſay I: every man to his buſineſſe.

Enter Travellers.

Tra. Come Neighbor: the boy ſhall leade our Horſes downe the hill: Wee'l walke a-foot a while, and eaſe our Legges.

Theeves. Stay.

Tra. Ieſu bleſſe us.

Fal. Strike: downe with them, cut the villains throats; a whorſon Caterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaves, they hate us youth; downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaves, are you undone? No ye Fat Chuffes, I would your ſtore were heere. On Bacons on, what ye knaues? Yong men muſt live, you are Grand Iurers? Wee'l jure ye ifaith.

Heere they rob them, and binde them. Enter the Prince and Poines.

Prin. The Theeues have bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Theeves and go merily to London, it would be argument for a Weeke, Laughter for a Moneth, and a good ieſt for ever.

Poynes. Stand cloſe, I heare them comming.

Enter Theeves againe.

Fal. Come my Maſters, let us ſhare, and then to horſe before day: and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arrand Cowards, there's no equity ſtirring. There's no moe valour in that Poynes, than in a wilde Ducke.

Prin. Your money.

Poin. Villaines.

As they are ſharing, the Prince *and* Poynes *ſet upon them.*
They all run away, leaving the booty behind them.

Prince. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to Horſe: The Theeves are ſcattred, and poſſeſt with fear ſo ſtrongly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow for an Officer. Away good *Ned, Falſtaffe* ſweates to death, and Lards the leane earth as he walkes along: wer't not for laughing, I ſhould pitty him.

Poine. How the Rogue roar'd. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Hotſpurre ſolus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could bee well contented to be there, in reſpect of the love I beare your houſe.

He could be contented: Why is he not then? in reſpect of the love he beares our houſe. He ſhewes in this, he loves his owne Barne better then hee loves our houſe. Let mee ſee ſome more, *The purpoſe you undertake is dangerous.* Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a colde, to ſleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. *The purpoſe you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have named uncertaine, the Time it ſelfe unſorted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize of ſo great an Oppoſition.* Say you ſo, ſay you ſo: I ſay unto you againe, you are a ſhallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lacke-braine is this? I proteſt, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our Friend true and conſtant: A good Plotte, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Froſty-ſpirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall courſe of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Raſcall, I could braine him with his Ladyes Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vncle, and my Selfe, Lord *Edmond Mortimer*, my Lord of *Yorke*, and *Owen Glendour*? Is there not beſides, the *Dowglas*? Have I not all their letters, to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Moneth? and are there not ſome of them ſet forward already? What a Pagan Raſcall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you ſhall ſee now in very ſincerity of Feare and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could devide my ſelfe, and go to buffets, for moving ſuch a diſh of skim'd Milke with ſo honorable au Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will ſet forwards to night.

Enter his Lady.

How now Kate, I muſt leave you within theſe two hours.
La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight beene
A baniſh'd woman from my *Harries* bed?
Tell me (ſweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomacke, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleepe?
Why doſt thou bend thine eyes upon the earth?
And ſtart ſo often when thou ſitt'ſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blood in thy cheekes?
And given my Treaſures and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd muſing, and curſt melancholly?
In thy faint ſlumbers, I by thee have watcht,
And heard thee murmure tales of Iron Warres:
Speake termes of mannage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry courage to the field. And thou haſt talk'd
Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents,
Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets.
Of Baſiliskes, of Canon, Culverin.
Of Priſoners ranſome, and of Souldiers ſlaine,
And all the current of a headdy fight.
Thy ſpirt within thee hath beene ſo at Warre,
And thus hath ſo beſtirr'd thee in thy ſleepe,
That beds of ſweate hath ſtood upon thy Brow,
Like bubbles in a late-diſturbed Streame;
And in thy face ſtrange motions have appear'd,
Such as we ſee when men reſtraine their breath
On ſome great ſodaine haſt. O what portents are theſe?
Some heavie buſineſſe hath my Lord in hand,
And I muſt know it: elſe he loves me not.
Hot. What ho; Is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?
Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agone.
Hot. Hath *Butler* bought thoſe horſes from the Sheriffe?
Ser. One horſe, my Lord, he brought even now.
Hot. What Horſe? A Roane, a crop eare, is it not?
Ser. It is my Lord.
Hot. That Roane ſhall bee my Throne. Well, I will backe him ſtraight. *Eſperance*, bid *Butler* leade him forth into the Parke.
La. But heare you, my Lord.
Hot. What ſay'ſt thou my Lady?
La. What is it carries you away?
Hot. Why, my horſe (my Love) my horſe.
La. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazell hath not ſuch a deale of Spleene, as you are toſt with. In ſooth Ile know your buſineſſe *Harry*, that I will. I feare my Brother *Mortimer* doth ſtirre about his Title, and hath ſent for you to line his interprize. But if you go——
Hot. So farre a foot, I ſhall be wearie, Love.
La. Come, come, you Paraquito, anſwere me directly Vnto this queſtion, that I ſhall aske. Indeede Ile breake thy little finger *Harry*, if thou wilt not tell me true.
Hot. Away, away, you trifler: Love, I love thee uot,
I care not for thee *Kate*: this is no world
To play with Mammets, and to tilt with lips.
We muſt have bloody Noſes, and crack'd Crownes,
And paſſe them currant too. Gods me, my horſe.
What ſay'ſt thou *Kate*? would'ſt thou have with me?
La. Do ye not love me? Do you not indeed?
Well, do not then. For ſince you love me not,
I will not love my ſelfe. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if thou ſpeakeſt in jeſt, or no.
Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſebacke, I will ſweare
I love thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,
I muſt not have you henceforth, queſtion me,
Whither I go: nor reaſon whereabout.
Whither I muſt; I muſt: and to conclude,
This Evening muſt I leave thee, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wiſe, but yet no further wiſe
Then *Harry Percies* wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman: and for ſecrecie,
No Lady cloſer. For I will beleeve
Thou wilt not utter what thou do'ſt not know,
And ſo farre will I truſt thee, gentle *Kate*.
La. How ſo farre?
Hot. Not an inch further. But harke you *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither ſhall you go too:
To day will I ſet forth, to morrow you.
Will this content you *Kate*?
La. It muſt of force. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poynes.

Prin. *Ned*, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poynes. Where haſt beene *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongſt 3. or fourescore Hogſheads. I have ſounded the verie baſe ſtring of humilitie. Sirra, I am ſworn brother to a leſh of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as *Tom*, *Dicke*, and *Francis*. They take it alreadie upon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Curteſie: telling me flatly I am not proud Iack like *Falſtaffe*, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am King of England, I ſhall command all the good Laddes in Eaſt-cheape. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; and when you breake in your watring, then they cry pem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou haſt loſt much honor, that thou wer't not with me in this action: but ſweet *Ned*, to ſweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this peniworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under Skinker, one that never ſpake other Engliſh in his life, then *Eight ſhillings and ſix pence*, and, *You are welcome:* with this ſhrill addition, *Anon, Anon ſir, Score a Pint of Baſtard in the Halfe Moone*, or ſo. But *Ned*, to drive away time till *Falſtaffe* come, I prythee doe thou ſtand in ſome by-roome, while I queſtion my puny Drawer, to what end he gave me the Sugar, and do never leave calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, Anon: ſtep aſide, and Ile ſhew thee a Preſident.

Poines. Francis.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Poin. Francis.

Enter Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon ſir; looke downe into the Pomgarnet, *Ralfe*.

Prince. Come hither *Francis*.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. How long haſt thou to ſerve, Francis?

Fran. Forſooth five years and as much as to——

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. Five yeares; Berlady a long Leaſe for the clinking of Pewter. But Francis, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and ſhew it a faire paire of heele, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord ſir, Ile be ſworne upon all the Books in England, I could finde in my heart.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. How old art thou, *Francis*?

Fran. Let me ſee, about Michaelmas next I ſhall be——

Poin. Francis,

Fran. Anon ſir, pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

Prin. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gaveſt me, 'twas a peny worth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord ſir, I would it had bene two.

Prin. I will giue thee for it a thouſand pound: Aske me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on thurſday: or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Chriſtall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke ſtocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spaniſh pouch.

Fran, O Lord ſir, who do you meane?

Prin. Why then your browne Baſtard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Canuas doublet will ſully. In Barbary ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Fran. What ſir?

Poin. Francis.

Prin. Away you Rogue, doſt thou heare them call?

Heere they both call him, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, ſtand'ſt thou ſtill, and hear'ſt ſuch a calling? Looke to the Gueſts within: My Lord, olde Sir *Iohn* with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: ſhall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore. *Poines.*

Enter Poines.

Poines, Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. Sirra, *Falſtaffe* and the reſt of the Theeves, are at the doore, ſhall we be merry?

Poin. As merrie as Crickets my Lad. But harke yee, What cunning match have you made with this jeſt of the Drawer? Come, what's the iſſue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that have ſhewed themſelves humors, ſince the old dayes of goodman *Adam*, to the pupill age of this preſent twelue a clock at midnight. What's a clocke Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. That ever this Fellow ſhould have fewer words then a Parret, and yet the ſonne of a Woman. His induſtry is up-ſtaires and down-ſtaires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percies* mind, the Hotſpurre of the North, he that killes me ſome ſixe or ſeaven dozen of Scots at a Breakfaſt, waſhes his hands and ſayes to his wife; Fie upon this quiet life, I want worke. O my ſweet *Harry* ſayes ſhe, how many haſt thou kill'd today? Give my Roane horſe a drench (ſayes hee) and anſwers, ſome fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falſtaffe*, Ile play *Percie*, and that damn'd Brawne ſhall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rivo*, ſayes the drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Poin. Wecome Iacke, where haſt thou beene?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards I ſay, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Give me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I leade this life long, Ile ſowe nether ſtockes, and mend them too. A plague of all cowards. Give mee a Cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vertue extant?

Prin. Didſt thou never ſee Titan kiſſe a diſh of Butter, pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the ſweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didſt, then behold that compound.

Fal. You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke too: there is nothing but Roguery to be found in a Villanous man; yet a Coward is worſe then a Cup of Sack with lime. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old Iacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten Herring: there lives not three good men unhang'd in England, and one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I ſay. I would I were a Weaver, I could ſing all manner of ſongs. A plague of all Cowards, I ſay ſtill.

Prin. How now Woolſacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Sonne? If I do not beate thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a flocke of Wilde-geeſe, Ile never weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

Prin. Why you horſon round man? what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? Anſwere me to that, and *Poines* there?

Prin. Ye fatch paunch, and yee call me Coward, Ile ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward? Ile ſee thee damn'd ere I call thee Coward: but I would give a thouſand pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your backe: Call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon ſuch backing: give me them that will face me. Give me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day.

Prince. O Villaine, thy Lippes are ſcarce wip'd, ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt.

Falſt. All's one for that. *He drinkes.*
A plague of all Cowards ſtill, ſay I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Falſt. What's the matter? here bee foure of us, have ta'ne a thouſand pound this Morning.

Prin. Where is it, *Iacke*? where is it?

Falſt. Where is it? taken from us, it is: a hundred upon poore foure of us.

Prin. What, a hundred, man?

Falſt. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe ſword with a dozen of them two houres together. I have ſcaped by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the Doublet, foure through the Hoſe, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum.* I never dealt better ſince I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards: let them ſpeake; if they ſpeake more or leſſe then truth, they are villaines and the ſonnes of darkneſſe.

Prince. Speake ſirs, how was it?

Gad. We foure ſet upon ſome dozen.

Falſt. Sixteene, at leaſt, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falſt. You Rogue they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Iew elſe, an Ebrew Iew.

Gad. As we were ſharing, ſome ſixe or ſeaven freſh men ſet upon us.

Falſt. And unbound the reſt, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought ye with them all?

Falſt. All? I know not what ye call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radiſh: if there were not two or three and fiftie upon poore olde *Iacke*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Poin. Pray Heaven, you have not murthered ſome of them.

Falſt. Nay, that's paſt praying for. I have pepper'd two of them: Two I am ſure I have payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lye, ſpit in my face, call me Horſe: thou knoweſt my olde word: here I lay and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buckrom let drive at me.

Prince. What, foure? thou ſayd'ſt but two, even now.

Falſt. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he ſayd foure.

Falſt. Theſe foure came all a-front, and mainely thruſt at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their ſeaven points in my Targuet, thus.

Prince. Seven? why there were but foure, even now.

Falſt. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falſt. Seven, by theſe hilts, or I am a Villaine elſe.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we ſhall have more anon.

Falſt. Doeſt thou heare me, *Hal*?

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *Iack*.

Falſt. Doe ſo, for it is worth the liſtning too: theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more alreadie.

Falſt. Their Points being broken.

Poin. Downe fell his Hoſe.

Falſt. Began to give me ground: but I followed me cloſe, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, ſeaven of the eleven I pay'd.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleven Buckrom men growne out of two?

Falſt. But as the Devill would have it, three miſ-begotten Knaves, in Kendall Greene, came at my Backe, and let drive at me; for it was ſo darke, *Hal*, that thou could'ſt not ſee thy Hand.

Prin. Theſe Lyes are like the Father that begets them, groſſe as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brayn'd Guts, thou Knotty-pated Foole, thou Horſon obſcene greaſie Tallow Catch.

Falſt. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

Prin. Why, how could'ſt thou know theſe men in Kendall Greene, when it was ſo darke, thou could'ſt not ſee thy Hand? Come, tell us your reaſon: what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Poin. Come, your reaſon *Iack*, your reaſon.

Falſt. What, upon compulſion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Rackes in the World, I would not tell you on compulſion. Give you a reaſon on compulſion? If reaſons were as plenty as Black-berries, I would give no man a reaſon upon compulſion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this ſinne. This ſanguine Coward, this Bed-preſſer, this Horſ-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Fleſh.

Falſt. Away you Starveling, you Elfe-skin, you dried Neats tongue, Bulles-piſſell, you ſtocke-fiſh: O for breth to vtter. What is like thee? You Tailors yard, you ſheath, you bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Prin. Well, breath a-while, and then to't againe: and when thon haſt tyr'd thy ſelfe in baſe compariſons, heare me ſpeake but thus.

Poin. Marke Iacke.

Prin. We two, ſaw you foure ſet on foure and bound them, and were Maſters of their Wealth: mark now how a plaine Tale ſhall put you downe. Then did we two, ſet on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and have it: yea, and can ſhew it you in the Houſe. And *Falſtaffe*, you caried your Guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, and roared for mercy, and ſtill ranne and roar'd, as ever I heard Bull-Calfe. What a Slave art thou, to hacke thy ſword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was in fight. What trick? what device? what ſtarting hole canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant ſhame?

Poines. Come, let's heare Iacke: What tricke haſt thou now?

Fal. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Maſters, was it for me to kill the Heire apparant? Should I turne upon the true Prince? Why, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware Inſtinct, the Lyon will not touch the true Prince: Inſtinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on Inſtinct: I ſhall thinke the better of my ſelfe, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lyon, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you have the Mony. Hoſteſſe, clap to the doores: watch to Night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall we have a Play extempory.

Prin. Content, and the argument ſhall bee, thy running away.

Fal. A, no more of that *Hall*, and thou loveſt me.

Enter Hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. My Lord, the Prince?

Prin. How now my Lady the Hoſteſſe, what ſay'ſt thou to me?

Hoſteſſe. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at doore would ſpeake with you: he ſayes, he comes from your Father.

Prin. Give him as much as will make him a Royall man, and ſend him backe againe to my Mother.

Falſt. What manner of man is he?

Hoſteſſe. An old man.

Falſt. What doth Gravitie out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I give him his anſwere?

Prin. Prethee doe *Iacke.*

Falſt. 'Faith, and Ile ſend him packing. *Exit.*

Prince. Now Sirs: you fought faire; ſo did you *Peto*, ſo did you *Bardol*: you are Lyons too, you ranne away upon inſtinct: you will not touch the true Prince; no, fie.

Bard. 'Faith, I ranne when I ſaw others runne.

Prin. Tell mee now in earneſt, how came *Falſtaffes* Sword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid, he would ſweare truth out of England: but he would make you beleeve it was done in fight, and perſwaded us to doe the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our Noſes with Spear-graſſe, to make them bleed, and then beſlubber our garments, with it, and ſweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeven yeares before, I bluſht to heare his monſtrous devices.

Prin. O Villaine, thou ſtoleſt a Cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres agoe, and wert taken with the manner, and ever ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore: thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranneſt away; what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, doe you ſee theſe Meteors? doe you behold theſe exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bard. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Livers, and cold Purſes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Heere comes leane *Iacke*, heere comes bare-bone. How now my ſweete Creature of Bombaſt, how long is't agoe, *Iacke*, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thine owne Knee?

Falſt: My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeeres (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waſte, I could have crept into any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blowes a man up like a Bladder. There's villanous Newes abroad: heere was Sir *Iohn Braby* from your Father; you muſt goe to the Court in the Morning. The ſame mad fellow of the North, *Percy*; and hee of Wales, that gave *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and ſwore the Devill his true Leige-man upon the Croſſe of a Welch-hooke; what a Palgue call you him?

Poin. O, *Glendower.*

Falſt. *Owen, Owen*; the ſame, and his Sonne in Law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprightly Scot of Scots, *Dowglas*, that runnes a Horſe-backe up a Hill perpendicular.

Prin. Hee that rides at high ſpeede, and with a Piſtoll kills a Sparrow flying.

Falſt. You have hit it.

Prin. So did he never the Sparrow.

Falſt. Well, that Raſcall hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

Prin. Why, what a Raſcall art thou then, to prayſe him ſo for running?

Falſt. A Horſe-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot he will not budge a foot.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, upon inſtinct.

Falſt. I grant ye, upon inſtinct: Well, hee is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blew-Cappes more, *Worceſter* is ſtolne away by Night; thy Fathers Beard is turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now as cheape as ſtinking Mackrell.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this civill buffetting hold, wee ſhall buy Maiden-heads as they buy hob-nayles, by the hundreds.

Falſt. By the Maſſe Lad, thou ſay'ſt true, it is like wee ſhall have good trading that way. But tell me *Hall*, are not thou horrible afear'd? thou being Heire apparant, could the World picke thee out three ſuch Enemyes againe, as that Fiend *Dowglas*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Devill *Glendower*? Art thou not horrible afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit: I lacke ſome of thy inſtinct.

Falſt. Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow, when thou commeſt to thy Father: if thou doe love me, practice an anſwere.

Prin. Doe thou ſtand for my Father, and examine mee upon the particulars of my Life.

Falſt. Shall I? content: This Chayre ſhall bee my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhion my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a Ioyn'd-Stoole, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

Prin. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee now ſhalt thou be moved. Give me a Cup of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may bee thought I have wept, for I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I will doe it in King *Cambyſes* veine.

Prin. Well, heere is my Legge.

Falſt. And heere is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide Nobilitie.

Hoſteſſe. This is excellent ſport, yfaith.

Fal. Weepe not, ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Hoſteſſe. O the Father, how hee holdes his countenance?

Fal. For Gods ſake Lords, convey my truſtfull Queen,
For teares doe ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Hoſteſſe. O rare, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry Players as ever I ſee.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-braine. *Harry*, I doe not onely marvell where thou ſpendeſt thy time; but alſo, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camomile, the more it is troden, the faſter it growes; yet Youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares. Thou art my ſonne: I have partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefely, a villanous tricke of thine Eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether Lippe, that doth warrant me. If then thou bee Sonne to mee, heere lyeth the point: why, being Sonne to mee, art thou ſo pointed at? Shall the bleſſed Sonne of heaven prove a Micher, and eate Black-berries? a queſtion not to bee askt. Shall the Sonne of England proove a Theefe, and take Purſes? a queſtion to bee askt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch (as ancient Writers doe report) doth defile; ſo doth the companie thou keepeſt: for *Harry*, now I doe not ſpeake to thee in Drinke, but in Teares; not in pleaſure, but in Paſſion; not in Words onely, but in Woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I have often noted in thy companie, but I know not his Name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Majeſtie?

Falſt. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a chearefull Looke, a pleaſing Eye, and a moſt noble Carriage, and as I thinke, his age ſome fiftie, or (byrlady) inclining to threeſcore; and now I remember mee, his Name is *Falſtaffe*: if that man ſhould be lewdly given, he deceives mee; for *Harry*, I ſee vertue in his Lookes. If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is Vertue in that *Falſtaffe*: him keepe with, the reſt baniſh. And tell me now, thou naughtie Varlet, tell me, where haſt thou beene this moneth?

Prin. Do'ſt thou ſpeake like a King? doe thou ſtand for me, and Ile play my Father.

Falſt. Depoſe me: if thou do'ſt it halfe ſo gravely, ſo majeſtically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heeles for a Rabbet-ſucker, or a Poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, heere I am ſet.

Falſt. And heere I ſtand: judge my Maſters.

Prin. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Falſt. My Noble Lord, from Eaſt-cheape.

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

Falſt. Yfaith, my Lord, they are falſe: Nay, Ile tickle ye for a young Prince.

Prin. Sweareſt thou, ungracious Boy? henceforth ne're looke on me: thou art violently carryed away from Grace: there is a Devill haunts thee, in the likeneſſe of a fat old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion: Why do'ſt thou converſe with that Trunke of Humors, that Boulting-Hutch of Beaſtlineſſe, that ſwolne Parcell of Dropſies, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that ſtuft Cloakebagge of Guts, that roſted Manning-Tree Oxe with the Puddings in his Belly, that Reverend Vice, that grey Iniquitie, that Father Ruffian, that Vanitie in yeares? wherein is he good, but to taſte Sacke and drinke it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carue a Capon, and eate it? wherein Cunning, but in Craft? wherein Craftie, but in Villanie? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falſt. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable mis-leader of Youth, *Falſtaffe*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Falſt. My Lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou do'ſt.

Falſt. But to ſay, I know more harme in him then in my ſelfe, were to ſay more then I know. That he is olde (the more the pittie) his white haires doe witneſſe it: but that hee is (ſaving your reverence) a Whore-maſter, that I utterly deny. If Sacke and Sugar be a fault, Heaven helpe the wicked: if to be olde and merry, be a ſinne, then many an olde Hoſte that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane Kine are to be loved. No, my good Lord, baniſh *Peto*, baniſh *Bardolph*, baniſh *Poines*: but for ſweete *Iacke Falſtaffe*, kinde *Iacke Falſtaffe*, true *Iacke Falſtaffe*, valiant *Iacke Falſtaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is olde *Iacke Falſtaffe*, baniſh not him thy *Harryes* companie, baniſh not him thy *Harryes* companie; baniſh plumpe *Iacke*, and baniſh all the World.

Prince. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a moſt monſtrous Watch, is at thee doore.

Falſt. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I have much to ſay in the behalfe of that *Falſtaffe*.

Enter the Hoſteſſe.

Hoſteſſe. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Falſt. Heigh, heigh, the Divell rides upon a Fiddleſticke: what's the matter?

Hoſteſſe. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the doore: they are come to ſearch the Houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Falſt. Do'ſt thou heare *Hal*, never call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit: thou art eſſentially made, without ſeeming ſo.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without inſtinct.

Falſt. I deny your *Maior*; if you will deny the Sherife, ſo: if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up: I hope I ſhall as ſoone be ſtrangled wth a Halter, as another.

Prince. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the reſt walke up above. Now my Maſters, for a true Face and good Conſcience.

Falſt. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me. *Exit.*

Prince. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prince. Now Maſter Sherife, what is your will with me?

She. Firſt pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certaine men unto this houſe.

Prince. What men?

She. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groſſe fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I doe aſſure you, is not heere,
For I my ſelfe at this time have imploy'd him:
And Sherife, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow Dinner time,
Send him to anſwere thee, or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withall:
And ſo let me entreat you, leave the houſe.

She. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen
Have in this Robbery loſt three hundred Markes.

Prince. It may be ſo: if he have robb'd theſe men,
He ſhall be anſwerable: and ſo farewell.

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prince. I thinke it is good Morrow, is it not?

She. Indeede, my Lord, I thinke it be two a Clocke.
Exit.

Prince. This oyly Raſcall is knowne as well as Poules: goe call him forth.

Peto. *Falſtaffe*? faſt a ſleepe behinde the Arras, and ſnorting like a Horſe.

Prince. Harke, how hard he fetches breath: ſearch his Pockets.

He ſearcheth his Pockets and findeth certaine Papers.

Prince. What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

Prince. Let's ſee, what be they? reade them.

Peto. Item, a Capon.	ii.s.ii.d.
Item, Sawce.	iiii.d.
Item, Sacke, two Gallons,	v.s.viii.d.
Item, Anchoves and Sacke after ſupper.	ii.s,vi.d.
Item, Bread.	ob.

Prince. O monſtrous, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this intollerable deale of Sacke? What there is elſe, keepe cloſe, weele reade it at more advantage: there let him ſleepe till day. Ile to the Court in the Morning: We muſt all to the Warres, and thy place ſhall be honorable. Ile procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a Match of Twelve-ſcore. The Money ſhall be pay'd backe againe with advantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning: and ſo good morrow *Peto.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Hotſpurre, Worceſter, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. Theſe promiſes are faire, the parties ſure,
And our induction full of proſperous hope.

Hotſp. Lord *Mortimer*, and Couſin *Glendower*,
Will you ſit downe?
And Vnckle *Worceſter*; a plague upon it,
I have forgot the Mappe.

Glend. No, here it is:
Sit Couſin *Percy*, ſit good Couſin *Hotſpurre*:
For by that Name, as oft as *Lancaſter* doth ſpeake of you,
His Cheekes looke pale, and with a riſing ſigh,
He wiſheth you in Heaven.

Hotſp. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower* ſpoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Nativitie,
The front of heaven was full of fierie ſhapes,
Of burning Creſſets: and at my Birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hotſp. Why ſo it would have done at the ſame ſeaſon if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your ſelfe had never beene borne,

Glend. I ſay the Earth did ſhake when I was borne.

Hot. And I ſay the Earth was not of my minde:
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhooke.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh, then the Earth ſhooke
To ſee the Heavens on fire,
And not in feare of your Nativitie.
Diſeaſed nature oftentimes breakes forth
In ſtrange eruptions; and the teeming Earth
Is with a kinde of Colicke pincht and vext,
By the impriſoning of unruly Winde
Within her Wombe: which for enlargement ſtriving,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tombles downe
Steeples, and moſſe-growne Towers. At your Birth,
Our Grandam Earth, having this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhooke.

Glend. Couſin: of many men
I doe not beare theſe Croſſings: give me leave
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth
The front of Heaven was full of fierie ſhapes,
The Goates ranne from the Mountaines, and the Heards
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted fields:
Theſe ſignes have markt me extraordinarie,
And all the courſes of my Life doe ſhew,
I am not in the Roll of common men.
Where is the Living, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales,
Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but womans ſoone,
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hot. I thinke there's no man ſpeakes better Welſh:
Ile to Dinner.

Mort. Peace Couſin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vaſtie Deepe.

Hot. Why ſo can I, or ſo can any man:
But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glend: Why, I can teach thee, Couſin, to command the Devill.

Hot. And I can teach thee, Couſin, to ſhame the Divell,
By telling truth. *Tell truth, and ſhame the Divell.*
If thou have power to raiſe him, bring him hither,
And Ile be ſworne, I have power to ſhame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell truth, and ſhame the Divell.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable Chat.

Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head
Againſt my power: thrice from the Banks of Wye,
And ſandy-bottom'd Severne, have I hent him
Bootleſſe home, and Weather-beaten backe.

Hot. Home without Bootes,
And in foule Weather too,
How ſcapes he Agues in the Divels name?

Glend. Come, heere's the Mappe:
Shall wee devide our Right,
According to our threefold order ta'ne?

Mor. The Arch-Deacon hath devided it
Into three Limits, very equally:
England, from Trent, and Severne hitherto,
By South and Eaſt, is to my part aſſign'd:
All Weſtward, Wales, beyond the Severne ſhore,
And all the fertile Land within that bound,
To *Owen Glendower*: And deare Couze, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures Tripartite are drawne:
Which being ſealed enterchangeably,
(A buſineſſe that this Night may execute)
To morrow, Couſin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good Lord of Worceſter will ſet forth,
To meet your Father, and the Scottiſh Power,
As is appointed us at Shrewsbury.
My Father *Glendower* is not readie yet,
Nor ſhall we needs his helpe theſe foureteene dayes:
Within that ſpace, you may have drawne together
Your Tenants, Friends, and neighboring Gentlemen.

Glend. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, Lords:
And in my conduct ſhall your Ladies come,
From whom you now muſt ſteale, and take no leave
For there will be a World of Water ſhed,

Vpon the parting of your Wives and you:
Hotſp. Me thinkes my moity, North from Burton here,
In quantitie equals not one of yours:
See, how this River coms me cranking in,
And cuts me from the beſt of all my Land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monſtrous Cantle out.
Ile have the Currant in this place damn'd up,
And here the ſmug and Silver Trent ſhall runne,
In a new Chanell, faire and evenly:
It ſhall not winde with ſuch a deepe indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a Bottome here.
Glend. Not winde? it ſhall, it muſt, you ſee it doth.
Mort. Yea, but marke how he beares his courſe,
And runnes me up, with like advantage on the other ſide,
Gelding the oppoſed Continent as much,
As on the other ſide it takes from you.
Worc. Yea, but a litle Charge will trench him here,
And on this North ſide winne this Cape of Land,
And then he runnes ſtraight and even.
Hotſp. Ile have it ſo, a little Charge will doe it.
Gland. Ile not have it alter'd.
Hotſp. Will not you?
Gland. No, nor you ſhall not.
Hatſp. Who ſhall ſay me nay?
Gland. Why, that will I.
Hotſp. Let me not underſtand you then, ſpeake it in Welſh.
Glend. I can ſpeake Engliſh, Lord, as well as you:
For I was train'd up in the Engliſh Court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe,
Many an Engliſh Dittie, lovely well,
And gave the Tongue a helpefull Ornament;
A Vertue that was never ſeene in you.
Hotſp. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,
Then one of theſe ſame Meeter Ballad-mongers:
I had rather heare a Brazen Candleſticke turn'd,
Or a dry Wheele grate on the Axle-rree,
And that would ſet my teeth on edge,
Nothing ſo much, as mincing Poetrie;
'Tis like the forc't gate of a ſhuffling Nagge.
Gland. Come, you ſhall have Trent turn'd.
Hotſp. I doe not care: Ile give thrice ſo much Land
To any well-deſerving friend;
But in the way of Bargaine, marke ye me,
Ile cavill on the ninth part of a hayre,
Are the Indentures drawne? ſhall we be gone?
Glend. The Moone ſhines faire,
You may away by Night:
Ile haſte the Writer; and withall,
Breake with your Wives, of your departure hence:
I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde.
So much ſhe doteth on her *Mortimer.* *Exit.*
Mort. Fie, Couſin *Percy*, how you croſſe my Father.
Hotſp. I cannot choose: ſometime he angers me,
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a finne-leſſe Fiſh,
A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulten Raven,
A couching Lyon, a ramping Cat,
And ſuch a deale of skimble-skamble Stuffe,
As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
He held me laſt Night, at leaſt, nine howres,
In reckning up the ſeverall Devils Names,
That were his Lacqueyes:
I cry'd hum, and well, goe too,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horſe, a railing Wife,
Worſe then a ſmoakie houſe. I had rather live
With Cheeſe and Garlike in a Windmill farre,
Then feede on Cates, and have him talke to me,
In any Summer-Houſe in Chriſtendome.
Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman;
Exceeding well read, and profited,
In ſtrange Concealements:
Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable,
And as bountifull, as Mines of India.
Shall I tell you, Couſin,
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelfe, even of his naturall ſcope,
When you doe croſſe his humor: 'faith he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might ſo have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taſte of danger, and reproofe:
But doe not uſe it oft, let me entreat you.
Worc. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And ſince your comming hither, have done enough,
To put him quite beſides his patience:
You muſt needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault;
Though ſometimes it ſhew Greatneſſe, Courage, Blood,
And that's the deareſt grace it renders you;
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh Rage,
Defect of manners, want of governement,
Pride, Haughtineſſe, Opinion, and Diſdaine:
The leaſt of which, haunting a Noble man,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaves behind a ſtaine
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hotſp. Well, I am ſchool'd:
Good-manners be your ſpeede;
Heere come your Wives, and let us take our leave.

Enter Gleudower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeake no Engliſh, I no Welſh.
Glend. My Daughter weepes, ſhee'le not part with you,
Shee'le be a Souldier too, ſhee'le to the Warres.
Mort. Good Father tell her, that ſhe and my Aunt *Percy*
Shall follow in your Conduct ſpeedily.

Glendower ſpeakes to him Welſh, and ſhe anſweres him in the ſame.

Glend. She is deſperate heere:
A peeviſh ſelfe-will'd Harlotry,
One that no perſwaſion can doe good upon,

The Lady ſpeakes in Welſh.

Mort. I underſtand thy Lookes: that prety Welſh
Which thou powr'ſt down from theſe ſwelling Heavens,
I am too perfect in: and but for ſhame,
In ſuch a parley ſhould I anſwere thee.

The Lady againe in Welſh.

Mort. I underſtand thy Kiſſes, and thou mine,
And that's a feeble diſputation:
But I willl never be a Truant, Love,
Till I have learn'd thy Language: for thy tongue

Maks

Makes Welſh as ſweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre,
With raviſhing Diviſion to her Lute.
Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhe runne madde.

The Lady ſpeakes againe in Welſh.

Mort. O, I am Ignorance it ſelfe in this.
Glend. She bids you,
On the wanton Ruſhes lay you downe,
And reſt your gentle Head upon her Lappe,
And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of Sleepe,
Charming your blood with pleaſing heavineſſe;
Making ſuch difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
The houre before the Heavenly Harneis'd Teeme
Begins his Golden Progreſſe in the Eaſt.
Mort. With all my heart Ile ſit, and heare her ſing:
By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawne.
Glend. Doe ſo:
And thoſe Muſitians that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the Ayre a thouſand Leagues from thence;
And ſtraight they ſhall be here: ſit, and attend.
Hotſp. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my Head in thy Lappe.
Lady. Goe, ye giddy-Gooſe.

The Muſicke playes.

Hotſp. Now I perceive the Devill underſtands Welſh,
And 'tis no marvell he is ſo humorous:
Byrlady he's a good Muſitian.
Lady. Then would you be nothing but Muſicall,
For you are altogether governed by humors:
Lye ſtill ye theefe, and heare the Lady ſing in Welſh.
Hotſp. I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in Iriſh.
Lady. Would'ſt have thy Head broken?
Hotſp. No.
Lady. Then be ſtill.
Hotſp. Neyther, 'tis a Womans fault.
Lady. Now God helpe thee.
Hotſp. To the Welſh Ladies Bed.
Lady. What's that?
Hotſp. Peace ſhe ſings.

Heere the Lady ſings a Welſh Song.

Hotſp. Come, Ile have your Song too.
Lady. Not mine, in good ſooth.
Hotſp. Not yours, in good ſooth?
You ſweare like a Comfit-makers Wife:
Not you, in good ſooth; and, as true as I live;
And, as God ſhall mend me; and as ſure as day:
And giveſt ſuch Sarcenet ſuretie for thy Oathes,
As if thou never walk'ſt further then Finsbury.
Sweare me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath: and leave in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of Pepper-Ginger-bread,
To Velvet-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.
Come, ſing.
Lady. I will not ſing.
Hotſp. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Red-breſt teacher: and the Indentures bee drawne, Ile away within theſe two howres: and ſo come in, when ye will. *Exit.*
Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as ſlow,
As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe,
By this our Booke is drawne: wee'le but ſeale,
And then to Horſe immediately.
Mort. Wth all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, give us leave:
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Muſt have ſome private conference:
But be neere at hand,
For we ſhall preſenly have need of you.
Exeunt Lords.
I know not whether Heaven will have it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſervice I have done;
That in his ſecret Doome, out of my Blood,
Hee'le breed Revengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou do'ſt in thy paſſages of Life,
Make me beleeve, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heaven
To puniſh my Miſtreadings. Tell me elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poore, ſuch bare, ſuch lewd, ſuch meane attempts,
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſociety,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too,
Accompanie the greatneſſe of thy blood,
And hold their levell with thy Princely heart?
Prince. So pleaſe your Majeſty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuſe,
As well as I am doubtleſſe I can purge
My ſelfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet ſuch extenuation let me begge,
As in reproofe of many Tales deviſ'd,
Which oft the Eare of Greatneſſe needes muſt heare,
By ſmiling Pick-thankes, and baſe Newes-mongers;
I may for ſome things true, wherein my youth
Hath faultie wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.
King. Heaven pardon thee:
Yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors.
Thy place in Councell thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy younger brother is ſupply'de;
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soule of every man
Prophetically do fore-thinke thy fall.
Had I ſo laviſh of my preſence beene,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheape to vulgar Company;
Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſſion,
Aud left me in reputeleſſe baniſhment,
A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.
By being ſeldome ſeene, I could not ſtirre,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at,

That men would tell their Children, This is he:
Others would ſay, Where, Which is *Bullingbrooke*.
And then I ſtole all Courteſie from Heaven,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch Humility,
That I did pluke Allegeance from mens hearts,
Lowd Showts and Salutations from their mouthes,
Even in the preſence of the Crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my Perſon freſh and new,
My preſence like a Robe Pontificall,
Ne're ſeene, but wondred at: and ſo my State,
Seldome but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a Feaſt,
And wonne by rareneſſe ſuch Solemnity.
The skipping King he ambled up and downe,
With ſhallow Ieſters, and raſh Bavin Wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his State,
Mingled his Royalty with Carping Fooles,
Had his great Name prophaned with their Scornes,
And gave his Countenance, againſt his Name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of every Beardleſſe vaine Comparative;
Grew a Companion to the common Streetes,
Enfeoff'd himſelfe to Popularity:
That being dayly ſwallowed by mens Eyes,
They ſurfeted with Honye, and began to loathe
The taſte of Swetneſſe, whereof a little
More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occaſion to be ſeene,
He was but as the Cuckow is in Iune,
Heard, not regarded: ſeene but with ſuch Eyes,
As ſicke and blunted with Community,
Afford no extraordinary Gaze,
Such as is bent on Sunne-like Majeſty,
When it ſhines ſeldome in admiring Eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his Face, and rendred ſuch aſpect
As Cloudy men uſe to do their adverſaries,
Being with his preſence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very Line, *Harry*, ſtandeſt thou:
For thou haſt loſt thy Princely Priviledge,
With vile participation. Not an Eye
But is aweary of thy common ſight,
Save mine, which hath deſir'd to ſee thee more:
Which now doth that I would not have it doe,
Make blinde it ſelfe with fooliſh tenderneſſe.

Prince. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my ſelfe.

King. For all the World,
As thou art to this houre, was *Richard* then,
When I from France ſet forth at Ravenſpurgh;
And even as I was then, is *Percy* now:
Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,
He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate
Than thou the ſhaddow of Succeſſion;
For of no Right, nor colour like to Right,
He doth fill fields with Harneis in the Realme,
Turnes head againſt the Lyons armed Iawes;
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,
Leades ancient Lords, and reverent Biſhops on
To bloody Battailes, and to bruſing Armes.
What never-dying honour hath he got,
Againſt renowned *Dowglas*? whoſe high Deedes,
Whoſe hot Incurſions and great Name in Armes,
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Majoritie,
And Militarie Title Capitall.
Throughal the Kingdomes that acknowledge Chriſt,
Thrice hath the *Hotſpurre Mars*, in ſwathing Clothes,
This Infant Warrior, in his Enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, ta'ne him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of the deepe Defiance up,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our Throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy, Northumberland*.
The Arch-biſhops Grace of Yorke, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell theſe Newes to thee?
Why, *Harry*, doe I tell thee of my Foes,
Which art my neer'ſt and deareſt Enemie?
Thou art like enough, through vaſſall Feare,
Baſe Inclination, and the ſtart of Spleene,
To fight againſt me under *Percies* pay,
To dogge his heeles, and curtſie at his frownes.
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Doe not thinke ſo, you ſhall not finde it ſo:
And Heaven forgive them, that ſo much have ſway'd
Your Majeſties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head,
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,
When I will weare a garment all of blood,
And ſtaine my favours in a bloody Maske:
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcowre my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when ere it lights,
That this ſame Child of honour and Renowne,
This gallant *Hotſpurre*, this all-prayſed Knight,
And your unthought-of *Harry* chance to meet:
For every Honor ſitting on his Helme,
Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My ſhames redoubled. For the time will come,
That I ſhall make this Northerne Youth exchange
His glorious Deedes for my Indignities:
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
To engroſſe up glorious deedes on my behalfe:
And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render every Glory up,
Yea, even the ſleighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will teare the Reckoning from his Heart.
This, in the Name of Heaven, I promiſe here:
The which, if I promiſe, and doe ſurvive,
I doe beſeech your Majeſtie, may ſalve
The long-growne Wounds of my intemperature:
If not, the end of Life cancells all Bands,
And I will dye a hundred thouſand Deaths,
Ere breake the ſmalleſt parcell of this Vow.

King. A hundred thouſand Rebells dye in this:
Thou ſhalt have Charge, and ſoveraigne truſt herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now good *Blunt*? thy lookes are full of ſpeed.

Blunt. So hath the Buſineſſe that I come to ſpeake of.
Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath ſent word,
That *Dowglas* and the Engliſh Rebels met
The eleventh of this moneth, at Shrewsbury:
A mightie and a fearefull Head they are,
(If Promiſes be kept on every hand)
As ever offered foule play in a State.

King. The Earle of Weſtmerland ſet forth to day:
With him my ſonne, Lord *Iohn* of Lancaſter,
For this advertiſement is five dayes old.
On Wedneſday next, *Harry* thou ſhalt ſet forward:
On thurſday, we our ſelves will march.
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and *Harry*, you ſhall march

Through Gloceſterſhire: by which account,
Our Buſineſſe valued ſome twelue dayes hence,
Our generall Forces at Bridgenorth ſhall meete.
Our hands are full of Buſineſſe: let's away,
Advantage feedes them fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardolph.

Falſt. *Bardolph*, am I not falne away vilely, ſince this laſt action? doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skinne hangs about mee like an olde Ladies looſe Gowne: I am withered like an olde Apple *Iohn*. Well, Ile repent, and that ſuddenly, while I am in ſome liking: I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall have no ſtrength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the in-ſide of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper Corne, a Brewers Horſe, the inſide of a Church. Company, villanous Company hath beene the ſpoyle of me.

Bard. Sir *Iohn*, you are ſo fretfull, yon cannot live long.

Falſt. Why there is it: Come, ſing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuouſly given, as a Gentleman need to be; vertuous enough, ſwore little, dic'd not above ſeaven times a weeke, went to a Bawdy-houſe not above once in a quarter of an houre, payd Mony that I borrowed, three or foure times; lived well, and in good compaſſe: and now I live out of all order, out of compaſſe.

Bard. Why, you are ſo fat, Sir *Iohn*, that you muſt needes bee out of all compaſſe; out of all reaſonable compaſſe, Sir *Iohn*.

Falſt. Doe thou amend thy Face, and Ile amend thy Life: Thou art our Admirall, thou beareſt the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Noſe of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe.

Bard. Why, Sir *Iohn*, my Face does you no harme.

Falſt. No, Ile be ſworne: I make as good uſe of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a *Memento Mori*. I never ſee thy Face, but I thinke upon Hell fire, and *Dives* that lived in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to vertue, I would ſweare by thy Face; my Oath ſhould bee, *By this Fire*: But thou art altogether given over; and wert indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of utter Darkeneſſe. When thou ran'ſt up Gads-Head in the Night, to catch my Horſe, if I did not thinke that thou hadſt beene an *Ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchaſe in Mony. O, thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an everlaſting Bone-fire-Light: thou haſt ſaved mee a thouſand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Taverne and Taverne: But the ſacke that thou haſt drunke mee, would have bought mee lights as good cheape, as the deareſt Chandlers in Europe. I have maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, Heaven reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your belly.

Falſt. So ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hotſpurre. Hoſteſs

How now, Dame *Partlet* the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

Hoſteſſe. Why Sir *Iohn*, what doe you thinke, Sir *Iohn*? doe you thinke I keepe Theeves in my Houſe? I have ſearch'd, I have enquired, ſo haz my Huſband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Servant by Servant: the tight of a hayre was never loſt in my houſe before.

Falſt. Ye lye Hoſteſſe: *Bardolph* was ſhav'd, and loſt many a hayre; and Ile be ſworne my Pocket was pick'd; goe to, you are a Woman, goe.

Hoſteſſe. Who I? I defie thee: I was never call'd ſo in mine owne houſe before.

Falſt. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hoſteſſe. No, Sir *Iohn*, you doe not know mee, Sir *Iohn*: I know you, Sir *Iohn*: you owe me Money, Sir *Iohn*, and now you picke a quarrell, to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe.

Falſt. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I have given them away to Bakers Wives, and they have made Boulters of them.

Hoſteſſe. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight ſhillings an Ell: You owe Mony here beſides, Sir *Iohn*, for your Dyet, and by-Drinkings, and Mony lent you, foure and twentie pounds.

Falſt. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſteſſe. Hee? alas hee is poore, hee hath nothing.

Falſt. How? Poore? Looke upon his Face: What call you Rich? Let them coyne his Noſe, let them coyne his Cheekes, Ile not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Younker of me? Shall I not take mine eaſe in mine Inne, but I ſhall have my Pocket pick'd? I have loſt a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth fortie Marke.

Hoſteſſe. I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Falſt. How? the Prince is a Iacke, a Sneake-Cuppe: and if he were heere, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if he would ſay ſo.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falſtaffe meets him, playing on his Truncheion like a Fife.

Falſt. How now Lad? is the Winde in that Doore? Muſt we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate faſhion.

Hoſteſſe. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

Prince. What ſay'ſt thou, Miſtreſſe *Quickly*? How does thy Husband? I love him well, hee is an honeſt man.

Hoſteſſe. Good, my Lord, heare me.

Falſt. Prethee let her alone, and liſt to me.

Prince. What ſay'ſt thou, *Iacke*?

Falſt. The other Night I fell aſleepe heere behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pickt: this Houſe is turn'd Bawdy-houſe, they picke Pockets.

Prince. What didſt thou loſe, *Iacke*?

Falſt. Wilt thou beleeve me, *Hal*? Three or foure Bonds of fortie pound a peece, and a Seale-Ring of my Grandfathers.

Prince. A Trifle, ſome eight-penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my Lord; and I ſayd, I heard your Grace ſay ſo: and (my Lord) hee ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man he is, and ſaid, hee would cudgell you.

Prince. What he did not?

Hoſt. There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me elſe.

Falſt. There's no more faith in thee then a ſtu'de Prune; nor no more truth in thee then in a drawne Fox: and for Wooman-hood, Maid-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing: go.

Hoſt. Say, what thing? what thing?

Falſt. What thing? why a thing to thanke heaven on.

Hoſt. I am nothing to thanke heaven on, I would thou ſhouldſt know it; I am an honeſt mans wife: and ſetting thy Knighthood aſide, thou art a knave to call me ſo.

Falſt. Setting thy womanhood aſide, thou art a beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beaſt? Why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, ſir *Iohn*? Why an Otter?

Fal. Why? She's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knowes not where to have her.

Hoſt. Thou art unjuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou, or any man knowes where to have me, thou knave thou.

Prince. Thou ſay'ſt true Hoſteſſe, and he ſlanders thee moſt groſſely.

Hoſt. So he doth you, my Lord, and ſayde this other day, You ought him a thouſand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thouſand pound?

Falſt. A thouſand pound *Hal*? A Million. Thy love is worth a Million: thou ow'ſt me thy love.

Hoſt. Nay my Lord, hee call'd you Iacke, and ſaid hee would cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph*?

Bar. Indeed Sir *Iohn*, you ſayd ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſaid my Ring was Copper.

Prince. I ſay 'tis Copper. Dar'ſt thou bee as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why *Hal*? thou know'ſt, as thou art but a man, I dare: but, as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons Whelpe.

Prince. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himſelfe is to bee feared as the Lyon: Do'ſt thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay if I do, let my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it ſhould, how would thy guttes fall about thy knees. But ſirra: There's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honeſty, in this boſome of thine: it is all fill'd uppe with Guttes and Midriffe. Charge an honeſt Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horſon impudent imboſt Raſcall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Taverne Reckonings, ***Memorandams*** of Bawdie-houſes, and one poore penny-worth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but theſe, I am a Villaine: And yet you will ſtand to it, you will not Pocket up wrong. Art thou not aſham'd?

Fal. Do'ſt thou heare *Hal*? Thou know'ſt in the ſtate of Innocency, *Adam* fell: and what would poore *Iacke Falſtaffe* do, in the dayes of Villany? Thou ſeeſt, I have more fleſh then another man, and therefore more frailty. You confeſſe then you pickt my Pocket?

Prin. It appeares ſo by the Story.

Fal. Hoſteſſe, I forgive thee:
Go make ready Breakfaſt, love thy Husband,
Looke to thy Servants, and cheriſh thy Gueſts:
Thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon:
Thou ſeeſt, I am pacified ſtill.
Nay, I prethee be gone.

Exit Hoſteſſe.

Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the Robbery, Lad? How is that anſwered?

Prin. O my ſweet Beefe:
I muſt ſtill be good Angell to thee.
The mony is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double Labour.

Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may doe any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou do'ſt, and do it with unwaſh'd hands too.

Bard. Do my Lord.

Prin. I have procured thee *Iacke*, a Charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had beene of Horſe. Where ſhal I finde one that can ſteale well? O, for a fine theefe, of two and twentie, or thereabout: I am heynouſly unprouided. Well God be thanked for theſe Rebels, they offend none but the Vertuous. I laud them, I praiſe them.

Prin. *Bardolph.*

Bar. My Lord.

Prin. Go beare this Letter to Lord *Iohn* of Lancaſter
To my Brother *Iohn*. This to my Lord of Weſtmerland,
Go *Peto*, to horſe: for thou, and I,
Have thirtie miles to ride yet ere dinner time.
Iacke, meet me to morrow in the Temple Hall
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There ſhalt thou know thy Charge, and there receive
Mony and Order for their Furniture.
The Land is burning, *Percie* ſtands on hye,
And either they, or we muſt lower lye.

Fal. Rare words? brave world.
Hoſteſſe, my breakfaſt, come:
Oh, I could wiſh this Taverne were my drumme.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Harrie Hotſpurre, Worceſter,
and Dowglas.

Hot. Well ſaid, my Noble Scot, if ſpeaking truth
In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglas* have,
As not a Souldiour of this ſeaſons ſtampe,
Should go ſo generall currant through the world.
By heaven I cannot flatter: I defie
The Tongues of Soothers. But a Braver place
In my hearts love, hath no man then your Selfe.
Nay, taske me to my word: approve me Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of Honor:
No man ſo potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will Beard him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Hot. Do ſo, and 'tis well. What Letters haſt thou there?
I can but thanke you.

Meſſ. Theſe Letters come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him?
Why comes he not himſelfe?

Meſſ. He cannot come, my Lord,
He is greevous ſicke.

Hot. How? haz he the leyſure to be ſicke now,
In ſuch a juſtling time? Who leades his power?
Vnder whoſe Government come they along?

Meſſ. His Letters beares his minde, not I his minde.
Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his Bed?
Meſſ. He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I ſet forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Phyſician.
Wor. I would the ſtate of time had firſt beene whole,
Ere he by ſickneſſe had beene viſited;
His health was never better worth then now.
Hotſp. Sicke now? droope now? this ſicknes doth infect
The very Life-blood of our Enterpriſe,
'Tis catching hither, even to our Campe.
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſſe,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoone be drawne: nor did he thinke it meet,
To lay ſo dangerous and deare a truſt
On any Soule remov'd, but on his owne.
Yet doth he give us bold advertiſement,
That with our ſmall conjunction we ſhould on,
To ſee how Fortune is diſpos'd to us,
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the King is certainly poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes. What ſay you to it?
Wor. Your Fathers ſickneſſe is a mayme to us.
Hotſp. A perillous Gaſh, a very Limme lopt off:
And yet, in faith, it is not his preſent want
Seemes more then we ſhall finde it.
Were it good, to ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates
All at one Caſt? To ſet ſo rich a mayne
On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre,
It were not good: for therein ſhould we reade
The very Bottome, and the Soule of hope
The very Liſt, the very utmoſt Bound
Of all our fortunes.
Dowg. Faith and ſo we ſhould,
Where now remaines a ſweet reverſion.
We may boldly ſpend, upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retyrement lives in this.
Hotſp. A Randevous, a Home to flye unto,
If that the Divell and Miſchance looke bigge
Vpon the Maydenhead of our Affaires.
Wor. But yet I would your Father had beene here:
The qualitie and Heire of our Attempt
Brookes no diviſion: It will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſedome, loyaltie, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tide of fearefull Faction,
And breede a kinde of queſtion in our cauſe:
For well you know, we of the offring ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, every loope, from whence.
The eye of reaſon may prie in upon us:
This abſence of your Father drawes a Curtaine,
That ſhewes the ignorant a kinde of feare
Before not dreamt of.
Hotſp. You ſtrayne too farre.
I rather of his abſence make this uſe:
It lends a Luſtre, and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men muſt thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a Head
To puſh againſt the Kingdome: with his helpe,
We ſhall o're-turne it topſie-turuy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our joynts are whole,
Dowg. As heart can thinke:
There is not ſuch a word ſpoke of in Scotland,
At this Dreame of Feare.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hotſp. My Couſin *Vernon*, welcome by my Soule.
Vern. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of Weſtermerland, ſeven thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hither-wards, with Prince *Iohn.*
Hotſp. No harme: what more?
Vern. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himſelfe in perſon hath ſet fourth,
Or hither-wards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mightie preparation.
Hotſp. He ſhall be welcome too,
Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,
And his Cumrades, that daft the World aſide,
And bid it paſſe?
Vern. All furniſht, all in Armes,
All plum'd like Eſtridges, that with the Winde
Bayted like Eagles, having lately bath'd,
Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images,
As full of ſpirit as the Moneth of May,
And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-ſummer,
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls.
I ſaw young *Harry* with his Bever on,
His Cuſhes on his thighes, gallantly arm'd,
Riſe from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his Seat,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,
To turne and winde a fierie *Pegaſus*,
And witch the World with Noble Horſemanſhip.
Hotſp. No more, no more,
Worſe then the Sunne in March:
This prayſe doth nouriſh Agues: let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of ſmoakie Warre,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mayled *Mars* ſhall on his Altar ſit
Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire,
To heare this rich reprizall is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horſe,
Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,
Againſt the boſome of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to *Harry*, ſhall not Horſe to Horſe
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a Coarſe?
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.
Ver. There is more newes:
I learned in Worceſter, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this fourteene dayes.
Dowg. That's the worſt Tidings that I heare of yet.
Wor. I by my faith, that beares a froſty ſound.
Hotſp. What may the Kings whole Battaile reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Forty let it be,
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powres of us, may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come, let us take a muſter ſpeedily.
Doomeſday is neere; dye all, dye merrily.
Dow. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death, or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.
Exeunt omnes.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardolph.

Falſt. *Bardolph*, get thee before to Coventry, fill me a Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers ſhall march through: we'le to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.

Bard. Will you give me money, Captaine?

Falſt. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Falſt. And if it doe, take it for thy labour: and if it make twentie, take them all, Ile anſwere the Coynage. Bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meete me at the Townes end.

Bard. I will Captaine: farewell. *Exit.*

Falſt. If I bee not aſham'd of my Souldiers, I am a ſowc't-Gurnet: I have miſ-us'd the Kings Preſſe damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds. I preſſe me none but good houſe-holders, Yeomens Sonnes: enquire me out contracted Batchelers, ſuch as had beene ask'd twice on the Banes: ſuch a Commodity of warme ſlaves, as had as lieve heare the Deuill, as a Drumme; ſuch as feare the report of a Caliver, worſe then a ſtruck-Foole, or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I preſt me none but ſuch Toſtes and Butter, with hearts in their Bellyes no bigger then Pinnes heads, and they have bought out their ſervices: And now, my whole Charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth, where the Gluttons Dogges licked his Sores; and ſuch, as indeed were never Souldiers, but diſ-carded unjuſt Servingmen, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers, Revolted Tapſters and Oſtlers, Trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme World, and long Peace, tenne times more diſ-honorable ragged, then an old-fac'd Ancient; and ſuch have I to fill up the roomes of them that have bought out their ſervices: that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draffe and Huskes. A mad fellow met mee on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the Gibbets, and preſt the dead bodyes. No eye hath ſeene ſuch skar-Crowes: Ile not march through Couentry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyves on; for indeede, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt together, and throwne over the ſhoulders like a Heralds Coat, without ſleeves: and the Shirt, to ſay the truth, ſtolne from my Hoſt of S. Albones; or the Red-Noſe Inne-keeper of Daventry. But that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on every Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Prince. How now blowne *Iacke*? how now Quilt?

Falſt. What *Hal*? How now mad Wag, what a Divell do'ſt thou in Warwickſhire? My good Lord of Weſtmerland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already beene at Shrewsbury.

Weſt. 'Faith, Sir *Iohn*, 'tis more then time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there alreadie. The King, I can tell you, lookes for us all: we muſt away all to Night.

Falſt. Tut, never feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteale Creame.

Prince. I thinke to ſteale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath alredie made thee Butter: but tell me *Iacke*, whoſe fellowes are theſe that come after?

Falſt. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prince. I did never ſee ſuch pittifull Raſcals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toſſe: foode for Powder, foode for Powder: they'le fill a Pit, as well as better: tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weſtm. I, but Sir *Iohn*, me thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Falſt. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareneſſe, I am ſure they never learn'd that of me.

Prince. No, Ile be ſworne, unleſſe you call three fingers on the Ribbes bare. But ſirra make haſte. *Percy* is already in the field.

Falſt. What, is the King encamp'd?

Weſtm. Hee is, *Iohn*, I feare wee ſhall ſtay too long.

Falſt. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Gueſt.

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hotſp. Wee'le fight with him to Night.

Worc. It may not be.

Dowg. You give him then aduantage.

Vern. Not a whit.

Hotſp. Why ſay you ſo? lookes he not for ſupply?

Vern. So doe we.

Hotſp. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Worc. Good Couſin be adviſ'd, ſtirre not to night.

Vern. Doe not, my Lord.

Dowg. You doe not counſaile well:
You ſpeake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Vern. Doe me no ſlander, *Dowglas*: by my Life,
And I dare well mantaine it with my Life,
If well-reſpected Honor bid me on,
I hold as little counſaile with weake feare,
As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day lives.
Let it be ſeene to morrow in the Battell,
Which of us feares.

Dowg. Yea, or to night.

Vern. Content.

Hotſp. To night, ſay I.

Vern. Come, come it may not be.
I wonder much, being mē of ſuch great leading as you are
That you fore-ſee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horſe
Of my Couſin *Vernons* are not yet come up,
Your Vncle *Worceſters* Horſe came but to day,
And now their pride and mettall is aſleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a Horſe is halfe the halfe of himſelfe,

Hotſp. So are the Horſes of the Enemie
In generall, journey bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Worc. The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For Gods ſake, Couſin, ſtay till all come in.

The Trumpet ſounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.
Hotſp. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt*:
And would to God you were of our determination.
Some of us love you well: and even thoſe ſome
Envie your great deſervings, and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our qualitie,
But ſtand againſt us like an enemie.
Blunt. And Heaven defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You ſtand againſt anoynted Majeſtie.
But to my Charge.
The King hath ſent to know
The nature of your griefes, and whereupon
You conjure from the breſt of Civill Peace,
Such bold Hoſtilitie, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious Crueltie. If that the King
Have any way your good deſarts forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefes; and with all ſpeed
You ſhall have your deſires, with intereſt;
And Pardon abſolute for your ſelfe, and theſe,
Herein mis-led, by your ſuggeſtion.
Hotſp. The king is kinde:
And well we know, the King
Knowes at what time to promiſe, when to pay.
My Father, my Vnckle, and my ſelfe,
Did give him that ſame Royaltie he weares:
And when he was not ſixe and twentie ſtrong,
Sicke in the worlds regard, wretched and low,
A poore unminded Out-law, ſneaking home,
My Father gave him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſweare, and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of Lancaſter,
To ſue his Liverie, and begge his Peace,
With teares of Innocencie, and tearmes of Zeale:
My Father, in kinde heart and pitty mov'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,
The more and leſſe came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, ſtood in Lanes,
Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,
Gave him their Heires, as Pages followed him,
Even at the heeles, in golden multitudes.
He preſently, as greatneſſe knowes it ſelfe,
Steps me a little higher then his Vow
Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked ſhore at Ravenſpurgh:
And now (forſooth) takes on him to reforme
Some certaine Edicts, and ſome ſtrait Decrees,
That lay to heavie on the Common-wealth;
Cryes out upon abuſes, ſeemes to weepe
Over his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face,
This ſeeming Brow of Iuſtice, did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Favorites, that the abſent King
In deputation left behinde him heere,
When he was perſonall in the Iriſh Warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.
Hot. Then to the point.
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriv'd him of his Life:
And in the neck of that, task't the whole State.
To make that worſe, ſuffer'd his Kinſman *March*,
Who is, if every Owner were plac'd,
Indeed his King, to be engag'd in Wales,
There, without ranſome, to lye forfeited:
Diſgrac'd me in my happy Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Vnckle from the Councell-Boord,
In rage diſmiſs'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committing Wrong on Wrong,
And in concluſion, drove us to ſeeke out
This head of ſafetie; and withall, to prie
Into his Title: The which we finde
Too indirect, for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I returne this anſwere to the King?
Hotſp. Not ſo, Sir *Walter.*
Wee'le with-draw a while:
Goe to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some ſuretie for a ſafe returne againe,
And in the Morning early ſhall my Vnckle
Bring him our purpoſe: and ſo farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Love.
Hotſp. And't may be, ſo we ſhall.
Blunt. Pray Heaven you doe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Biſhop of Yorke, and Sir Michell.

Arch. Hie, good Sir *Michell*, beare this ſealed Briefe
With winged haſte to the Lord Marſhal,
This to my Couſin *Scroope*, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they doe import,
You would make haſte.
Sir Mich. My good Lord, I gueſſe their tenor.
Arch. Like enough you doe.
To morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to underſtand,
The King, with mightie and quick-rayſed Power,
Meetes with Lord *Harrie*: and I feare, Sir *Michell*,
What with the ſickneſſe of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe power was in the firſt proportion;
And what with *Owen Glendowers* abſence thence,
Who with them was rated firmely too,
And comes not in, over-rul'd by Prophecies,
I feare the Power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an inſtant tryall with the King.
Sir Mich. Why my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is *Dowglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir Mic. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of Worceſter,
And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And ſo there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The ſpeciall head of all the Land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord *Iohn* of Lancaſter,
The Noble Weſtmerland, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many moe Corriuals, and deere men
Of eſtimation, and command in Armes.
Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he ſhall be well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no leſſe; Yet needfull 'tis to feare,
And to prevent the worſt, Sir *Michell* ſpeed;
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not, ere the King
Diſmiſſe his power, he meanes to viſit us;
For he hath heard our Confederacie,
And, 'tis but Wiſedome to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt goe write againe
To other Friends: and ſo farewell, Sir *Michell*. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falſtaffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
Above yon busky hill: the day lookes pale
At his diſtemperature.
Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the Trumpet to his purpoſes,
And by his hollow whiſtling in the Leaves,
Foretels a Tempeſt: and a bluſt'ring day.
King. Then with the loſers let it ſympathize,
For nothing can ſeeme ſoure to thoſe that win.
The Trumpet ſounds.
Enter Worceſter.

King. How now my Lord of Worſter? 'Tis not well
That you and I ſhould meet upon ſuch tearmes,
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our truſt,
And made us doffe our eaſie Robes of Peace,
To cruſh our old limbes in ungentle Steele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to it? Will you againe unknit
This churliſh knot of all-abhorred Warre?
And move in that obedient Orbe againe,
Where you did give a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigie of Feare, and a Portent
Of broached Miſcheefe, to the unborne Times?
Wor. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the Lagge-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I do proteſt,
I have not ſought the day of this diſlike.
King. You have not ſought it: how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your Majeſty, to turne your lookes
Of Favour, from my Selfe, and all our Houſe;
And yet I muſt remember you my Lord,
We were the firſt, and deareſt of your Friends:
For you, my ſtaffe of Office did I breake
In *Richards* time, and poaſted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiſſe your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate, as I;
It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You ſwore to us,
And you did ſweare that Oath at Doncaſter,
That you did nothing of purpoſe 'gainſt the State,
Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
The ſeate of *Gaunt*, Dukedome of Lancaſter.
To this, we ſware our aide; But in ſhort ſpace,
It rain'd downe Fortune ſhowring on your head,
And ſuch a floud of Greatneſſe fell on you,
What with our helpe, what with the abſent King,
What with the injuries of wanton time,
The ſeeming ſufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious Windes that held the King
So long in the unlucky Iriſh Warres,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this ſwarme of faire advantages,
You tooke occaſion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the generall ſway into your hand,
Forgot your Oath to us at Doncaſter,
And being fed by us, you us'd us ſo,
As that ungentle gull the Cuckowes Bird,
Vſeth the Sparrow, did oppreſſe our Neſt,
Grew by our Feeding, to ſo great a bulke,
That even our Love durſt not come neere your ſight
For feare of ſwallowing: But with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for ſafetie ſake, to flye
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent Head,
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch meanes
As you your ſelfe, have forg'd againſt your ſelfe,
By unkinde uſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworne to us in yonger enterprize.
King. Theſe things indeede you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market Croſſes, read in Churches,
To face the Garment of Rebellion
With ſome fine colour, that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle Changelings, and poore Diſcontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly Innovation:
And never yet did Inſurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cauſe:
Nor moody Beggars, ſtarving for a time
Of pell-mell havocke, and confuſion.
Prin. In both our Armies, there is many a ſoule
Shall pay full dearely for this encounter,
If once they joyne in triall. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth joyne with all the world
In prayſe of *Henry Percy*: By my Hopes,
This preſent enterprize ſet off his head,
I do not thinke a braver Gentleman,
More active, valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter Age with noble deedes.
For my part, I may ſpeake it to my ſhame,
I have a Truant beene to Chivalry,
And ſo I heare, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my Fathers Majeſty,
I am content that he ſhall take the oddes
Of his great name and eſtimation,
And will, to ſave the blood on either ſide,
Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.
King. And Prince of Wales, ſo dare we venter thee,
Albeit, conſiderations infinite

Do make againſt it : No good Worſter, no,
We love our people well ; even thoſe we love
That are miſled upon your Couſins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace;
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my Friend againe, and Ile be his,
So tell your Couſin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction waite on us,
And they ſhall do their Office. So be gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it adviſedly,

Exit Worceſter.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my Life,
The *Dowglas* and the *Hotſpurre* both together,
Are confident againſt the world in Armes.

King. Hence therefore, every Leader to his charge,
For on their anſwere will we ſet on them ;
And God befriend us, as our cauſe is juſt. *Exeunt.*

Manet Prince and Falſtaffe.

Fal. *Hal*, if thou ſee me downe in the battell,
And beſtride me, ſo; 'tis a point of friendſhip.

Prin. Nothing but a Coloſſus can do thee that freindſhip:
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why, thou ow'ſt heaven a death.

Falſt. 'Tis not due yet : I would be loath to pay him before his day. What neede I bee ſo forward with him that call's not on me ? Well, 'tis no matter, Honor prickes me on. But how if Honour pricke me off when I come on ? How then? Can Honour ſet too a legge? No : or an arme ? No : Or take away the greefe of a wound ? No. Honour hath no skill in Surgerie then? No. What is Honour? A word. What is that word Honour ? Ayre : A trim reckoning. Who hath it ? He that dy'de a Wedneſday. Doth he feele it ? No. Doth he heare it? No. Is it inſenſible then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living ? No. Why? Detraction will not ſuffer it, therfore Ile none of it. Honour is a meere Scutcheon, and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Worceſter, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my nephew muſt not know, Sir *Richard*,
The liberall kinde offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere beſt he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.
It is not poſſible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in loving us,
He will ſuſpect us ſtill, aud finde a time
To puniſh this offence in others faults :
Suppoſition, all our lives ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes ;
For Treaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
Who ne're ſo tame, ſo cheriſht, and lock'd up,
Will have a wilde tricke of his Anceſtors :
Looke how he can, or ſad or merrily,
Interpretation will miſquote our lookes,
And we ſhall feede like Oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the nearer death.
My Nephewes treſpaſſe may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of Priviledge,
A hare-brain'd *Hotſpurre*, govern'd by a Spleene :
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from us,
We as the Spring of all, ſhall pay for all :
Therefore good Couſin, let not *Harry* know
In any caſe, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, Ile ſay 'tis ſo.
Heere comes your Coſin.

Enter Hotſpurre.

Hot. My Vnkle is return'd,
Deliver up my Lord of Weſtmerland.
Vnkle, what newes?

Wor. The King will bid you battell preſently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas* : Go you and tell him ſo.

Dow. Marry and ſhall, and verie willingly.

Exit Dowglas.

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you begge any ? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our greevances,
Of his Oath-breaking : which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that he is forſworne,
He cals us Rebels, Traitors, and will ſcourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in us.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I have throwne
A brave defiance in King *Henries* teeth :
And Weſtmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot chooſe but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales ſtept forth before the king,
And Nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell me,
How ſhew'd his Talking ? Seem'd it in contempt ?

Ver. No, by my Soule : I never in my life
Did heare a Challenge urg'd more modeſtly
Vnleſſe a Brother ſhould a Brother dare
To gentle exerciſe, and proofe of Armes.
He gave you all the Duties of a Man,
Trimm'd up your praiſes with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deſervings like a Chronicle,
Making you ever better then his prayſe,
By ſtill diſprayſing prayſe, valew'd with you :
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a bluſhing citall of himſelfe,
And chid his Trewant youth with a Grace,
As if he maſtred there a double ſpirit
Of teaching, and of learning inſtantly :
There did he pauſe. But let me tell the World,
If he out-live the envie of this day,
England did never owe ſo ſweete a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his wantonneſſe.

Hot. Couſin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his Follies : never did I heare
Of any Prince ſo wilde at Liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he ſhall ſhrinke under my curteſie.
Arme, arme with ſpeed. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends,
Better conſider what you have to do,
Than I that have not well the gift of Tongue,

Can lift your blood up with perſwaſion.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, heere are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot reade them now.
O Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort;
To ſpend that ſhortneſſe baſely, were too long.
If life did ride upon a Dials point,
Still ending at the arrivall of an houre,
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
If dye; brave death, when Princes dye with us.
Now for our Conſciences, the Armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is juſt.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord prepare, the King comes on apace,
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking: Onely this,
Let each man do his beſt. And heere I draw a Sword,
Whoſe worthy temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood that I can meete withall,
In the adventure of this perillous day.
Now Eſperance *Percy*, and ſet on:
Sound all the lofty Inſtruments of Warre,
And by that Muſicke, let us all imbrace:
For heaven to earth, ſome of us never ſhall,
A ſecond time do ſuch a curteſie.

They embrace, the Trumpets ſound, the King entereth with his power, alarum unto the battell. Then enter Dowgas, and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blu. What is thy name, that in battell thus ỹ croſſeſt me?
What honour doſt thou ſeeke upon my head?
Dow. Know then my name is *Dowglas*,
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me, that thou art a King.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Dow. The Lord of Stafford heere to day hath bought
Thy likeneſſe: for inſteed of thee King *Harry*,
This ſword hath ended him, ſo ſhall it thee,
Vnleſſe thou yeeld thee as a Priſoner.
Blu. I was not borne to yeeld thou haughtie Scot,
And thou ſhalt finde a King that will revenge
Lord Staffords death.

Fight, Blunt is ſlaine, then enters Hotſpur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadſt thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumphed o're a Scot.
Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathles lies the King.
Hot. Where?
Dow. Heere.
Hot. This *Dowglas*? No, I know this face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furniſh'd like the King himſelfe.
Dow. Ah foole: go with thy ſoule whither it goes,
A borrowed title haſt thou bought too deere.
Why didſt thou tell me, that thou wert a King?
Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coates.
Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
Ile murther all his Wardrobe peece by peece,
Vntill I meet the King.
Hot. Vp, and away,
Our Souldiers ſtand full fairely for the day. *Exeunt.*

Alarum, and enter Falſtaffe ſolus.

Fal. Though I could ſcape ſhot-free at London, I feare the ſhot heere: here's no ſcoring, but upon the pate. Soft who art thou? Sir *Walter Blunt*, there's Honour for you: here's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heany too; heaven keepe Lead out of mee, I neede no more weight then mine owne Bowelles. I have led my rag of Muffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my 150, left alive, and they for the Townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere?

Enter the Prince,

Prin. What, ſtand'ſt thou idle here? Lend me thy ſword,
Many a Nobleman lies ſtarke and ſtiffe
Vnder the hooves of vanting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are unreveng'd. Prethy lend me thy ſword

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee give me leave to breath awhile: Turke *Gregory* never did ſuch deeds in Armes, as I have done this day. I have paid *Percie*, I have made him ſure.

Prin. He is indeed, and living to kill thee
I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Falſt. Nay *Hal*, if *Percy* bee alive, thou getſt not my Sword; but take my Piſtoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Give it me: What, is it in the Caſe?

Fal. I *Hal*, 'tis hot: There's that will Sacke a City.

The Prince drawes out a Bottle of Sacke.

Frin. What, is it a time to jeſt and dally now? *Exit*

Throwes it at him.

Fal. If *Percy* be alive. Ile pierce him: if he do come in my way, ſo: if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let him make a Carbonado of me, I like not ſuch grinning honour as Sir *Walter* hath: Give me life, which if I can ſave, ſo: if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and ther's an end. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Alarum, excurſions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Earle of Weſtmerland.

King. I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much: Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*, go you with him.
P. Ioh. Not I, my Lord, unleſſe I did bleed too.
Prin. I beſeech your Majeſty make up,
Leaſt you retirement do amaze your friends.
King. I will do ſo:
My Lord of Weſtmerland leade him to his Tent.
Weſt. Come my Lord. Ile leade you to your Tent
Prin. Leade me my Lord? I do not need your helpe,
And heaven forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould drive,
The Prince of Wales from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtain'd Nobility lyes troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in maſſacres.
Ioh. We breath too long: come couſin Weſtmerland,
Our duty this way lies, for heavens ſake come.
Prin. By heaven thou haſt deceived me Lancaſter,
I did not thinke thee Lord of ſuch a ſpirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, *Iohn*;
But now, I do reſpect thee as my Soule.
King. I ſaw him hold Lord *Percy* at the point,
With luſtier maintenance then I did looke for
Of ſuch an ungrowne Warriour.
Frin. O this Boy, lends mettall to us all. *Exit.*

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Another King? They grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the *Dowglas* fatall to all thoſe
That weare thoſe colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'ſt the perſon of a King?
King. The King himſelfe: who *Dowglas* grieves at hart

So many of his ſhadowes thou haſt met,
And not the very King. I have two Boyes
Seeke *Percy* and thy ſelfe about the Field:
But ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee: ſo defend thy ſelfe.

Dow. I feare thou art another countefeit:
And yet infaith thou bear'ſt thee like a King:
But mine I am ſure thou art, who ere thou be,
And thus I win thee. *They fight, the K. being in danger,*

Enter Prince.

Prin. Hold up thy head vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up againe: the Spirits
Of valiant *Sherly, Stafford Blunt*, are in my Armes;
It is the Prince of Wales that threates thee,
Who never promiſeth, but meanes to pay.

They fight, Douglas flyeth.

Cheerely My Lord: how fares your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawſey* hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton* ſtraight.

King. Stay, and breath awhile.
Thou haſt redeem'd thy loſt opinion,
And ſhew'd thou mak'ſt ſome tender of my life
In this faire reſcue thou haſt brought to me.

Prin. O heaven, they did me too much injury,
That ever ſayd I hearkned to your death.
If it were ſo, I might have let alone
The inſulting hand of *Dowglas* over you,
Which would have beene as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poyſonous Potions in the world,
And ſav'd the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.

K. Make up to *Clifton*, Ile to Sir *Nicholas Gawſey*. *Exit*

Enter Hotſpurre.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*.

Prin. Thou ſpeakeſt as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.

Prin. Why then I ſee a very valiant rebell of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not *Percy*,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double reigne,
Of *Harry Percie*, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor ſhall it *Harry*, for the houre is come
To end the one of us; and would to heaven,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding Honors on thy Creſt,
Ile crop to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. *Fight.*

Enter Falſtaffe.

Fal. Well ſaid *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay you ſhall finde no Boyes play heere, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falstaffe, who fals down as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percie.

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou haſt rob'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the loſſe of brittle life,
Then thoſe proud titles thou haſt wonne of me,
They wound my thoughts worſe, then the ſword my fleſh:
But thought's the ſlave of Life, and Life, Times foole;
And Time, that takes ſurvey of all the world,
Muſt have a ſtop. O, I could Propheſie,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue: No *Percie*, thou art duſt
And food for ———

Prin. For Wormes, brave *Percy*. Farewell great heart:
Ill-weav'd Ambition, how much art thou ſhrunke?
When that this bodie did containe a ſpirit,
A Kingdome for it was too ſmall a bound:
But now two paces of the vileſt Earth
Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,
Beares not alive ſo ſtout a Gentleman.
If thou wer't ſenſible of curteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhew of Zeale.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And even in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my ſelfe
For doing theſe fayre Rites of Tenderneſſe.
Adieu, and take thy prayſe with thee to heaven,
Thy ignomy ſleepe with thee in the grave,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.
What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this fleſh
Keepe in a little life? Poore Iacke, farewell:
I could have better ſpar'd a better man.
O, I ſhould have a heavy miſſe of thee,
If I were much in love with Vanitie.
Death hath not ſtrucke ſo fat a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd will I ſee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood, by Noble *Percie* lye. *Exit.*

Falſtaffe riſeth up.

Falſt. Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell mee to day, Ile give you leave to powder me, and eat me too to morrow. 'Twas time to counterfet, or that hotte Termagant Scot, had paid me ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit; to dye, is to be a counterfeit, for hee is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeede. The better part of Valour, is Diſcretion; in the which better part, I have ſaved my life. I am affraide of this Gun-powder *Percy* though he be dead. How if hee ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? I am afraid hee would prove the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him ſure: yea, and Ile ſweare I kill'd him. Why may not he riſe as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-bodie ſees me. Therefore ſirra, with a new wound in your thigh come you along me. *Takes Hotſpurre on his backe.*

Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaſter.

Prin. Come Brother *Iohn*, full bravely haſt thou fleſht thy Maiden ſword.

Iohn. But ſoft, who have we heere?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathleſſe, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou alive?
Or is it fantaſie that playes upon our eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeake, we will not truſt our eyes
Without our eares. Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Fal. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but if I am not *Iacke Falſtaffe*, then am I a Iacke: There is *Percy*, if your Father will do me any Honor, ſo: if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himſelfe. I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can aſſure you.

Prin. Why, *Percy* I kill'd my ſelfe, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Did'ſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is given to Lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of Breath, and ſo was he, but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long houre by Shrewsburie clocke. If I may be beleeved, ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward Valour, beare the ſinne upon their owne heads. Ile take't on my death I gave him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were alive, and would denie it, I would make him eate a peece of my ſword.

Iohn. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that e're I heard.

Prin. This is the ſtrangeſt Fellow, Brother *Iohn*.

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:
For my part, if a lye may doe thee grace,
Ile gil'd it with the happieſt tearmes I have.
A Retreat is ſounded.
The Trumpets ſound Retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the higheſt of the field,
To ſee what Friends are living, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

Fal. Ile follow as they ſay, for Reward. Hee that rewards me, heaven reward him. If I do grow great againe, Ile grow leſſe? For Ile purge, and leave Sacke, and live cleanly, as a Noble man ſhould do. *Exit.*

Scæna Quinta.

The Trumpets ſound.
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, with Worceſter & Vernon Priſoners.

King. Thus ever did Rebellion finde Rebuke.
Ill-ſpirited Worceſter, did we not ſend Grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of Love to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turne our offers contrary?
Miſuſe the tenor of thy Kinſmans truſt?
Three Knights upon our party ſlaine to day,
A Noble Earle and many a creature elſe,
Had beene alive this houre,
If like a Chriſtian thou had'ſt truely borne
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.
Wor. What I have done, my ſafety urg'd me to,
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided, it falls on me.
King. Beare Worceſter to death, and *Vernon* too.
Other Offenders we will pauſe upon.
Exit Worceſter and Vernon.
How goes the Field?
Prin. The Noble Scot Lord *Dowglas*, when he ſaw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The Noble *Percy* ſlaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the reſt;
And falling from a hill, he was ſo bruiz'd
That the purſuers tooke him. At my Tent
The *Dowglas* is, and I beſeech your Grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.
King. With all my heart.
Prin. Then Brother *Iohn* of Lancaſter,
To you this honourable bounty ſhall belong:
Goe to the *Dowglas*, and deliver him
Vp to his pleaſure, ranſomeleſſe and free:
His Valour ſhewne upon our Creſts to day,
Hath taught us how to cheriſh ſuch high deeds,
Even in the boſome of our Adverſaries.
King. Then this remaines: that we devide our Power.
You Sonne *Iohn*, and my Couſin Weſtmerland
Towards Yorke ſhall bend you, with your deereſt ſpeed
To meet Northumbrland, and the Prelate *Scroope*,
Who (as we heare) are buſily in Armes.
My Selfe, and Sonne *Harry* will towards Wales,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this Land ſhall loſe his way,
Meeting the Checke of ſuch another day;
And ſince this Buſineſſe ſo faire is done,
Let us not leave till all our owne be wonne. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Second Part of Henry the Fourth,

Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fift.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

INDVCTION.

Enter Rumor.

OPen your Eares: For which of you will ſtop
The vent of Hearing, when loud *Rumor* ſpeakes?
I, from the Orient, to the drooping Weſt
(Making the wind my Poſt-horſe) ſtill unfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,
The which, in every Language, I pronounce,
Stuffing the eares of them with falſe Reports:
I ſpeake of Peace, while covert Enmitie
(Vnder the ſmile of ſafety) wounds the World:
And who but *Rumour*, who but onely I
Make fearefull Muſters, and prepar'd Defence,
Whil'ſt the bigge yeare, ſwolne with ſome other griefes,
Is thought with childe, by the ſterne Tyrant Warre;
And no ſuch matter? *Rumour*, is a Pipe
Blowne by Surmiſe, Ielouſies Conjectures;
And of ſo eaſie, and ſo plaine a ſtop,
That the blunt Monſter, with uncounted heads,
The ſtill diſcordant, wavering Multitude,
Can play upon it. But what neede I thus
My well-knowne Body to Anathomize
Among my houſhold? Why is *Rumour* heere?
I run before King *Harries* victory,
Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie
Hath beaten downe young *Hotſpurre*, and his Troopes,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion,
Even with the Rebels blood. But what meane I
To ſpeake of truth at firſt? My Office is
To noyſe abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Vnder the Wrath of Noble *Hotſpurres* Sword:
And that the King, before the *Dowglas* Rage
Stoop'd his Annointed head, as low as death.
This have I rumor'd through the peaſant-Townes,
Betweene the Royall Field of Shrewsburie,
And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,
Where *Hotſpurres* Father, old Northumberland,
Lyes crafty ſicke. The Poſtes come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other newes
Then they have learn'd of Me. From *Rumours* Tongues,
They bring ſmooth-Comforts-falſe, worſe then True-wrongs. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L.Bar. Who keepes the Gate hoa?
Where is the Earle?
Pro. What ſhall I ſay you are?
Bar. Tell thou the Earle
That the Lord *Bardolfe* doth attend him heere.
Por. His Lordſhip is walk'd forth into the Orchard,
Pleaſe it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,
And he himſelfe will anſwer.

Enter Northumberland.

L. Bar. Heere comes the Earle.
Nor. What newes Lord *Bardolfe*? Ev'ry minute now
Should be the Father of ſome Stratagem;
The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horſe
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke looſe,
And beares downe all before him.
L.Bar. Noble Earle,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.
Nor. Good, and heaven will.
L. Bar. As good as heart can wiſh:
The King is almoſt wounded to the death:
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,
Prince *Harrie* ſlaine outright: and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Dowglas*. Young Prince *Iohn*,
And Weſtmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field.
And *Harrie Monmouth's* Brawne (the Hulke Sir *Iohn*)
Is priſoner to your Sonne. O, ſuch a Day.
(So fought, ſo follow'd, and ſo fairely wonne)
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times
Since *Cæſars* Fortunes.
Nor. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?
L.Bar. I ſpake with one (my L.) that came frõ thence,
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me theſe newes for true.
Nor. Heere comes my Servant *Travers*, whom I ſent
On Tueſday laſt, to liſten after Newes.

Enter Travers.

L.Bar. My Lord, I over-rode him on the way,
And he is furniſh'd with no certainties,
More then he (haply) may retaile from me.
Nor. Now *Travers*, what good tidings comes frõ you?

Tra. My Lord, *Iohn Umfrevill* turn'd me backe
With joyfull tydings;and (being better hors'd)
Out-rod me. After him, came ſpurring hard
A Gentleman(al moſt fore-ſpent with ſpeed)
That ſtopp'd by me,to breath his bloodied horſe.
He ask'd the way to Cheſter : And of him
I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury:
He told me , that Rebellion had ill lucke,
And that yong *Harry Percies* Spurre was cold.
With that he gave his able Horſe the head,
And bending forwards ſtrooke his able heeles
Againſt the panting ſides of his poore Iade
Vp to the Rowell head, and ſtarting ſo,
Hee ſeem'd in running,to devoure the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.
North. Ha? Againe:
Said he yong *Harry Percies* Spurre was cold?
(Of *Hot-Spurre*,cold-Spurre) that Rebellion,
Had met ill lucke?
L. Bar. My Lord : Ile tell you what,
If my yong Lord your Sonne, have not the day,
Vpon mine Honor, for a ſilken point
Ile give my Barony. Never talke of it.
Nor. Why ſhould the Gentleman that rode by *Travers*
Give then ſuch inſtances of Loſſe?
L. Bar. Who, he?
He was ſome hielding Fellow,that had ſtolne
The Horſe he rode-on : and upon my life
Spake at adventure. Looke , here comes more Newes.

Enter Morton.

Nor. Yea, this mans brow,like to a Title-leafe,
Fore-tels the Nature of a Tragicke Volume:
So lookes the Strond,when the Imperious Flood
Hath left a witneſt Vſurpation.
Say *Morton*, did'ſt thou come from Srewsbury?
Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury(my Noble Lord)
Where hatefull death put on his vglieſt Maske
To fright our party.
Nor. How doth my Sonne,and Brother?
Thou trembl'ſt;and the whiteneſſe in thy Cheeke
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.
Even ſuch a man,ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſſe,
So dull,ſo dead in looke,ſo woe-be-gone,
Drew *Priams* Curtaine,in the dead of night,
And would have told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.
But *Priams* found the Fire,ere he his Tongue:
And I,my *Percies* death,ere thou report'ſt it.
This, thou would'ſt ſay : Your Sonne did thus,and thus:
Your Brother,thus.So fought the Noble *Dowglas*,
Stopping my greedy eare, with their bold deeds.
But in the end(to ſtop mine Eare indeed)
Thou haſt a Sigh, to blow away this Praiſe,
Ending with Brother,Sonne,and all are dead.
Mor. Dowglas is living, and your Brother, yet:
But for my Lord,your Sonne.
No. Why he is dead.
See what a ready tongue Suſpition hath;
He that but feares the thing,he would not know,
Hath by Inſtinct, knowledge from others Eyes,
That what he feard,is chanc'd. Yet ſpeake(*Morton*)
Tell thou thy Earle,his Divination Lies,
And I will take it, as a ſweet Diſgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me ſuch wrong.
Mor. You are too great,to be(by me) gainſaid:
Your Spirit is too true,your Feares too certaine.
Nor. Yet for all this,ſay not that *Percies* dead.
I ſee a ſtrange Confeſſion in thine Eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it Feare,or Sinne,
To ſpeake a truth. If he be ſlaine,ſay ſo:
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth ſinne that doth belye the dead:
Not he, which ſayes the dead is not alive:
Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome Newes
Hath but a looſing Office:and his Tongue,
Sounds ever after as a ſullen Bell
Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.
L. Bar. I cannot thinke(my Lord)your ſon is dead.
Mor. I am ſorry, I ſhould force you to beleeve
That, which I would to heaven , I had not ſeene.
But theſe mine eyes,ſaw him in bloody ſtate,
Rend'ring faint quittance(wearied,and out-breath'd)
To *Henry Monmouth*,whoſe ſwift wrath beate downe
The never-daunted *Percie* to the earth,
From whence(with life)he never more ſprung up.
In few;his death(whoſe ſpirit lent a fire,
Even to the dulleſt Peazant in his Campe)
Being bruited once,tooke fire and heate away
From the beſt temper'd Courage in his Troopes.
For from his Mettle,was his Party ſteel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelves, like dull and heavy Lead:
And as the Thing, that's heavy in it ſelfe,
Vpon enforcement,flyes with greateſt ſpeede,
So did our Men,heavy in *Hotſpurres* loſſe,
Lend to this weight,ſuch lightneſſe with their Feare,
That Arrowes fled not ſwifter toward their ayme,
Then did our Soldiers(ayming at their ſafety)
Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worceſter
Too ſoone ta'ne priſoner : and that furious Scot,
(The bloody *Dowglas*)whoſe well-labouring ſword
Had three times ſlaine th'appearance of the King,
Gan vaile his ſtomacke,and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turn'd their backes:and in his flight,
Stumbling in Feare,was tooke. The ſumme of all,
Is, that the King hath wonne:and hath ſent out
A ſpeedy power,to encounter you my Lord,
Vnder the Conduct of yong Lancaſter
And Weſtmerland. This is the Newes at full.
Nor. For this,I ſhall have time enough to mourne.
In Poyſon,there is Phyſicke:and this newes
(Having beene well)that would have made me ſicke,
Being ſicke,have in ſome meaſure,made me well.
And as the Wretch,whoſe Feaver-weakned joynts,
Like ſtrengthleſſe Hindges,buckle under life,
Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire
Out of his keepers armes : Even ſo, my Limbes
(Weak'ned with greefe)being now inrag'd with greefe,
Are thrice themſelves. Hence therfore thou nice crutch,
A ſcaly Gauntlet now,with joynts of Steele
Muſt glove this hand. And hence thou ſickly Quoiſe,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which Princes,fleſh'd with Conqueſt,ayme to hit.
Now binde my Browes with Iron,and approach
The ragged'ſt houre, that Time and Spight dare bring
To frowne upon th'enrag'd Northumberland.
Let Heaven kiſſe Earth:now let not Natures hand
Keepe the wilde Flood confin'd:Let Order dye,
And let the world no longer be a ſtage
To feede Contention in a ling'ring Act:
But let one ſpirit of the Firſt-borne *Caine*

Reigne in all boſomes, that each heart being ſet
On bloody Courſes, the rude Scene may end,
And darkeneſſe be the burier of the dead. (Honor.
L, Bar. Sweet Earle, divorce not wiſedom from your
Mor. The lives of all your loving Complices
Leane-on your health, the which if you give-o're
To ſtormy Paſſion, muſt perforce decay.
You caſt th'event of Warre (my Noble Lord)
And ſumm'd the accompt of Chance, before you ſaid
Let us make head: It was your preſurmize,
That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.
You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o're:
You were adviſ'd his fleſh was capeable
Of Wounds, and Scarres; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where moſt trade of danger rang'd,
Yet did you ſay go forth: and none of this
(Though ſtrongly apprehended) could reſtraine
The ſtiffe-borne Action: What hath then befalne?
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More then that Being, which was like to be?
L. Bar. We all that are engaged to this loſſe,
Knew that we ventur'd on ſuch dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,
Choak'd the reſpect of likely perill fear'd,
And ſince we are o're-ſet, venture againe.
Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods.
Mor. 'Tis more then time: And (my moſt Noble Lord)
I heare for certaine, and do ſpeake the truth:
The gentle Arch-biſhop of Yorke is up
With well appointed Powres: he is a man
Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.
My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Corpes
But ſhadowes, and the ſhewes of men to fight.
For that ſame word (Rebellion) did divide
The action of their bodies, from their ſoules,
And they did fight with queaſineſſe, conſtrain'd
As men drinke Potions; that their Weapons only
Seem'd on our ſide: but for their Spirits and Soules,
This word (Rebellion) it had froze them up,
As Fiſh are in a Pond. But now the Biſhop
Turnes Inſurrection to Religion,
Suppos'd ſincere, and holy in his Thoughts:
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:
And doth enlarge his Riſing, with the blood
Of faire King *Pichard*, ſcrap'd from Pomfret ſtones,
Derives from heaven his Quarrell, and his Cauſe:
Tels them, he doth beſtride a bleeding Land,
Gaſping for life, under great *Bullingbrooke*,
And more, and leſſe, do flocke to follow him.
North. I knew of this before. But to ſpeake truth,
This preſent greefe had wip'd it from my minde.
Go in with me, and councell every man
The apteſt way for ſafety, and revenge:
Get Poſts, and Letters, and make Friends with ſpeed,
Never ſo few, nor never yet more need. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe, and Page.

Fal. Sirra, you giant, what ſaies the Doct. to my water?

Pag. He ſaid ſir, the water it ſelfe was a good healthy water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might have more diſeaſes then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all ſorts take a pride to gird at mee: the braine of this fooliſh compounded Clay-man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I invent, or is invented on me. I am not onely witty in my ſelfe, but the cauſe that wit is in other men. I doe heere walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Service for any other reaſon, then to ſet me off, why then I have no judgement. Thou horſon Mandrake, thou art fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I was never mann'd with an Agot till now: but I will ſet you neither in Gold, nor Silver, but in vilde apparell, and ſend you backe againe to your Maiſter, for a Iewell. The *Iuuenall* (the Prince your Maiſter) whoſe Chin is not yet fledg'd, I will ſooner have a beard grow in the Palme of my hand, then he ſhall get one on his cheeke: yet he will not ſticke to ſay, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heaven may finiſh it when he will, it is not a haire amiſſe yet: he may keepe it ſtill as a Face-Royall, for a Barber ſhall never earne ſix pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever ſince his Father was a Batchellour. He may keepe his owne Grace, but hee is almoſt out of mine, I can aſſure him. What ſaid M. *Dombledon*, about the Satten for ſhort Cloake, and Slops?

Pag. He ſaid ſir, you ſhould procure him better Aſſurance, then *Bardolfe*: he would not take his Bond & yours, he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his Tongue bee hotter, a horſon *Architophel*, a Raſcally-yea-forſooth-knave, to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then ſtand upon Security? The horſon ſmooth-pates do now weare nothing but high ſhooes, and bunches of Keyes at their girdles: and if a man is through with them in honeſt Taking-up, then they muſt ſtand upon Security: I had as liefe they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to ſtoppe it with Security. I look'd he ſhould have ſent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true Knight) and he ſends me Security. Well, he may ſleep in Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance: and the lightneſſe of his Wife ſhines through it, and yet cannot he ſee, though he have his owne Lanthorne to light him. Where's *Bardolfe*?

Pag. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worſhip a horſe.

Fal. I bought him in Paules, and hee'l buy mee a horſe in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiv'd.

Enter Chiefe Iuſtice, and Servant.

Pag. Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for ſtriking him, about *Bardolfe*.

Fal. Wait cloſe, I will not ſee him.

Ch. Iuſt. What's he that goes there?

Ser. *Falſtaffe*, and't pleaſe your Lordſhip.

Iuſt. He that was in queſtion for the Robbery?

Ser. He my Lord, but he hath ſince done good ſervice at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) is now going with ſome Charge, to the Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*.

Iuſt. What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.

Ser. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*.

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

Pag. You muſt ſpeake lowder, my Maiſter is deafe.

Iuſt. I am ſure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go plucke him by the Elbow, I muſt ſpeake with him.

Ser. Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. What? a yong knave and beg? Is there not wars? Is there not imployment? Doth not the K. lack ſubjects? do not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a ſhame to be on any ſide but one, it is worſe ſhame to begge, then to be on the worſt ſide, were it worſe then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You miſtake me Sir.

Fal. Why ſir? Did I ſay you were an honeſt man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Souldierſhip aſide, I had lyed in my throat, If had ſaid ſo.

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then ſet your Knighthood and your Souldier-ſhip aſide, and give mee leave to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you ſay I am any other then an honeſt man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me ſo? I lay a-ſide that which grows to me? If thou get'ſt any leave of me, hang me: if thou tak'ſt leave, thou wer't better be hang'd: you Hunt-counter, hence: Avant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would ſpeake with you.

Iuſt. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord: give your Lordſhip good time of the day. I am glad to ſee your Lordſhip abroad: I heard ſay your Lordſhip was ſicke. I hope your Lordſhip goes abroad by adviſe. Your Lordſhip (though not clean paſt your youth) hath yet ſome ſmack of age in you: ſome relliſh of the ſaltneſſe of Time, and I moſt humbly beſeech your Lordſhip, to have a reverend care of your health.

Iuſt. Sir *Iohn*, I ſent for you before your Expedition, to Shrewsbury.

Fal. If it pleaſe your Lordſhip, I heare his Majeſty is return'd with ſome diſcomfort from Wales.

Iuſt. I talke not of his Majeſty: you would not come when I ſent for you?

Fal. And I heare moreover, his Highneſſe is falne into this ſame whorſon Apoplexie.

Iuſt. Well, heaven mend him. I pray let me ſpeak with (you.

Fal. This Apoplexie is (as I take it) a kind of Lethargy, a ſleeping of the blood, a horſon Tingling.

Iuſt. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath it originall from much greefe; from ſtudy and perturbation of the braine. I have read the cauſe of his effects in *Galen*. It is a kinde of deafeneſſe.

Iuſt. I thinke you are falne into the diſeaſe: For you heare not what I ſay to you.

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well: rather an't pleaſe you) it is the diſeaſe of not Liſtning, the malady of not Marking, that I am troubled withall.

Iuſt. To puniſh you by the heeles, would amend the attentiō of your eares, & I care no tif I be yonr Phyſitian.

Fal. I am as poore as *Iob*, my Lord; but not ſo Patient: your Lordſhip may miniſter the Potion of impriſonment to me, in reſpect of Poverty: but how I ſhould bee your Patient, to follow your preſcriptions, the wiſe may make ſome dram of a ſcruple, or indeed, a ſcruple it ſelfe.

Iuſt. I ſent for you (when there were matters againſt you for your life) to ſpeake with me.

Fal. As I was then adviſed by my learned Councell, in the lawes of this Land-ſervice, I did not come.

Iuſt. Wel, the truth is (ſir *Iohn*) you live in great infamy

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cānot live in leſſe.

Iuſt. Your Meanes is very ſlender, and your waſt great.

Fal. I would it were otherwiſe: I would my Meanes were greater, and my waſte ſlenderer.

Iuſt. You have miſled the youthfull Prince.

Fal. The yong Prince hath miſled mee. I am the Fellow with the great belly, and he my Dogge.

Iuſt. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound: your daies ſervice at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded over your Nights exploit on Gads-hill. You may thanke the unquiet time, for your quiet o're poſting that Action.

Fal. My Lord?

Iuſt. But ſince all is wel, keep it ſo: wake not a ſleeping (Wolfe.

Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to ſmell a Fox.

Iu. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A Waſſell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did ſay of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Iu. There is not a white haire on your face, but ſhould have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of grauy, grauy, grauy.

Iuſt. You follow the yong Prince up and downe, like his evill Angell.

Fal. Not ſo (my Lord) your ill Angell is light: but I hope, he that lookes upon mee, will take mee without, weighing: and yet, in ſome reſpects I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Vertue is of ſo little regard in theſe Coſtormongers; that true valor is turn'd Beare-heard. Pregnancie is made a Tapſter, and hath his quicke wit waſted in giving Recknings: all the other gifts appertinent to man (as the malice of this Age ſhapes them) are not woorth a Gooſeberry. You that are old, conſider not the capacities of us that are yong: you meaſure the heat of our Livers, with the bitternes of your gals: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I muſt confeſſe, are wagges too.

Iuſt. Do you ſet downe your name in the ſcrowle of youth, that are written downe old, with all the Characters of age? Have you not a moiſt eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheeke? a white beard? a decreaſing leg? an increſing belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde ſhort? your wit ſingle? and every part about you blaſted with Antiquity? and wil you cal your ſelfe yong? Fy, fy, fy, ſir *Iohn*.

Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & ſomthing a round belly. For my voice, I have loſt it with hallowing and ſinging of Anthemes. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely old in judgement and underſtanding, and he that will caper with mee for a thouſand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & have at him. For the boxe of th'eare that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a ſenſible Lord. I have checkt him for it, and the yong Lion repents: Marry not in aſhes and ſacke-cloath, but in new Silke, and old Sacke.

Iuſt. Wel, heaven ſend the Prince a better companion.

Fal. Heaven ſend the Companion a better Prince: I cānot rid my hands of him.

Iuſt. Well, the King hath ſever'd you and Prince *Harry*, I heare yon are going with Lord *Iohn* of Lancaſter, againſt the Archbiſhop, and the Earle of Northumberland

Fal. Yes, I thanke your pretty ſweet wit for it: but looke you pray, (all you that kiſſe my Ladie Peace, at home) that our Armies joyn not in a hot day: for if I take but two ſhirts out with me, and I meane not to ſweat extraordinarily: if it bee a hot day, if I brandiſh any thing but my Bottle, would I might never ſpit white againe: There is not a dangerous Action can peepe out his head, but I am thruſt upon it. Well, I cannot laſt ever.

Iuſt. Well, be honeſt, be honeſt, and heaven bleſſe your Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordſhip lend mee a thouſand pound, to furniſh me forth?

Iuſt. Not a peny, not a peny: you are too impatient to beare croſſes. Fare you well. Commend mee to my Coſin Weſtmerland. *Exit.*

Fal. If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man can no more ſeparate Age and Covetouſneſſe, then he can part yong limbes and letchery: but the Gowt galles the one, and the pox pinches the other ; and ſo both the Degrees prevent my curſes. Boy?

Page. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purſe?

Pag. Seven groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy againſt this Conſumption of the purſe. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out, but the diſeaſe is incureable. Go beare this letter to my Lord of Lancaſter, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Weſtmerland, and this to old Miſtris *Vrſula*, whome I have weekly ſworne to marry, ſince I perceiv'd the firſt white haire on my chin. About it : you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe: for the one or th'other playes the rogue with my great toe : It is no matter, if I do halt, I have the warres for my colour, and my Penſion ſhall ſeeme the more reaſonable: A good wit will make vſe of any thing : I will turne diſeaſes to commodity. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Archbiſhop, Haſtings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe.

Ar. Thus have you heard our cau ſes and know our
And my moſt noble Friends, I pray you all (Means:
Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes,
And firſt (Lord Marſhall) what ſay you to it?

Mor. I well allow the occaſion of our Armes,
But gladly would be better ſatisfied,
How (in our Meanes) we ſhould advance our ſelves
To looke with forehead bold and big enough
Vpon the Power and puiſſance of the King.

Haſt. Our preſent Muſters grow upon the File
To five and twenty thouſand men of choice:
And our Supplies, live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whoſe boſome burnes
With an incenſed Fire of Injuries.

L. Bar. The queſtion then (Lord *Haſtings*) ſtandeth thus
Whether our preſent five and twenty thouſand
May hold-up-head, without Northumberland:

Haſt. With him, we may.

L. Bar. I marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgement is, we ſhould not ſtep too farre
Till we had his Aſſiſtance by the hand.
For in a Theame ſo bloody fac'd, as this,
Conjecture, Expectation, and Surmiſe
Of Aydes incertaine, ſhould not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true Lord *Bardolfe*, for indeed
It was yong *Hotſpurres* caſe, at Shrewsbury.

L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himſelfe with hope,
Eating the ayre, on promiſe of Supply,
Flatt'ring himſelfe with Project of a power,
Much ſmaller, then the ſmalleſt of his Thoughts,
And ſo with great imagination
(Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death,
And (winking) leap'd into deſtruction.

Haſt. But (by your leave) it never yet did hurt,
To lay downe likely-hoods, and formes of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, if this preſent quality of warre,
Indeed the inſtant action: a cauſe on foot,
Lives ſo in hope: As in an early Spring,
We ſee th'appearing buds, which to prove fruite,
Hope gives not ſo much warrant, as Deſpaire
That Froſts will bite the n. When we meane to build,
We firſt ſurvey the Plot, then draw the Modell,
And when we ſee the figure of the houſe,
Then muſt we rate the coſt of the Erection,
Which if we finde out-weighes Ability,
What do we then, but draw a-new the Modell
In fewer offices? Or at leaſt, deſiſt
To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke,
(Which is (almoſt) to plucke a Kingdome downe,
And ſet another up) ſhould we ſurvey
The plot of Situation, and the Modell,
Conſent upon a ſure Foundation:
Queſtion Surveyors, know our owne eſtate,
How able ſuch a Worke to undergo,
To weigh againſt his Oppoſite? Or elſe,
We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures,
Vſing the Names of men, inſtead of men:
Like one, that drawes the Modell of a houſe
Beyond his power to builde it; who (halfe through)
Gives o're, and leaves his part-created Coſt
A naked ſubject to the Weeping Clouds,
And waſte, for churliſh Winters tyranny.

Haſt. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire birth)
Should be ſtill-borne : and that we now poſſeſt
The utmoſt man of expectation:
I thinke we are a Body ſtrong enough
(Even as we are) to equall with the King.

L. Bar. What is the King but five & twenty thouſand?

Haſt. To us no more: nay not ſo much Lord *Bardolfe.*
For his diviſions (as the Times do braul)
Are in three Heads: one Power againſt the French,
And one againſt *Glendower* : Perforce a third
Muſt take up us: So is the unfirme King
In three divided: and his Coffers ſound
With hollow Poverty, and Emptineſſe.

Ar. That he ſhould draw his ſeverall ſtrengths together
And come againſt us in full puiſſance,
Need not be dreaded.

Haſt. If he ſhould do ſo,
He leaves his backe unarm'd, the French, and Welch
Baying him at the heeles: never feare that.

L. Bar. Who is it like ſhould lead his Forces hither?

Haſt. The Duke of Lancaſter, and Weſtmerland:
Againſt the Welſh himſelfe, and *Harry Monmouth.*
But who is ſubſtituted 'gainſt the French,
I have no certaine notice.

Arch. Let us on:
And publiſh the occaſion of our Armes.
The Common wealth is ſicke of their owne Choice,
Their over-greedy love hath ſurfetted:
An habitation giddy, and unſure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond Many, with what loud applauſe
Did'ſt thou beate heaven with bleſſing *Bullingbrooke*,
Before he was, what thou would'ſt have him be?
And being now trimm'd up in thine owne deſires,
Thou (beaſtly Feeder) art ſo full of him,
That thou prouok'ſt thy ſelfe to caſt him up.
So, ſo, (thou common Dogge) did'ſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton-boſome of the Royall *Richard*,
And now thou would'ſt eate thy dead vomit up,
And howl'ſt to finde it. What truſt is in theſe Times?
They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him dye,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave.
Thou that threw'ſt duſt upon his goodly head
When through proud London he came ſighing on,
After th'admired heeles of *Bullingbrooke*,
Cri'ſt now, O Earth, yeeld us that King againe,

And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd)
"*Paſt, and to come, ſeemes beſt; things Preſent, worſt.*

Mow. Shall we go draw our numbers, and ſet on?

Haſt. We are Times ſubjects, and Time bids, be gon.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Hoſteſſe, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.

Hoſteſſe. Mr. *Fang*, have you entred the Action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Hoſt. Where's your Yeoman? Is it a luſtly yeoman? Will he ſtand to it?

Fang. Sirrha, where's *Snare*?

Hoſt. I, I, goood M. *Snare.*

Snare. Heere, heere.

Fang. Snare, we muſt Arreſt Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe.*

Hoſt. I good M. *Snare*, I have enter'd him, and all.

Sn. It may chance coſt ſome of us our lives: he wil ſtab

Hoſt. Alas the day: take heed of him: he ſtabd me in mine owne houſe, and that moſt beaſtly: he cares not what miſcheefe he doth, if his weapon be out. He will foyne like any divell, he will ſpare neither man, woman, nor childe.

Fan. If I can cloſe with him, I care not for his thruſt.

Hoſt. No, nor I neither: Ile be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fiſt him once: if he come but within my Vice.

Hoſt. I am undone with his going: I warrant he is an infinitive thing upon my ſcore. Good M. *Fang* hold him ſure: good M. *Snare* let him not ſcape, he comes continuantly to PyCorner (ſaving your manhoods) to buy a ſaddle, and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in-Lombardſtreet to M. *Smoothes* the Silkman. I pra'ye ſince my Exion is enter'd, and my Caſe ſo openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his anſwer: A 100. Mark is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have bin fub'd off, and fub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a ſhame to be thought on. There is no honeſty in ſuch dealing, unles a woman ſhould be made an Aſſe and a Beaſt, to beare every Knaves wrong. *Enter Falſtaffe and Bardolfe.* Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmeſey-Noſe *Bardolfe* with him, Do your Offices, do your offices: M. *Fang*, & M. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your Offices.

Fa. How now? whoſe Mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir *Iohn*, I arreſt you, at the ſuit of Miſt. *Quickly.*

Fal. Away Varlets, draw *Bardolfe*: Cut me off the Villaines head: throw the Queane in the Channel.

Hoſt. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou baſtardly rogue. Murder, murder, O thou Hony-ſuckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers and the Kings? O thou hony-ſeed Rogue, thou art a hony ſeed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, *Bardolffe.* *Fang.* A reſcu, a reſcu-

Hoſt. Good people bring a reſcu. Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? Doe, doe thou Rogue: Doe thou Hempſeed.

Fag. Away you Scullion you Rampallian, you Fuſtillirian: Ile tucke your Cataſtrophe. *Enter, Ch. Iuſtice.*

Iuſt. What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, hoa.

Hoſt. Good my Lord be good to mee. I beſeech you ſtand to me.

Ch. Iu. How now ſir *Iohn*? What are you brauling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and buſineſſe? You ſhould have bene well on your way to Yorke. Stand from him Fellow, wherefore hang'ſt upon him?

Hoſt. Oh my moſt worſhipfull Lord, and't pleaſe your Grace, I am a poore widdow of Eaſtcheap, and he is arreſted at my ſuit. *Ch. Iuſt.* For what ſumme?

Hoſt. It is more then for ſome (my Lord) it is for al: al I have, he hath eaten me out of houſe and home? hee hath put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his: but I will have ſome of it out againe, or I will ride thee o' Nights, like the Mare.

Fal. I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I have any vantage of ground, to get up.

Ch. Iuſt. How comes this, Sir *Iohn*? Fy, what a man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of exclamation? Are you not aſham'd to inforce a poore Widdowe to ſo rough a courſe, to come by her owne?

Fal. What is the groſſe ſumme that I owe thee?

Hoſt. Marry (if thou wer't an honeſt man) thy ſelfe, & the mony too. Thou didſt ſweare to mee upon a parcell gilt Goblet, ſitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table, by a ſea-cole fire, on Wedneſday in Whitſon week, when the Prince brok thy head for lik'ning him to a ſinging man of Windſor; thou didſt ſweare to me then (as I was waſhing thy wound) to marry me, and make me my Lady thy wife. Canſt yͧ deny it? Did not goodwife *Keech* the Butchers wife come in then, and cal me goſſip *Quickly*? comming in to borrow a meſſe of Vinegar: telling us, ſhe had a good diſh of Prawnes: whereby yͧ didſt deſire to eat ſome: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound? And didſt not thou (when ſhe was gone downe ſtaires) deſire me to be no more familiar with ſuch poore people, ſaying, that ere long they ſhould call me Madam? And did'ſt yͧ not kiſſe me, and bid mee fetch thee 30. s? I put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canſt?

Fal. My Lord, this is a poore mad ſoule: and ſhe ſayes up & downe the town, that her eldeſt ſon is like you. She hath bin in good caſe, & the truth is, poverty hath diſtracted her: but for theſe fooliſh Officers, I beſeech you, I may have redreſſe againſt them.

Iuſt. Sir *Iohn*, ſir *Iohn*, I am well acquainted with your maner of wrenching the true cauſe, the falſe way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come with ſuch (more then impudent) ſawcines from you, can thruſt me from a levell conſideration, I know you ha' practis'd upon the eaſie-yeelding ſpirit of this woman.

Hoſt. Yes in troth my Lord.

Iuſt. Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her: the one you may do with ſterling mony, & the other with currant repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not undergo this ſneape without reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawcines: If a man will curt'ſie, and ſay nothing, he is vertuous: No, my Lord (your humble duty remẽbred) I wil not be your ſutor. I ſay to you, I deſire deliv'rance from theſe Officers being upon haſtly employment in the Kings Affaires.

Iuſt. You ſpeake, as having power to do wrong: But anſwer in the effect of your Reputation, and ſatisfie the poore woman.

Fal. Come hither Hoſteſſe. *Enter M. Gower.*

Ch. Iuſt. Now Maiſter *Gower*; What newes?

Gow. The King (my Lord) and *Henry* Prince of Wales
Are neere at hand: The reſt the Paper telles.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman.

Hoſt. Nay, you ſaid ſo before.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

Hoſt. By this Heavenly ground I tread on, I muſt bee faine to pawne both my Plate, and the Tapiſtry of my dyning Chambers.

Fal. Glaſſes, glaſſes, is the onely drinking: and for thy walles a pretty ſlight Drollery, or the Story of the Prodigal, or the Germane hunting in Water worke, is worth a thouſand of theſe Bed-hangings, and theſe Flybitten Tapiſtries. Let it be ten pound (if thou canſt.) Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better Wench in England. Go, waſh thy face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou muſt not be in this humour with me, come, I know thou was't ſet on to this.

Hoſt. Prethee (Sir *Iohn*) let it be but twenty Nobles, I am loath to pawne my Plate, in good earneſt la.

Fal. Let it alone, and make other ſhift: you'l be a fool ſtill.

Hoſt. Well, you ſhall have it although I pawne my Gowne. I hope you'l come to Supper: You'l pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I live? Go with her, with her: hooke-on, hooke-on.

Hoſt. Will you have *Doll Teare-ſheet* meet you at ſupper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

Ch. Inſt. I have heard bitter newes.

Fal. What's the newes (my good Lord?)

Ch. Inſt. Where lay the King laſt night?

Meſ. At Baſingſtoke my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord) all's well. What is the newes my Lord?

Ch. In. Come all his Forces backe?

Meſ. No: Fifteene hundred Foot, five hundred Horſe
Are march'd up to my Lord of of Lancaſter,
Againſt Northumberland, and the Archbiſhop.

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble L?

Ch. In. You ſhall have Letters of me preſently.
Come go along with me, good M. *Gowre.*

Fal. My Lord.

Ch. In. What's the matter?

Fal. Maiſter *Gowre*, ſhall I entreate you with me to dinner?

Gow. I muſt waite upon my good Lord here.
I thanke you, good Sir *Iohn.*

Ch. In. Sir *Iohn*, you loyter heere too long, being you are to take Souldiers up, in Countries as you go.

Fal. Will you ſup with me, Maiſter *Gowre?*

Ch. Inſt. What fooliſh Maiſter taught you theſe manners, Sir *Iohn?*

Fal. Maiſter *Gowre*, if they become mee not, he was a Foole that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and ſo part faire.

C. In. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Foole.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Pointz, Bardolfe, and Page.

Prin. Truſt me, I am exceeding weary.

Poin. Is it come to that? I had thought wearines durſt not have attach'd one of ſo high blood.

Prin. It doth me:though it diſcolours the complexiou of my Greatneſſe to acknowledge it. Doth it not ſhew vildely in me, to deſire ſmall Beere?

Poin. Why, a Prince ſhould not be ſo looſely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weake a Compoſition.

Prince. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got: for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Creature, Small Beere. But indeede theſe humble conſiderations make me out of love with my greatneſſe. What a diſgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many paire of Silk ſtockings thou haſt? (Viz. theſe, and thoſe that were thy peach-colour'd ones:) Or to beare the Inventory of thy ſhirts, as one for ſuperfluity, and one other, for uſe. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou keepeſt not Racket there, as thou haſt not dõe a great while, becauſe the reſt of thy Low Countries, have made a ſhift to eate up thy Holland.

Poin. How ill it followes, after you have labour'd ſo hard, you ſhould talke ſo idlely? Tell me how many good yong Princes would do ſo, their Fathers lying ſo ſicke, as yours is?

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, *Pointz?*

Poin. Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It ſhall ſerve among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Poin. Go to: I ſtand the puſh of your one thing, that you'l tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I ſhould be ſad now my Father is ſicke: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleaſes me, fot fault of a better, to cal my friend) I could be ſad, and ſad indeed too.

Poin. Very hardly, upon ſuch a ſubject.

Prin. Thou think'ſt me as farre in the Divels Book, as thou, and *Falſtaffe*, for obduracy and perſiſtency. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is ſo ſick: and keeping ſuch vild company as thou art, hath in reaſon taken from me, all oſtentation of ſorrow.

Poin. The reaſon?

Pr. What would'ſt thou think of me, if I ſhould weep?

Poin. I Would think thee a moſt Princely hypocrite.

Prin. It would be every mans thought: and thou art a bleſſed Fellow, to thinke as every man thinkes: never a mans thought in the world,; keepes the Rode-way better then thine: every man would think me an Hypocrite indeede. And what accites your moſt worſhipful thought to thinke ſo?

Poin. Why, becauſe you have beene ſo lewde, and ſo much ingraffed to *Falſtaffe.*

Prin. And to thee.

Pointz. Nay, I am well ſpoken of, I can heare it with mine own eares: the worſt that they can ſay of me is, that I am a ſecond Brother, and that I am a proper Fellowe of my hands: and thoſe two things I confeſſe I cannot helpe. Looke, looke, here comes *Baldolfe.*

Prince. And the Boy that I gave *Falſtaffe*, he had him from me Chriſtian, and ſee if the fat villain have not transform'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. Save your Grace.

Prin. And yours, moſt Noble *Bardolfe.*

Poin. Come you pernitious Aſſe, you baſhfull Foole, muſt you be bluſhing? Wherefore bluſh you now? what a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it ſuch a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me even now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could diſcerne no part of his face from the window: at laſt I ſpy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wives new Petticoat, and peeped through.

Prin. Hath not the boy profited?

Bar. Away, you horſon upright Rabbet, away.

Page. Away, you raſcally *Altheas* dreame, away.

Prin. Inſtruct us Boy: what dreame, Boy?

Pag. Mary (my Lord) *Althea* dream'd, ſhe was deliver'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him hir dream.

Prince. A Crownes-worth of good Interpretation: There it is, Boy.

Poin. O that this good Bloſſome could bee kept from Cankers: Well, there is ſix pence to preſerve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallowes ſhall be wrong'd.

Prin. And how doth thy Maiſter, *Bardolph?*

Bar. Well, my good Lord: he heard of your Graces comming to Towne. There's a Letter for you.

Prin. Deliver'd with good reſpect: And how doth the Martlemas, your Maiſter?

Bard. In bodily health Sir.

Poin. Marry, the immortall part needes a Phyſitian: but that moves not him: though that bee ſicke, it dyes not.

Prin. I do allow this Wen to be as familiar with me, as my dogge. and he holds his place, for looke you he writes.

Poin. Letter. Iohn Falſtaffe Knight: (Every man muſt know that, as oft as he hath occaſion to name himſelfe:) Even like thoſe that are kinne to the King, for they never pricke their finger, but they ſay, there is ſom of the kings blood ſpilt. How comes that (ſayes he) that takes upon him not to conceive? the anſwer is as ready as a borrowed cap: I am the Kings poore Coſin, Sir.

Prin. Nay, they will be kin to us, but they will fetch it from *Iaphet.* But to the Letter: —— *Sir Iohn Falſtaffe, Knight, to the Sonne of the King, neereſt his Father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.*

Poin. Why this is a Certificate.

Prin. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romaines in brevity.

Poin. Sure he meanes brevity in breath: ſhort-winded.

I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Bee not too familiar with Pointz, *for hee miſuſes thy Favours ſo much, that he ſweares thou art to marry his Siſter* Nell. *Repent at idle times as thou maiſt, and ſo farewell.*

Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to ſay, as thou
uſeſt him. Iacke Falſtaffe *with my Familiars:*
Iohn *with my Brothers and Siſter: & Sir*
Iohn, *with all Europe.*

My Lord, I will ſteepe this Letter in Sack, and make him eate it.

Prin. That's to make him eate twenty of his Words. But do you uſe me thus *Ned?* Muſt I marry your Siſter?

Poin. May the Wench have no worſe Fortune. But I never ſaid ſo.

Prin. Well, thus we play the Foole with the time and the ſpirits of the wiſe, ſit in the clouds, and mocke us: Is your Maiſter heere in London?

Bard. Yes my Lord.

Prin. Where ſuppes he? Doth the old Bore, feede in the old Franke?

Bard. At the old place my Lord, in Eaſt-cheape.

Prin. What Company?

Page. Epheſians my Lord, of the old Church.

Prin. Sup any women with him?

Page. None my Lord, but old Miſtris *Quickly*, and M. *Doll Teare-ſheet.*

Prin. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinſwoman of my Maiſters.

Prin. Even ſuch Kin, as the Pariſh Heyfors are to the Towne-Bull?
Shall we ſteale upon them (*Ned*) at Supper?

Poin. I am your ſhadow, my Lord, Ile follow you.

Prin. Sirrha, you boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your Maiſter that I am yet in Towne.
There's for your ſilence.

Bar. I have no tongue, ſir.

Page. And for mine Sir, I will governe it.

Prin. Fare ye well: go.
This *Doll Teare-ſheet* ſhould be ſome Rode.

Poin. I warrant you, as common as the way betweene S. Albans, and London.

Prin. How might we ſee *Falſtaffe* beſtow himſelfe to night, in his true colours, and not our ſelves be ſeene?

Poin. Put on two Leather Ierkins, and Aprons, and waite upon him at his Table, like Drawers.

Prin. From a god, to a Bull? A heavy declenſion: It was Ioves caſe. From a Prince, to a Prentice, a low tranſformation, that ſhall be mine: for in every thing, the purpoſe muſt weigh with the folly. Follow me *Ned. Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Northumberland, his Lady, and Harry Percies Lady.

North. I prethee loving Wife, and gentle Daughter,
Give an even way vnto my rough Affaires:
Put not you on the viſage of the Times,
And be like them to Percie, troubleſome.

Wife. I have given over, I will ſpeake no more,
Do what you will: your Wiſedome, be your guide.

Nor. Alas (ſweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne,
And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

La. Oh yet, for heavens ſake, go not to theſe Warrs;
The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,
When you were more endeer'd to it, then now,
When your owne Percie, when my heart-deere-*Harry*,
Threw many a Northward looke, to ſee his Father
Bring up his Powres: but he did long in vaine.
Who then perſwaded you to ſtay at home?
There were two Honors loſt; Yours, and your Sonnes.
For Yours, may heavenly glory brighten it:
For His, it ſtucke upon him, as the Sunne
In the gray vault of Heaven: and by his Light
Did all the Cheualry of England move
To do brave Acts. He was (indeed) the Glaſſe
Wherein the Noble-Youth did dreſſe themſelves.
He had no Legges, that practic'd not his Gate:
And ſpeaking thicke (which Nature made his blemiſh)
Became the Accents of the Valiant.
For thoſe that could ſpeake low, and tardily,
Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abuſe,
To ſeeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,
In Diet, in Affections of delight,
In Military Rules, Humors of Blood,

He was the Marke, and Glaſſe, Coppy, and Booke,
That faſhion'd others. And him, O wondrous him,
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leave,
(Second to none) un-ſeconded by you,
To looke upon the hideous god of Warre,
In diſ-advantage, to abide a field,
Where nothing but the ſound of *Hotſpurs* Name
Did ſeeme defenſible: ſo you left him.
Never, O never doe his Ghoſt the wrong,
To hold your Honor more preciſe and nice
With others, then with him. Let them alone:
The Marſhall and the Arch-biſhop are ſtrong.
Had my ſweet *Harry* had but halfe their Numbers,
To day might I (hanging on *Hotſpurs* Necke)
Have talk'd of *Monmouth's* Grave.

North. Beſhrew your heart,
(Faire Daughter) you doe draw my ſpirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient Over-ſights.
But I muſt goe, and meet with Danger there,
Or it will ſeeke me in another place,
And finde me worſe provided.

Wife. O flye to Scotland,
Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,
Have of their Puiſſance made a litle taſte.

Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King,
Then joyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,
To make Strength ſtronger. But, for all our loves,
Firſt let them trye themſelves. So did your Sonne,
He was ſo ſuffer'd; ſo came I a Widow:
And never ſhall have length of Life enough,
To raine upon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow, and ſprowt, as high as Heaven,
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

Nor. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Minde
As with the Tyde, ſwell'd up unto his height,
That makes a ſtill-ſtand, running neither way.
Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-biſhop,
But many thouſand Reaſons hold me backe.
I will reſolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till Time and Vantage crave my company. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.

1. *Drawer.* What haſt thou brought there? Apple-Iohns? Thou know'ſt Sir *Iohn* cannot endure an Apple-Iohn.

2. *Draw.* Thou ſay'ſt true: the Prince once ſet a Diſh of Apple-Iohns before him, and told him there were five more Sir *Iohns*: and, putting off his Hat, ſaid, I will now take my leave of theſe ſixe drie, round, old-wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath forgot that.

1. *Draw.* Why then cover, and ſet them downe: and ſee if thou canſt finde out *Sneakes* Noyſe; Miſtris *Teare-ſheet* would faine have ſome Muſique.

2. *Draw.* Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Maiſter *Points*, anon: and they will put on two of our Ierkins, and Aprons, and Sir *Iohn* muſt not know of it: *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1. *Draw.* Then here will be old *Vtis*: it will be an excellent ſtratagem.

2. *Draw.* Ile ſee if I can finde out *Sneake*. *Exit.*

Enter Hoſteſſe, and Dol.

Hoſt. Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperality: your Pulſidge beates as extraordinarily, as heart would deſire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Roſe: But you have drunk too much Canaries, and that's a marvellous ſearching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere we can ſay what's this. How doe you now?

Dol. Better then I was: Hem.

Hoſt. Why that was well ſaid: A good heart's worth Gold. Looke, here comes Sir *Iohn*.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Falſt. When Arthur firſt in Court--(empty the Iordan) *and was a worthy King*: How now Miſtris *Dol*.

Hoſt. Sick of a Calme: yea, good-ſooth.

Fal. So is all her Sect: if they bee once in a Calme, they are ſick.

Dol. You muddy Raſcall, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat Raſcalls, Miſtris *Dol*.

Dol. I make them? Gluttony and Diſeaſes make them, I make them not.

Fal. If the Cooke make the Gluttony, you helpe to make the Diſeaſes (*Dol*) we catch of you (*Dol*) we catch of you: Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that.

Dol. I marry, our Chaynes, and our Iewels.

Falſt. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to ſerve bravely, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent bravely, and to Surgery bravelie; to venture upon the charg'd-Chambers bravely.

Hoſt. Why this is the olde faſhion: you two never meete, but you fall to ſome diſcord: you are both (in good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Toſtes, you cannot one beare with anothers Confirmities. What the good-yere? One muſt beare, and that muſt bee you: you are the weaker Veſſell, as they ſay, the emptier Veſſell.

Dol. Can a weake emptie Veſſell beare ſuch a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture of Burdeux-Stuffe in him: you have not ſeene a Hulke better ſtufft in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee *Iacke*: Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I ſhall ever ſee thee againe, or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, Ancient *Piſtoll* is below, and would ſpeake with you.

Dol. Hang him, ſwaggering Raſcall, let him not come hither: it is the foule-mouth'dſt Rogue in England.

Hoſt. If hee ſwagger, let him not come here: I muſt live amongſt my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very beſt: ſhut the doore, there comes no Swaggerers heere: I have not liv'd all this while, to have ſwaggering now: ſhut the doore, I pray you.

Fal. Do'ſt thou heare, Hoſteſſe?

Hoſt. 'Pray you pacifie your ſelf (Sir *Iohn*) there comes no Swaggerers heere.

Falſt. Do'ſt thou heare?it is mine Ancient.

Hoſt. Tilly-fally(Sir *Iohn*)never tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before Maſter *Tiſick* the Deputy, the other day:and as hee ſaid to mee, it was no longer agoe then Wedneſday laſt: Neighbour *Quickly*(ſayes hee;)Maiſter *Dombe*,our Miniſter, was by then: Neighbour *Quickly*(ſayes hee) receive thoſe that are Civill; for(ſayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now hee ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon: for(ſayes hee)you are an honeſt Woman,and well thought on; therefore take heede what Gueſts you receive: Receive(ſayes hee)no ſwaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You would bleſſe you to heare what hee ſaid. No, Ile no Swaggerers.

Falſt.Hee's no Swaggerer (Hoſteſſe:)a tame Cheater, hee: you may ſtroake him as gently, as a Puppy Greyhound: hee will not ſwagger with a Barbary Henne, if her feathers turne backe in any ſhew of reſiſtance. Call him up(Drawer.)

Hoſt. Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honeſt man my hauſe, nor no Cheater: but I do not love ſwaggering; I am the worſe when one ſayes, ſwagger: Feele Maiſters, how I ſhake: looke you,I warrant you.

Dol. So you doe, Hoſteſſe.

Hoſt.Doe I? yea, in very truth doe I,if it were an Aſpen Leafe:I cannot abide Swaggerers.

Enter Piſtol, and Bardolph and his Boy.

Piſt. 'Save you,Sir *Iohn*.

Falſt. Welcome Ancient *Piſtol*. Here(*Piſtol*)I charge you with a Cup of Sacke: do you diſcharge upon mine Hoſteſſe.

Piſt.I will diſcharge upon her (Sir *Iohn*) with two Bullets.

Falſt. She is Piſtoll-proofe (Sir) you ſhall hardly offend her.

Hoſt. Come, Ile drinke no Proofes,nor no Bullets: I will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans pleaſure, I.

Piſt. Then to you (Miſtris *Dorothie*) I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I ſcorne you (ſcuruy Companion) what? you poore, baſe,raſcally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-Mate: away you mouldy Rogue, away, I am meat for your Maſter.

Piſt. I know you, Miſtris *Dorothy*.

Dol. Away you Cut-purſe Raſcall, you filthy Bung, away:By this Wine, Ile thruſt my Knife in your mouldy Chappes, if you play the ſawcy Cuttle with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Raſcall, you Basket-hilt ſtale Iugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your ſhoulder? much.

Piſt. I will murther your Ruffe, for this.

Hoſt. No, good Captaine *Piſtol*: not heere, ſweete Captaine.

Dol. Captaine? thou abhominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not aſham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minde,they would trunchion you out, for taking their Names upon you, before you have earn'd thẽ. You a Captaine?you ſlave, for what? for tearing a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-houſe?Hee a Captaine? hang him Rogue, hee lives upon mouldy ſtew'd-Pruines, and dry'de Cakes. A Captaine? Theſe Villaines will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had neede looke to it.

Bard. Pray thee go downe,good Ancient.

Falſt. Hearke thee hither,Miſtris *Dol*.

Piſt. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall *Bardolph*, I could teare her: Ile be reveng'd on her.

Page. 'Pray thee goe downe.

Piſt. Ile ſee her damn'd firſt: to *Pluto's* damn'd Lake, to the Infernall Deepe, where *Erebus* and Tortures vilde alſo. Hold Hooke and Line, ſay I: Downe: downe Dogges,downe Fates:have wee not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. Good Captaine *Peeſel* be quiet, it is very late: I beſeeke you now, aggravate your Choler.

Piſt. Theſe be good Humors indeede. Shall Packe-Horſes, and hollow-pamper'd Iades of Aſia, which cannot goe but thirty miles a day, compare with *Caeſar*, and with Caniballs, and Troian Greekes?nay, rather damne them with King *Cerberus*, and let the Welkin roare:ſhal wee fall foule for Toyes?

Hoſt. By my troth Captaine, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawle anon.

Piſt.Die men,like Dogges;give Crownes like Pinnes: Have wee not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. On my word(Captaine) there's none ſuch here. What the good-yere, doe you thinke I would denie her? I pray be quiet.

Piſt. Then feed,and be fat(my faire *Calipolis*.) Come, give me ſome Sack, *Si fortune me tormente, ſperato me contente.* Feare wee broad-ſides? No; let the Fiend give fire: Give me ſome Sacke: and Sweet-heart lye thou there: Come wee to full Points here; and are *&* *cetera's* nothing?

Fal. *Piſtol*, I would be quiet.

Piſt. Sweet Knight, kiſſe thy Neaffe: what? wee have ſeene the ſeven Starres.

Dol. Thruſt him downe ſtayres, I cannot endure ſuch a Fuſtian Raſcall.

Piſt. Thruſt him downe ſtayres? know we not Galloway Nagges?

Fal. Quoit him downe (*Bardolph*) like a ſhove-groat ſhilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but ſpeake nothing, hee ſhall be nothing here.

Baed. Come, get you downe ſtayres.

Piſt. What? ſhall wee have Inciſion? ſhall wee embrew? then Death rocke me aſleepe, abridge my doleful dayes: why then let grievous,gaſtly, gaping Wounds, untwind'd the Siſters three: Come *Atropos*, I ſay.

Hoſt. Heere's good ſtuffe toward.

Fal. Give me my Rapier, Boy.

Dol. I prethee *Iacke*, I prethee doe not draw.

Fal. Get you downe ſtaynes.

Hoſt. Here's a goodly tumult: Ile forſweare keeping houſe, before Ile be in theſe tirrits, and frights. So: Murther I warrant now. Alas, alas put up your naked Weapons, put up your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee *Iack* be quiet, the Raſcall is gone: ah, you whorſon little valiant Villaine, you.

Hoſt. Are you not hurt i'th'Groyne? me thought hee made a ſhrewd Thruſt at your Belly.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doores?

Bard. Yes Sir the Raſcall's drunke: you have hurt him (Sir) in the ſhoulder.

Fal. A Raſcall to brave me.

Dol. Ah, you ſweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape, how thou ſweat'ſt? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you whorſon Chops: Ah Rogue, I love thee: Thou art as valorous as *Hector* of Troy, worth five of *Agamemnon*; and tenne times better then the nine Worthies: ah Villaine.

Fal. A raſcally Slave, I will toſſe the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dol. Doe, if thou dar'ſt for thy heart: if thou doo'ſt, Ile canvas thee betweene a paire of Sheetes.

Enter Muſique.

Pag. The Muſique is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play; play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, *Dol.* A Raſcall, bragging Slave: the Rogue fled from me like Quick-ſilver.

Dol. And thou follow'd'ſt him like a Church: thou whorſon little tydie Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leave fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch up thine old Body for Heaven?

Enter the Prince and Poines diſguis'd.

Fal. Peace (good *Dol*) doe not ſpeake like a Deaths-head: doe not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of?

Fal. A good ſhallow young fellow: hee would have made a good Pantler, hee would have chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They ſay *Poines* hath a good Wit.

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboone, his Wit is as thicke as Tewksbury Muſtard: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him ſo then?

Fal. Becauſe their Legges are both of a bigneſſe: and hee playes at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell, and drinkes off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wild-Mare with the Boyes, and jumpes upon Ioyn'd-ſtooles, and ſweares with a good grace, and weares his Boot very ſmooth, like unto the Signe of the Legge; and breedes no bate with telling of diſcreete ſtories: and ſuch other Gamboll faculties hee hath, that ſhew a weake Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himſelfe is ſuch another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their *Haber-de-pois.*

Prince. Would not this Nave of a Wheele have his Eares cut off?

Poin. Let us beate him before his Whore.

Prin. Looke, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poin. Is it not ſtrange, that Deſire ſhould ſo many yeeres out-live performance?

Fal. Kiſſe me *Dol.*

Prince. *Saturne* and *Venus* this yeere in Conjunction? What ſayes the Almanack to that?

Poin. And looke whether the fiery *Trigon*, his Man, be not liſping to his Maiſters old Tables, his Note-Book, his Councell-keeper?

Fal. Thou do'ſt give me flatt'ring Buſſes.

Dol. Nay truely, I kiſſe thee with a moſt conſtant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better, then I love ere a ſcurvy young Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuffe wilt thou have a Kirtle of? I ſhall receive Money on Thurſday: thou ſhalt have a Cappe to morrow. A merry Song, come: it growes late, wee will to to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wilt ſet me a weeping, if thou ſay'ſt ſo: prove that ever I dreſſe my ſelfe handſome, till thy returne: well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, *Francis.*

Prin. Poin. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha? a Baſtard Sonne of the Kings? And art not thou *Poines*, his Brother?

Prin. Why thou Globe of ſinfull Continents, what a Life do'ſt thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

Prin. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Eares.

Hoſt. Oh, the Lord preſerve thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heaven bleſſe that ſweet Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorſon made Compound of Majeſty: by this light Fleſh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.

Dol. How? you fat Foole, I ſcorne you.

Poin. My Lord, hee will drive you out of your revenge, and turne all to a merryment, if you take not the heat.

Prin. You whorſon Candle-myne you, how vildly did you ſpeake of me even now, before this honeſt, vertuous civil Gentlewoman?

Hoſt. 'Bleſſing on your good heart, and ſo ſhee is by my troth.

Fal. Didſt thou heare me?

Prince. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and ſpoke it on purpoſe, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no; no: not ſo: I did not thinke, thou waſt within hearing.

Prin. I ſhall drive you then to confeſſe the wilfull abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal No abuſe (*Hall*) on mine Honor, no abuſe,

Prince. Not to diſprayſe me? and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuſe (*Hal.*)

Poin. No abuſe?

Fal. No abuſe (*Ned*) in the World: honeſt *Ned* none. I diſprays'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in love with him: In which doing, I have done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subject, and thy Father is to give me thankes for it. No abuſe (*Hal*) none (*Ned*) none; no Boyes, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Feare, and entire Cowardiſe, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to cloſe with us? Is ſhee of the Wicked? Is thine Hoſteſſe heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wickd? Or honeſt *Bardolph* (whoſe Zeale burnes in his Noſe) of the Wicked?

Poin. Anſwere thou dead Elme, anſwere.

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe *Bardolph* irrecoverable, and his Face is *Lucifers* Privy-Kitchin, where hee doth nothing but roſt Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a goood Angell about him, but the Devill out-bids him too.

Prin. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, ſhee is in Hell already, and burnes poore Soules: for the other, I owe her Money; and whether ſhee bee damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoſt. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No. I thinke thou art not: I thinke thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indictement upon thee, for ſuffering fleſh to bee eaten in thy houſe, contrary to the Law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Hoſt. All Victuallers do ſo: What is a Ioynt of Mutton, or two, in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What ſayes your Grace?

Falſt. His Grace ſayes that, which his fleſh rebells againſt.

Hoſt. Who knocks ſo lowd at doore? Looke to the doore there, *Francis*?

Entar Peto.

Prin. *Peto*, how now? what newes?

Peto. The King, your Father, is at Weſtminſter,
And there are twenty weake and wearied Poſtes,
Come from the North: and as I came along,
I met, and over-tooke a dozen Captaines,
Bare-headed, ſweating, knocking at the Tavernes,
And asking every one for Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*.

Prin. By Heaven (*Poines*) I feele me much to blame,
So idly to prophane the precious time,
When Tempeſt of Commotion, like the South,
Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare vnarmed heads.
Give me my Sword, and Cloake:
Falſtaffe, good night. *Exit.*

Falſt. Now comes in the ſweeteſt Morſell of the night, and wee muſt hence, and leave it unpickt. More knocking at the doore? How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You muſt away to Court, Sir, preſently,
A dozen Captaines ſtay at doore for you.

Falſt. Pay the Muſitians, Sirrha: farewell Hoſteſſe, farewell *Dol.* You ſee (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are ſought after: the undeſerver may ſleepe, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches: if I be not ſent away poſte, I will ſee you againe, ere I goe.

Dol. I cannot ſpeake: if my heart bee not ready to burſt-Well (ſweete *Iacke*) have a care of thy ſelfe.

Falſt. Farewell, farewell. *Exit.*

Hoſt. Well, fare thee well: I have knowne thee theſe twenty nine yeeres, come Peſcod-time: but an honeſter, and truer-hearted man-Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Miſtris *Teare-ſheet.*

Hoſt. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Miſtris *Teare-ſheet* come to my Maſter.

Hoſt. Oh runne *Dol*, runne: runne, good *Dol.*

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Goe, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick:
But ere they come, bid them ore-reade theſe Letters,
And well conſider of them: make good ſpeed. *Exit.*
How many thouſand of my pooreſt Subjects
Are at this howre aſleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,
Natures ſoft Nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe,
And ſteepe my Sences in Forgetfulneſſe?
Why rather (Sleepe) lyeſt thou in ſmoaky Cribs,
Vpon uneaſie Pallads ſtretching thee,
And huiſht with buſſing Night, flyes to thy ſlumber,
Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?
Vnder the Canopies of coſtly State,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt Melody?
O thou dull god, why lyeſt thou with the vilde,
In loathſome Beds, and leav'ſt the Kingly Couch,
A watch-caſe, or a common Larum-Bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy Maſt,
Seale up the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,
In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
And in the viſitation of the Windes,
Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaff'ning Clamors in the ſlipp'ry Clouds,
That with the hurley, Death it ſelfe awakes?
Canſt thou (O partiall Sleepe) give thy Repoſe
To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre ſo rude:
And in the calmeſt, and moſt ſtilleſt Night,
With all appliances, and meanes to boote,
Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,
Vneaſie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

Enter Warwicke and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrowes to your Majeſty.

King. Is it good-morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis One a Clock, and paſt.

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords:)
Have you read o're the Letters that I ſent you?

VVar. We have (my Liege.)

King. Then you perceive the Body of our Kingdome,
How foule it is: what ranke Diſeaſes grow,
And with what danger, neere the Heart of it?

VVar. It is but as a Body, yet diſtemper'd,
Which to his former ſtrength may be reſtor'd,
With good advice, and little Medicine:
My Lord *Northumberland* will ſoone be cool'd.

King. Oh Heauen, that one might read the Book of Fate,
And ſee the revolution of the Times
Make Mountaines levell, and the Continent
(Weary of ſolide firmeneſſe) melt it ſelfe
Into the Sea: and other Times, to ſee
The beachy Girdle of the Ocean
Too wide for *Neptunes* hippes; how Chances mocks
And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration
With divers Liquors. 'Tis not tenne yeeres gone,
Since *Richard*, and *Northumberland*, great friends,
Did feaſt together; and in two yeeres after,
Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres ſince,
This *Percie* was the man, neereſt my Soule;
Who like a Brother, toyl'd in my Affaires,
And layd his Love and Life under my foot:
Yea, for my ſake, even to the eyes of *Richard*
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by
(You Couſin *Nevil*, as I may remember)
When *Richard*, with his Eye, brim-full of Teares,
(Then check'd, and rated by *Northumberland*)
Did ſpeake theſe words (now prov'd a Prophecie:)
Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which

My Couſin *Bullingbrooke* aſcends my Throne:
(Though then, Heaven knowes, I had no ſuch intent,
But that neceſſity ſo bow'd the State,
That I and Greatneſſe were compell'd to kiſſe:)
The Time ſhall come (thus did hee follow it)
The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,
Shall breake into Corruption : ſo went on,
Fore-telling this ſame Times Condition,
And the diviſion of our Amitie.

War. There is a Hiſtory in all mens Lives,
Figuring the nature of the Times deceas'd:
The which obſerv'd, a man may prophecie
With a neere aime, of the maine chance of things,
As yet not come to Life, which in their Seeds
And weake beginnings lye entreaſured:
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;
And by the neceſſary forme of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect gueſſe,
That great *Northumberland*, then falſe to him,
Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falſeneſſe,
Which ſhould not finde a ground to roote upon,
Vnleſſe on you.

King. Are theſe things then Neceſſities?
Then let us meete them like Neceſſities;
And that ſame word, even now cryes out on us:
They ſay, the Biſhop and *Northumberland*
Are fifty thouſand ſtrong.

War. It cannot be (my Lord:)
Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Eccho,
The numbers of the feared. Pleaſe it your Grace
To goe to bed, upon my Life (my Lord)
The Pow'rs that you already have ſent forth,
Shall brings this Prize in very eaſily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certaine inſtance, that *Glendowr* is dead.
Your Majeſty hath beene this fort-night ill,
And theſe unſeaſon'd howres perforce muſt adde
Vnto your Sickneſſe.

King. I will take your counſaile:
And were theſe inward Warres once out of hand,
Wee would (deare Lords) unto the Holy-Land.

Exeunt

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Shallow and Silence: with Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bull-calfe.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on : give mee your Hand, Sir; give mee your Hand, Sir : an early ſtirrer, by the Rood. And how doth my good Couſin *Silence*?

Sil. Good-morrow, good Couſin *Shallow*.

Shal. And how doth my Couſin, your Bed-fellow? and your faireſt Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter *Ellen*?

Sil. Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Couſin *Shallow*.)

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare ſay my Couſin *William* is become a good Scholler? hee is at Oxford ſtill, is hee not?

Sil. Indeede Sir, to my coſt.

Shal. Hee muſt then to the Innes of Court ſhortly : I was once of *Clements* Inne; where (I thinke) they will talke of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd luſty *Shallow* then (Couſin.)

Shal. I was call'd any thing : and I would have done any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *Iohn Doit* of Staffordſhire, and blacke *George Bare*, and *Francis Pick-bone*, and *Will Squele* a Cot-ſal-man, you had not foure ſuch Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of Court againe : And I may ſay to you, wee knew where the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the beſt of them all at commandement. Then was *Iacke Falſtaffe* (now Sir *Iohn*) a Boy, and Page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolke.

Sil. This Sir *Iohn* (Couſin) that comes hither anon about Souldiers?

Shal. The ſame Sir *Iohn*, the very ſame : I ſaw him breake *Schoggan's* Head at the Court-Gate, when he was a Crack, not thus high: and the very ſame day did I fight with one *Sampſon Stock-fiſh*, a Fruiterer, behinde Greyes-Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I have ſpent! and to ſee how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?

Sil. Wee ſhall all follow (Couſin.)

Shal. Certaine : 'tis certaine : very ſure, verie ſure: Death is certaine to all, all ſhall dye. How a good Yoke of Bullocks at Stamford Faire?

Sil. Truly Couſin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certaine. Is old *Double* of your Towne living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead? See, ſee: hee drew a good Bow: and dead? hee ſhot a fine ſhoote. *Iohn* of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead? hee would have clapt in the Clowt at Twelve-ſcore, and carryed you a fore-hand Shaft at fourteene, and fourteene and a halfe, that it would have done a mans heart good to ſee. How a ſcore of Ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be : a ſcore of good Ewes may be worth tenne pounds.

Shal. And is old *Double* dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Heere come two of Sir *Iohn Falſtaffes* Men (as I thinke.)

Shal. Good-morrow, honeſt Gentlemen.

Bard. I beſeech you, which is Iuſtice *Shallow*?

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow* (Sir) a poore Eſquire of this County, and one of the Kings Iuſtices of the Peace: What is your good pleaſure with me?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you : my Captaine, Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* : a tall Gentleman, and a moſt gallant Leader.

Shal. Hee greetes me well : (Sir) I knew him a good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight? may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon : a Souldier is better accommodated, then with a Wife.

Shal. It is well ſaid, Sir; and it is well ſaid, indeede, too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede is it: good phraſes are ſurely, and every where very commendable. Accommodated, it comes of *Accommodo*: very good, a good Phraſe.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I have heard the word. Phraſe call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phraſe: but I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodated : that is, when a man is (as they ſay) accommodated : or, when a man is, being whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Shal. It is very iuſt: Looke, heere comes good Sir *Iohn.* Give me your hand, give me your Worſhips good hand: Truſt me, you looke well: and beare your yeeres very well. Welcome, good Sir *Iohn.*

Falſt. I am glad to ſee you well, good Maſter *Robert Shallow*: Maſter *Sure-card* as I thinke?

Shal. No ſir *Iohn*, it is my Coſin *Silence*: in Commiſſion with me.

Falſt. Good Maſter *Silence*, it well befits you ſhould be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worſhip is welcome.

Falſt. Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) have you provided me heere halfe a dozen of ſufficient men?

Shal. Marry have we ſir: Will you ſit?

Falſt. Let me ſee them, I beſeech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee: ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo: yea marry Sir *Raphe Mouldy*: let them appeare as I call: let them doe ſo, let them doe ſo: Let me ſee, Where is *Mouldy*?

Moul. Heere, if it pleaſe you.

Shal. What thinke you (Sir *Iohn*) a good limb'd fellow: yong, ſtrong, and of good friends.

Falſt. Is thy name *Mouldy*?

Moul. Yea, if it pleaſe you.

Falſt. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, moſt excellent. Things that are mouldy, lacke uſe: very ſingular good. Well ſaid Sir *Iohn*, very well ſaid.

Falſt. Pricke him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old Dame will be undone now, for one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need not to have prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe out then I.

Falſt. Goe too: peace *Mouldy*, you ſhall goe. *Mouldy*, it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; ſtand aſide: Know you where you are? For the other ſir *Iohn*: Let me ſee: *Simon Shadow*.

Falſt. I marry, let me have him to ſit under: he's like to be a cold ſouldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow*.

Shad. Heere ſir.

Falſt. *Shadow*, whoſe ſonne art thou?

Shad. My Mothers ſonne, Sir.

Falſt. Thy Mothers ſonne: like enough, and thy Fathers ſhadow: ſo the ſonne of the Female, is the ſhadow of the Male: it is often ſo indeed, but not of the fathers ſubſtance.

Shal. Doe you like him, ſir *Iohn*?

Falſt. *Shadow* will ſerve for Summer: pricke him: For we have a number of ſhadowes to fill up the Muſter-Booke.

Shal. *Thomas Wart.*

Falſt. Where's he?

Wart. Heere ſir.

Falſt. Is thy name *Wart*?

Wart. Yea ſir.

Falſt. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I pricke him downe,
Sir *Iohn*?

Falſt. It were ſuperfluous: for his apparrell is built upon his backe, and the whole frame ſtands upon pinnes: pricke him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can doe it ſir: you can doe it: I commend you well.

Francis Feeble.

Feeble. Heere ſir.

Shal. What Trade art thou *Feeble*?

Feeble. A Womans Taylor ſir.

Shal. Shall I pricke him, ſir?

Falſt. You may:
But if he had beene a mans Taylor, he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Battaile, as thou haſt done in a Womans petticote?

Feeble. I will doe my good will ſir, you can have no more.

Falſt. Well ſaid, good Womans Tailour: Well ſayde Couragious *Feeble*: thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathfull Dove, or moſt magnanimous Mouſe. Pricke the womans Taylour well Maſter *Shallow*, deepe Maſter *Shallow*.

Feeble. I would *Wart* might have gone ſir.

Falſt. I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that thou might'ſt mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to a private ſouldier, that is the Leader of ſo many thouſands. Let that ſuffice, moſt Forcible *Feeble*.

Feeble. It ſhall ſuffice.

Falſt. I am bound to thee, reverend *Feeble*. Who is the next?

Shal. *Peter Bulcalfe* of the Greene.

Falſt. Yea marry, let us ſee *Bulcalfe*.

Bul. Heere ſir.

Falſt. Truſt me, a likely Fellow. Come, pricke me *Bulcalfe* till he roare againe.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captaine.

Falſt. What? do'ſt thou roare before th'art prickt.

Bul. Oh ſir, I am a diſeaſed man.

Falſt. What diſeaſe haſt thou?

Bul. A whorſon cold ſir, a cough ſir, which I caught with Ringing in the Kings affayres, upon his Coronation day, ſir.

Falſt. Come, thou ſhalt goe to the Warres in a Gowne: we will have away thy Cold, and I will take ſuch order that thy friends ſhall ring for thee. Is heere all?

Shal. There is two more called then your number: you muſt have but foure heere ſir, and ſo I pray you goe in with me to dinner.

Falſt. Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to ſee you in good troth, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. O ſir *Iohn*, doe you remember ſince we lay all night in the Winde-mill, in Saint *Georges* Field?

Falſt. No more of that good Maſter *Shallow*: No more of that.

Shal. Ha? it was a merry night. And is *Iane Nightworke* alive?

Falſt. She lives, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Falſt. Never, never: ſhe would alwayes ſay ſhe could not abide Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. I could anger her to the heart: ſhe was then a *Bona-Roba*. Doth ſhe hold her owne well?

Falſt. Old, old, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Nay, ſhe muſt be old, ſhe cannot chooſe but be old: certaine ſhe's old: and had *Robin Night-worke*, by old *Night-worke*, before I came to *Clements* Inne.

Sil. That's fifty five yeeres agoe.

Shal. Hah, Couſin *Silence*, that thou hadſt ſeene that, that this Knight and I have ſeene: hah, Sir *Iohn*, ſaid I well?

Falſt. We have heard the Chymes at mid-night, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. That we have, that we have; in faith, Sir *Iohn*, we have: our watch-world was, Hem-Boyes. Come, let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner: Oh the dayes that we have ſeene. Come, come.

Bul. Good Maſter Corporate *Bardolph*, ſtand my friend, and heere is foure *Harry* tenne ſhillings in French Crownes for you: in very truth, ſir, I had as lief be hang'd ſir, as goe? and yet, for mine owne part, ſir, I doe not care, but rather, becauſe I am unwilling, and for mine owne part, have a deſire to ſtay with my friends: elſe, ſir, I did not care, for mine owne part, ſo much.

Bar. Goe-too: ſtand aſide.

Moul. And good Maſter Corporall Captaine, for my old Dames ſake, ſtand my friend: ſhe hath no body to doe any thing about her, when I am gone: and ſhe is old and cannot helpe her ſelfe: you ſhall have forty, ſir.

Bard. Go-too: ſtand aſide.

Feeble. I care not, a man can dye but once: we owe a death. I will never beare a baſe mind: it it be my deſtiny, ſo: if it be not, ſo: no man is too good to ſerve his Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this yeere, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well ſaid, thou art a good fellow.

Feebl. Nay, I will beare no baſe mind.

Falſt. Come ſir, which men ſhall I have?

Shal. Foure of which you pleaſe.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound, to free *Mouldy* and *Bull-calſe*.

Falſt. Go-too: well.

Shal. Come, ſir *Iohn* which foure will you have?

Falſt. Doe you chuſe for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldy*, *Bull-calſe*, *Feeble*, and *Shallow*.

Falſt. *Mouldy*, and *Bull-calfe*: for you *Mouldy*, ſtay at home, till you are paſt ſervice: and for your part, *Bull-calfe*, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *Iohn*, Sir *Iohn*, doe not your ſelfe wrong, they are your likelyeſt men, and I would have you ſerv'd with the beſt.

Falſt. Will you tell me (Maſter *Shallow*) how to chuſe a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the ſtature, bulke, and big aſſemblance of a man? give me the ſpirit (Maſter *Shallow*.) Where's *Wart*? you ſee what a ragged appearance it is: hee ſhall charge you, and diſcharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer: come off, and on, ſwifter then he that gibbets on the Brewers Bucket. And this ſame halfe-fac'd fellow, *Shadow*, give me this man, he preſents no marke to the Enemy, the foe-man may with as great ayme levell at the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retrait, how ſwiftly will this *Feeble*, the Womans Taylor, runne off. O, give me the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones. Put me a Calyver into *Warts* hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold *Wart*, Traverſe: thus, thus, thus.

Falſt. Come manage me your Calyver: ſo. very well, go-too, very good, exceeding good. O, give me alwayes a little, leane, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well ſaid *Wart*, thou art a good Scab: hold, there is a Teſter for thee.

Shal. He is not his Crafts-maſter, he doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay at *Clements* Inne, I was then Sir *Dagonet* in *Arthurs* Show: there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his Peece thus: and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would he ſay, Bownce would he ſay, and away againe would he goe, and againe would he come: I ſhall never ſee ſuch a fellow.

Fal. Theſe fellowes will doe well, Maſter *Shallow*. Farewell Maſter *Silence*, I will not uſe many wordes with you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thanke you: I muſt a dozen mile to night. *Bardolph*, give the Souldiers Coates.

Shal. Sir *Iohn*, Heaven bleſſe you, and proſper your Affayres, and ſend us Peace. As you returne, viſit my houſe. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with you to the Court.

Falſt. I would you would, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Go-too: I have ſpoke at a word. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Falſt. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On *Bardolph*, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off theſe Iuſtices: I doe ſee the bottome of Iuſtice *Shallow*. How ſubject we old men are to this vice of Lying? This ſame ſtarv'd Iuſtice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildeneſſe of his Youth, and the Feates he hath done about Turnball-ſtreet, and every third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at *Clements* Inne, like a man made after ſupper, of a Cheeſe-paring. When he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked Radiſh, with a Head fantaſtically carv'd upon it with a Knife. He was ſo forlorne, that his Dimenſions (to any thicke ſight) were invincible. He was the very *Genius* of Famine: he came ever in the rere-ward of the Faſhion: And now is this Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talkes as familarily of *Iohn* of Gaunt, as if he had beene ſworne Brother to him: and Ile be ſworne he never ſaw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burſt his Head, for crowding among the Marſhals men. I ſaw it, and told *Iohn* of Gaunt, he beat his owne Name, for you might have truſs'd him and all his Apparrell into an Eele-skinne: the Caſe of a Treble Hoeboy was a Manſion for him: a Court: and now hath he Land, and Beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I returne: and it ſhall goe hard, but I will make him a Philoſophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I ſee no reaſon, in the Law of Nature, but I may ſnap at him. Let time ſhape, and there an end. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus, Scæna Prima.

Enter the Arch-biſhop, Mowbray, Haſtings,
Weſtmerland, Colevile.

Biſh. What is this Forreſt call'd?

Haſt. 'Tis Gualtree Forreſt, and't ſhall pleaſe your Grace.

Biſh. Here ſtand (my Lords) and ſend diſcoverers forth
To know the numbers of our Enemies.

Haſt. We have ſent forth already.
Biſh. 'Tis well done.
My friends, and Brethren (in theſe great Affaires)
I muſt acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated Letters from *Northumberland*:
Their cold intent, tenure, and ſubſtance thus.
How doth he wiſh his Perſon, with ſuch Powers
As might hold ſortance with his Quality,
The which he could not levy: whereupon
He is retyr'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,
To *Scotland*; and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your Attempts may over-live the hazard,
And fearefull meeting of their Oppoſite.
Mow. Thus do the hopes we have in him, touch ground,
And daſh themſelves to pieces.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Haſt. Now? what newes?
Meſſ. Weſt of this Forreſt, ſcarcely off a mile,
In goodly forme, comes on the Enemy:
And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Vpon, or neere, the rate of thirty thouſand.
Mow. The juſt proportion that we gave them out.
Let us ſway-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Biſh. What well appointed Leader fronts us here?
Mow. I thinke it is my Lord of *Weſtmerland*.
Weſt. Health, and faire greeting from our Generall,
The Prince, Lord *Iohn*, and Duke of *Lancaſter*.
Biſh. Say on (my Lord of *Weſtmerland*) in peace:
What doth concerne your comming?
Weſt. Then (my Lord)
Vnto your Grace doe I in cheife addreſſe
The ſubſtance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
Came like it ſelfe, in baſe and abject Routs,
Led on by bloody Youth. guarded with Rage,
And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggery:
I ſay if damn'd Commotion ſo appeare,
In his true, native, and moſt proper ſhape,
You (Reverend Father, and theſe Noble Lords)
Had not beene here, to dreſſe the ougly forme
Of baſe, and bloody inſurrection,
With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-biſhop,
Whoſe Sea is by a Civill Peace maintain'd,
Whoſe Beard, the Silver Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
Whoſe Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,
Whoſe white Inveſtments figure Innocence,
The Dove, and very bleſſed Spirit of Peace.
Wherefore doe you ſo ill tranſlate your ſelfe,
Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares ſuch grace,
Into the harſh and boyſtrous Tongue of Warre?
Turning you Bookes to Graves, your Inke to Blood,
Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue divine
To a low Trumpet, and a Point of Warre?
Biſh. Wherefore doe I this? ſo the queſtion ſtands.
Briefely to this end: We are all diſeas'd,
And with our ſurfetting, and wanton howres,
Have brought our ſelves into a burning Fever,
And we muſt bleede for it: of which Diſeaſe,
Our late King *Richard* (being infected) dy'd.
But (my moſt Noble Lord of *Weſtmerland*)
I take not on me here as a Phyſician,
Nor doe I, as an Enemy to Peace,
Troope in the Throngs of Military men:
But rather ſhew a while like fearefull Warre,
To dyet ranke Mindes, ſicke of happineſſe;
And purge th'obſtructions, which begin to ſtop
Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainely.
I have in equall ballance juſtly weigh'd,
What wrongs our Armes may do, what wrongs we ſuffer
And find our Griefes heavier then our Offences.
We ſee which way the ſtreame of Time doth runne,
And are enforc'd from our moſt quiet there,
By the rough Torrent of Occaſion,
And have the ſummary of all our Griefes
(When time ſhall ſerve) to ſhew in Articles;
Which long ere this, we offer'd to the King,
And might, by no Suit, gayne our Audience:
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our Griefes,
We are deny'd acceſſe unto his perſon,
Even by thoſe men, that moſt have done us wrong.
The dangers of the dayes but newly gone,
Whoſe memory is written on the Earth
With yet appearing blood; and the examples
Of every Minutes inſtance (preſent now)
Hath put us in theſe ill-beſeeming Armes:
Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to eſtabliſh here a Peace indeed,
Concurring both in Name and Quality.
Weſt. When ever yet was your Appeale deny'd;
Wherein have you beene galled by the King?
What Peere hath beene ſuborn'd, to grate on you,
That you ſhould ſeale this lawleſſe bloody Booke
Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seale divine?
Biſh. My brother generall, the Common-wealth,
I make my quarrell, in particular.
Weſt. There is no neede of any ſuch redreſſe;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mow. Why not to him in part, and to us all,
That feele the bruizes of the dayes before,
And ſuffer the Condition of theſe Times
To lay a heavy and unequall Hand upon our Honors?
Weſt. O my good Lord *Mowbray*,
Conſtrue the Times to their Neceſſities,
And you ſhall ſay (indeed) it is the Time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet for your part, it not appeares to me,
Either from the King, or in the preſent Time,
That you ſhould have an inch of any ground
To build a Griefe on: Were you not reſtor'd
To all the Duke of Norfolkes Seignories,
Your Noble, and right well-remembred Fathers?
Mow. What thing, in Honor, had my father loſt,
That need to be reviu'd, and breath'd in me?
The King that lov'd him, as the State ſtood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to baniſh him:
And then, that *Henry Bullingbrooke* and he
Being mounted, and both rowſed in their Seates,
Their neighing Courſes daring of the Spurre,
Their armed Staves in charge, their Beavers downe,
Their eyes of fire, ſparling through ſights of Steele,
And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together:
Then, then, when there was nothing could have ſtay'd
My father from the Breaſt of *Bullingbrooke*;
O, when the King did throw his Warder downe.
(His owne Life hung upon the Staffe he threw)
Then threw he downe himſelfe, and all their Lives,
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
Have ſince miſ-carried under *Bullingbrooke*.

Weſt. You ſpeake (Lord *Mowbray*) now you know not
The Earle of Hereford, was reputed then (what.
In England the moſt valiant Gentleman.
Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then have ſmil'd?
But if your Father had beene Victor there,
He ne're had borne it out of Coventry.
For all the Country, in a generall voyce,
Cry'd hate upon him: and all their prayers, and love,
Were ſet on *Herefold*, whom they doted on,
And bleſs'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King.
But this is meere digreſſion from my purpoſe.
Heere come I from our Princely Generall,
To know your Griefes; to tell you, from his Grace,
That he will give you Audience: and wherein
It ſhall appeare, that your demands are juſt,
You ſhall enjoy them, every thing ſet off,
That might ſo much as thinke you Enemies.
Mow. But he hath forc'd us to compell this Offer,
And it proceedes from Pollicy, not Love.
Weſt. *Mowbray*, you over-weene to take it ſo:
This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare.
For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes,
Vpon mine Honor, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of feare.
Our Battaile is more full of Names then yours,
Our Men more perfect in the uſe of Armes,
Our Armor all as ſtrong, our Cauſe the beſt;
Then Reaſon will, our hearts ſhould be as good.
Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd.
Mow. Well, by my will, we ſhall admit no Parley.
Weſt. That argues but the ſhame of your offence:
A rotten Caſe abides no handing.
Haſt. Hath the Prince *Iohn* a full Commiſſion,
In very ample vertue of his father,
To heare, and abſolutely to determine
Of what Conditions we ſhall ſtand upon?
Weſt. That is intended in the Generalls Name:
I muſe you make ſo ſlight a Queſtion.
Biſh. Then take (my Lord of Weſtmerland) this Sche-
For this containes our generall Grievances: (dule,
Each ſeverall Article herein redreſs'd,
All members of our Cauſe, both here, and hence,
That are inſinewed to this Action,
Acquitted by a true ſubſtantiall forme,
And preſent execution of our wills,
To us, and to our purpoſes confin'd,
We come within our awfull Banks againe
And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace.
Weſt. This will I ſhew the Generall. Pleaſe you Lords
In ſight of both our Battailes, wee may meete
At either end in peace: which Heaven ſo frame,
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
Which muſt decide it.
Biſh. My Lord, wee will doe ſo.
Mow. There is a thing within my Boſome tells me,
That no Conditions of our Peace can ſtand.
Haſt. Feare you not that, if we can make our Peace
Vpon ſuch large termes, and ſo abſolute,
As our Conditions ſhall conſiſt upon,
Our Peace ſhall ſtand as firme as Rocky Mountaines.
Mow. I, but our valuation ſhall be ſuch,
That evry ſlight, and falſe-derived Cauſe,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton Reaſon,
Shall, to the King, taſte of this Action:
That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Love,
We ſhall be winnowed with ſo rough a winde,
That even our Corne ſhall ſeeme as light as Chaffe,
And good from bad find no partition.
Biſh. No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is weary
Of dainty, and ſuch picking Grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
Revives two greater in the Heires of Life.
And therefore will he wipe his Tables cleane,
And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memory,
That may repeat, and Hiſtory his loſſe,
To new remembrance. For full well he knowes,
He cannot ſo preciſely weede this Land,
As his miſdoubts preſent occaſion:
His foes are ſo enrooted with his friends,
That plucking to unfixe an Enemy,
He doth unfaſten ſo, and ſhake a friend.
So that this Land, like an offenſive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on, to offer ſtrokes,
As he is ſtriking, holds his infant up,
And hangs reſolu'd Correction in the Arme,
That was uprear'd to execution.
Haſt. Beſides, the King hath waſted all his Rods,
On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke
The very Inſtruments of Chaſticement:
So that his power, like to a Fangleſſe Lion
May offer, but not hold.
Biſh. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be aſſur'd (my good Lord Marſhall)
If we doe now make our attonement well,
Our Peace will (like a broken Limbe united)
Grow ſtronger, for the breaking.
Mow. Be it ſo:
Heere is return'd my Lord of *Weſtmerland.*

Enter Weſtmerland.

We. The Prince is here at hand: pleaſeth your Lordſhip
To meet his Grace, juſt diſtance 'tweene our Armies?
Mow. Your Grace of Yorke, in heaven's name then
forward.
Biſh. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.

Enter Prince Iohn.

Iohn. You are well encountred here (my coſin *Mow-*
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbiſhop, (*bray*)
And ſo to you Lord *Haſtings*, and to all.
My Lord of Yorke, it better ſhew'd with you,
When that your Flocke (aſſembled by the Bell)
Encircled you, to heare with reverence
Your expoſition on the holy Text,
Then now to ſe you heere an Iron man
Chearing a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme,
Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death:
That man that ſits within a Monarches heart,
And ripens in the Sunne-ſhine of his favour,
Would he abuſe the Countenance of the King,
Alacke, what Miſcheifes might he ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch Greatneſſe? With you, Lord Biſhop,
It is even ſo. Who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heaven?
To us, the ſpeaker in his Parliament;
To us, the 'imagine voyce of Heaven it ſelfe:
The very Opener, and Intelligencer,
Betweene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heaven?
And our dull workings. O, who ſhall beleeve,
But you miſ-uſe the reverence of your Place,
Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heaven,
As a falſe Favorite doth his Princes Name,
In deeds diſ-honorable? You have taken up,

Vnder the counterfeited Zeale of Heaven,
The Subjects of Heavens Subſtitute, my Father,
And both againſt the Peace of Heaven, and him,
Have here up-ſwarmed them.

Biſh. Good my Lord of Lancaſter,
I am not heere againſt your Fathers Peace:
But (as I told my Lord of *Weſtmerland*)
The Time (miſ-order'd) doth in common ſence
Crowd us, and cruſh us, to this monſtrous Forme,
To hold our ſafety up. I ſent your Grace
The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe,
The which hath ben with ſcorne ſhov'd from the Court:
Whereon this *Hydra*-Sonne of Warre is borne,
Whoſe dangerous eyes may well be charm'd aſleepe,
With grant of our moſt juſt and right deſires;
And true Obedience, of this Madneſſe cur'd,
Stoope tamely to the foot of Majeſty.

Mow. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes,
To the laſt man.

Haſt. And though we here fall downe,
We have Supplyes, to ſecond our Attempt:
If they miſ-carry, theirs ſhall ſecond them.
And ſo, ſucceſſe of Miſchiefe ſhall be borne,
And Heire from Heire ſhall hold this Quarrell up,
Whiles England ſhall have generation.

Iohn. You are too ſhallow (*Haſtings*)
Much too ſhallow,
To ſound the bottome of the after-Times.

Weſt. Pleaſeth your Grace, to anſwere them directly,
How farre-forth you doe like their Articles:

Iohn. I like them all, and doe allow them well:
And ſweare here, by the honor of my blood,
My fathers purpoſes have beene miſtooke,
And ſome, about him, have too laviſhly
Wreſted his meaning, and Authority.
My Lord, theſe Griefes ſhall be with ſpeed redreſt:
Vpon my life, they ſhall. If this may pleaſe you,
Diſcharge your powers unto their ſeverall Counties,
As we will ours: and here betweene the Armies,
Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may beare thoſe Tokens home,
Of our reſtored Love, and Amity.

Biſh. I take your Princely word, for theſe redreſſes.

Iohn. I give it you, and will maintaine my word;
And thereupon I drinke unto your Grace.

Haſt. Goe Captaine, and deliver to the Army
This newes of Peace: let them have pay, and part:
I know, it will well pleaſe them.
High thee Captaine. *Exit.*

Biſh. To you, my Noble Lord of *Weſtmerland.*

Weſt. I pledge your Grace:
And if you knew what paines I have beſtow'd,
To breed this preſent Peace,
You would drinke freely: but my love to ye,
Shall ſhew it ſelfe more openly hereafter.

Biſh. I doe not doubt you.

Weſt. I am glad of it.
Health to my Lord, and gentle Couſin *Mowbray.*

Mow. You wiſh me health in very happy ſeaſon,
For I am, on the ſodaine, ſomething ill.

Biſh. Againſt ill Chances, men are ever merry,
But heavineſſe fore-runnes the good event.

Weſt. Therefore be merry (Cooze) ſince ſodaine ſorrow
Serves to ſay thus: ſome good thing comes to morrow.

Biſh. Beleeve me, I am paſſing light in ſpirit.

Mow. So much the worſe, if your owne Rule be true.

Iohn. The word of Peace is render'd: hearke how they ſhowt.

Mow. This had beene cheareful, after Victory.

Biſh. A Peace is of the nature of a Conqueſt:
For then both parties nobly are ſubdu'd,
And neither party looſer.

Iohn. Goe (my Lord)
And let our Army be diſcharged too:
And good my Lord (ſo pleaſe you) let our Traines
March by us, that we may peruſe the men *Exit.*
We ſhould have coap'd withall.

Biſh. Goe, good Lord *Haſtings:*
And ere they be diſmiſs'd, let them march by. *Exit.*

Iohn. I truſt (Lords) we ſhall lye to night together.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Now Couſin, wherefore ſtands our Army ſtill?

Weſt. The Leaders having charge from you to ſtand,
Will not goe off, untill they heare you ſpeake.

Iohn. They know their duties. *Enter Haſtings.*

Haſt. Our Army is diſpers'd:
Like youthfull Steeres, unyoak'd, they tooke their courſ[illegible]
Eaſt, Weſt, North, South: or like a Schoole broke up,
Each hurryes towards his home, and ſporting place.

Weſt. Good tidings (my Lord *Haſtings*) for the which
I doe arreſt thee (Traytor) of high Treaſon:
And you Lord Arch-biſhop, and you Lord *Mowbray,*
Of Capitall Treaſon, I attach you both.

Mow. Is this proceeding juſt, and honorable?

Weſt. Is your Aſſembly ſo?

Biſh. Will you thus breake your faith?

Iohn. I pawn'd thee none:
I promiſ'd you redreſſe of theſe ſame Grievances
Whereof you did complaine; which by mine Honor,
I will performe, with a moſt Chriſtian care.
But for you (Rebels) looke to taſte the due
Meet for Rebellion, and ſuch Acts as yours.
Moſt ſhallowly did you theſe Armes commence,
Fondly brought here, and fooliſhly ſent hence.
Strike up our Drummes, purſue the ſcatter'd ſtray,
Heaven, and not we have ſafely fought to day.
Some guard theſe Traitors to the blocke of Death,
Treaſons true bed, and yeelder up of breath, *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtaffe, and Collevile.

Falſt. What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Col. I am a Knight, Sir:
And my Name is *Collevile* of the Dale.

Falſt. Well then, *Collevile* is your Name, a Knight is your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. *Collevile* ſhall ſtill be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dungeon your Place, a place deepe enough: ſo ſhall you be ſtill *Collevile* of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe?*

Falſt. As good a man as he ſir, who ere I am: doe yee yeeld ſir, or ſhall I ſweate for you? if I doe ſweate, they are the drops of thy Lovers, and they weep for thy death, therefore rowze up Feare and Trembling, and doe obſervance to my mercy.

Col. I thinke you are Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, and in that thought yeeld me.

Fal. I have a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a Tongue of them all, ſpeakes any other word but my name: and I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were ſimply the moſt active fellow in Europe: my wombe, my wombe, my wombe undoes me. Heere comes our Generall.

Enter Prince Iohn, and Weſtmerland.

Iohn. The heat is paſt, follow no farther now
Call in the Powers, good Couſin *Weſtmerland.*
Now *Falſtaffe,* where have you beene all this while?
When every thing is ended, thou you come.
Theſe tardy Trickes of yours will (on my life)
One time or other, breake ſome Gallowes backe.

Falſt. I would be ſorry (my Lord) but it ſhould be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Have I, in my poore and old Motion, the expedition of Thought? I have ſpeeded hither with the very extremeſt inch of poſſibility. I have fowndred nine ſcore and odde Poſtes: and heere (travell-tainted as I am) have, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir *Iohn Collevile* of the Dale, a moſt furious Knight, and valorous Enemy: But what of that? he ſaw me, and yeelded: that I may juſtly ſay with the hooke-nos'd fellow of Rome, I came, ſaw, and over-came.

Iohn. It was more of his Courteſie, then your deſerving.

Falſt. I know not: heere he is, and heere I yeeld him: and I beſeech your Grace, let it be book'd with the reſt of this dayes deedes; or I ſweare, I will have it in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top of it (*Collevile*) kiſſing my foot:) To the which courſe, if I be enforc'd, if you doe not all ſhew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the cleare Sky of Fame, o're-ſhine you as much as the full Moone doth the Cynders of the Element (which ſhew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleeve not the word of the Noble: therefore let me have right, and let deſert mount.

Iohn. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Falſt. Let it ſhine then.

Iohn. Thine's too thicke to ſhine.

Falſt. Let it doe ſomething (my good Lord) that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

Iohn. Is thy Name *Collevile*?

Col. It is (my Lord.)

Iohn. A famous Rebell art thou, *Collevile.*

Falſt. And a famous true Subject tooke him.

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are,
That led me hither: had they beene rul'd by me,
You ſhould have wonne them dearer then you have.

Falſt. I know not how they ſold themſelves, but thou like a kind fellow, gav'ſt thy ſelfe away; and I thanke thee, for thee.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Iohn. Have you left purſuit?

Weſt. Retreat is made, and Execution ſtay'd.

Iohn. Send *Collevile,* with his Confederates,
To Yorke, to preſent Execution.
Blunt, leade him hence, and ſee you guard him ſure.

Exit with Collevile.

And now diſpatch we toward the Court (my Lords)
I heare the King, my Father is ſore ſicke,
Our Newes ſhall goe before us, to his Majeſty,
Which (Couſin) you ſhall beare, to comfort him:
And we with ſober ſpeede will follow you.

Falſt. My Lord, I beſeech you, give me leave to goe through Glouceſterſhire; and when you come to Court, ſtand my good Lord, 'pray, in your good report.

Iohn. Fare you well, *Falſtaffe*: I, in my condition,
Shall better ſpeake of you, then you deſerve. *Exit.*

Falſt. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better then your Dukedome. Good faith, this ſame young ſober-blooded Boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh; but thats no marvaile, he drinkes no Wine. There's never any of theſe demure Boyes come to any proofe: for thinne drinke doth ſo over-coole their blood, and making many Fiſh-Meales, that they fall into a kind of Male Greene-ſickneſſe: and then, when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally Fooles, and Cowards; which ſome of us ſhould be too, but for inflamation. A good Sherris-Sacke hath a twofold operation in it: it aſcends me into the Braine, dryes me there all the fooliſh, and dull, and crudy Vapours, which environ it: makes it apprehenſive, quicke, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable ſhapes; which deliver'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The ſecond property of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood: which before (cold, and ſetled) left the Liver white, and pale: which is the Badge of Puſillanimity, and Cowardize: but the Sherris warmes it, and makes it courſe from the inwards, to the parts extremes: it illuminateth the Face, which (as a Beacon) gives warning to all the reſt of this little kingdome (man) to Arme: and then the Vitall Commoners, and in-land petty ſpirits, muſter me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and pufft up with his retinue, doth any deed of Courage: and this Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sacke (for that ſets it a-worke:) and Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Devill, till Sacke commences it, and ſets it in act, and uſe. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherite of his Father, he hath, like leane, ſterrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and tyll'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good ſtore of fertile Sherris, that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thouſand ſonnes, the firſt Principle I would teach them, ſhould be to forſweare thinne Potations, and to addict themſelves to Sacke. *Enter Bardolph.*
How now *Bardolph.*

Bard. The Army is diſcharged all, and gone.

Falſt. Let them goe: Ile through Glouceſterſhire, and there will I viſit Maſter *Robert Shallow,* Eſquire: I have him already tempering betweene my finger and my thombe, and ſhortly will I ſeale with him. Come away.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter King, Warwicke, Clarence, Glouceſter.

King. Now Lords, if heaven doth give ſucceſſefull end
To this Debate that bleedeth at our doores,
We will our Youth leade on to higher Fields,
And draw no Swords, but what are ſanctify'd.
Our Navy is addreſſed, our Power collected,
Our Subſtitutes, in abſence, well inveſted,
And every thing lyes levell to our wiſh;
Onely we want a little perſonall ſtrength:
And pawſe us, till theſe Rebels, now a-foot,
Come underneath the yoake of Government.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Majeſty
Shall ſoone enjoy.

King. *Humphrey* (my Sonne of Glouceſter) where is the Prince, your Brother?
Glo. I thinke he's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Windſor.
King. And how accompanied?
Glo. I doe not know (my Lord)
King. Is not his Brother, *Thomas* of Clarence, with him?
Glo. No (my good Lord) he is in preſence heere.
Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?
King. Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of *Clarence*,
How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?
He loves thee, and thou do'ſt neglect him (*Thomas.*)
Thou haſt a better place in his Affection,
Then all thy Brothers: cherriſh it (my Boy)
And Noble Offices thou may'ſt effect
Of Mediation (after I am dead)
Betweene his Greatneſſe, and thy other Brethren.
Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Love,
Nor looſe the good advantage of his Grace,
By ſeeming cold, or careleſſe of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be obſerv'd:
He hath a Teare for Pitty, and a Hand
Open (as Day) for melting Charity:
Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, he's Flint,
As humorous as Winter, and as ſudden,
As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day.
His temper therefore muſt be well obſerv'd:
Chide him for faults, and doe it reverently,
When you perceive his blood enclin'd to mirth:
But being moody, give him Line, and ſcope,
Till that his paſſions (like a Whale on ground)
Confound themſelves with working. Learne this *Thomas*,
And thou ſhalt prove a ſhelter to thy friends,
A Hoope of gold, to bind thy Brothers in:
That the vnited Veſſell of their Blood
(Mingled with Venome of Suggeſtion,
As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in)
Shall never leake, though it doe worke as ſtong
As *Aconitum*, or raſh Gun-powder.
Clar. I ſhall obſerve him with all care, and love.
King. Why art thou not at Windſor with him (*Thomas?*)
Clar. Hee is not there to day: hee dines in London.
King. And how accompanyed? Canſt thou tell that?
Clar. With *Pointz*, and other his continuall followers.
Kin. Moſt ſubject is the fatteſt Soyle to Weedes:
And he (the Noble Image of my Youth)
Is over-ſpread with them: therefore my griefe
Stretches it ſelfe beyond the howre of death.
The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe ſhape
(In formes imaginary) th'unguided Dayes,
And rotten Times, that you ſhall looke upon,
When I am ſleeping with my Anceſtors.
For when his head-ſtrong Riot hath no Curbe,
When Rage and hot-blood are his Counſailors,
When Meanes and laviſh Manners meete together,
Oh, with what Wings ſhall his Affections flye
Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?
War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite:
The Prince but ſtudyes his Companions,
Like a ſtrange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language
'Tis needfull, that the moſt immodeſt word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd: which once attayn'd,
Your Highneſſe knowes, comes to no farther uſe,
But to be knowne, and hated. So, like groſſe termes,
The Prince will, in the perfectneſſe of time,
Caſt off his followers: and their memory
Shall as a Patterne, or a Meaſure live,
By which his Grace muſt mete the lives of others,
Turning paſt-evills to advantages.
Kin. 'Tis ſeldome, when the Bee doth leave her Combe
In the dead Carrion.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Who's heere? *Weſtmerland*?
Weſt. Health to my Soveraigne, and new happineſſe
Added to that, that I am to deliver.
Prince *Iohn*, your Sonne, doth kiſſe your Graces Hand:
Mowbray, the Biſhop, *Scroope*, *Haſtings*, and all,
Are brought to the Correction of your Law.
There is not now a Rebels Sword unſheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her Olive every where:
The manner how this Action hath beene borne,
Here (at more leyſure) may your Highneſſe reade,
With every courſe, in his particular.
King. O *Weſtmerland*, thou art a Summer Bird,
Which ever in the haunch of Winter ſings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Looke, heere's more newes.
Har. From Enemies, Heaven keepe your Majeſty:
And when they ſtand againſt you, may they fall,
As thoſe that I am come to tell you of.
The Earle *Northumberland*, and the Lord *Bardolfe*,
With a great Power of Engliſh, and of Scots,
Are by the Sherife of Yorkeſhire overthrowne:
The manner, and true order of the fight,
This Packet (pleaſe it you) containes at large.
King. And wherefore ſhould theſe good newes
Make me ſicke?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her faire words ſtill in fouleſt Letters?
She either gives a Stomacke, and no food,
(Such are the poore, in health) or elſe a Feaſt,
And takes away the Stomacke (ſuch are the Rich,
That have aboundance, and enjoy it not.)
I ſhould rejoyce now, at this happy newes,
And now my Sight fayles, and my braine is giddy.
O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.
Glo. Comfort your Majeſty.
Cla. Oh, my Royall Father.
Weſt. My ſoveraigne Lord, cheare up your ſelfe, looke up.
War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, theſe Fits
Are with his Highneſſe very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him ayre:
He'le ſtraight be well.
Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out: theſe pangs,
Th'inceſſant care, and labour of his mind,
Hath wrought the Mure, that ſhould confine it in,
So thinne, that life lookes through, and will breake out.
Glo. The people feare me: for they doe obſerve
Vnfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature:
The ſeaſons change their manners, as the yeere
Had found ſome moneths aſleepe, and leap'd them over.
Cla. The River hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe betweene:
And the old folke (Times doting Chronicles)
Say it did ſo, a little time before
That our great Grand-ſire *Edward* ſick'd, and dy'de.

War. Speake lower (Princes) for the King recovers.
Glo. This Apoplexy will (certaine) be his end.
King. I pray you take me up, and beare me hence
Into ſome other Chamber: ſoftly 'pray.
Let there be no noyſe made (my gentle friends)
Vnleſſe ſome dull and favourable hand
Will whiſper Muſicke to my weary Spirit.
War. Call for the Muſicke in the other Roome.
King. Set me the Crowne upon my Pillow here.
Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Leſſe noyſe, leſſe noyſe.

Enter Prince Henry.

Pri. Hen. Who ſaw the Duke of *Clarence*?
Cla. I am here (Brother) full of heavineſſe.
Pri. Hen. How now? Raine within doores, and none abroad? How doth the King?
Glo. Exceeding ill.
Pri. Hen. Heard he the good newes yet?
Tell it him.
Glo. He alter'd much, upon the hearing it.
Pri. Hen. If he be ſicke with Ioy,
He'l recover without Phyſicke.
War. Not ſo much noyſe (my Lords)
Sweet Prince ſpeake low.
The King, your father, is diſpos'd to ſleepe.
Clar. Let us with-draw into the other Roome.
War. Wil't pleaſe your Grace to goe along with us?
Pri. Hen. No: I will ſit, and watch here, by the King.
Why doth the Crowne lye there, upon his Pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a Bed-fellow?
O polliſh'd Perturbation! Golden Care!
That keep'ſt the Ports of ſlumber open wide,
To many a watchfull Night: ſleepe with it now,
Yet not ſo ſound, and halfe ſo deepely ſweet,
As he whoſe Brow (with homely Biggen bound)
Snores out the Watch of Night. O Majeſty!
When thou do'ſt pinch thy Bearer, thou do'ſt ſit
Like a rich Armor, worne in heat of day,
That ſcald'ſt with ſafety: by his Gates of breath,
There lyes a dowlney feather, which ſtirres not:
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weightleſſe dowlne
Perforce muſt move. My gracious Lord, my Father,
This ſleepe is ſound indeed: this is a ſleepe,
That from this Golden Rigoll hath divorc'd
So many Engliſh Kings. Thy due, from me,
Is Teares, and heavy Sorrowes of the Blood,
Which Nature, Love, and filiall tenderneſſe,
Shall (O deare father) pay thee plenteouſly.
My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,
Which (as immediate from thy place, and blood)
Derives it ſelfe to me. Loe, heere it ſits,
Which Heaven ſhall guard:
And put the worlds whole ſtrength into one gyant arme,
It ſhall not force this Lineall Honor from me.
This, from thee, will I to mine leave,
As 'tis left to me. *Exit.*

Enter Warwicke, Glouceſter, Clarence.

King. Warwicke, Glouceſter, Clarence.
Clar. Doth the King call?
War. What would your Majeſty? how fares your Grace?
King. Why did you leave me here alone (my Lords?)
Cla. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)
Who undertooke to ſit and watch by you.
King. The Prince of Wales? where is he? let me ſee him.
War. This doore is open, he is gone this way.
Glo. He came not through the Chamber where wee ſtayd.
King. Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my Pillow?
War. When we with-drew (my Liege) we left it heere.
King. The Prince hath ta'ne it hence:
Goe ſeeke him out.
Is he ſo haſty, that he doth ſuppoſe
My ſleepe, my death? Find him (my Lord of *Warwick*)
Chide him hither: this part of his conjoynes
With my diſeaſe, and helpes to end me.
See Sonnes, what things you are:
How quickely Nature falls into revolt,
When Gold becomes her Object?
For this, the fooliſh over-carefull fathers
Have broke their ſleepes with thoughts,
Their braines with care, their bones with induſtry.
For this, they have ingroſſed and pyl'd up
The canker'd heapes of ſtrange-atchieved Gold:
For this, they have beene thoughtfull, to inveſt
Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exerciſes:
When, like the Bee, culling from every flower
The vertuous Sweets, our Thighes packt with Wax,
Our Mouthes with Honey, we bring it to the Hive;
And like the Bees, are murthered for our paines.
This bitter taſte yeelds his engroſſements,
To the ending father.

Enter Warwicke.

Now where is he, that will not ſtay ſo long,
Till his friend ſickeneſſe hath determin'd me?
War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,
Waſhing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,
With ſuch a deepe demeanure, in great ſorrow,
That Tyranny, which never quafft but blood,
Would (by beholding him) have waſh'd his Knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is comming hither.
King. But wherefore did he take away the Crowne?

Enter Prince Henry.

Loe, where he comes. Come hither to me (*Harry.*)
Depart the Chamber, leave us heere alone. *Exit.*
Pri. Hen. I never thought to heare you ſpeake againe.
King. Thy wiſh was father (*Harry*) to that thought:
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Do'ſt thou ſo hunger for my empty Chayre,
That thou wilt needes inveſt thee with mine Honors,
Before thy howre be ripe? O fooliſh youth!
Thou ſeek'ſt the Greatneſſe, that will over-whelme the
Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignity
Is held from falling, with ſo weake a winde,
That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.
Thou haſt ſtolne that, which after ſome few howres
Were thine, without offence: and at my death
Thou haſt ſeal'd up my expectation.
Thy life did manifeſt, thou lov'dſt me not,
And thou wilt have me dye aſſur'd of it.
Thou hid'ſt a thouſand Daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtabbe at halfe an howre of my life.
What? canſt thou not forbeare me halfe an howre?

Then get thee gone, and digge my grave thy ſelfe,
And bid the merry Bels ring to thy eare
That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead,
Let all the Teares, that ſhould bedew my Hearſe
Be drops of Balme, to ſanctifie thy head:
Onely compound me with forgotten duſt;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the Wormes:
Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees;
For now a time is come, to mocke at forme.
Henry the fift is Crown'd: Vp Vanity,
Downe Royall State: All you ſage Counſailors, hence:
And to the Engliſh Court, aſſemble now
From ev'ry Region, Apes of Idleneſſe.
Now neighbor-Confines, purge you of your Scum:
Have you a Ruffian that will ſweare? drinke? dance?
Revell the night? Rob? Murder? and commit
The oldeſt ſinnes, the neweſt kind of wayes?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England, ſhall double gill'd, his trebble guilt.
England, ſhall give him Office, Honor, Might:
For the Fift *Harry*, from curb'd Licenſe pluckes
The muzzle of Reſtraint, and the wild Dogge
Shall fleſh his tooth in every Innocent.
O my poore Kingdome (ſicke, with civill blowes)
When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots,
What wilt thou doe, when Ryot is thy Care?
O, thou wilt be a Wilderneſſe againe,
Peopled with Wolves (thy old Inhabitants.

Prin. O pardon me (my Liege)
But for my Teares,
The moſt Impediments unto my Speech,
I had fore-ſtall'd this deere, and deepe Rebuke,
Ere you (with greefe) had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo farre. There is your Crowne,
And he that weares the Crowne immortally,
Long guard it yours: If I affect it more,
Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne,
Let me no more from this Obedience riſe,
Which my moſt true, and inward duteous ſpirit
Teacheth this proſtrate, and exteriour bending.
Heaven witneſſe with me, when I heere came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your Majeſty,
How cold it ſtrooke my heart. If I doe faine,
O let me, in my preſent wildeneſſe, dye,
And never live, to ſhew th'incredulous World,
The Noble change that I have purpoſed.
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almoſt (my Liege) to thinke you were)
I ſpake unto the Crowne (as having ſenſe)
And thus upbraided it. The Care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my Father,
Therefore, thou beſt of Gold, art worſt of Gold.
Other, leſſe fine in Charract, is more precious,
Preſerving life, in Med'cine potable:
But thou, moſt Fine, moſt Honour'd, moſt Renown'd,
Haſt eate the Bearer up.
Thus (my Royall Liege)
Accuſing it, I put it on my Head,
To try with it (as with an Enemy,
That had before my face murdred my Father)
The Quarrell of a true inheritor,
But if it did infect my blood with Ioy,
Or ſwell my Thoughts, to any ſtraine of Pride,
If any Rebell, or vaine ſpirit of mine,
Did, with the leaſt Affection of a Welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let heaven, for ever, keepe it from my head,
And make me, as the pooreſt Vaſſaile is,
That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it.

King. O my Sonne!
Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt joyne the more, thy Fathers love,
Pleading ſo wiſely, in excuſe of it.
Come hither *Harry*, ſit thou by my bed,
And heare (I thinke, the very lateſt Counſell
That ever I ſhall breath: Heaven knowes, my Sonne)
By what by-pathes, and indirect crook'd-wayes
I met this Crowne: and I my ſelfe know well
How troubleſome it ſate upon my head.
To thee, it ſhall deſcend with better Quiet,
Better Opinion, better Confirmation:
For all the ſoyle of the Atchievement goes
With me, into the Earth. It ſeem'd in me,
But as an Honor ſnatch'd with boyſt'rous hand,
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gaine of it, by their Aſſiſtances,
Which dayly grew to a Quarrell, and to Blood-ſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed Peace.
All theſe bold Feares,
Thou ſeeſt (with perrill) I have anſwered:
For all my Reigne, hath beene but as a Scæne
Acting that argument. And now my death
Changes the Moode: For what in me, was purchas'd,
Falles upon thee, in a more Fayrer ſort.
So thou, the Garland wear'ſt ſucceſſiuely,
Yet, though thou ſtand'ſt more ſure, then I could doe,
Thou art not firme enough, ſince griefes are greene:
And all thy Friends, which thou muſt make thy friends
Have but their ſtings, and teeth, newly taken out,
By whoſe fell working, I was firſt advanc'd,
And by whoſe power, I well might lodge a Feare
To be againe diſplac'd. Which to avoyd,
I cut them off: and had a purpoſe now
To leade out many to the Holy Land;
Leaſt reſt, and lying ſtill, might make them looke
Too neere unto my State.
Therefore (my *Harry*)
Be it thy courſe to buſie giddy Mindes
With Forraigne Quarrels: that Action hence borne out,
May waſte the memory of the former dayes.
More would I, but my Lungs are waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of Speech is utterly deni'd me.
How I came by the Crowne, O heaven forgive:
And grant it may, with thee, in true peace live.

Prin. My gracious Liege:
You wonne it, wore it, kept it, gave it me,
Then plaine and right muſt my poſſeſſion be;
Which I, with more, then with a Common paine,
'Gainſt all the World, will rightfully maintaine.

Enter Lord Iohn of Lancaſter,
and Warwicke.

King. Looke, looke,
Heere comes my *Iohn* of Lancaſter:

Iohn. Health, Peace, and Happineſſe,
To my Royall Father:

King. Thou bring'ſt me happineſſe,
(Sonne *Iohn*,)
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
From this bare, wither'd Trunke. Vpon thy ſight
My worldly buſineſſe makes a period.

Where is my Lord of *Warwicke* ?
Prin. My Lord of *Warwicke*.
King. Doth any name particular, belong
Vnto the Lodging, where I firſt did ſwoon'd ?
War. 'Tis call'd *Ieruſalem*, my Noble Lord.
Kin. Laud be to heaven :
Even there my life muſt end.
It hath beene propheſi'de to me many yeares,
I ſhould not dye, but in *Ieruſalem* :
Which (vainely) I ſuppos'd the Holy-Land.
But beare me to that Chamber, there Ile lye :
In that *Ieruſalem*, ſhall *Harry* dye. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falſtaffe, Bardolfe, Page, and Davy.

Shal. By Cocke and Pye, you ſhall not away to night. What *Davy*, I ſay.

Fal. You muſt excuſe me, Maſter *Robert Shallow*.

Shal. I will not excuſe you : you ſhall not be excuſed. Excuſes ſhall not be admitted : there is no excuſe ſhall ſerve : you ſhall not be excus'd.
Why *Davy*.

Davy. Heere ſir.

Shal. *Davy, Davy, Davy*, let me ſee (*Davy*) let me ſee: *William* Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir *Iohn*, you ſhall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry ſir, thus : thoſe Precepts cannot bee ſerv'd : and againe ſir, ſhall we ſowe the head-land with Wheate ?

Shal. With red Wheate *Davy*. But for *William* Cooke: are there no yong Pigeons ?

Davy. Yee Sir.
Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing,
And Plough-Irons.

Shal. Let it be caſt, and payde : Sir *Iohn*, you ſhall not be excuſ'd.

Davy. Sir, a new linke to the Bucket muſt needes be had : And Sir, doe you meane to ſtoppe any of *Williams* Wages, about the Sacke he loſt the other day, at *Hinckley* Fayre ?

Shal. He ſhall anſwer it :
Some Pigeons *Davy*, a couple of ſhort-legg'd Hennes : a joynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickſhawes, tell *William* Cooke.

Davy. Doth the man of Warre, ſtay all night ſir ?

Shal. Yes *Davy* :
I will uſe him well. A friend i'th Court, is better then a penny in purſe. Vſe his men well *Davy*, for they are arrant Knaves, and will backe-bite.

Davy. No worſe then they are bitten, ſir : For they have marvellous fowle linnen.

Shal. Well conceited *Davy* : about thy Buſineſſe, *Davy*.

Davy. I beſeech you ſir,
To countenance *William Viſor* of *Woncot*, againſt *Clement Perkes* of the hill.

Shal. There are many Complaints (*Davy*,) againſt that *Viſor*, that *Viſor* is an arrant Knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I graunt your Worſhip, that he is a knave Sir : But yet heaven forbid Sir, but a Knave ſhould have ſome Countenance, at his Friends requeſt. An honeſt man ſir, is able to ſpeake for himſelfe, when a Knave is not. I have ſerv'd your Worſhip truely ſir, theſe eight yeeres : and if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knave, againſt an honeſt man, I have but a very little credite with your Worſhip. The Knave is mine honeſt Friend Sir, therefore I beſeech your Worſhip, let him be Countenanc'd.

Shal. Goe too,
I ſay he ſhall have no wrong : Looke about *Davy*.
Where are you Sir *Iohn*? Come, off with your Boots.
Give me your hand Maſter *Bardolfe*.

Bard. I am glad to ſee your Worſhip.

Shal. I thanke thee, with all my heart, kind Maſter *Bardolfe* : and welcome my tall Fellow :
Come Sir *Iohn*.

Falſt. Ile follow you, good Maſter *Robert Shallow*. *Bardolfe*, looke to our Horſes. If I were ſaw'de into Quantities, I ſhould make foure dozen of ſuch bearded Hermites ſtaves, as Maſter *Shallow*. It is a wonderfull thing to ſee the ſemblable Coherence of his mens ſpirits, and his : They, by obſerving of him, doe beare themſelves like fooliſh Iuſtices : He, by converſing with them, is turn'd into a Iuſtice-like Servingman. Their ſpirits are ſo married in Conjunction, with the participation of Society, that they flocke together in conſent, like ſo many-Wilde-Geeſe. If I had a ſuite to Maſter *Shallow*, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being neere their Maſter. If to his Men, I would curry with Maſter *Shallow*, that no man could better command his Servants. It is certaine, that either wiſe bearing, or ignorant Carriage is caught, as men take diſeaſes, one of another : therefore, let men take heede of their Company. I will deviſe matter enough out of this *Shallow*, to keepe Prince *Harry* in continuall Laughter, the wearing out of ſix Faſhions (which is foure Tearmes) or two Actions, and he ſhall laugh with *Intervallums*. O it is much that a Lye (with a ſlight Oath) and a jeſt (with a ſad brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that never had the Ache in his ſhoulders. O you ſhall ſee him laugh, till his Face be like a wet Cloake, ill laid up.

Shal. Sir *Iohn*.

Falſt. I come Maſter *Shallow*, I come Maſter *Shallow*. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord Chiefe Iuſtice.

War. How now, my Lord Chiefe Iuſtice, whither away ?

Chei. Iuſt. How doth the King ?

War. Exceeding well : his Cares
Are now, all ended.

Chei. Iuſt. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of Nature,
And to our purpoſes, he lives no more.

Chei. Iuſt. I would his Majeſty had call'd me with him,
The ſervice, that I truely did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I thinke the yong King loves you not.
Chei. Iuſt. I know he doth not, and doe arme my ſelfe
To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot looke more hideouſly upon me,
Then I have drawne it in my fantaſie.

Enter Iohn of Lancaſter, Glouceſter, and Clarence.

War. Heere come the heavy iſſue of dead *Harry*:
O, that the living *Harry* had the temper
Of him, the worſt of theſe three Gentlemen:
How many Nobles then, ſhould hold their places,
That muſt ſtrike ſaile, to Spirits of vilde ſort?
Chei. Iuſt. Alas, I feare, all will be over-turn'd.
Iohn. Good morrow Coſin *Warwicke*, good morrow.
Glou. Clar. Good morrow, Coſin.
Iohn. We meet, like men, that had forgot to ſpeake.
War. We doe remember: but our Argument
Is all too heavy, to admit much talke.
Iohn. Well: Peace be with him, that hath made us (heavy.
Chei. Iuſt. Peace be with us, leaſt we be heavier.
Glou. O, good my Lord, you have loſt a friend indeed:
And I dare ſweare, you borrow not that face
Of ſeeming ſorrow, it is ſure your owne.
Iohn. Though no man be aſſur'd what grace to find,
You ſtand in coldeſt expectation.
I am the ſorrier, would 'twere otherwiſe.
Cla. Well, you muſt now ſpeake Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* faire,
Which ſwimmes againſt your ſtreame of Quality.
Chei. Iuſt. Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,
Led by th'Imperiall Conduct of my Soule,
And never ſhall you ſee, that I will begge
A ragged, and fore-ſtall'd Remiſſion.
If Troth, and upright Innocency faile me,
Ile to the King (my Maſter) that is dead,
And tell him, who hath ſent me after him.
War. Heere comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Henry.

Ch. Iuſt. Good morrow: and heaven ſave your Majeſty
Prin. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Majeſty,
Sits not ſo eaſie on me, as you thinke.
Brothers, you mixe your Sadneſſe with ſome Feare:
This is the Engliſh, not the Turkiſh Court:
Not *Amurah*, an *Amurah* ſucceeds,
But *Harry, Harry*: Yet be ſad (good Brothers)
For (to ſpeake truth) it very well becomes you:
Sorrow, ſo Royally in you appeares,
That I will deepely put the faſhion on,
And weare it in my heart. Why then be ſad,
But entertaine no more of it (good brothers)
Then a joynt burthen, laid upon us all.
For me, by Heaven (I bid you be aſſur'd)
Ile be your Father, and your Brother too:
Let me but beare your Love, Ile beare your Cares;
But weepe that *Harry's* dead, and ſo will I.
But *Harry* lives, that ſhall convert thoſe Teares
By number, into houres of Happineſſe.
Iohn, &c. We hope no other from your Majeſty.
Prin. You all looke ſtrangely on me: and you moſt.
You are (I thinke aſſur'd, I love you not.
Chei. Iuſt. I am aſſur'd (if I be meaſur'd rightly)
Your Majeſty hath no juſt cauſe to hate me.
Pri. No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great Indignities you laid upon me?
What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly ſend to Priſon
Th'immediate Heire of England? Was this eaſie?
May this be waſh'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?
Chei. Iuſt. I then did uſe the Perſon of your Father;
The Image of his power, lay then in me,
And in th'adminiſtration of his Law,
Whiles I was buſie for the Commonwealth,
Your Highneſſe pleaſed to forget my place,
The Majeſty, and power of Law, and Iuſtice,
The Image of the King, whom I preſented,
And ſtrooke me in my very Seate of Iudgement:
Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)
I gave bold way to my Authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill.
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To have a Sonne, ſet your Decrees at naught?
To plucke downe Iuſtice from your awefull Bench?
To trip the courſe of Law, and blunt the Sword
That guards the peace, and ſafety of your Perſon?
Nay more, to ſpurne at your moſt Royall Image,
And mocke your workings, in a Second body?
Queſtion your Royall Thoughts, make the caſe yours:
Be now the Father, and propoſe a Sonne:
Heare your owne dignity ſo much prophan'd,
See your moſt dreadfull Lawes, ſo looſely ſlighted;
Behold your ſelfe, ſo by a ſonne diſdained:
And then imagine me, taking you part,
And in your power, ſoft ſilencing your Sonne:
After this cold conſiderance, ſentence me;
And, as you are a King, ſpeake in your State,
What I have done, that miſbecame my place,
My perſon, or my Lieges Soveraignty.
Prin. You are right Iuſtice, and you weigh this well:
Therefore ſtill beare the Ballance, and the Sword:
And I doe wiſh your Honors may encreaſe,
Till you doe live, to ſee a Sonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So ſhall I live, to ſpeake my Fathers words:
Happy am I, that have a man ſo bold,
That dares doe Iuſtice, on my proper ſonne;
And no leſſe happy, having ſuch a Sonne,
That would deliver up his Greatneſſe ſo,
Into the hands of Iuſtice. You did commit me:
For which, I doe commit into your hand,
Th'unſtained Sword that you have us'd to beare:
With this Remembrance; That you uſe the ſame
With the like bold, juſt, and impartiall ſpirit
As you have done 'gainſt me. There is my hand,
You ſhall be as a Father, to my Youth:
My voyce ſhall ſound, as you doe prompt mine eare,
And I will ſtoope, and humble my intents,
To your well-practis'd, wiſe Directions.
And Princes all, beleeve me, I beſeech you:
My father is gone wilde into his Grave,
(For in his Tombe, lye my Affections)
And with his Spirits, ſadly I ſurvive,
To mocke the expectation of the World:
To fruſtrate Propheſies, and to race out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me downe
After my ſeeming. The Tide of Blood in me,
Hath prowdly flow'd in Vanity, till now.
Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea,
Where it ſhall mingle with the ſtate of floods,
And flow henceforth in formall Majeſty.
Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
And let us chooſe ſuch Limbes of Noble Counſaile,

That the great Body of our State may goe
In equall ranke, with the beſt govern'd Nation,
That warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you (father) ſhall have formoſt hand,
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembred) all our State,
And heaven (conſigning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peere, ſhall have juſt cauſe to ſay,
Heaven ſhorten *Harries* happy life, one day. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe, Page, and Piſtoll.

Shal. Nay; you ſhall ſee mine Orchard where, in an Arbor we will eate a laſt yeres Pippin of my owne graffing, with a diſh of Carrawayes, and ſo forth: Come coſin *Silence*, and then to bed.

Falſt. You have heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggers all, beggers all Sir *Iohn*: Marry, good ayre. Spread *Davy*, ſpread *Davy*: Well ſaid *Davy*.

Falſt. This *Davy* ſerves you for good uſes: he is your Servingman, and your Husband.

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good. Varlet, Sir *Iohn*: I have drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A good Varlet. Now ſit downe, now ſit downe: Come Coſin.

Sil. A ſirra (quoth-a) we ſhall doe nothing but eate, and make good cheere, and praiſe heaven for the merry yeere: when fleſh is cheape, and Females deere, and luſty Lads rome heere, and there: ſo merrily, and ever among ſo merrily.

Falſt. There's a merry heart, good Maſter *Silence*. Ile give you health for that anon.

Shal. Good Maſter *Bardolfe*: ſome wine, *Davy*.

Dav. Sweet ſir, ſit: Ile be with you anon: moſt ſweet ſir, ſit. Maſter Page, good Maſter Page, ſit: Proface. What you want in meate, we'll have in drinke: but you beare, the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry Maſter *Bardolfe*, and my little Souldior there, be merry.

Sile. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all.
For women are Shrewes, both ſhort: and tall:
'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all;
And welcome merry Shrovetide. Be merry, be merry.

Falſt. I did not thinke Maſter *Silence* had beene a man of this Mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have beene merry twice and once, ere now.

Davy, There is a diſh of Lether-coats for you.

Shal. *Davy*.

Dav. Your Worſhip: Ile be with you ſtraight. A cup of Wine, ſir?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, and drinke unto the Leman mine: and a merry heart lives long-a.

Falſt. Well ſaid, Maſter *Silence*.

Sile. If we ſhall be merry, now comes in the ſweet of the night.

Falſt. Health, and long life to you, Maſter *Silence*.

Sile. Fill the Cup, and let it come. Ile pledge you a mile to the bottome.

Shal. Honeſt *Bardolfe*, welcome: If thou want'ſt any thing, and wilt not call, beſhrew thy heart. Welcome my little tyne theefe, and welcome indeed too: Ile drinke to Maſter *Bardolfe*, and to all the Cavileroes about London.

Davy. I hope to ſee London, once ere I dye.

Bard. If I might ſee you there, *Davy*.

Shal. You'll cracke a quart together? Ha, will you not Maſter *Bardolfe*?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thanke thee: the knave will ſticke by thee, I can aſſure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bard. And Ile ſticke by him, ſir.

Shal. Why there ſpoke a King: lack nothing, be merry. Looke, who's at doore there, ho: who knockes?

Falſt. Why now you have done me right.

Sil. Doe me right, and dub me Knight, *Samingo*. Is't not ſo?

Fal. 'Tis ſo.

Sil. Is't? Why then ſay an old man can doe ſomewhat.

Dav. If it pleaſe your Worſhip, there's one *Piſtoll* come from the Court with newes.

Falſt. From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter Piſtoll.

How now Piſtoll?

Piſt. Sir *Iohn*, ſave you ſir.

Falſt. What winde blew you hither, *Piſtoll*?

Piſt. Not the ill winde which blowes none to good, ſweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greateſt men in the Realme.

Sil. Indeed, I thinke he be, but Goodman *Puffe* of Barſon.

Piſt. *Puffe*? puffe in thy teeth; moſt recreant Coward baſe. Sir *Iohn*, I am thy Piſtoll, and thy friend: helter skelter have I rode to thee, and tydings doe I bring, and lucky joyes, and golden Times, and happy Newes of price.

Fal. I prethee now deliver them, like a man of this World.

Piſt. A footra for the World, and Worlings baſe,
I ſpeake of Affrica, and Golden Ioyes.

Fal. O baſe Aſſyrian Knight, what is thy newes?
Let King *Covitha* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and *Iohn*.

Piſt. Shall dunghill Curres confront the *Hellicons*?
And ſhall good newes be baffel'd?
Then Piſtoll lay thy head in Furies lappe.

Shal. Honeſt Gentleman,
I know not your breeding.

Piſt. Why then Lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir.
If ſir, you come with newes from the Court, I take it there is but two wayes, either to utter them, or to conceale them. I am Sir, under the King, in ſome Authority.

Piſt. Vnder which King?
Bezonian, ſpeake, or dye.

Shal. Vnder King *Harry*.

Piſt. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fift?

Shal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Piſt. A footra for thine Office.
Sir *Iohn*, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King.
Harry the Fift's the man, I ſpeake the truth.
When Piſtoll lyes, doe this, and figge-me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Piſt As naile in doore.
The things I ſpeake, are juſt

Fal. Away *Bardolph*, Saddle my Horſe,
Maſter *Robert Shallow*, chooſe what Office thou wilt
In the Land, 'tis thine. *Piſtol*, I will double charge thee
With Dignities.

Bard. O joyfull day:
I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.

Piſt. What? I do bring good newes.

Fal. Carrie Maſter *Silence* to bed: Maſter *Shallow*, my Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward. Get on thy Bootes, wee'l ride all night. Oh ſweet Piſtoll: Away *Bardolfe*: Come Piſtoll, utter more to mee: and withall deviſe ſomething to doe thy ſelfe good. Boote, boote Maſter *Shallow*, I know the young King is ſicke for mee. Let us take any mans Horſſes: The Lawes of England are at my command'ment. Happie are they, which have beene my Friends: and woe unto my Lord Chiefe Iuſtice.

Piſt. Let Vultures vil'de ſeize on his Lungs alſo:
Where is the life that late I led, ſay they?
Why heere it is, welcome thoſe pleaſant dayes. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Hoſteſſe Quickly, Dol Teare-ſheete, and Beadles.

Hoſteſſe. No, thou arrant knave: I would I might dye, that I might have thee hang'd: Thou haſt drawne my ſhoulder out of joynt.

Off. The Conſtables have deliver'd her over to mee: and ſhee ſhall have Whipping cheere enough, I warrant her. There hath beene a man or two (lately) kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-viſag'd Raſcall, if the Childe I now go with, do miſcarrie, thou had'ſt better thou had'ſt ſtrooke thy Mother, thou Paper-faç'd Villaine.

Hoſt. O that Sir *Iohn* were come, hee would make this a bloody day to ſome body. But I would the Fruite of her Wombe might miſcarry.

Officer. If it doe, you ſhall have a dozen of Cuſhions againe, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and Piſtoll beate among you.

Dol. Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Cenſor; I will have you as ſoundly ſwindg'd for this, you blew-Bottel'd Rogue: you filthy famliſh'd Correctioner, if you be not ſwing'd Ile forſweare halfe Kirtles.

Off. Come, come, you ſhee-Knight-arrant, come.

Hoſt. O, that right ſhould thus o're come might. Well of ſufferance, comes eaſe.

Dol. Come you Rogue, come:
Bring me to a Iuſtice.

Hoſt. Yes, come you ſtarv'd Blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman Bones.

Hoſt. Thou Anatomy, thou.

Dol. Come you thinne Thing:
Come you Raſcall.

Off. Very well. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter two Groomes.

1.*Groo.* More Ruſhes, more Ruſhes.

2.*Groo.* The Trumpets have ſounded twice.

1.*Groo.* It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come from the Coronation. *Exit Groo.*

Enter Falſtaffe, Shallow, Piſtoll, Bardolfe, and Page.

Falſtaffe. Stand heere by me, M. *Robert Shallow*, I will make the King do you Grace. I will leere upon him, as he comes by: and do but marke the countenance that he will give me.

Piſtol. Bleſſe thy Lungs, good Knight.

Falſt. Come heere *Piſtol*, ſtand behind me. O if I had had time to have made new Liveries, I would have beſtowed the thouſand pound I borrrwed of you. But it is no matter, this poore ſhew doth better: this doth inferre the zeale I had to ſee him.

Shal. It doth ſo.

Falſt. It ſhewes my earneſtneſſe in affection;

Piſt. It doth ſo.

Fal. My devotion.

Piſt. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night,
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Not to have patience to ſhift me.

Shal. It is moſt certaine,

Fal. But to ſtand ſtained with Travaile, and ſweating with deſire to ſee him, thinking of nothing elſe, putting all affayres in oblivion, as if there were nothing elſe to be done, but to ſee him.

Piſt. 'Tis *ſemper idem*: for *abſque hoc nihil eſt*. 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis ſo indeed.

Piſt. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liver, and make thee rage. Thy *Dol*, and *Helen* of thy noble thoughts is in baſe Durance, and contagious priſon: Hall'd thither by moſt Mechanicall and durty hand. Rowze uppe Revenge from Ebon den, with fell Alecto's Snake, for *Dol* is in. Piſtol, ſpeakes nought but troth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Piſtol. There roard the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour ſounds.

The Trumpets ſound. Enter King Henrie the Fift, Brothers, Lord Chiefe Iuſtice.

Falſt. Save thy Grace, King *Hall*, my Royall *Hall*.

Piſt. The heavens thee guard, and keepe, moſt royall Impe of Fame.

Fal. 'Save thee my ſweet Boy.

King. My Lord Chiefe juſtice, ſpeake to that vaine man.

Ch.Iuſt. Have you your wits?
Know you what 'tis you ſpeake?

Falſt. My King, my Love; I ſpeake to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:
How ill white haires become a Foole, and Ieſter?

I have long dream'd of ſuch a kinde of man,
So ſurfeit-ſwell'd, ſo old, and ſo prophane:
But being awake, I do deſpiſe my dreame.
Make leſſe thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,
Leave gourmandizing; Know the Grave doth gape
For thee, thrice wider then for other men.
Reply not to me, with a Foole-borne Ieſt,
Preſume not, that I am the thing I was,
For heaven doth know (ſo ſhall the world perceive)
That I have turn'd away my former Selfe,
So will I thoſe that kept me Companie.
When thou doſt heare I am, as I have bin,
Approach me, and thou ſhalt be as thou was't
The Tutor aud the Feeder of my Riots:
Till then, I baniſh thee, on paine of death,
As I have done the reſt of my Miſleaders,
Not to come neere our Perſon, by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lacke of meanes enforce you not to evill:
And as we heare you do redeeme your ſelves,
We will according to your ſtrength, and qualities,
Give you advancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
To ſee perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.

Exit King.

Fal. Maſter *Shallow*, I owe you a thouſand pound.

Shal. I marry Sir *Iohn*, which I beſeech you to let mee have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be. M. *Shallow*, do not you grieve at this: I ſhall be ſent for in private to him: Looke you, he muſt ſeeme thus to the world: feare not your advancement: I will be the man yet, that ſhall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unleſſe you ſhould give me your Dublet, aud ſtuffe mee out with Straw. I beſeech you, goood ſir *Iohn*, let me have five hundred of my thouſand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard, was but a colour.

Shall. A colour I feare, that you will dye in, Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. Feare no colours, go with me to dinner:
Come Lieutenant *Piſtol*, come *Bardolfe*,
I ſhall be ſent for ſoone at night.

Ch. Iuſt. Go carry Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* to the Fleete,
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch. Iuſt. I cannot now ſpeake, I will heare you ſoone:
Take them away.

Piſt. *Si fortuna me tormento, ſpera me contento.*

Exit. Manet Lancaſter and Chiefe Iuſtice.

Iohn. I like this faire proceeding of the Kings,
He hath intent his wonted Followers
Shall be very well provided for:
But are baniſht, till their converſations
Apeare more wiſe, and modeſt in the world.

Ch. Iuſt. And ſo they are.

Iohn. The King hath call'd hs Parliament,
My Lord.

Ch. Iuſt. He hath.

Iohn. I will lay oddes, that ere this yeere expire,
We beare our Civil Swords, and Native fire
As farre as France. I heard a Bird ſo ſing,
Whoſe Muſicke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence? *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

EPILOGVE.

FIRST, my Feare: then, my Curteſie: laſt, my Speech. My Feare, is your Diſpleaſure: My Curteſie, my Dutie: And my ſpeech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a good ſpeech now, you undoe me: For what I have to ſay, is of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I ſhould ſay, will (I doubt) proove mine owne marring. But to the Purpoſe, and ſo to the Venture. Bee it knowne to you (as it is very well) I was lately heere in the end of a diſpleaſing Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promiſe you a Better: I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill Venture) it come unluckily home, I breake; and you, my gentle Creditors loſe. Heere I promiſt you I would bee, and heere I commit my Bodie to your Mercies: Bate me ſome, and I will pay you ſome, and (as moſt Debtors doe) promiſe you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me: will you command mee to uſe my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt: But a good Conſcience, will make any poſsible ſaciſfaction, and ſo will I. All the Gentlewomen heere, have forgotten me, if the Gentlewomen will not; then the Gentlemen doe not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was never ſeene before, in ſuch an Aſſembly.

One word more, I beſeech you: if you be not too much cloid with Fat Meate, our humble Author will continue the ſtory (with Sir Iohn in it) and make you merry with faire Katherine of France: where (for any thing I know) Falſtaffe ſhall dye of a ſweat, unleſſe already he bee kill'd with your hard Opinions: For Old-Caſtle dyed a martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is wearie, when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and ſo kneele downe before you: (But indeed) to pray for the Queene.

THE
ACTOSR
NAMES.

RVMOVR the Preſentor.
King *Henry* the Fourth.
Prince *Henry*, afterwards Crowned King *Henry* the Fift.

Prince *Iohn* of Lancaſter.
Humphrey of Glouceſter.
Thomas of Clarence.
} Sonnes to *Henry* the Fourth, and brethren to *Henry* the Fift.

Northumberland.
The Arch-Biſhop of Yorke.
Mowbray.
Haſtings.
Lord Bardolfe.
Travers.
Morton.
Colevile.
} Oppoſites againſt King *Henry* the Fourth.

Warwicke.
Weſtmerland.
Surrey.
Gowre.
Harecourt.
Lord Chiefe Iuſtice.
} Of the Kings Partie.

Pointz.
Falſtaffe.
Bardolphe.
Piſtoll.
Peto.
Page.
} Irregular Humoriſts.

Shallow.
Silence.
} Both Country Iuſtices

Davie, Servant to Shallow.
Phang, and Snare, 2. Serjeants

Mouldie.
Shadow.
Wart.
Feeble.
Bullcalfe.
} Country Soldiers

Drawers
Beadles.
Groomes

Northumberlands Wife.
Percies Widdow.
Hoſteſſe Quickly.
Doll Teare-ſheete.
Epilogue.

The Life of King Henry the Fift.

Enter Prologue.

O For a Muſe of Fire, that would aſcend
The brighteſt Heaven of Invention
A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act,
And Monarches to behold the ſwelling Scene.
Then ſhould the Warlike Harry*, like himſelfe,*
Aſſume the Port of Mars*, and at his heeles*
(Leaſht in, like hounds) ſhould Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:
The flat unraiſed Spirits, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Object. Can this Cock-Pit hold
The vaſtie field of France? Or may we cramme
Within this Woodden O, the very Caskes
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
O pardon: ſince a crooked Figure may
Atteſt in little place a Million,
And let us, Cyphers to this great Accompt,
On your imaginarie Forces worke.
Suppoſe within the Girdle of theſe Walls
Are now confin'd two mightie Monarches,
Whoſe high, up-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts aſunder.
Peece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thouſand parts devide one Man,
And make imaginarie Puiſſance.
Thinke when we talke of Horſes, that you ſee them
Printing their prowd Hoofes i'th' receiving Earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now muſt decke our Kings,
Carry them here and there: Iumping o're Times;
Turning th' accompliſhment of many yeeres
Into an Houre-glaſſe: for the which ſupplie,
Admit me Chorus *to this Hiſtorie;*
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to judge our Play. *Exit.*

Actus primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the two Biſhops, of Canterbury and Ely.

Biſh. Cant.

MY Lord, Ile tell you, that ſelfe Bill is urg'd,
Which in th'eleveth yere of yͤ laſt Kings reigh
Was like, and had indeed againſt us paſt,
But that the ſcambling and unquiet time
Did puſh it out of farther queſtion.

Biſh. Ely. But how my Lord ſhall we reſiſt it now?

Biſh. Cant. It muſt be thought on: if it paſſe againſt us,
We loſe the better part of our Poſſeſſion:
For all the Temporall lands, which men devout
By Teſtament have given to the Church,
Would they ſtrip from us; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights,
Six thouſand and two hundred good Eſquires:
And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age
Of indigent faint Soules, paſt corporall toyle,
A hundred Almes-houſes, right well ſupply'd:
And to the Coffers of the King beſide,
A thouſand pounds by th'yeere. Thus runs the Bill.

Biſh. Ely. This would drinke deepe.

Biſh. Cant. 'Twould drinke the Cup and all.

Biſh. Ely. But what prevention?

Biſh. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.

Biſh. Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.

Biſh. Cant. The courſes of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no ſooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildneſſe mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to dye too: yea at that very moment,
Conſideration like an Angell came,
And whipt th' offending *Adam* out of him;
Leaving his body as a Paradiſe,
T'invelop and containe Celeſtiall Spirits.
Never was ſuch a ſodaine Scholler made:
Never came Reformation in a Flood,
With ſuch a heady currant ſcowring faults:
Nor never *Hidra*-headed Wilfulneſſe
So ſoone did loſe his Seat; and all at once;
As in this King.

Biſh. Ely. We are bleſſed in the Change.

Biſh. Cant. Heare him but reaſon in Divinity:
And all-admiring, with au inward wiſh
You would deſire the King were made a Prelate:
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires;
You would ſay, it hath been all in all his ſtudy:
Liſt his diſcourſe of Warre; and you ſhal heare
A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Muſique.

Turne him to any Cauſe of Pollicy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will unlooſe,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he ſpeakes,
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is ſtill,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
To ſteale his ſweet and honyed Sentences:
So that the Art and Practique part of Life,
Muſt be the Miſtreſſe to this Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace ſhould gleane it,
Since his addiction was to Courſes vaine,
His companies unletter'd, rude, and ſhallow,
His Houres fill'd up with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;
And never noted in him any ſtudie,
Any retyrement, any ſequeſtration,
From open Haunts and Popularitie.

B. Ely. The Strawberry growes underneath the Nettle,
And holeſome Berryes thrive and ripen beſt,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baſer qualitie:
And ſo the Prince obſcur'd his Contemplation
Vnder the Veyle of Wildneſſe, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Graſſe, faſteſt by Night,
Vnſeene, yet creſſiue in his facultie.

B. Cant. It muſt be ſo; for Miracles are ceaſt:
And therefore we muſt needes admit the meanes,
How things are perfected.

B. Ely. But my good Lord:
How now for mittigation of this Bill,
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Majeſtie
Incline to it, or no?

B. Cant. He ſeemes indifferent:
Or rather ſwaying more upon our part,
Then cheriſhing th'exhibiters againſt us:
For I have made an offer to his Majeſty,
Vpon our Spirituall Convocation,
And in regard of Cauſes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater Summe,
Then ever at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predeceſſors part withall.

B. Ely. How did this offer ſeeme receiv'd, my Lord?

B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Majeſtie:
Save that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiv'd his Grace would faine have done,
The ſeveralls and unhidden paſſages
Of his true Titles to ſome certaine Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crowne and ſeat of France,
Deriv'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

B. Ely. What was th'impediment that broke this off?

B. Cant. The French Embaſſador upon that inſtant
Crav'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,
To give him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?

B. Ely. It is.

B. Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embaſſie:
Which I could with a ready gueſſe declare,
Before the Frenchman ſpeakes a word of it.

B. Ely. Ile wait upon you, and I long to heare it.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence,
Warwicke, Weſtmerland, and Exeter.

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exeter. Not here in preſence.

King. Send for him good Vnckle.

Weſtm. Shall we call in th' Ambaſſador, my Liege?

King. Not yet, my Couſin: we would be reſolu'd,
Before we heare him, of ſome things of weight,
That taske our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter two Biſhops.

B. Cant. God and his Angels guard you ſacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thanke you.
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And juſtly and religiouſly unfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they have in France,
Or ſhould or ſhould not barre us in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my deere and faithfull Lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, wreſt, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your underſtanding Soule,
With opening Titles miſcreate, whoſe right
Sutes not in native colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence ſhall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our Perſon,
How you awake our ſleeping Sword of Warre;
We charge you in the name of God take heed:
For never two ſuch Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whoſe guitleſſe drops
Are every one, a Woe, a ſore Complaint,
'Gainſt him, whoſe wrong gives edge unto the Swords,
That makes ſuch waſte in briefe mortalitie.
Vnder this Conjuration, ſpeake my Lord:
For we will heare, note, and beleeve in heart,
That what you ſpeake, is in your Conſcience waſht,
As pure as ſinne with Baptiſme.

B. Can. Then heare me gracious Soveraign, & you Peers,
That owe your ſelves, your lives, and ſervices,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
To make againſt your Highneſſe Clayme to France,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
In terram Salicam Mulieres ne ſuccedant,
No Woman ſhall ſucceed in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* Land, the French unjuſtly gloze
To be the realme of France, and *Pharamond*
The founder of this Law, and female Barre.
Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
That the Land *Salike* is in Germanie,
Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elve:
Where *Charles* the Great having ſubdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and ſettled certaine French:
Who holding in diſdaine the German Women,
For ſome diſhoneſt manners of their life,
Eſtabliſht then this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* (as I ſaid) 'twixt Elve and Sala,
Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Meiſen*.
Then doth it well appeare, the *Salike* Law
Was not deviſed for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French poſſeſſe the *Salike* Land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
Idly ſuppoſ'd the founder of this Law,
Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
Foure hundred twentie ſix: and *Charles* the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did ſeat the French
Beyond the River Sala, in the yeere
Eight hundred fiue. Beſides, their writers ſay,
King *Pepin*, which depoſed *Childerike*,
Did as Heire generall, being deſcended
Of *Blithild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,
Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.
Hugh Capet alſo, who uſurpt the Crowne

Of *Charles* the Duke of Loraine, ſole Heire male
Of the true Line and Stocke of *Charles* the great:
To find his Title with ſome ſhewes of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught;
Convey'd himſelfe as th' Heire to th' Lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemaine*, who was the Sonne
To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Sonne
Of *Charles* the Great: alſo King *Lewes* the Tenth,
Who was ſole Heire to the Vſurper *Capet*,
Could not keepe quiet in his conſcience,
Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till ſatisfied,
That faire Queene *Iſabel*, his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare*,
Daughter to *Charles* the fareſaid Duke of Loraine:
By the which Marriage, the Lyne of *Charles* the Great
Was re-united to the Crowne of France.
So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,
King *Pepins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* Clayme,
King *Lewes* his ſatisfaction, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
So doe the Kings of France upon this day.
Howbeit, they would hold up this Salique Law,
To barre your Highneſſe clayming from the Female,
And rather chuſe to hide them in a Net,
Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
Vſurpt from you and your Progenitors.
King May I with right and conſcience make this claim?
Biſh.Cant. The ſinne upon my head, dread Soveraigne:
For in the Booke of *Numbers* is it writ,
When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
Deſcend unto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your owne, unwind your bloody Flagge:
Looke backe into your mightie Anceſtors:
Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandſires Tombe,
From whom you clayme; invoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Vncles, *Edward* the Blacke Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France:
Whiles his moſt mighty Father on a Hill
Stood ſmiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe
Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble Engliſh, that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another halfe ſtand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.
Biſh. Awake remembrance of theſe valiant dead,
And with your puiſſant Arme renew their Feats;
You are their Heire, you ſit upon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puiſſant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploites and mighty Enterpriſes.
Exe. Your brother Kings and Monarches of the Earth
Doe all expect, that you ſhould rowſe your ſelfe,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood. (might;
Weſt. They know your Grace hath cauſe, and means, and
So hath your Highneſſe: never King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subjects,
Whoſe hearts have left their bodyes here in England,
And lye pavillion'd in the field of France.
Biſh.Cant. O let their bodyes follow my deare Liege
With Blouds, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualtie
Will rayſe your Highneſſe ſuch a mightie Summe,
As never did the Cleargie at one time
Bring in to any of your Anceſtors.
King. We muſt not onely arme t'invade the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Againſt the Scot, who will make roade upon us,
With all advantages.
Biſh.Can. They of thoſe Marches, gracious Soveraign,
Shall be a Wall ſufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.
King. We do not meane the courſing ſnatchers onely,
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath beene ſtill a giddy neighbour to us;
For you ſhall reade, that my great Grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his unfurniſht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
With ample and brim fulneſſe of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot aſſayes,
Girding with grievous ſiege, Caſtles and Townes:
That England being emptie of defence,
Hath ſhooke and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.
B.Can. She hath bin the more fear'd the harm'd, my Liege:
For heare her but exampl'd by her ſelfe,
When all her Chevalrie hath been in France,
And ſhe a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
She hath her ſelfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots: whom ſhe did ſend to France,
To fill King *Edwards* fame with priſoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayſe,
As is the Owſe and bottome of the Sea
With ſunken Wrack, and ſum-leſſe Treaſuries.
Biſh.Ely. But there's a ſaying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland firſt begin.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
To her unguarded Neſt, the Weazell (Scot)
Comes ſneaking, and ſo ſucks her Princely Egges,
Playing the Mouſe in abſence of the Cat,
To tame and havocke more then ſhe can eate.
Exet. It followes then, the Cat muſt ſtay at home,
Yet that is but a cruſh'd neceſſity,
Since we have lockes to ſafegard neceſſaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theeves.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th'adviſed head defends it ſelfe at home:
For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one conſent,
Congreeing in a full and naturall cloze,
Like Muſicke.
Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The ſtate of man in divers functions,
Setting endevor in continuall motion:
To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
Obedience: for ſo worke the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.
They have a King, and Officers of ſorts,
Where ſome like Magiſtrats correct at home;
Others, like Merchants venture Trade abroad;
Others, like Souldiers armed in their ſtings,
Make boote upon the Summers Velvet buddes:
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
To the Tent-royall of their Emperor:
Who buſied in his Majeſties ſurveyes
The ſinging Maſon building roofes of Gold,
The civill Citizens kneading up the hony;
The Poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate:

The ſad-ey'd Iuſtice with his ſurly humme,
Delivering ore to Executors pale
The lazie yawning Drone: I this inferre,
That many things having full reference
To one conſent, may worke contrariouſly,
As many Arrowes looſed ſeverall wayes
Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one towne,
As many freſh ſtreames meet in one ſalt ſea;
As many Lynes cloſe in the Dials center:
So may a thouſand actions once a foote,
And in one purpoſe, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
Divide your happy England into foure,
Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
And you withall ſhall make all Gallia ſhake.
If we with thrice ſuch powers left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
Let us be worried, and our Nation loſe
The name of hardineſſe and policie.

King. Call in the Meſſengers ſent from the Dolphin.
Now are we well reſolv'd, and by Gods helpe
And yours, the noble ſinewes of our power;
France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,
Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l ſit,
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
Ore France, and all her (almoſt) Kingly Dukedomes)
Or lay theſe bones in an unworthy Vrne,
Tombleſſe, with no remembrance over them:
Either our Hiſtory ſhall with full mouth
Speake freely of our Acts, or elſe our grave
Like Turkiſh mute, ſhall have a tongueleſſe mouth,
Not worſhipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambaſſadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleaſure
Of our faire Coſin Dolphin: for we heare,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't pleaſe your Majeſtie to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge:
Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you farre off
The Dolphins meaning, and our Embaſſie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Chriſtian King,
Vnto whoſe grace our paſſion is as ſubject
As is our wretches fettred in our priſons:
Therefore with franke and with uncurbed plainneſſe,
Tell us the *Dolphins* minde.

Amb. Thus then in few:
Your Highneſſe lately ſending into France,
Did claime ſome certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predeceſſor, King *Edward* the third.
In anſwer of which claime, the Prince our Maſter
Sayes, that you ſavour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd: There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
You cannot revell into Dukedomes there.
He therefore ſends you meeter for your ſpirit
This Tun of Treaſure; and in lieu of this,
Deſires you let the Dukedomes that you claime
Heare no more of you. This the *Dolphin* ſpeakes.

King. What Treaſure Vncle?

Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege.

Kin. We are glad the *Dolphin* is ſo pleaſant with us,
His Preſent, and your paines we thanke you for:
When we have matcht our Rackets to theſe Balles,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a ſet,
Shall ſtrike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with ſuch a Wrangler,
That all the Courts of France will be diſturb'd
With Chaces. And we underſtand him well,
How he comes o're us with our wilder dayes,
Not meaſuring what uſe we made of them.
We never valew'd this poore ſeate of England,
And therefore living hence, did give our ſelfe
To barbarous licenſe: As 'tis ever common,
That men are merrieſt, when they are from home.
But tell the *Dolphin*, I will keepe my State,
Be like a King, and ſhew my ſayle of Greatneſſe,
When I do rowſe me in my Throne of France.
For that I have layd by my Majeſtie,
And plodded like a man for working dayes:
But I will riſe there with ſo full a glorie,
That I will dazle all the eyes of France,
Yea ſtrike the *Dolphin* blinde to looke on us.
And tell the pleaſant Prince, this Mocke of his
Hath turn'd his balls to Gun-ſtones, and his ſoule
Shall ſtand ſore charged, for the waſtefull vengeance
That ſhall flye with them: for many a thouſand widowes
Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deere husbands;
Mocke mothers from their ſonnes, mock Caſtles downe:
And ſome are it ungotten and unborne,
That ſhall have cauſe to curſe the *Dolphins* ſcorne.
But this lyes all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeale, and in whoſe name
Tell you the *Dolphin*, I am comming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cauſe.
So get you hence in peace: and tell the *Dolphin*,
His Ieſt will ſavour but of ſhallow wit,
When thouſands weepe more then did laugh at it.
Convey them with ſafe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambaſſadors.

Exe. This was a merry Meſſage.

King. We hope to make the Sender bluſh at it:
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
That may give furth'rance to our Expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save thoſe to God, that runne before our buſineſſe.
Therefore let our proportions for theſe Warres
Be ſoone collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reaſonable ſwiftneſſe adde
More feathers to our Wings: for God before,
Wee'le chide this *Dolphin* at his fathers doore.
Therefore let every man now taske his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And ſilken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:
Now thriue the Armorers, and Honors thought
Reignes ſolely in the breaſt of every man.
They ſell the Paſture now, to buy the Horſe;
Following the Mirror of all Chriſtian Kings,
With winged heeles, as Engliſh *Mercuries*.
For now ſits Expectation in the Ayre,
And hides a Sword, from Hilts unto the Point,
With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
Promis'd to *Harry*, and his followers.
The French advis'd by good intelligence
Of this moſt dreadfull preparation,
Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy
Seeke to divert the Engliſh purpoſes.
O England: Modell to thy inward Greatneſſe,
Like little Body with a mightie Heart:

What mightſt thou do, that honour would thee doe,
Were all thy children kinde and naturall:
But ſee, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
A neſt of hollow boſomes, which he filles
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
One *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, and the ſecond
Henry Lord *Scroope* of *Maſham*, and the third
Sir *Thomas Grey* Knight of Northumberland,
Have for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
Confirm'd Conſpiracy with fearefull France,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings muſt dye,
If Hell and Treaſon hold their promiſes,
Ere he take ſhip for France; and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and wee'l digeſt
Th' abuſe of diſtance; force a play:
The ſumme is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is ſet from London, and the Scene
Is now tranſported (Gentles) to Southampton,
There is the play-houſe now, there muſt you ſit,
And thence to France ſhall we convey you ſafe,
And bring you backe: Charming the narrow ſeas
To give you gentle Paſſe: for if we may,
Wee'l not offend one ſtomacke with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Vnto Southampton do we ſhift our Scene. *Exit.*

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.

Bar. Well met Corporall *Nym*.

Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe*.

Bar. What, are Ancient *Piſtoll* and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I ſay little: but when time ſhall ſerue, there ſhall be ſmiles, but that ſhall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine yron: it is a ſimple one, but what though? It will toſte Cheeſe, and it will endure cold, as another mans ſword will: and there's an end.

Bar. I will beſtow a breakfaſt to make you friendes, and wee'l bee all three ſworne brothers to France: Let't be ſo good Corporall *Nym*.

Nym. Faith, I will live ſo long as I may, that's the certaine of it: and when I cannot live any longer, I will doe as I may: That is my reſt, that is the rendevous of it.

Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that hee is married to *Nell Quickly*, and certainly ſhe did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell, Things muſt be as they may: men may ſleepe, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and ſome ſay, knives have edges: It muſt be as it may, though patience bee a tyred name, yet ſhee will plodde, there muſt be Concluſions, well, I cannot tell.

Enter Piſtoll, & Quickly.

Bar. Heere comes Ancient *Piſtoll* and his wife: good Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoaſte *Piſtoll*?

Piſt. Baſe Tyke, call'ſt thou mee Hoſte, now by this hand I ſweare I ſcorne the terme: nor ſhall my *Nel* kepe Lodgers.

Hoſt. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that live honeſtly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee thought wee keepe a Bawdy-houſe ſtraight. O welliday Lady, if he be not hewne now, we ſhall ſee wilfull adultery and murther committed.

Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporall offer nothing heere.

Nym. Piſh.]

Piſt. Piſh for thee, Iſland dogge: thou prickeard cur of Iſland.

Hoſt. Good Corporall *Nym* ſhew thy valor, and put up your ſword.

Nym. Will you ſhogge off? I would have you ſolus.

Piſt. Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The ſolus in thy moſt mervailous face, the ſolus in thy teeth, and in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worſe, within thy naſtie mouth. I do retort the ſolus in thy bowels, for I can take, and *Piſtols* cocke is up, and flaſhing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not *Barbaſon*, you cannot conjure mee: I have an humor to knocke you indifferently well: If you grow fowle with me *Piſtoll*, I will ſcoure you with my Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as I may, and that's the humor of it.

Piſt. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Grave doth gape, and doting death is neere,
Therefore exhale.

Bar. Heare me, heare me what I ſay: He that ſtrikes the firſt ſtroake, Ile run him up to the hilts, as I am a ſoldier.

Piſt. An oath of mickle might, and fury ſhall abate. Give me thy fiſt, thy fore-foote to me give: Thy ſpirits are moſt tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire termes, that is the humor of it.

Piſtoll. *Couple a gorge*, that is the word. I defie thee againe. O hound of Creet, think'ſt thou my ſpouſe to get? No, to the Spittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of infamy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Creſſids* kinde, *Doll Teare-ſheete*, ſhe by name, and her eſpouſe. I have, and I will hold the *Quandom Quickely* for the onely ſhe: and *Pauca*, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Hoaſt *Piſtoll*, you muſt come to my Mayſter, and your Hoſteſſe: He is very ſicke, & would to bed. Good *Bardolfe*, put thy face betweene his ſheetes, and do the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away you Rogue.

Hoſt. By my troth he'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one of theſe dayes: the King has kild his heart. Good Huſband come home preſently. *Exit.*

Bar. Come ſhall I make you two friends. Wee muſt to France together: why the divel ſhould we keepe knives to cut one anothers throats?

Piſt. Let floods ore-ſwell and fiends for food howle on.

Nym. You'l pay mee the eight ſhillings I won of you at Betting?

Piſt. Baſe is the ſlave that payes.

Nim. That now I will have: that's the humour of it.

Piſt. As manhood ſhall compound: puſh home. *Draw*

Bard. By this ſword, hee that makes the firſt thruſt, Ile kill him: By this ſword, I will.

Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths muſt have their courſe

Bar. Coporall *Nim*, and thou wilt be friends be friends, and thou wilt not, why then bee enemies with mee too: prethee put up.

Piſt. A Noble ſhalt thou have, and preſent pay, and Liquor likewiſe will I give to thee, and friendſhippe ſhall combine, and brotherhood. Ile live by *Nimme*, & *Nimme* ſhall live by me, is not this juſt? For I ſhall Sutler be unto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Give me thy hand.

Nym. I ſhall have my Noble?
Piſt. In caſh, moſt juſtly payd.
Nym. Well, then that's the humor of't.

Enter Hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to ſir *Iohn*: A poore heart, he is ſo ſhak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight, that's the even of it.

Piſt. *Nym*, thou haſt ſpoke the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it muſt bee as it may: he paſſes ſome humors, and carreeres.

Piſt. Let us condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we will live.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Weſtmerland.

Bed. Fore God his Grace is bold to truſt theſe traitors
Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.
Weſt. How ſmooth and even they do beare themſelves,
As if allegeance in their boſomes ſate
Crowned with faith, and conſtant loyalty.
Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception, which they dreame not of.
Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours;
That he ſhould for a forraigne purſe, ſo ſell
His Soveraignes life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.

King. Now ſits the winde faire, and we will aboord.
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kinde Lord of *Maſham*,
And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Thinke you not that the powres we beare with us
Will cut their paſſage through the force of France?
Doing the execution, and the acte,
For which we have in head aſſembled them.
Scro. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his beſt.
King. I doubt not that, ſince we are well perſwaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That growes not in a faire conſent with ours:
Nor leave not one behinde, that doth not wiſh
Succeſſe and Conqueſt to attend on us.
Cam. Never was Monarch better fear'd and lov'd,
Then is your Majeſty; there's not I thinke a ſubject
That ſits in heart-greefe and uneaſineſſe
Vnder the ſweet ſhade of your government.
Kni. True: thoſe that were your Fathers enemies,
Have ſteep'd their gauls in honey, and do ſerve you
With hearts create of dutie, and of zeale.
King. We therefore have great cauſe of thankefulneſſe,
And ſhall forget the office of our hand
Sooner then quittance of deſert and merit,
According to the weight and worthineſſe.
Scro. So ſervice ſhall with ſteeled ſinewes toyle,
And labour ſhall refreſh it ſelfe with hope
To do your Grace inceſſant ſervices.
King. We Iudge no leſſe. Vnkle of *Exeter*,
Inlarge the man committed yeſterday,
That rayl'd againſt our perſon: We conſider
It was exceſſe of Wine that ſet him on,
And on his more advice, We pardon him.
Scro. That's mercy, but too much ſecurity:
Let him be puniſh'd Soveraigne, leaſt example
Breed (by his ſufferance) more of ſuch a kind.
King. O let us yet be mercifull.
Cam. So may your Highneſſe, and yet puniſh too.
Grey. Sir, you ſhew great mercy if you give him life,
After the taſte of much correction.
King. Alas, your too much love and care of me,
Are heavie Oriſons 'gainſt this poore wretch:
If little faults proceeding on diſtemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how ſhall we ſtretch our eye
When capitall crimes, chew'd, ſwallow'd, and diſgeſted,
Appeare before us? We'l yet inlarge that man,
Though *Cambridge*, *Scroope*, and *Gray*, in their deere care
And tender preſervation of our perſon
Wold have him puniſh'd. And now to our French cauſes,
Who are the late Commiſſioners?
Cam. I one my Lord,
Your Highneſſe bad me aske for it to day.
Scro. So did you me my Liege.
Gray. And I my Royall Soveraigne.
King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours:
There yours Lord *Scroope* of *Maſham*, and Sir Knight:
Gray of *Northumberland*, this ſame is yours:
Reade them, and know I know your worthineſſe.
My Lord of *Weſtmerland* and Vnkle *Exeter*,
We will aboord to night. Why how now Gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe papers, that you loſe
So much complexion? Looke ye how they change:
Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there,
That have ſo cowarded and chac'd your blood
Out of apparance.
Cam. I do confeſſe my fault,
And do ſubmit me to your Highneſſe mercy.
Gray. Scro. To which we all appeale.
King. The mercy that was quicke in us but late,
By your owne counſaile is ſuppreſt and kill'd:
You muſt not dare (for ſhame) to talke of mercy,
For your owne reaſons turne into your boſomes,
As dogs upon their Maiſters, worrying you:
See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
Theſe Engliſh monſters: My Lord of *Cambridge* heere,
You know how apt our love was, to accord
To furniſh him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man,
Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conſpir'd
And ſworne unto the practiſes of France
To kill us heere in Hampton. To the which,
This Knight no leſſe for bounty bound to us
Then Cambridge is, hath likewiſe ſworne. But O,
What ſhall I ſay to thee Lord *Scroope*, thou cruell,
Ingratefull, ſavage, and inhumane Creature?
Thou that didſt beare the key of al my counſailes,
That knew'ſt the very bottome of my ſoule,
That (almoſt) might'ſt have coyn'd me into Golde,
Would'ſt thou have practis'd on me, for thy uſe?
May it be poſſible, that forraigne hyer
Could out of thee extract one ſparke of evill
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis ſo ſtrange,
That though the truth of it ſtand off as groſſe
As blacke and white, my eye will ſcarcely ſee it.
Treaſon, and murther, ever kept together,
As two yoake divels ſworne to eythers purpoſe,
Working ſo groſſely in a naturall cauſe,
That admiration did not hoope at them.
But thou ('gainſt all proportion) didſt bring in
Wonder to waite on treaſon, and on murther:
And whatſoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee ſo prepoſterouſly,
Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:

And other divels that ſuggeſt by treaſons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation,
With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht
From gliſt'ring ſemblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee ſtand up,
Gave thee no inſtance why thou ſhouldſt do treaſon,
Vnleſſe to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
If that ſame Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
He might returne to vaſtie Tartar backe,
And tell the Legions, I can never win
A ſoule ſo eaſie as that Engliſhmans.
Oh, how haſt thou with jealouſie infected
The ſweetneſſe of affiance? Shew men dutifull?
Why ſo didſt thou: ſeeme they grave and learned?
Why ſo didſt thou. Come they of Noble Family?
Why ſo didſt thou. Seeme they religious?
Why ſo didſt thou. Or are they ſpare in diet,
Free from groſſe paſſion, or of mirth, or anger,
Conſtant in ſpirit, not ſwerving with the blood,
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt complement,
Not working with the eye, without the eare,
And but in purged judgement truſting neither?
Such and ſo finely boulted didſt thou ſeeme:
And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,
To make thee full fraught man, and beſt indued
With ſome ſuſpition, I will weepe for thee.
For this revolt of thine, me thinkes is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open,
Arreſt them to the anſwer of the Law,
And God acquit them of their practiſes.

Exe. I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*.

I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Thomas* Lord *Scroope* of *Marſham*.

I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Thomas Grey*, Knight of *Northumberland*.

Scro. Our purpoſes, God juſtly hath diſcover'd,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beſeech your Highneſſe to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not ſeduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The ſooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in ſufferance heartily will rejoyce
Beſeeching God, and you, to pardon me.

Gray. Never did faithfull ſubject more rejoyce
At the diſcoverie of moſt dangerons Treaſon,
Then I do at this houre joy ore my ſelfe,
Prevented from a damned enterprize;
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soveraigne.

King. God quit you in his mercy: Heare your ſentence
You have conſpir'd againſt Our Royall perſon.
Ioyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
Receyv'd the Golden Earneſt of Our death:
Wherein you would have ſold your King to ſlaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to ſervitude,
His Subjects to oppreſſion, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into deſolation:
Touching our perſon, ſeeke we no revenge,
But we our Kingdomes ſafety muſt ſo tender,
Whoſe ruine you three ſought, that to her Lawes
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poore miſerable wretches) to your death:
The taſte whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to indure, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence. *Exeunt.*
Now Lords for France: the enterpriſe whereof
Shall be to you as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God ſo graciouſly hath brought to light
This dangerous Treaſon, lurking in our way.
To hinder our beginning. We doubt not now,
But every Rubbe is ſmoothed on our way,
Then forth, deare Countreymen: Let us deliver
Our Puiſſance into the hand of God,
Putting it ſtraight in expedition.
Chearely to Sea, the ſignes of Warre advance,
No King of England, if not King of France. *Exeunt.*

Enter Piſtoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hoſteſſe.

Hoſteſſe. 'Prythee honey ſweete Husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Piſtoll. No: for my manly heart doth erne. *Bardolph*, be blythe: *Nim*, rowſe thy vaunting Veines: Boy, briſtle thy Courage up: for *Falſtaffe* hee is dead, and we muſt erne therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, whereſomere hee is, eyther in Heaven, or in Hell.

Hoſteſſe. Nay ſure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in *Arthurs* Boſome, if ever man went to *Arthurs* Boſome: a made a finer end, and went away and it had beene any Chriſtome Child: a parted ev'n juſt betweene Twelve and One, ev'n at the turning o'th' Tyde: for after I ſaw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and ſmile upon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Noſe was as ſharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now Sir *Iohn* (quoth I?) what man? bee a good cheere: ſo a cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a ſhould not thinke of God; I hop'd there was no neede to trouble himſelfe with any ſuch thoughts yet: ſo a bad me lay more Cloathes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any ſtone: then I felt to his knees, and ſo up-war'd and upward, and all was as cold as any ſtone.

Nim. They ſay he cryed out of Sack.

Hoſteſſe. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hoſteſſe. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and ſayd they were Devils incarnate.

Woman. A could never abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour he never lik'd.

Boy. A ſaid once, the Deule would have him about Women.

Hoſteſſe. A did in ſome ſort (indeed) handle Women: bnt then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of Babylon.

Boy. Doe you not remember a ſaw a Flea ſticke upon *Bardolphs* Noſe, and a ſaid it was a blacke Soule burning in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the Riches I got in his ſervice.

Nim. Shall wee ſhogg? the King will bee gone from Southampton.

Piſt. Come, let's away. My Love, give me thy Lippes: Looke to my Chattels, and my Moveables: Let Sences rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: truſt none: for Oathes are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-faſt is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore *Caveto* bee thy Counſailor. Goe, cleare thy Chryſtalls. Yoke-fellowes in Armes, let us to France, like Horſe-

leeches my Boyes, to ſucke, to ſucke, the very blood to ſucke.
Boy. And that's but unwholeſome food, they ſay,
Piſt. Touch her ſoft mouth, and march.
Bard. Farewell Hoſteſſe.
Nim. I cannot kiſſe, that is the humour of it: but adieu.
Piſt. Let Huſwifrie appeare: keepe cloſe, I thee command.
Hoſteſſe. Farwell: adieu. *Exeunt.*

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britaine.

King. Thus comes the Engliſh with full power upon us,
And more then carefully it us concernes,
To anſwere Royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine,
Of Brabant and of Orleance ſhall make forth,
And you Prince Dolphin, with all ſwift diſpatch
To lyne and new repayre our townes of Warre
With men of courage, and with meanes defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As Waters to the ſucking of a Gulfe.
It fits us then to be as provident,
As feare may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatall and neglected Engliſh,
Vpon our fields.
Dolphin. My moſt redoubted Father,
It is moſt meet we arme us 'gainſt the Foe:
For Peace it ſelfe ſhould not ſo dull a Kingdome,
(Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in queſtion)
But that Defences, Muſters, Preparations,
Should be maintain'd, aſſembled, and collected,
As were a Warre in expectation.
Therefore I ſay, 'tis meet we all goe forth,
To view the ſicke and feeble parts of France:
And let us doe it with no ſhew of feare,
No, with no more, then if we heard that England
Were buſied with a Whitſon Morris-dance:
For, my good Liege, ſhe is ſo idly King'd,
Her Scepter ſo phantaſtically borne,
By a vaine giddie ſhallow humorous Youth,
That feare attends her not.
Conſt. O Peace, Prince Dolphin,
You are too much miſtaken in this King:
Queſtion your Grace the late Embaſſadors,
With what great State he heard their Embaſſie,
How well ſupply'd with Noble Councellors,
How modeſt in exception; and withall,
How terrible in conſtant reſolution:
And you ſhall find, his Vanities fore-ſpent,
Were but the out-ſide of the Roman *Brutus*,
Covering Diſcretion with a Coat of Folly;
As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide thoſe Roots
That ſhall firſt ſpring, and be moſt delicate.
Dolphin. Well, 'tis not ſo, my Lord High Conſtable.
But though we thinke it ſo, it is no matter:
In cauſes of defence, 'tis beſt to weigh
The enemie more mightie then he ſeemes,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd:
Which of a weake and niggardly projection,
Doth like a Miſer ſpoyle his Coat, with ſcanting
A little Cloth.
King. Thinke we King *Harry* ſtrong:
And Princes, looke you ſtrongly arme to meet him.
The Kindred of him hath beene fleſht upon us:
And he is bred out of that bloody ſtraine,
That haunted us in our familiar Pathes:
Witneſſe our too much memorable ſhame,
When Creſſy Battell fatally was ſtrucke,
And all our Princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that blacke Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales:
Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine ſtanding
Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne,
Saw his Heroicall Seed, and ſmil'd to ſee him
Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface
The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers
Had twentie yeeres beene made. This is a Stem
Of that Victorious Stock: and let us feare
The Natiue mightineſſe and fate of him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Embaſſadors from *Harry* King of England,
Doe crave admittance to your Majeſty.
King. Weele give them preſent audience.
Goe, and bring them.
You ſee this Chaſe is hotly followed, friends.
Dolphin. Turne head, & ſtop purſuit: for coward Dog
Moſt ſpend their mouths, whē what they ſeem to threaten
Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne
Take up the Engliſh ſhort, and let them know
Of what a Monarchie you are the Head:
Selfe-love, my Liege, is not ſo vile a ſinne,
As ſelfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England?
Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Majeſtie:
He wills you in the Name of God Almightie,
That you deveſt your ſelfe, and lay apart
The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heaven,
By Law of Nature, and of nations, longs
To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne;
And all wide-ſtretched Honors, that pertaine
By Cuſtome, and the Ordinance of Times,
Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know
'Tis no ſiniſter, nor no awk-ward Clayme,
Pickt from the Worme-holes of long-vaniſht dayes,
Nor from the duſt of oſd Oblivion rakt,
He ſends you this moſt memorable Lyne,
In every Branch truly demonſtrative;
Willing you over-looke this Pedigree:
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his moſt fam'd, of famous Anceſtors,
Edward the third; he bids you then reſigne
Your Crowne and Kingdome indirectly held
From him the Native and true Challenger.
King. Or elſe what followes?
Exe. Bloody conſtraint: for if you hide the Crowne
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
Therefore in fierce Tempeſt is he comming,
In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *love*:
That if requiring faile, he will compell.
And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the Crowne, and to take mercie
On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre
Opens his vaſtie Iawes: and on your head
Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes,
The dead-mens Bloud, the priuy Maidens Groanes,
For Husbands Fathers and betrothed Lovers,
That ſhall be ſwallowed in this Controverſie.
This is his Clayme, his threatning, and my Meſſage:
Vnleſſe the Dolphin be in preſence here;
To whom expreſſely I bring greeting too.

King. For us, we will conſider of this further:
To morrow ſhall you beare our full intent
Back to our Brother of England.

Dolph. For the Dolphin,
I ſtand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorne and defiance, ſleight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not miſ-become
The mighty Sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus ſayes my King: and if your Fathers Highneſſe
Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you ſent his Majeſty;
Hee'le call you to ſo hot an Anſwer of it,
That Caves and Womby Vaultages of France
Shall chide your Treſpas, and returne your Mock
In ſecond Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph. Say: if my Father render faire returne,
It is againſt my will: for I deſire
Nothing but Oddes with England,
To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanity,
I did preſent him with the Paris-Balls.

Ex. Hee'le make your Paris Loover ſhake for it,
Were it the Miſtreſſe Court of mighty Europe:
And be aſſur'd, you'le find a diff'rence,
As we his Subjects have in wonder found,
Betweene the promiſe of his greener dayes,
And theſe he maiſters now: now he weighes Time
Even to the utmoſt Graine: that you ſhall reade
In your owne Loſſes, if he ſtay in France.

King. To morrow ſhall you know our mind at full.

Flouriſh.

Exe. Diſpatch us with all ſpeed, leaſt that our King
Come here himſelfe to queſtion our delay;
For he is footed in this Land already.

King. You ſhall be ſoone diſpatcht, with faire conditions.
A Night is but ſmall breathe, and little pawſe,
To anſwer matters of this conſequence. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our ſwift Sceene flyes,
In motion of no leſſe celerity then that of Thought.
Suppoſe, that you have ſeene
The well appointed King at Dover Peer,
Embarke his Royalty: and his brave Fleet,
With ſilken Streamers, the young *Phebus* fayning;
Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,
Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
Heare the ſhrill Whiſtle, which doth order give
To ſounds confus'd: behold the threaden Sayles,
Borne with th'inviſible and creeping Wind,
Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
Breſting the lofty Surge. O, doe but thinke
You ſtand upon the Rivage, and behold
A Citie on th'inconſtant Billowes dauncing:
For ſo appeares this Fleet Majeſticall,
Holding due courſe to Harflew. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to ſternage of this Navy,
And leave your England as dead Mid-night, ſtill,
Guarded with Grandſires, Babyes, and old Women,
Either paſt, or not arriv'd to pyth and puiſſance:
For who is he, whoſe Chin is but enricht
With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
Theſe cull'd and choyſe-drawne Cavaliers to France?
Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein ſee a Siege:
Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,
With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew.
Suppoſe th'Embaſſador from the French comes back:
Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
Some petty and unprofitable Dukedomes.
The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner
With Lynſtock now the divelliſh Cannon touches.

Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
And ech out our performance with your mind. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Glouceſter.
Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harflew.

King. Once more unto the Breach,
Deare friends, once more;
Or cloſe the Wall up with our Engliſh dead:
In Peace, there's nothing ſo becomes a man,
As modeſt ſtillneſſe, and humility:
But when the blaſt of Warre blowes in our eares,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger:
Stiffen the ſinewes, commune up the blood,
Diſguiſe faire Nature with hard-favour'd Rage:
Then lend the Eye a terrible aſpect:
Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
Like the Braſſe Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelme it,
As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke
O're-hang and jutty his confounded Baſe,
Swill'd with the wilde and waſtfull Ocean.
Now ſet the Teeth, and ſtretch the Noſthrill wide,
Hold hard the Breath, and bend up every Spirit
To his full height. On, you Nobleſt Engliſh,
Whoſe blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-proofe:
Fathers, that like ſo many *Alexanders*,
Have in theſe parts from Morne till Even fought,
And ſheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument.
Diſhonour not your Mothers: now atteſt,
That thoſe whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
Be Coppy now to me of groſſer blood,
And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,
Whoſe Lymbes were made in England; ſhew us here
The mettell of your Paſture: let us ſweare,
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
For there is none of you ſo meane and baſe,
That hath not Noble luſter in your eyes.
I ſee you ſtand like Grey-hounds in the ſlips,
Straying upon the Start. The Game's afoot:
Follow your Spirit; and upon this Charge,
Cry, God for *Harry*, England, and S. *George*.

Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Piſtoll, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee Corporall ſtay, the Knocks are too hot: and for mine owne part, I have not a Caſe of Lives: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song of it.

Piſt. The plaine-Song is moſt juſt: for humors doe abound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vaſſals drop and dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne immortall fame.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-houſe in London, I would give all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and ſafety.

Piſt. And I: If wiſhes would prevaile with me, my purpoſe ſhould not faile with me; but thither would I high.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth ſing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Vp to the breach, you Dogges; avant you Cullions.

Piſt. Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould: abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcocke bate thy Rage: uſe lenity ſweet Chucke.

Nim. Theſe be good humors: your Honor wins bad humors. *Exit.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have obſerv'd theſe three Swaſhers. I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would ſerve me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three ſuch Antiques do not amount to a man: for *Bardolph*, hee is white-liver'd, and red-fac'd; by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for *Piſtoll*, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keepes whole Weapons: for *Nim*, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the beſt men, and therefore hee ſcornes to ſay his Prayers, leſt a ſhould be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a never broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was againſt a Poſt, when he was drunke. They will ſteale any thing, and call it Purchaſe. *Bardolph* ſtole a Lute-caſe, bore it twelve Leagues, and ſold it for three halfepence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are ſworne Brothers in filching: and in Callice they ſtole a fire-ſhovell. I knew by that peece of Service, the men would carry Coales. They would have me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloves or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much againſt my Manhood, if I ſhould take from anothers Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plaine pocketting up of Wrongs. I muſt leave them, and ſeeke ſome better Service: their Villany goes againſt my weake ſtomacke, and therefore I muſt caſt it up. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen*, you muſt come preſently to the Mynes; the Duke of Glouceſter would ſpeake with you.

Flu. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not ſo good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes are not according to the diſciplines of the Warre; the cōcavities of it is not ſufficient: for looke you, th'athverſary, you may diſcuſſe unto the Duke, looke you, is digt himſelfe foure yard under the Countermines: by *Cheſhu*, I thinke a will plowe up all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of Glouceſter, to whom the Order of the Siege is given, is altogether directed by an Iriſh man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

Welch. It is Captaine *Makmorrice*, is it not?

Gower. I thinke it be.

Welch. By *Cheſhu* he is an Aſſe, as in the World, I will verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions in the true diſciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the Roman diſciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Makmorrice, and Captaine Iamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine *Iamy*, with him.

Welch. Captaine *Iamy* is a mervellous falorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in th'aunchiant Warres, upon my particularknowledge of his directions: by *Cheſhu* he will maintaine his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the diſciplines of the Priſtine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. I ſay gudday, Captaine *Fluellen.*

Welch. Godden to your Worſhip, good Captaine *Iames.*

Gower. How now Captaine *Makmorrice*, have you quit the Mynes? have the Pioners given o're?

Iriſh. By Chriſh Law tiſh ill done: the Worke iſh give over, the Trompet ſound the Retreat. By my Hand I ſweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke iſh ill done: it iſh give over: I would have blowed up the Towne, ſo Chriſh ſave me law, in an houre. O tiſh ill done, tiſh ill done: by my Hand tiſh ill done.

Welch. Captaine *Makmorrice*, I beſeech you now, will you voutſafe me, looke you, a few diſputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the diſciplines of the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication: partly to ſatisfie my Opinion, and partly for the ſatisfaction, looke you, of my Mind: as touching the direction of the Military diſcipline, that is the Point.

Scot. It ſall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I ſall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occaſion: that ſall I mary:

Iriſh. It is no time to diſcourſe, ſo Chriſh ſave me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukes: it is no time to diſcourſe, the Town is beſeech'd: and the Trumpet call us to the breech, and we talke, and be Chriſh do nothing, tis ſhame for us all: ſo God ſa'me tis ſhame to ſtand ſtill, it is ſhame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be done, and there iſh nothing done, ſo Chriſt ſa'me law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere theiſe eyes of mine take themſelves to ſlomber, ayle de gud ſervice, or Ile ligge i'th' grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay't as valorouſly as I may, that ſall I ſuerly do, that is the breff and the long: mary, I wad full faine heard ſome queſtion tween you tway.

VVelch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I thinke, looke you, under your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Iriſh. Of my Nation? What iſh my Nation? Iſh a Villaine, and a Baſterd, and a Knave, and a Raſcall. What iſh my Nation? Who talkes of my Nation?

VVelch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwiſe then is meant, Captaine *Mackmorrice*, peradventure I ſhal thinke you doe not uſe me with that affablility, as in diſcretion you ought to uſe me, looke you, being as good a man as your ſelfe both in the diſciplines of Warre, and in the derivation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Iriſh. I do not know you ſo good a man as my ſelfe: ſo Criſh ſave me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will miſtake each other.

Scot. A, that's a foule fault. *A Parley.*

Gower. The Towne ſounds a Parley.

VVelch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, when there is more better opportunity to be required, looke you, I will be ſo bold as to tell you, I know the diſciplines of Warres: and there is an end. *Exit.*

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King. How yet reſolves the Governour of the Towne?
This is the lateſt Parle we will admit:

There

Therefore to our beſt mercy give your ſelves,
Or like to men prowd of deſtruction,
Defie us to our worſt: for as I am a Souldier,
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me beſt;
If I begin the batt'rie once againe,
I will not leave the halfe-atchieved Harflew,
Till in her aſhes ſhe lye buryed.
The Gates of Mercy ſhall be all ſhut up,
And the fleſh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand, ſhall raunge
With Conſcience wide as Hell, mowing like Graſſe
Your freſh faire Virgins, and your flowring Infants.
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
Arrayed in games like to the Prince of Fiends,
Doe with his ſmyrcht complexion all fell feats,
Enlynckt to waſte and deſolation?
What is't to me, when you your ſelves are cauſe,
If your pure Maydens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing Violation?
What Reyne can hold licencious Wickedneſſe,
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?
We may as bootleſſe ſpend our vaine Command
Vpon th'enraged Souldiers in their ſpoyle,
As ſend Precepts to the *Leviathan* to come aſhore.
Therefore, you men of Harflew,
Take pitty of your Towne and of your People,
Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds
Of headdy Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.
If not: why in a moment looke to ſee
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand
Deſire the Locks of your ſhrill-ſhriking Daughters:
Your Fathers taken by the ſilver Beards,
And their moſt reverend Heads daſht to the Walls:
Your naked Infants ſpitted upon Pykes,
Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
Doe breake the Clouds; as did the Wives of Iewry,
At *Herods* bloody-hunting ſlaughter-men.
What ſay you? Will you yeeld, and this avoyd?
Or guilty in defence, be thus deſtroy'd.

Enter Governour.

Gover. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
Returnes us, that his Powers are yet not ready,
To rayſe ſo great a Siege: Therefore great King,
We yeeld our Towne and Lives to thy ſoft Mercy:
Enter our Gates, diſpoſe of us and ours,
For we no longer are defenſible.
King. Open your Gates: Come Vnckle *Exeter*,
Goe you and enter Harflew, there remaine,
And fortifie it ſtrongly 'gainſt the French:
Vſe mercy to them all for us, deare Vnckle.
The Winter comming on, and Sickneſſe growing
Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.
To night in Harflew will we be your Gueſt,
To morrow for the Martch are we addreſt.

Floriſh, and enter the Towne.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kath. Alice, tu as eſté en Angleterre, & tu parlois bien le Language.

Alice. En peu Madame.

Kath. Ie te prie m'enſeigner, il faut que j'apprenne a parler. Comment appellé vous la main en Anglois?

Alice. La main, il eſt appellé, de Hand.

Kath. De Hand.

Alice. Et le doyt.

Kat. Le doyt, ma foy ie oublie le doyt, mais ie me ſouviendray le doyt, ie penſe qu'ils ont appellé de fingers, ou de fingres.

Alice. La main, de Hand, le doyt, le Fingres, le penſe que ie ſuis le bon eſcholier.

Kath. I'ay gaigné deux mots d'Anglois viſtement, comment appellé vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles, les appellons de Nayles.

Kath. De Nayles eſcoutez: dites moy, ſi ie parle bien: de Hand, de Fingres, de Nayles.

Alice. C'eſt bien dit Madame, il eſt fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy en Anglois le bras.

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

Kath. Et le coude.

Alice. D'Elbow.

Kath. D'Elbow: Ie m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots que vous m'avez apprins dés apreſent.

Alice. Il eſt trop difficile Madame, comme ie penſe.

Kath. Excuſe moy Alice, eſcoute, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, de Bilbow.

Alice. D'elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie d'Elbow, comment appellé vous le col.

Alice. De Neck, Madame.

Kath. De Neck, & le manton.

Alice. de Chin.

Kath. De Sin: le col, de Neck; le manton, de Sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf voſtre honneur en verité vous prononcies les mots auſſi droict, que le Natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Ie ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.

Ali. N'avez vous pas deſia oublie ce que ie vous ay enſeigné.

Kath. Nomme, ie reciteray a vous promptement, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, Madame.

Alice. De Nayles, Madame.

Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.

Alice. Sans voſtre honneur d'elbow.

Kath. Ainſi dis-ie d'elbow, de Neck, & de Sin: cõment appellé vous les pieds & de roba.

Alice. Le foot Madame, & le Count.

Kath. Le Foot, & le Count: O Seigneur Dieu, ce ſont des mots mauuais, corruptible & impudique, & non pour les Dames d'Honneur d'uſer: Ie ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde, il faut le Foot & le Count, neant moins, Ie reciteray vn autrefois ma lecon enſemble, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Elbow, de Neck, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.

Alice. Excellent, Madame.

Kath. C'eſt aſſez pour vne fois, allons nous en diſner.

Exeunt.

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the Conſtable of France, and others.

King. 'Tis certaine he hath paſt the River Some.
Conſt. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,
Let us not live in France: let us quit all,
And give our Vineyards to a barbarous People,
Dolph. O Dieu vivant: Shall a few Sprayes of us,
The emptying of our Fathers Luxury,
Our Syens, put in wilde and ſavage Stock,
Spirt up ſo ſuddenly into the Clouds,
And over-looke their Grafters?
Brit. Normans, but baſtard Normans, Norman baſtards:
Mort de ma vie, if they march along
Vnfought withall, but I will ſell my Dukedome,

To buy a ſlobbry and a durty Farme
In that nooke-ſhotten Ile of Albion.

Conſt. Dieu de Battailes, where have they this mettell?
Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in diſpight, the Sunne lookes pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes? Can ſodden Water,
A Drench for ſur-reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth,
Decoct their cold blood to ſuch valiant heat?
And ſhall our quick blood, ſpirited with Wine,
Seeme froſtie? O, for honor of our Land,
Let us not hang like roping Iſyckles
Vpon our Houſes Thatch, whiles a more froſty People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poore we may call them, in their Native Lords.

Dolph. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madames mock at us, and plainely ſay,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will give
Their bodyes to the Luſt of Engliſh Youth,
To new-ſtore France with Baſtard Warriors.

Brit. They bid us to the Engliſh Dancing-Schooles,
And teach *Lavolta's* high, and ſwift *Carranto's*
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,
And that we are moſt lofty Run-awayes.

King. Where is *Montioy* the Herald? ſpeed him hence,
Let him greet England with our ſharpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with ſpirit of Honor edged,
More ſharper then your Swords, high to the field:
Charles Delabreth, High Conſtable of France,
You Dukes of *Orleance*, *Burbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanſon, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgonie*,
Iaques Chatillion, *Rambures*, *Vandemont*,
Beumont, *Grand Pree*, *Rouſſi*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Leſtrale*, *Bouciquall*, and *Charaloyes*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seats, now quit you of great ſhames:
Barre *Harry* England, that ſweepes through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew:
Ruſh on his Hoaſt, as doth the melted Snow
Vpon the Valleyes, whoſe low Vaſſall Seat,
The Alpes doth ſpit, and void his rhewme upon.
Goe downe upon him, you have Power enough,
And in a Captive Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Priſoner.

Conſt. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are ſo few,
His Souldiers ſick, and famiſht in their Martch:
For I am ſure, when he ſhall ſee our Army,
Hee'le drop his heart into the ſinck of feare,
And for atchievement, offer us his Ranſome.

King. Therefore Lord Conſtable, haſte on *Montioy*,
And let him ſay to England, that we ſend,
To know what willing Ranſome he will give.
Prince *Dolphin*, you ſhall ſtay with us in Roan.

Dolph. Not ſo, I doe beſeech your Majeſty.

King. Be patient, for you ſhall remaine with us.
Now forth Lord Conſtable, and Princes all:
And quickly bring us word of Englands fall. *Exeunt.*

Enter Captaines, Engliſh and VVelch, Gower and Fluellen.

Gower. How now Captaine *Fluellen*, come you from the Bridge?

Flu. I aſſure you, there is very excellent Services committed at the Bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter ſafe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, and a man that I love and honour with my ſoule, and my heart, and my duty, and my live, and my living, and my uttermoſt power. He is not, God be prayſed and bleſſed, any hurt in the World, but keepes the Bridge moſt valiantly, with excellent diſcipline. There is an aunchient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very conſcience hee is as valiant a man as *Marke Anthony*, and hee is a man of no eſtimation in the World, but I did ſee him doe as gallant ſervice.

Gow. What doe you call him?

Flu. He is call'd aunchient *Piſtoll*.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Piſtoll.

Flu. Here is the man.

Piſt. Captaine, I thee beſeech to doe me favours: the Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I prayſe God, and I have merited ſome love at his hands.

Piſt. *Bardolph*, a Souldier firme and ſound of heart, and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddy Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that goddeſſe blind, that ſtands upon the rolling reſtleſſe Stone.

Flu. By your patience, aunchient *Piſtoll*: Fortune is painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to ſignifie to you, that Fortune is blinde; and ſhee is painted alſo with a Wheele, to ſignifie to you, which is the Morall of it, that ſhee is turning and inconſtant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed upon a Sphericall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles: in good truth, the Poet makes a moſt excellent deſcription of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

Piſt. Fortune is *Bardolphs* foe, and frownes on him: for he hath ſtolne a Pax, and hanged muſt a be: damned death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let Man goe free, and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe ſuffocate: but *Exeter* hath given the doome of death, for Pax of little price. Therefore goe ſpeake, the Duke will heare thy voyce; and let not *Bardolphs* vitall thred bee cut with edge of Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient *Piſtoll*, I doe partly underſtand your meaning.

Piſt. Why then rejoyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoyce at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would deſire the Duke to uſe his good pleaſure, and put him to execution; for diſcipline ought to be uſed.

Piſt. Dye, and be damn'd, and *Figo* for thy friendſhip.

Flu. It is well.

Piſt. The Figge of Spaine. *Exit.*

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Raſcall, I remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purſe.

Flu. Ile aſſure you, a utt'red as prave words at the Pridge, as you ſhall ſee in a Summers day: but it is very well: what he ha's ſpoke to me, that is well I warrant you, when time is ſerve.

Gow. Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and then goes to the Warres, to grace himſelfe at his returne into London, under the forme of a Souldier: and ſuch fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, & they will learne you by rote where Services were done; at ſuch and ſuch a Sconce, at ſuch a Breach, at ſuch a Convoy: who came off bravely, who was ſhot, who diſgrac'd, what termes the Enemy ſtood on: and this they conne perfitly in the phraſe of Warre; which they trick up with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Generalls Cut, and a horride Sute of the Campe, will doe among foming Bottles, and Ale-waſht wits, is wonderfull to be thought on: but you muſt learne to know ſuch ſlanders of the age, or elſe you may be marvellouſly miſtooke.

Flu. I tell you what, Captaine *Gower*: I doe perceive hee is not the man that hee would gladly make ſhew to the World hee is; if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my minde: hearke you, the King is comming, and I muſt ſpeake with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poore Souldiers.

Flu. God pleſſe your Majeſty.

Kin. How now *Fluellen*, cam'ſt thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, ſo pleaſe your Majeſty: The Duke of Exeter ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and moſt prave paſſages: marry, th'athverſarie was have poſſeſſion of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exeter is Maſter of the Pridge: I can tell your Majeſty, the Duke is a prave man.

King. What men have you loſt, *Fluellen*?

Flu. The perdition of th'athverſary hath beene very great, reaſonable great: mary for my part, I thinke the Duke hath loſt never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Majeſty know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his noſe, and it is like a coale of fire, ſometimes plew, and ſometimes red, but his noſe is executed, and his fire's out.

King. Wee would have all ſuch offendors ſo cut off: & we give expreſſe charge, that in our Martches through the Countrey, there bee nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French upbrayded or abuſed in diſdainefull Language; for when Levity and Cruelty play for a Kingdome, the gentler Gameſter is the ſooneſt winner.

Tucket. Enter Mountioy.

Mountoy. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what ſhall I know of thee?

Moun. My Maiſters mind.

King. Vnfold it.

Mountoy. Thus ſayes my King: Say thou to *Harry* of England, Though we ſeem'd dead, we bid but ſleepe: Advantage is a better Souldier then raſhneſſe. Tell him, wee could have rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee thought not good to bruiſe an injury, till it were full ripe. Now we ſpeake upon our Q. and our voyce is imperiall: England ſhall repent his folly, ſee his weakeneſſe, and admire our ſufferance. Bid him therefore conſider of his ranſome, which muſt proportion the loſſes we have borne, the ſubjects we have loſt, the diſgrace wee have diſgeſted; which in weight to re-anſwer, his pettineſſe would bow under. For our loſſes, his Exchequer is too poore; for th'effuſion of our bloud, the Muſter of his Kingdome too faint a number; and for our diſgrace, his owne perſon kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worthleſſe ſatisfaction. To this adde defiance: and tell him for concluſion, he hath betrayed his followers, whoſe condemnation is pronounc't: So farre my King and Maiſter; ſo much my Office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mount. *Mountioy.*

King. Thou doo'ſt thy Office fairely. Turne thee back,
And tell thy King, I doe not ſeeke him now;
But could be willing to martch on to Callice,
Without impeachment: for to ſay the ſooth,
Though 'tis no wiſdome to confeſſe ſo much
Vnto an enemie of Craft and Vantage,
My people are with ſickneſſe much enfeebled,
My numbers leſſen'd: and thoſe few I have,
Almoſt no better then ſo many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald,
I thought, upon one payre of Engliſh Legges
Did martch three Frenchmen. Yet forgive me God,
That I doe bragge thus; this your ayre of France
Hath blowne that vice in me. I muſt repent:
Goe therefore tell thy Maiſter, here I am;
My Ranſome, is this frayle and worthleſſe Trunke;
My Army, but a weake and ſickly Guard:
Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himſelfe, and ſuch another Neighbor
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Mountioy*.
Goe bid thy Maiſter well adviſe himſelfe,
If we may paſſe, we will: if we be hindred,
We ſhall your tawny ground with your red blood
Diſcolour: and ſo *Mountioy* fare you well.
The ſumme of all our Anſwer is but this:
We would not ſeeke a Battaile as we are,
Nor as we are, we ſay wee will not ſhun it:
So tell your Maiſter.

Mount. I ſhall deliver ſo: Thankes to your Highneſſe.

Glouc. I hope they will not come upon us now.

King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs:
Martch to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,
Beyond the River wee'le encampe our ſelves,
And on to morrow bid them martch away. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Conſtable of France, the Lord Rambures, Orleance, Dolphin, with others.

Conſt. Tut, I have the beſt Armour of the World: would it were day.

Orl. You have an excellent Armour: but let my Horſe have his due.

Conſt. It is the beſt Horſe of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Conſtable, you talke of Horſe and Armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horſe with any that treades but on foure paſternes: ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were hayres: *le Cheval volant*, the Pegaſus, *ckes les narines de feu.* When I beſtryde him, I ſoare, I am a Hawke: he trots the ayre: the Earth ſings, when he touches it: the baſeſt horne of his hooſe, is more Muſicall then the Pipe of *Hermes.*

Orl. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beaſt for *Perſeus*: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water never appeare in him, but only in patient ſtilneſſe while his Rider mounts him: hee is indeede a Horſe, and all other Iades you may call Beaſts.

Conſt. Indeed my Lord, it is a moſt abſolute and excellent Horſe.

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orl. No more Couſin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the riſing of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, vary deſerved prayſe on my Palfray: it is a Threame as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horſe is argument for them all: 'tis a ſubject for a Soueraigne to reaſon on, and for a Soveraignes Soveraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to us, and unknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a Sonnet in his prayſe, and began thus, *Wonder of Nature.*

Orleance. I have heard a Sonnet begin ſo to ones Miſtreſſe.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courſer, for my Horſe is my Miſtreſſe.

Orl. Your Miſtreſſe beares well.

Well. Me well, which is the preſcript prayſe and perfection of a good and particular Miſtreſſe.

Conſt. Nay, for me thought yeſterday your Miſtreſſe ſhrewdly ſhooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Conſt. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. O then belike ſhe was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Hoſe off, and in your ſtrait Stroſſers.

Conſt. You have good judgement in Horſemanſhip.

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride ſo, and ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather have my Horſe to my Miſtreſſe.

Conſt. I had as live have my Miſtreſſe a Iade.

Dolph. I tell thee Conſtable, my Miſtreſſe weares his owne hayre.

Conſt. I could make as true a boaſt as that, if I had a Sow to my Miſtreſſe.

Dolph. *Le chien eſt retourné a ſon propre vomiſſement, eſt la levye lavee au bourbier:* thou mak'ſt uſe of any thing.

Conſt. Yet doe I not uſe my Horſe for my Miſtreſſe, or any ſuch Proverbe, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.

Ramb. My Lord Conſtable, the Armour that I ſaw in your Tent to night, are thoſe Starres or Sunnes upon it?

Conſt. Starres my Lord.

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Conſt. And yet my Sky ſhall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many ſuperfluouſly, and 'twere more honor ſome were away.

Conſt. Ev'n as your Horſe beares your prayſes, who would trot as wel, were ſome of your bragges diſmounted.

Dolph. Would I were able to loade him with his deſert. Will it never be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way ſhal be paved with Engliſh Faces.

Conſt. I will not ſay ſo, for feare I ſhould be fac't out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the eares of the Engliſh.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twenty Priſoners?

Conſt. You muſt firſt goe your ſelfe to hazard, ere you have them.

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my ſelfe. *Exit.*

Orl. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the Engliſh.

Conſt. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

Orl. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gallant Prince.

Conſt. Sweare by her Foot, that ſhe may tread out the Oath.

Orleance. He is ſimply the moſt active Gentleman of France.

Conſt. Doing is activity, and he will ſtill be doing.

Orl. He never did harme, that I heard of.

Conſt. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe that good name ſtill.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Conſt. I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you

Orl. What's hee?

Conſt. Marry hee told me ſo himſelfe, and hee ſaid he car'd not who knew it.

Orleance. He needes not, it is no hidden vertue in him.

Conſt. By my faith Sir, but it is: never any body ſaw it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appeares, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never ſayd well.

Conſt. I will cap that Proverbe with, There is flattery in friendſhip.

Orl. And I will take up that with, Give the Devill his due.

Conſt. Well plac't: there ſtands your friend for the Devill: have at the very eye of that Proverbe with, A Pox of the Devill.

Orl. You are the better at Proverbs, by how much a Fooles Bolt is ſoone ſhot.

Conſt. You have ſhot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the firſt time you were over-ſhot.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord high Conſtable, the Engliſh lye within fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.

Conſt. Who hath meaſur'd the ground?

Meſ. The Lord *Grandpree.*

Conſt. A valiant and moſt expert Gentleman. Would it were day? Alas poore *Harry* of England: hee longs not for the Dawning, as wee doe.

Orl. What a wretched and peeviſh fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd fellowers ſo farre out of his knowledge.

Conſt. If the Engliſh had any apprehenſion, they would runne away.

Orl. That they lack: for if their heads had any intellectual Armour, they could never weare ſuch heavy Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Iland of England breedes very valiant Creatures; their Maſtiffes are of vnmatchable courage.

Orleance. Fooliſh Curres, that runne winking into the mouth of a Ruſſian Beare, & have their heads cruſht like rotten Apples: you may as well ſay, that's a valiant Flea, that dare eate his breakefaſt on the Lippe of a Lyon.

Conſt. Iuſt, juſt: and the men doe ſympathize with the Maſtiffes, in robuſtious and rough comming on, leaving their Wits with their Wives: and then give them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they will eate like Wolves, and fight like Devils.

Orl. I, but theſe Engliſh are ſhrewdly out of Beeefe.

Conſt. Then ſhall we finde to morrow, they have only ſtomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to arme: come, ſhall we about it?

Orl. It is now two a Clock: but let me ſee, by ten
We ſhall have each a hundred Engliſh men. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Chorus.

Now entertaine conjecture of a time,
When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke
Fills the wide Veſſell of the Vniverſe.
From Camp to Camp, through the foule Wõb of Night
The Humme of either Army ſtilly ſounds,
That the fixt Centinels almoſt receive
The ſecret Whiſpers of each others Watch.
Fire anſwers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Battaile ſees the others umber'd face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boaſtfull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Eare: and from the Tents,
The Armourers accompliſhing the Knights,
With buſie Hammers cloſing Rivets up,
Give dreadfull note of preparation.
The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle:
And the third howre of drowſie Morning nam'd,
Prowd of their Numbers, and ſecure in Soule,
The confident and over-luſty French,
Doe the low-rated Engliſh play at Dice;
And chide the creepſe-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
So tediouſly away. The poore condemned Engliſh,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The Mornings danger: and their geſture ſad,
Inveſting lanke-leane Cheeks, and Warre-worne Coats,
Preſented them unto the gazing Moone
So many horride Ghoſts. O now, who will behold
The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
Let him cry, Prayſe and Glory on his head:
For forth he goes, and viſits all his Hoaſt,
Bids them good morrow with a modeſt Smyle,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.
Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,
How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of Colour
Vnto the weary and all-watched Night:
But freſhly lookes, and over-beares Attaint,
With chearefull ſemblance, and ſweet Majeſty:
That every Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes,
A Largeſſe univerſall, like the Sunne,
His liberall Eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthineſſe define,
A little touch of *Harry* in the Night,
And ſo our Scene muſt to the Battaile flye:
Where, O for pitty, we ſhall much diſgrace,
With foure or five moſt vile and ragged foyles,
(Right ill diſpos'd, in brawle ridiculous)
The Name of Agincourt. Yet ſit and ſee,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.
Exit.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Glouceſter.

King. *Gloſter*, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore ſhould our Courage be.
God morrow Brother *Bedford*: God Almighty,
There is ſome ſoule of goodneſſe in things evill,
Would men obſervingly diſtill it out.
For our bad Neighbour makes us early ſtirrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
Beſides, they are our outward Conſciences,
And Preachers to us all; admoniſhing,
That we ſhould dreſſe us fairely for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Divell himſelfe.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir *Thomas Erpingham*:
A good ſoft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churliſh turfe of France.

Erpin. Not ſo my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may ſay, now lye I like a King.

King. 'Tis good for men to love their preſent paine,
Vpon example, ſo the Spirit is eaſed:
And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Breake up their drowſie Grave, and newly move
With caſted ſlough, and freſh legerity.
Lend me thy Cloake Sir *Thomas*: Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe;
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon
Deſire them all to my Pavillion.

Gloſter. We ſhall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

King. No my good Knight:
Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:
I and my Boſome muſt debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in Heauen bleſſe thee, Noble *Harry*.
Exeunt.

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou ſpeak'ſt chearefully.

Enter Piſtoll.

Piſt. Che vous la?

King. A friend.

Piſt. Diſcuſſe unto me, art thou Officer, or art thou baſe, common, and popular?

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Piſt. Trayl'ſt thou the puiſſant Pyke?

King. Even ſo: what are you?

Piſt. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

King. Then you are a better then the King.

Piſt. The King's a Bawcocke, and a Heart of Gold, a Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fiſt moſt valiant: I kiſſe his durty ſhooe, and from heart-ſtring I love the lovely Bully. What is thy Name?

King. Harry le Roy.

Pi. Le Roy? a Corniſh Name: art thou of Corniſh Crew?

King. No, I am a Welchman.

Piſt. Know'ſt thou *Fluellen*?

King. Yes.

Piſt. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate upon S. *Davies* day.

King. Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe that day, leaſt he knock that about yours.

Piſt. Art thou his friend?

King. And his Kinſman too.

Piſt. The *Figo* for thee then.

King. I thanke you: God be with you.

Piſt. My name is *Piſtol* call'd. *Exit.*

King. It ſorts well with your fierceneſſe.

Manet King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen.*

Flu. 'So, in the Name of Ieſu Chriſt, ſpeake fewer: it is the greateſt admiration in the univerſall World, when the true and aunchient Prerogatifes and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of *Pompey* the Great, you ſhall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble bable in *Pompeyes* Campe: I warrant you, you ſhall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobriety of it, and the Modeſty of it, to be otherwiſe.

Gower. Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all Night.

Flu. If the Enemie is an Aſſe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee ſhould alſo, looke you, be an Aſſe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne conſcience now?

Gow. I will ſpeake lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beſeech you, that you will. *Exit.*

King. Though it appeare a little out of faſhion,
There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter three Souldiers, Iohn Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *Iohn Bates*, is not that the Morning which breakes yonder?

Bates. I thinke it be: but wee have no great cauſe to deſire the approach of day.

Williams. Wee ſee yonder the beginning of the day, but I thinke wee ſhall never ſee thee end of it. Who goes there?

King. A friend.

Will. Vnder what Captaine ſerve you?

King. Vnder Sir *Iohn Erpingham.*

Will. A good old Commander, and a moſt kinde Gentleman: I pray you, what thinkes he of our eſtate?

King. Even as men wrackt upon a Sand, that looke to be waſht off the next Tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

King. No: nor it is not meet he ſhould: for though I ſpeake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet ſmells to him, as it doth to me; the Element ſhewes to him, as it doth to me; all his ſences have but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakedneſſe he appeares but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted then ours, yet when they ſtoupe, they ſtoupe with the like wing: therefore, when he ſees reaſon of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of the ſame rellish as ours are: yet in reaſon, no man ſhould poſſeſſe him with any appearance of feare; leaſt hee, by ſhewing it, ſhould dis-hearten his Army.

Bates. He may ſhew what outward courage he will: but I beleeve as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could wiſh himſelfe in Thames up to the Neck; and ſo I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, ſo we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will ſpeake my conſcience of the King: I thinke hee would not wiſh himſelfe any where, but where hee is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone; ſo ſhould he be ſure to be ranſomed, and a many poore mens lives ſaved.

King. I dare ſay, you love him not ſo ill, to wiſh him here alone: howſoever you ſpeake this to feele other mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where ſo contented, as in the Kings company; his Cauſe being juſt, and his Quarrell honorable.

Will. That's more then we know.

Bates. I, or more then we ſhould ſeeke after; for wee know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subjects: if his Cauſe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Cryme of it out of us.

Williams. But if the Cauſe be not good, the King himſelfe hath a heavy Reckoning to make, when all thoſe Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaile, ſhall joyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed at ſuch a place, ſome ſwearing, ſome crying for a Surgeon; ſome upon their Wives left poore behind them; ſome upon the Debts they owe, ſome upon their Childrē rawly left: I am afear'd, there are few dye well, that dye in Battaile: for how can they charitably diſpoſe of any thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if theſe men doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; whom to diſobey, were againſt all proportion of ſubjection.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father ſent about Merchandize, doe ſinfully miſcarry upon the Sea; the imputation of his wickedneſſe, by your rule, ſhould be impoſed upon his Father that ſent him: or if a Servant, under his Maiſters command, tranſporting a ſumme of Money, be aſſayled by Robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd Iniquities; you may call the buſineſſe of the Maiſter the author of the Servants damnation: but this is not ſo: The King is not bound to anſwer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Maiſter of his Servant; for they purpoſe not their death, when they purpoſe their ſervices. Beſides, there is no King, be his Cauſe never ſo ſpotleſſe, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can trye it out with all unſpotted Souldiers: ſome (peradventure) have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived Murther; ſome, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seales of Perjury; ſome, making the Warres their Bulwarke, that have before gored the gentle Boſome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now, if theſe men have defeated the Law, and outrunne Native puniſhment; though they can out-ſtrip men, they have no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: ſo that here men are puniſht, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would bee ſafe, they periſh. Then if they dye unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation, then hee was before guilty of thoſe Impieties, for the which they are now viſited. Every Subjects Duty is the Kings, but every Subjects Soule is his owne. Therefore ſhould every Souldier in the Warres doe as every ſicke man in his Bed, waſh every Moth out of his Conſcience: and dying ſo, Death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was bleſſedly loſt, wherein ſuch preparation was gayned: and in him that eſcapes, it were not ſinne to thinke, that making God ſo free an offer, he let him outlive that day, to ſee his Greatneſſe, and to teach others how they ſhould prepare.

Will. 'Tis certaine, every man that dyes ill, the ill upon his owne head, the King is not to anſwer it.

Bates. I doe not deſire hee ſhould anſwer for me, and yet I determine to fight luſtily for him.

King. I my ſelfe heard the King ſay he would not be ranſom'd.

Will. I, hee ſaid ſo, to make us fight chearefully: but when our throats are cut, hee may be ranſom'd, and wee ne're the wiſer.

King. If I live to ſee it, I will never truſt his word after.

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillous ſhot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a private diſpleaſure can doe againſt a Monarch: you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a Peacockes feather: You'le never truſt his word after; come, 'tis a fooliſh ſaying.

King. Your reproofe is ſomething too round, I ſhould be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell betweene us, if you live.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How ſhall I know thee againe?

King. Give me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonnet: Then if ever thou dar'ſt acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

Will. Heere's my Glove: Give mee another of thine.

King. There.

VVill. This will I alſo weare in my Cap: if ever thou come to me, and ſay, after to morrow, This is my Glove, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

King. If ever I live to ſee it, I will challenge it.

VVill. Thou dar'ſt as well be hang'd.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings company.

VVill. Keepe thy word: fare thee well.

Bates Be friends you Engliſh fooles, be friends, wee have French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

Exeunt Souldiers.

King. Indeede the French may lay twenty French Crownes to one, they will beat us, for they beare them on their ſhoulders: but it is no Engliſh Treaſon to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himſelfe will be a Clipper.
Vpon the King, let us our Lives, our Soules,
Our Debts, our carefull Wives,
Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King:
We muſt beare all.
O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatneſſe,
Subject to the breath of every foole, whoſe ſence
No more can feele, but his owne wringing.
What infinite hearts-eaſe muſt Kings neglect,
That private men enjoy?
And what have Kings, that Privates have not too,
Saue Ceremonie, ſave generall Ceremonie?
And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremony?
What kind of god art thou? that ſuffer'ſt more
Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worſhippers.
What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings in?
O Ceremony, ſhew me but thy worth.
What? is thy Soule of Adoration?
Art thou ought elſe but Place, Degree, and Forme,
Creating awe and feare in other men?
Wherein thou art leſſe happy, being fear'd,
Then they in fearing.
What drink'ſt thou oft, in ſtead of Homage ſweet,
But poyſon'd flatterie? O, be ſick, great Greatneſſe,
And bid thy Ceremony give thee cure.
Thinks thou the fiery Fever will goe out
With titles blowne from Adulation?
Wilt it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggers knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou prowd Dreame,
That play'ſt ſo ſubtilly with a Kings Repoſe,
I am a King that find thee: and I know,
'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,
The Sword, the Mace, the Crowne Imperiall,
The enter-tiſſued Robe of Gold and Pearle,
The farſed Title running 'fore the King,
The Throne he ſits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe,
That beates upon the high ſhore of this World:
No, not all theſe, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonies,
Not all theſe, lay'd in bed Majeſticall,
Can ſleepe ſo ſoundly, as the wretched Slave:
Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cram'd with diſtreſſefull bread,
Never ſees horride Night, the Child of Hell:
But like a Lacquey, from the Riſe to Set,
Sweates in the eye of *Phebus*; and all Night
Sleepes in *Elizium*: next day after dawne,
Doth riſe and helpe *Hiperion* to his Horſe,
And followes ſo the ever-running yeere
With profitable labour to his Grave:
And but for Ceremony, ſuch a Wretch,
Winding up Dayes with toyle, and Nights with ſleepe,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.
The Slave, a Member of the Countreyes peace,
Enjoyes it: but in groſſe braine little wots,
What watch the King keepes, to maintaine the peace;
Whoſe howres, the Peſant beſt advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles jealous of your abſence,
Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together
At my Tent: Ile be before thee.

Erp. I ſhall doo't, my Lord. *Exit.*

King. O God of Battailes, ſteele my Souldiers hearts,
Poſſeſſe them not with feare: Take from them now
The ſence of reckning of th'oppoſed numbers:
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, thinke not upon the fault
My Father made, in compaſſing the Crowne.
I *Richards* body have interred new,
And on it have beſtowed more contrite teares,
Then from it iſſued forced drops of blood.
Fiue hundred poore I have in yeerely pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward Heaven, to pardon blood:
And I have built two Chauntries,
Where the ſad and ſolemne Prieſts ſing ſtill
For *Richards* Soule. More will I doe:
Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth:
Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Glouceſter.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother *Glouceſters* voyce? I:
I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:
The day, my friend, and all things ſtay for me. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Ramburs, and Beaumont.

Orleance. The Sunne doth gild our Armour, up my Lords.

Dolph. *Monte Cheual:* My Horſe, *Valet Lacquay:* Ha.

Orl. Oh brave ſpirit.

Dolph. *Via les ewes & terre.*

Orl. *Rien puis le air & feu.*

Dolph. *Cein,* Couſin *Orleance.* *Enter Conſtable.*
Now my Lord Conſtable?

Conſt. Hearke how our Steedes, for preſent Service neigh.

Dolph. Mount them, and make inciſion in their Hides,
That their hot blood may ſpin in Engliſh eyes,
And doubt them with ſuperfluous courage: ha.

Ram. What, will you have them weep our Horſes blood?
How ſhall we then behold their naturall teares?

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſenger. The Engliſh are embattail'd, you French Peeres.

Conſt. To Horſe you gallant Princes, ſtraight to Horſe.
Doe but behold yond poore and ſtarued Band,
And your faire ſhew ſhall ſuck away their Soules,
Leaving them but the ſhales and huskes of men.
There is not worke enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their ſickly Veines,
To give each naked Curtleax a ſtayne,
That our French Gallants ſhall to day draw out,
And ſheath for lack of ſport. Let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our Valour will o're-turne them.
'Tis poſitive 'gainſt all exceptions, Lords,
That our ſuperfluous Lacquies, and our Peſants,
Who in unneceſſary action ſwarme
About our Squares of Battaile, were enow
To purge this field of ſuch a hilding Foe;
Though we upon this Mountaines Baſis by,
Tooke ſtand for idle ſpeculation:
But that our Honours muſt not. What's to ſay?
A very little little let us doe,
And all is done: then let the Trumpets ſound
The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount:
For our approach ſhall ſo much dare the field,
That England ſhall couch downe in feare, and yeeld.

Enter Graundpree.

Grandpree. Why do you ſtay ſo long, my Lords of France?
Yond Iland Carrions, deſperate of their bones,
Ill-favouredly become the Morning field:
Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let looſe,
And our Ayre ſhakes them paſſing ſcornefully.
Bigge *Mars* ſeemes banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoaſt,
And faintly through a ruſty Bever peepes.
The Horſemen ſit like fixed Candleſticks,
With Torch-ſtaves in their hand: and their poore Iades
Lob downe their heads, drooping the hide and hips:
The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Bitt
Lyes foule with chaw'd graſſe, ſtill and motionleſſe,
And their executors, the knaviſh Crowes,
Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre.
Deſcription cannot ſute it ſelfe in words,
To demonſtrate the Life of ſuch a Battaile,
In life ſo liveleſſe, as it ſhewes it ſelfe.

Conſt. They have ſaid their prayers,
And they ſtay for death.

Dol. Shall we go ſend them Dinners, and freſh Sutes,
And give their faſting Horſes Provender,
And after fight with them?

Conſt. I ſtay but for my Guard: on
To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,
And uſe it for my haſte. Come, come away,
The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Glouceſter, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham with all his Hoaſt: Salisbury, and Weſtmerland.

Glouc. Where is the King?

Bedf. The King himſelfe is rode to view their Battaile.

Weſt. Of fighting men they have full threeſcore thouſand.

Exe. There's five to one, beſides they all are freſh.

Saliſb. Gods Arme ſtrike with us, 'tis a fearefull odds.
God buy'you Princes all; Ile to my Charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in Heaven;
Then joyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,
My deare Lord Glouceſter, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind Kinſman, Warriors all, adieu.

Bed. Farwell good *Salisbury*, & good luck go with thee:
And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fam'd of the firme truth of valour.

Exe. Farewell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

Bed. He is as full of Valour as of Kindneſſe,
Princely in both.

Enter the King.

Weſt. O that we now had here
But one ten thouſand of thoſe men in England,
That doe no worke to day.

King. What's he that wiſhes ſo?
My Couſin *Weſtmerland.* No my faire Couſin:
If we are markt to dye, we are enow
To do our Countrey loſſe: and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater ſhare of honour.
Gods will, I pray thee wiſh not one man more.
By *Iove*, I am not covetous for Gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my coſt:
It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare;
Such outward things dwell not in my deſires.
But if it be a ſinne to covet Honor,
I am the moſt offending Soule alive.
No 'faith, my Couze, wiſh not a man from England:
Gods peace, I would not loſe ſo great an Honor,
As one man more me thinkes would ſhare from me,
For the beſt hope I have. O, doe not wiſh one more:
Rather proclaime it (*Weſtmerland*) through my Hoaſt,
That he which hath no ſtomack to this fight,
Let him depart, his Paſport ſhall be made,
And Crownes for Convoy put into his Purſe:
We would not dye in that mans company,
That feares his fellowſhip, to dye with us.
This day is call'd the Feaſt of *Criſpian*:
He that out-lives this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rowſe him at the Name of *Criſpian*:
He that ſhall ſee this day, and live old age,
Will yeerely on the Vigill feaſt his neighbours,
And ſay, to morrow is Saint *Criſpian*:
Then will he ſtrip his ſleeve, and ſhew his skarres:
Old men forget; yet all ſhall not be forgot:
But hee'le remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day. Then ſhall our Names,
Familiar in his mouth as houſehold words,

Harry the King, *Bedford* and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Salisbury* and *Glouceſter*,
Be in their flowing Cups freſhly remembred.
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſonne:
And *Criſpine Criſpian* ſhall n'ere goe by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
But we in it ſhall be remembred;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to day that ſheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne're ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentle his condition.
And Gentlemen in Englad, now a bed,
Shall thinke themſelves accurſt they were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any ſpeakes,
That fought with us upon Saint *Criſpines* day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Soveraigne Lord, beſtow your ſelfe with ſpeed:
The French are bravely in their battailles ſet,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

King. All things are ready, if our minds be ſo.

Weſt. Periſh the man, whoſe mind is backward now.

King. Thou do'ſt not wiſh more helpe from England, Couze?

Weſt. Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile.

King. Why now thou haſt unwiſht five thouſand men:
Which likes me better, then to wiſh us one.
You know your places: God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Montioy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King *Harry*,
If for thy Ranſome thou wilt now compound,
Before thy moſt aſſured Overthrow:
For certainly, thou art ſo neere the Gulfe,
Thou needs muſt be englutted. Beſides, in mercy
The Conſtable deſires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules
May make a peacefull and a ſweet retyre
From off theſe fields: where (wretches) their poore bodies
Muſt lye and feſter.

King. Who hath ſent thee now?

Mont. The Conſtable of France.

King. I pray thee beare my former Anſwer back:
Bid them atchieve me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God, why ſhould they mock poore fellowes thus?
The man that once did ſell the Lyons skin
While the beaſt liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodyes ſhall no doubt
Find Native Graves: upon the which, I truſt
Shall witneſſe live in Braſſe of this dayes worke.
And thoſe that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buryed in your Dunghills,
They ſhall be fam'd: for there the Sun ſhall greet them,
And draw their honors reeking up to Heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,
The ſmell whereof ſhall breed a Plague in France.
Marke then abounding valour in our Engliſh:
That being dead, like to the bullets graſing,
Breake out into a ſecond courſe of miſchiefe,
Killing in relapſe of Mortality.
Let me ſpeake prowdly: Tell the Conſtable,
We are but Warriors for the working day:
Our Gayneſſe and our Gilt are all beſmyrcht
With rayny Martching in the painefull field.
There's not a piece of feather in our Hoaſt:
Good argument (I hope) we will not flye:
And time hath worne us into ſlovenry.
But by the Maſſe, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
They'le be in freſher Robes, or they will pluck
The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,
And turne them out of ſervice. If they doe this,
As if God pleaſe, they ſhall; my Ranſome then
Will ſoone be levyed.
Herauld, ſave thou thy labour:
Come thou no more for Ranſome, gentle Herauld,
They ſhall have none, I ſweare, but theſe my joynts:
Which if they have, as I will leave um them,
Shall yeeld them little, tell the Conſtable.

Mont. I ſhall, King *Harry*. And ſo fare thee well:
Thou never ſhalt heare Herauld any more. *Exit.*

King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a Ranſome.

Enter York.

Yorke. My Lord, moſt humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Vaward.

King. Take it, brave *Yorke*.
Now Souldiers march away,
And how thou pleaſeſt God, diſpoſe the day. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Excurſions.

Enter Piſtoll, French Souldier, Boy.

Piſtol. Yeeld Curre.

French. Ie penſe que vous eſtes le Gentil-home de bone qualité.

Piſt. Qualtity calmy cuſture me. Art thou a Gentleman? What is thy Name? diſcuſſe.

French. O Seigneur Dieu.

Piſt. O Signieur Dewe ſhould be a Gentleman: perpend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke: O Signeur Dewe, thou dyeſt on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou doe give to me egregious Ranſome.

French. O prennez miſericorde ayez pitie de moy.

Piſt. Moy ſhall not ſerve, I will have forty Moyes: for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in droppes of Crimſon blood.

French. Eſt-il impoſſible d'eſchapper la force de ton bras.

Piſt. Braſſe, Curre? thou damned and luxurious Mountaine Goat, offer'ſt me Braſſe?

French. O pardonne moy.

Piſt. Say'ſt thou me ſo? is that a Tonne of Moyes? Come hither boy, aske me this ſlave in French what is his Name.

Boy. Eſcoute comment eſtes vous appellé?

French. Monſieur le Fer.

Boy. He ſayes his Name is M. *Fer.*

Piſt. M. *Fer*: Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him: diſcuſſe the ſame in French unto him.

Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, & firke.

Piſt. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. Que dit-il Monſieur?

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous teniez preſt, car ce ſoldat icy eſt diſpoſee tout aſture de couper voſtre gorge.

Piſt. Owy, cuppele gorge parmafoy peſant, unleſſe thou give me Crownes, brave Crownes, or mangled ſhalt thou be by this my Sword.

French. O Ie vous ſupplie pour l'amour de Dieu: me pardonner, Ie ſuis Gentil-home de bonne maiſon, garde ma vie, & Ie vous donneray deux cents eſcus.

Piſt. What are his words?

Boy. He prayes you to ſave his life, he is a Gentleman of a good houſe, and for his ranſom he will give you two hundred Crownes.

Piſt. Tell him my fury ſhall abate, and I the Crownes wil take.

Fren. Petit Monſieur que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il eſt contre ſon Iurement, de pardonner aucun priſonnier: neant-moins pour les eſcus que vous luy promettez, il eſt content de vous donner la liberté de franchiſe.

Fre. Sur mes genoux ie vous donne milles remerciment, & Ie me eſtime heureux que ie ne tombe entre les mains d'un Chevalier, ie penſe le plus brave valiant, & tres deſtiné Signieur d'Angleterre.

Piſt. Expound unto me boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thouſand thanks, and eſteemes himſelfe happy, that he hath falne into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the moſt brave, valorous and thrice-worthy ſigneur of England.

Piſt. As I ſucke blood, I will ſome mercy ſhew. Follow mee:

Boy. Sauve vous le grand Capitaine?

I did never know ſo wofull a voice iſſue from ſo empty a heart: but the ſong is true, The empty veſſell makes the greateſt ſound. *Bardolfe* and *Nim* had tenne times more valour, then this roaring divell i'th old play, that every one may payre his nayles with a wooden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and ſo would this be, if hee durſt ſteale any thing adventurouſly. I muſt ſtay with the Lackies, with the luggage of our camp, the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes. *Exit.*

Enter Conſtable, Orleance, Burbon, Dolphin,
and Rambures.

Con. O Diable.

Orl. O ſigneur le iour & perdia, toute & perdie.

Dol. Mort Dieu ma vie, all is confounded, all,
Reproach, and everlaſting ſhame
Sits mocking in our Plumes. *A ſhort Alarum.*
O meſchante fortune, do not runne away.

Con. Why all our rankes are broke.

Dol. O perdurable ſhame, let's ſtab our ſelves:
Be theſe the wretches that we plaid at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we ſent to, for his ranſome?

Bur. Shame, and eternall ſhame, nothing but ſhame,
Let us flye in once more backe againe,
And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a baſe Pander hold the Chamber doore,
Whilſt by a baſe ſlave, no gentler then my dogge,
His faireſt daughter is contaminated.

Con. Diſorder that hath ſpoyl'd us, friend us now,
Let us on heapes go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the Field,
To ſmother up the Engliſh in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bur. The divell take Order now, Ile to the throng;
Let life be ſhort, elſe ſhame will be too long. *Exit.*

Alarum. Enter the King and his trayne,
with Priſoners.

King. Well have we done, thrice-valiant Countrimen,
But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Exe. The D. of York commends him to your Majeſty

King. Lives he good Vnckle: thrice within this houre
I ſaw him downe: thrice up againe, and fighting,
From Helmet to the ſpurre, all blood he was.

Exo. In which array (brave Soldier) doth he lye,
Larding the plaine: and by his bloody ſide,
(Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)
The Noble Earle of Suffolke alſo lyes.
Suffolke firſt died, and Yorke all hagled over
Comes to him, where in gore he lay inſteeped,
And takes him by the Beard, kiſſes the gaſhes
That bloodily did yawne upon his face.
He cryes aloud; Tarry my Coſin Suffolke,
My ſoule ſhall thine keepe company to heaven:
Tarry (ſweet ſoule) for mine, then flye a-breſt:
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our Chivalry.
Vpon theſe words I came and cheer'd him up,
He ſmil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, ſayes: Deere my Lord,
Commend my ſervice to my Soveraigne,
So did he turne, and over Suffolkes necke
He threw his wounded arme, and kiſt his lippes,
And ſo eſpous'd to death, with blood he ſeal'd
A Teſtament of Noble-ending-love:
The pretty and ſweet manner of it forc'd
Thoſe waters from me, which I would have ſtop'd,
But I had not ſo much of man in mee,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to teares.

King. I blame you not,
For hearing this, I muſt perforce compound
With mixtfull eyes, or they will iſſue to. *Alarum,*
But hearke, what new alarum is this ſame?
The French have re-enforc'd their ſcatter'd men:
Then every ſouldiour kill his Priſoners,
Give the word through. *Exit*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expreſſely againſt the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knavery marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conſcience now, is it not?

Gow. Tis certaine, ther's not a boy left alive, and the Cowardly Raſcalls that ranne from the battaile ha'done this ſlaughter: beſides they have burned and carried away all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King moſt worthily hath caus'd every ſouldiour to cut his priſoners throat. O'tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, hee was porne at *Monmouth* Captaine *Gower:* what call you the Townes name, where *Alexander* the pig was borne?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, ſave the phraſe is a little variations.

Gower. I thinke *Alexander* the Great was borne in *Macedon*, his Father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I thinke it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is porne.

porne: I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant you ſall find in the compariſons betweene *Macedon* and *Monmouth*, that the ſituations looke you, is both alike. There is a River in *Macedon*, and there is alſo moreover a River at *Monmouth*, it is call'd Wye at *Monmouth*: but it is out of my praines, what is the name of the other River: but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you marke *Alexanders* life well, *Harry of Monmouthes* life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. *Alexander* God knowes, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and his moodes, and his diſpleaſures, and his indignations, and alſo being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his beſt friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done (marke you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finiſhed. I ſpeak but in the figures, and compariſons of it: as *Alexander* kild his friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cuppes; ſo alſo *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wittes, and his good judgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet: he was full of jeſts, and gypes, and knaveries, and mockes, I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*.

Flu. That is he: Ile tell you, there is good men porne at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Here comes his Majeſty.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burbon with priſoners. Flouriſh.

King. I was not angry ſince I came to France,
Vntill this inſtant. Take a Trumpet Herald,
Ride thou unto the horſemen on yond hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come downe,
Or voyde the field: they doe offend our ſight.
If they'll doe neither, we will come to them,
And make them sker away, as ſwift as ſtones
Enforced from the old Aſſyrian ſlings:
Beſides, we'll cut the throats of thoſe we have,
And not a man of them that we ſhall take,
Shall taſte our mercy. Goe and tell them ſo.

Enter Montioy.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege.

Glou. His eyes are humbler then they us'd to be,

King. How now, what meanes their Herald? Knowſt thou not,
That I have fin'd theſe bones of mine for ranſome?
Com'ſt thou againe for ranſome?

Her. No great King:
I come to thee for charitable Licenſe,
That we may wander ore this bloody field,
To booke our dead, and then to bury them,
To ſort our Nobles from our common men.
For many of our Princes (woe the while)
Lye drown'd and ſoak'd in mercenary blood:
So doe our vulgar drench their peaſant limbes
In blood of Princes, and with wounded ſteeds
Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage
Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead maſters,
Killing them twice. O give us leave great King,
To view the field in ſafety, and diſpoſe
Of their dead bodies.

King. I tell thee truly Herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horſemen peere,
And gallop ore the field.

Her. The day is yours.

King. Praiſed be God, and not our ſtrength for it:
What is this Caſtle call'd that ſtands hard by.

Her. They call it *Agincourt*.

King. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*,
Fought on the day of *Criſpin Criſpianus*.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't pleaſe your Majeſty) and your great Vncle *Edward* the Placke Prince of Wales, as I have read in the Chronicles, fought a moſt prave pattle here in France.

King. They did *Fluellen*.

Flue. Your Majeſty ſayes very true: If your Majeſties is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good ſervice in a Garden where Leeks did grow, wearing Leekes in their *Monmouth* caps, which your Majeſty know to this houre is an honorable badge of the ſervice: And I doe beleeve your Majeſty takes no ſcorne to weare the Leeke upon S. Tavies day.

King. I weare it for a memorable honor:
For I am Welch you know good Countriman.

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot waſh your Majeſties Welſh plood out of your pody, I can tell yov that: God pleſſe it, and preſerve it, as long as it pleaſes his Grace, and his Majeſty too.

King. Thankes good my Countryman.

Flu. By Ieſhu, I am your Majeſties Countreyman, I care not who know it: I will confeſſe it to all the Orld, I need not to be aſhamed of your Majeſty, praiſed be God ſo long as your Majeſty is an honeſt man.

King. Good keepe me ſo.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds goe with him,
Bring me juſt notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Exe. Souldier, you muſt come to the King.

King. Souldier, why wear'ſt thou that Glove in thy Cap?

Will. And't pleaſe your Majeſty, 'tis the gage of one that I ſhould fight withall, if he be alive.

King. An Engliſhman?

Will. And't pleaſe your Majeſty, a Raſcall that ſwagger'd with me laſt night: who if alive, and ever dare to challenge this Glove, I have ſworne to take him a boxe a'th eare: or if I can ſee my Glove in his cap, which he ſwore as he was a Souldier hee would weare (if aliue) I will ſtrike it out ſoundly.

Kin. What thinke you Captaine *Fluellen*, is it fit this ſouldier keepe his oath?

Flu. He is a Craven and a Villaine elſe, and't pleaſe your Majeſty in my conſcience.

King. It may be, his enemy is a Gentleman of great ſort, quite from the anſwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Ientleman as the devill is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himſelfe, it is neceſſary (looke your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If he be perjur'd (ſee you now) his reputation is as arrant a villaine and a Iacke ſawce, as ever his blacke ſhoo trodd upon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conſcience law.

King. Then keepe thy vow ſirrah, when thou meet'ſt the fellow,

Will. So, I will my Liege, as I live.

King. Who ſerv'ſt thou under?

Will. Vnder Captaine *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. *Gower* is a good Captaine, and is good knowlege and literatured in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege. *Exit.*

King. Here *Fluellen*, weare thou this favour for me, and ſticke it in thy Cappe: when *Alanſon* and my ſelfe were downe together, I pluckt this Glove from his Helme: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to *Alanſon*, and an enemy to our Perſon; if thou encounter any ſuch, apprehend him, and thou do'ſt me love.

Flu. Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be deſir'd in the hearts of his Subjects: I would faine ſee the man, that ha's but two legges, that ſhall find himſelfe agreev'd at this Glove; that is all: but I would faine ſee it once, and pleaſe God of his grace that I might ſee.

King. Know'ſt thou *Gower*?

Flu. He is my deare friend, and pleaſe you.

King. Pray thee goe ſeeke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. *Exit.*

King. My Lord of *Warwicke*, and my brother *Gloſter*,
Follow *Fluellen* cloſely at the heeles.
The Glove which I have given him for a favour,
May haply purchaſe him abox a'th'eare.
It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine ſhould
Weare it my ſelfe. Follow good Couſin *Warwicke*:
If that the Souldier ſtrike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word;
Some ſodaine miſchiefe may ariſe of it:
For I doe know *Fluellen* valiant,
And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,
And quickly will returne an injury.
Follow, and ſee there be no harme betweene them.
Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleaſure, Captaine, I beſeech you now, come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peradventure, then is in your knowlege to dreame of.

Will. Sir, know you this Glove?

Flu. Know the Glove? I know the Glove is a Glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniverſall World, or in *France*, or in *England*.

Gow. How now ſir? you Villaine.

Will. Doe you thinke Ile be forſworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine *Gower*, I will give Treaſon his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.

Flu. That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his Majeſties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke *Alanſons*.

Enter Warwicke and Glouceſter.

War. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of *Warwicke*, here is, prayſed bee God for it, a moſt contagious Treaſon come to light, looke you, as you ſhall deſire in a Summers day. Heere is his Majeſty. *Enter King, and Exeter.*

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, ha's ſtrooke the Glove which your Majeſty is take out of the Helmet of *Alanſon*.

Will. My Liege, this was my Glove, here is the fellow of it: and hee that I gave it to in change, promis'd to weare it in his Cappe: I promis'd to ſtrike him, if he did: I met this man with my Glove in his Cappe, and I have have beene as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majeſty heare now, ſaving your Majeſtyes Man-hood, what an arrant raſcally, beggerly, lowſie Knave it is: I hope your Majeſty is peare me teſtimony and witneſſe, and will avouchment, that this is the Glove of *Alanſon*, that your Majeſty is give me, in your Conſcience now.

King. Give me thy Glove Souldier;
Looke, here is the fellow of it:
'Twas I indeed thou promiſed'ſt to ſtrike.
And thou haſt given me moſt bitter termes.

Flu. And pleaſe your Majeſty, let his Necke anſwer for it, if there is any Marſhall Law in the world.

King. How canſt thou make me ſatisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your Majeſty.

King. It was our ſelfe thou didſt abuſe.

Will. Your Majeſty came not like your ſelfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man: witneſſe the Night, your Garments, your Lowlineſſe: and what your highneſſe ſuffer'd under that ſhape, I beſeech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I beſeech your highneſſe pardon me.

Kin. Here Vnckle *Exeter*, fill this Glove with Crownes,
Add give it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow,
And weare it for an honor in thy Cappe,
Till I doe challenge it. Give him the Crownes:
And Captaine, you muſt needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's mettell enough in his belly: hold, there is twelve-pence for you, and I pray you to ſerve God, and keepe you out of prawles and prabbles, and quarrells and diſſentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will ſerve you to mend your ſhooes: come, wherefore ſhould you be ſo paſhfull, your ſhooes is not ſo good: 'tis a good ſilling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herauld.

King. Now *Herauld*, are the dead numbred?

Herauld. Heere is the number of the ſlaught'red French.

King. What Priſoners of good ſort are taken, Vnckle?

Fxe. *Charles* Duke of *Orleance*, Nephew to the King, *Iohn* Duke of *Burbon*, and Lord *Bouchiquald*:
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fifteene hundred, beſides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thouſand French
That in the field lye ſlaine: of Princes in this number,
And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead
One hundred twenty ſix; added to theſe,
Of Knights, Eſquires, and gallant Gentlemen,
Eight thouſand and foure hundred: of the which,
Five hundred were but yeſterday dubb'd Knights;
So that in theſe ten thouſand they have loſt,
There are but ſixteene hundred Mercenaries:
The reſt are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,

And Gentlemen of bloud and quality,
The Names of thoſe their Nobles that lye dead:
Charles Delabreth, High Conſtable of France,
Jaques of Chatilion, Admirall of France,
The Maſter of the Croſſe-bowes, Lord *Rambures*,
Great Maſter of France, the brave Sir *Guichard Dolphin*,
Iohn Duke of *Alanſon*, *Anthonio* Duke of *Brabant*,
The Brother to the Duke of *Burgundy*,
And *Edward* Duke of *Barr*: of luſty Earles,
Grandpree and *Rouſſie*, *Fauconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vandemont* and *Leſtrale*.
Here was a Royall fellowſhip of death.
Where is the number of our Engliſh dead?
Edward the Duke of *Yorke*, the Earle of *Suffolke*,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Davy Gam* Eſquire;
None elſe of name: and of all other men,
But five and twenty.

King. O God, thy Arme was heere:
And not to us, but to thy Arme alone,
Aſcribe we all: when, without ſtratagem,
But in plaine ſhocke, and even play of Battaile,
Was ever knowne ſo great and little loſſe?
On one part and on th'other, take it God,
For it is none but thine.

Exet. 'Tis wonderfull.

King. Come, go we in proceſſion to the Village:
And be it death proclaymed through our Hoaſt,
To boaſt of this, or take that praiſe from God,
Which is his onely.

Flu. Is it not lawfull and pleaſe your Majeſty, to tell how many is kill'd.

King. Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conſcience, he did us great good.

King. Doe we all holy Rights;
Let there be ſung *Non nobis*, and *Te deum*,
The dead with charity enclos'd in Clay:
And then to Callice, and to *England* then,
Where ne're from France arriv'd more happy men.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchſafe to thoſe that have not read the Story,
That I may prompt them: and of ſuch as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuſe
Of time, of numbers, and due courſe of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Be here preſented. Now we beare the King
Toward Callice: grant him there; And there being ſeene,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the Sea; Behold the Engliſh beach
Pales in the flood, with Men, with Wives, and Boyes,
Whoſe ſhouts and claps out-voyce the deepmouth'd Sea,
Which like a mighty Whiffler 'fore the King,
Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,
And ſolemnly ſee him ſet on to London.
So ſwift a pace hath Thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blacke-Heath:
Where, that his Lords deſire him, to have borne
His bruiſed Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the City: he forbids it,
Being free from vaineneſſe, and ſelfe-glorious pride;
Giving full Trophee, Signall, and Oſtent,.
Quite from himſelfe, to God. But now behold,
In the quicke Forge and working-houſe of Thought,
How London doth powre out her Citizens,
The Mayor and all his Brethren in beſt ſort,
Like to the Senatours of th'antique Rome,
With the Plebeians ſwarming at their heeles,
Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Cæſar* in:
As by a lower, but by loving likelyhood,
Were now the Generall of our gracious Empreſſe,
As in good time he may, from *Ireland* comming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
How many would the peacefull City quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more cauſe,
Did they this *Harry*. Now in London place him.
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of *Englands* ſtay at home:
The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France,
To order peace betweene them: and omit
All the occurrences, what ever chanc't,
Till *Harryes* backe returne againe to France:
There muſt we bring him; and my ſelfe have play'd
The *Interim*, by remembring you 'tis paſt.
Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, ſtraight backe againe to *France*.

Exit.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right: but why weare you your Leeke to day? Saint *Davies* day is paſt.

Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why and wherefore in all things: I wil tell you aſſe my friend, Captaine *Gower*; the raſcally, ſcauld, beggerly, lowſie, pragging Knave *Piſtoll*, which you and your ſelfe, and all the World know to be no petter then a fellow, looke you now, of no merits: he is come to mee, and prings me pread and ſault yeſterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke: it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be ſo bold as to weare it in my Cap till I ſee him once againe, and then I will tell him a little piece of my deſires.

Enter Piſtoll.

Gow. Why heere he comes, ſwelling like a Turky-cocke.

Flue. 'Tis no matter for his ſwellings, nor his Turky-cocks. God pleſſe you auchient *Piſtoll*: you ſcurvy lowſie Knave, God pleſſe you.

Piſt. Ha, art thou bedlam? doeſt thou thirſt, baſe Troian, to have me fold up *Parcas* fatall Web? Hence; I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of Leeke.

Flu. I peſeech you heartily, ſcurvy lowſie Knave, at my deſires, and my requeſts, and my petitions, to eate, looke you, this Leeke; becauſe, looke you, you doe not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your diſgeſtions doo's not agree with it, I would deſire you to eate it.

Piſt. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you. *Strikes him.*
Will you be ſo good, ſcauld Knave, as eate it?

Piſt. Baſe Troian, thou ſhalt dye.

Flu. You ſay very true, ſcauld Knave, when Gods will is: I will deſire you to live in the meane time, and eate your Victuals: come, there is ſawce for it. You call'd me yeſterdady Mountaine-Squier, but I will make you to day a ſquire of low degree. I pray you fall to, if you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a Leeke.

Gour. Enough Captaine, you have aſtoniſht him.

Flu. I ſay, I will make him eate ſome part of my leeke, or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is good for your greene wound, and your ploody Coxecombe.

Piſt. Muſt I bite?

Flu. Yes certainely, and out of doubt and out of queſtion too, and ambiguities.

Piſt. By this Leeke, I will moſt horribly revenge: I eate and eate I ſweare.

Flu. Eate I pray you, will you have ſome more ſauce to your Leeke: there is not enough Leeke to ſweare by.

Piſt. Quiet thy Cudgell, thou doſt ſee I eate.

Flu. Much good doe you ſcald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Coxecombe; when you take occaſions to ſee Leekes hereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

Piſt. Good.

Flu. I, Leekes is good: hold you, there is a groat to heale your pate.

Piſt. Me a groat?

Flu. Yes verily, and in truth you ſhall take it, or I have another Leeke in my pocket, which you ſhall eate.

Piſt. I take thy groat in earneſt of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you ſhall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels; God bu'y you, and keepe you. and heale your pate. *Exit.*

Piſt. All hell ſhall ſtirre for this.

Gow. Goe, goe, you are a counterfet cowardly Kave, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began upon an honorable reſpect, and worne as a memorable Trophee of predeceaſed valor, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words. I have ſeene you gleeking and galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, becauſe he could not ſpeake Engliſh in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an Engliſh Cudgell: you find it otherwiſe, and henceforth let a Welſh correction teach you a good Engliſh condition, fare ye well. *Exit.*

Piſt. Doeth fortune play the huſwife with me now? Newes have I that my *Doll* is dead i'th Spittle of a malady of France, and there my rendevous is quite cut off: Old I doe waxe, and from my weary limbes honor is Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and ſomething leane to Cut-purſe of quicke hand: To *England* will I ſteale, and there Ile ſteale;
And patches will I get unto theſe cudgeld ſcarres,
And ſwore I got them in the Gallia warres. *Exit.*

Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwicke, and other Lords; At another, Queene Iſabel, the King, the Duke of Bourgoigne, and other French.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met;
Vnto our brother France, and to our Siſter
Health and faire time of day; Ioy and good wiſhes
To our moſt faire and Princely Coſin *Katherine*;
And as a branch and member of this Royalty,
By whom this great aſſembly is contriv'd,
We doe ſalute you Duke of *Burgoigne*,
And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Fra. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Moſt worthy brother England, faire met.
So are you Princes (Engliſh) every one.

Quee. So happy be the Iſſue brother *England*
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
Your eyes which hitherto have borne in them
Againſt the French that met them in their bent,
The fatall Balls of murthering Baſilisks:
The venome of ſuch Lookes we fairely hope
Have loſt their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefes and quarrells into love.

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.

Que. You Engliſh Princes all, I doe ſalute you.

Burg. My duty to you both, on equall love.
Great Kings of *France* and *England*: that I have labour'd
With all my wits, my paines, and ſtrong endevours,
To bring your moſt imperiall Majeſties
Vnto this Barre, and Royall enterview;
Your Mightineſſe on both parts beſt can witneſſe.
Since then my Office hath ſo farre prevail'd,
That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,
You have congreeted: let it not diſgrace me,
If I demand before this Royall view,
What Rub, or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,
Deare Nourſe of Arts, Plentyes, and joyfull Births,
Should not in this beſt Garden of the World,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely Viſage?
Alas, ſhe hath from France too long beene chas'd,
And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,
Corrupting in it owne fertility.
Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Vnpruned, dyes: her Hedges even pleach'd,
Like Priſoners wildly over-growne with hayre,
Put forth diſorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas,
The Darnell, Hemlocke and ranke Femetary,
Doth root upon; while that the Culter ruſts,
That ſhould deracinate ſuch Savagery:
The even Mead, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
The freckled Cowſlip, Burnet, and greene Clover,
Wanting the Sythe, withall uncorrected, ranke;
Conceives by idleneſſe, and nothing teemes,
But hatefull Docks, rough Thiſtles, Kekſyes, Burres,
Loſing both beauty and vtility;
And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildneſſe.
Even ſo our Houſes, and our ſelves, and Children,
Have loſt, or doe not learne, for want of time,
The ſciences that ſhould become our Country;
But gow like Savages, as Souldiers will,
That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,
To ſwearing, and ſterne Lookes, defus'd Attyre,
And every thing that ſeemes unaturall.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are aſſembled: and my ſpeech entreats,
That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
Should not expell theſe inconveniences,
And bleſſe us with her former qualities.

Eng. If, Duke of Burgony, you would the Peace,
Whoſe want gives growth to th'imperfections
Which you have cited; you muſt buy that Peace
With full accord to all our juſt demands,
Whoſe Tenures and particular effects
You have enſchedul'd briefely in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet
There is no Anſwer made.

Eng. Well then: the Peace which you before ſo urg'd,
Lyes in his Anſwer.

France. I have but with a curſelary eye
O're glanc't the Articles: Pleaſeth your Grace
To appoint ſome of your Councell preſently,
To ſit with us once more, with better heed
To re-ſurvey them: we will ſuddenly
Paſſe our accept and peremptory Anſwer.

Eng. Brother we ſhall. Goe Vnckle *Exeter*,
And brother *Clarence*, and brother *Glouceſter*,
Warwicke, and *Huntington*, goe with the King;
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wiſdomes beſt
Shall ſee advantageable for our Dignity,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And we'll conſigne thereto. Will you, faire Siſter,
Goe with the Princes, or ſtay here with us?

Quee. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them:
Happely a Womans Voyce may doe ſome good,
When Articles too nicely urg'd, be ſtood on.

Eng. Yet leave our Couſin *Katherine* here with us,
She is our capitall Demand, compris'd
Within the fore-ranke of our Articles.

Que. She hath good leave. *Exeunt omnes.*

Manet King, and Katherine.

King. Faire *Katherine*, and moſt faire,
Will you vouchſafe to teach a Souldier tearmes,
Such as will enter at a Ladyes eare,
And pleade his Love-ſuit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your Majeſty ſhall mocke at me, I cannot ſpeake your *England.*

King. O faire *Katherine*, if yov will love me ſoundly with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you confeſſe it brokenly with your Engliſh Tongue. Doe you like me, *Kate?*

Kath. Pardonne moy, I cannot tell wat is like me.

King. An Angell is like you *Kate*, and you are like an Angell.

Kath. Que dit il, que Ie ſuis ſemblable a les Anges?

Lady. Ouy verament (ſauf voſtre Grace) ainſi dit il.

King. I ſaid ſo, deere *Katherine*, and I muſt not bluſh to affirme it.

Kath. O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes ſont plein de tromperies.

King: What ſayes ſhe, faire one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Lady. Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princeſſe.

King. The Princeſſe is the better Engliſh-woman: yfaith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy underſtanding, I am glad thou canſt ſpeake no better Engliſh, for if thou could'ſt, thou would'ſt finde me ſuch a plaine King, that thou wouldſt thinke, I had ſold my farme to buy my Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in love, but directly to ſay, I love you; then if you urge me farther, then to ſay, Doe you in faith? I weare out my ſuite: Give me your anſwer, yfaith doe, and ſo clap hands, and a bargaine: how ſay you, Lady?

Kath. Sauf voſtre honour, me underſtand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verſes, or to Dance for your ſake, *Kate*, why you undid me: for the one I have neither words nor meaſure; and for the other I have no ſtrength in meaſure, yet a reaſonable meaſure in ſtrength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape frogge, or by vawting into my ſaddle, with my Armor on my back; under the correction of bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould quickely leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my Love, or bound my Horſe for her favours, I could lay on like a Butcher, and ſit like a Iacke an Apes, never off. But before God *Kate*, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaſpe out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in proteſtation; onely downe-right Oathes, which I never uſe till urg'd, nor never breake for urging. If thou canſt love a fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whoſe face is not worth Sunne-burning? that never lookes in his Glaſſe, for love of any thing he ſees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I ſpeake to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canſt love me for this, take me? if not? to ſay to thee that I ſhall dye, is true; but for thy love, by the L. No: yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'ſt, deare *Kate*, take a fellow of plaine and uncoyned Conſtancy, for he perforce muſt doe thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for theſe fellowes of infinit tongue, that can ryme themſelves into Ladyes favours, they doe alwayes reaſon themſelves out againe. What? a ſpeaker is but a prater, a Ryme is but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a ſtrait Backe will ſtoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax hollow: but a good Heart, *Kate*, is the Sunne and the Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it ſhines bright, and never changes, but keepes his courſe truely. If thou would have ſuch a one, take me? and take me; take a ſouldier: take a ſouldier; take a King. And what ſay'ſt thou then to my Love? ſpeake my faire, and fairely, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it poſſible dat I ſould love de ennemy of France?

King. No, it is not poſſible you ſhould love the Enemy of France, *Kate*; but in loving me, you ſhould love the Friend of France: for I love France ſo well, that I will not part with a Village of it; I will have it all mine: and *Kate*, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

King. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in French, which I am ſure will hang upon my tongue, like a new-married Wife about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be ſhooke off; *Ie quand ſur le poſſeſſion de Fraunce, & quand vous aues le poſſeſſion de moy*, (Let me ſee, what then? Saint *Dennis* be my ſpeed) *Donc voſtre eſt Fraunce, & vous eſtes mienne.* It is as eaſie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdome, as to ſpeake ſo much more French: I ſhall never move thee in French, unleſſe it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf voſtre honeur, le Francois ques vous parleis, il & melieus que l'Angolis le quel Ie parle.

Kin. No faith is't not, *Kate*: but thy ſpeaking of my Tongue, and I thine, moſt truely falſely, muſt needes be graunted to be much at one. But *Kate*, doo'ſt thou underſtand thus much Engliſh? Canſt thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

Kin. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? Ile aske them, Come I know thou loveſt me: and at night, when you come into your Cloſet, you'll queſtion this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to her diſpraiſe thoſe parts in me, that you love with your heart; but good *Kate*, mocke me mercifully, the rather gentle Princeſſe, becauſe I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beeſt mine, *Kate*, as I have a ſaving Faith within me tels me thou ſhalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou muſt therefore needes prove a good Souldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint *Dennis* and Saint *George*, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe Engliſh, that ſhall goe to Conſtantinople, and take the Turke by the Beard. Shall we not? what ſay'ſt thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I doe not know dat.

King. No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promiſe: doe but now promiſe *Kate*, you will endeavour for your French part of ſuch a Boy; and for my Engliſh moyty, take the word of a King, and a Batcheler. How anſwer you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon treſcher & devin deeſſe.*

Kath. Your Majeſtee aue fauſe Frenche enough to deceive de moſt ſage Damoiſeil dat is en Fraunce.

King. Now fye upon my falſe French: by mine honor in true Engliſh, I love thee *Kate*; by which honor, I dare not ſweare thou loveſt me, yet my bloud begins to flatter me, that thou doo'ſt; notwithſtanding the poore and untempering effect of my Viſage. Now beſhrew my Fathers Ambition, he was thinking of Civill Warres when he got me, therefore was I created with a ſtubborne out-ſide, with an aſpect of Iron, that when I come to wooe Ladyes, I fright them: but in faith *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I ſhall appeare. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer up of Beauty, can doe no more ſpoyle upon my Face. Thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt; and thou ſhalt weare me, if thou weare me, better and better: and therefore tell me, moſt faire *Katherine*, will you have me? Put off your Maiden Bluſhes, auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of an Empreſſe, take me by the Hand, and ſay, *Harry* of *England*, I am thine; which word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſſe mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, *England* is thine: *Ireland* is thine, *France* is thine, and *Henry Plantaginet* is thine; who, though I ſpeake it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the beſt King, thou ſhalt find the beſt King of Good-fellowes. Come your anſwer in broken Muſicke; for thy Voyce is Muſicke, and thy Engliſh broken: Therefore Queene of all, *Katherine*, breake thy mind to me in broken Engliſh, wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it ſhall pleaſe *de Roy mon pere.*

Kin. Nay, it will pleaſe him well, *Kate*; it ſhall pleaſe him, *Kate.*

Kath. Den it ſall alſo content me.

King. Vpon that I kiſſe your Hand, and I call you my Queene.

Kath. *Laiſſe mon Seigneur, laiſſe, laiſſe, may foy: Ie ne veus point que vous abbaiſſe voſtre grandeur, en baiſant le mais d' une noſtre Seigneur indignie ſerviteur, excuſe moy. Ie vous ſupply mon treſ-puiſſant Seigneur.*

King. Then I will kiſſe your Lippes, *Kate.*

Kath. *Les Dames & Damoiſels pour eſtre baiſe devant leur nopceſe il net pas le coſtume de Fraunce.*

King. Madam, my Interpreter, what ſayes ſhe?

Lady. Dat it is not be de faſhion pour le Ladies of France; I cannot tell wat is buiſſe en Angliſh.

King. To kiſſe.

Lady. Your Majeſtie *entendre bettre que moy.*

King. It is not a faſhion for the Maids in France to kiſſe before they are marryed, would ſhe ſay?

Lady. *Ouy verayment.*

King. O *Kate*, nice Cuſtomes curſie to great Kings. Deare *Kate*, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Lyſt of a Countreyes faſhion: we are the makers of Manners, *Kate*; and the liberty that followes our Places, ſtoppes the mouth of all find-faults, as I will doe yours, for upholding the nice faſhion of your Country, in denying me a Kiſſe: therefore patiently, and yeelding You have Witch-craft in your Lippes, *Kate*: there is more eloquence in a Suger touch of them; then in the Tongues of the French Councell: and they ſhould ſooner perſwade *Harry* of *England*, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your father.

Enter the French Power, and the Engliſh Lords.

Burg. God ſave your Majeſty, my Royall Couſin, teach you our Princeſſe Engliſh?

Kin. I would have her learne, my faire Couſin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good Engliſh.

Burg. Is ſhe not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough. Coze, and my Condition is not ſmooth: ſo that having neither the Voyce nor the Heart of Flattery about me, I cannot ſo conjure up the ſpirit of love in her, that he will appeare in his true likeneſſe.

Burg. Pardon the frankneſſe of my mirth, if I anſwer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you muſt make a Circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeneſſe, he muſt appeare naked, and blind. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd over with the Virgin Crimſon of Modeſty, if ſhe deny the apparance of a naked blind Boy in her naked ſeeing ſelfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to conſigne to.

King. Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Love is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they ſee not what they doe.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Couſin to conſent to winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to conſent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholomew-tyde, blind, though they have their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This Morall tyes me over to Time, and a hot Summer; and ſo I ſhall catch the Flye, your Couſin, in the latter end, and ſhe muſt be blind too.

Burg. As Love is my Lord, before it loves.

King. It is ſo: and you may, ſome of you, thanke Love for my blindneſſe, who cannot ſee many a faire French City for one faire French Maid that ſtands in my way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you ſee them perſpectively: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entred.

King. Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

Fran. So pleaſe you.

England. I am content, ſo the Maiden Cities you talke of, may waite on her: ſo the Maid that ſtood in the way for my Wiſh, ſhall ſhew me the way to my Will.

France. We have conſented to all tearmes of reaſon.

Eng. Is't ſo, my Lords of *England*?

West. The King hath granted every Article:
His Daughter firſt; and then in ſequele, all,
According to their firme propoſed natures.

Exet. Onely he hath not yet ſubſcribed this:
Where your Majeſty demands, That the King of *France* having any occaſion to write for matter of Graunt, ſhall name your Highneſſe in this forme, and with this addition, in French: *Noſtre treſcher filz Henry Roy d'Angleterre Heretere de Fraunce:* and thus in Latine; *Præclariſſimus Filius noſter Henricus Rex Angliæ & Heres Franciæ.*

Fran. Nor this I have not Brother ſo deny'd,
But your requeſt ſhall make me let it paſſe.

Engl. I pray you then, in love and deare allyance,
Let that one Article ranke with the reſt,
And thereupon give me your Daughter.

Fran. Take her faire ſonne, and from her blood rayſe up
Iſſue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of *France* and *England*, whoſe very ſhoares looke pale,
With envy of each others happineſſe,
May ceaſe their hatred; and this deare Conjunction
Plant Neighbourhood and Chriſtian-like accord
In their ſweet Boſomes: that never Warre advance
His bleeding Sword 'twixt *England* and faire *France.*

Lords. Amen.

King. Now welcome *Kate:* and beare me witneſſe all,
That here I kiſſe her as my Soveraigne Queene.

Flouriſh.

Quee. God, the beſt maker of all Marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one:
As Man and Wife being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes ſuch a Spouſall,
That never may ill Office, or fell jealouſie,
Which troubles oft the Bed of bleſſed Marriage,
Thruſt in betweene the Pation of theſe Kingdomes,
To make divorce of their incorporate League:
That Engliſh may as French, French Engliſhmen,
Receive each other. God ſpeake this Amen.

All. Amen.

King. Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy we'll take your Oath
And all the Peeres, for ſurety of our Leagues.
Then ſhall I ſweare to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and proſp'rous be.

Sonet. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Thus farre with rough, and all-unable Pen,
Our bending Author hath purſu'd the Story,
In little roome confining mighty men,
Mangling by ſtarts the full courſe of their glory.
Small time: but in that ſmall, moſt greatly lived
This Starre of *England.* Fortune made his Sword;
By which, the Worlds beſt Garden he atchieved:
And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord,
Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of *France* and *England*, did this King ſucceed:
Whoſe State ſo many had the managing,
That they loſt *France*, and make his *England* bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath ſhowne; and for their ſake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.

The firſt Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Actus Prima. Scæna Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fift, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloſter, Protector: the Duke of Exeter, Warwicke, the Biſhop of Wincheſter, and the Duke of Somerſet.

Bedford.

HVng be yͤ heavens with black, yeild day to night;
Comets importing change of Times and States,
Brandiſh your cryſtall Treſſes in the Sky,
And with them ſcourge the bad revolting Stars,
That have conſented unto *Henries* death:
King *Henry* the Fift, too famous to live long,
England ne're loſt a King of ſo much worth.
Gloſt. *England* ne're had a King untill his time:
Vertue he had, deſerving to command.
His brandiſht Sword did blind men with his beames,
His Armes ſpred wider then a Dragons Wings:
His ſparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire,
More dazled and drove backe his Enemies,
Then mid-day ſunne, fierce bent againſt their faces.
What ſhould I ſay? his Deeds exceed all ſpeech:
He ne're lift up his hand, but conquered.
Exe. We mourne in blacke, why mourn we not in
Henry is dead, and never ſhall revive: (blood?
Vpon a Wooden Coffin we attend;
And deaths diſhonorable Victory,
We with our ſtately preſence glorifie,
Like Captives bound to a Triumphant Carre.
What? ſhall we curſe the Planets of Miſhap,
That plotted thus our Glories overthrow?
Or ſhall we thinke the ſubtile-witted French,
Conjurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magicke Verſe have contriv'd his end?
Winch. He was a King, bleſt of the King of Kings.
Vnto the French, the dreadfull judgement-Day
So dreadfull will not be, as was his ſight.
The Battailes of the Lord of Hoſts he fought:
The Churches Prayers made him ſo proſperous.
Gloſt. The Church? Where is it?
Had not Church-men pray'd,
His thred of Life had not ſo ſoone decay'd.
None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a Schoole-boy you may over-awe.
Winch. *Gloſter*, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
And lookeſt to command the Prince and Realme.
Thy Wife is prowd, ſhe holdeth thee in awe,
More then God or Religious Church-men may.
Gloſt. Name not Religion, for thou lov'ſt the Fleſh,
And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'ſt,
Except it be to pray againſt thy foes.
Bed. Ceaſe, ceaſe theſe Iarres, and reſt your minds in
Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on us; (peace:
In ſtead of Gold, we'll offer up our Armes,
Since Armes avayle not, now that *Henri's* dead.
Poſterity await for wretched yeeres,
When at their Mothers moiſt eyes, Babes ſhall ſucke,
Our Ile be made a Nouriſh of ſalt Teares,
And none but Women left to wayle the dead.
Henry the Fift, thy Ghoſt I invocate:
Proſper this Realme, keepe it from Civill Broyles,
Combat with adverſe Planets in the heavens;
A farre more glorious Starre thy ſoule will make,
Then *Iulius Caſar*, or bright———

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My honorable Lords, health to you all:
Sad tidings bring I to you out of *France*,
Of loſſe, of ſlaughter, and diſcomfiture:
Guyen, Champaigne, Rheimes, Orleance,
Paris, Guyſors, Poictiers, are all quite loſt.
Bed. What ſay'ſt thou man, before dead *Henry's* Coarſe?
Speake ſoftly, or the loſſe of thoſe great Townes
Will make him burſt his Lead, and riſe from death.
Gloſt. Is Paris loſt? and is Roan yeelded up?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life againe,
Theſe newes would cauſe him once more yeeld the ghoſt.
Exe. How were they loſt? what trechery was us'd?
Meſſ. No trechery, but want of Men and Money.
Amongſt the Souldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintaine ſeverall Factions:
And whil'ſt a Field ſhould be diſpatcht and fought,
You are diſputing of your Generals.
One would have lingring Warres, with little coſt;
Another would flye ſwift, but wanteth Wings:
A third man thinkes, without expence at all,
By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, away, Engliſh Nobility,
Let not ſlouth dimme your Honors, new begot;
Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes
Of *Englands* Coat, one halfe is cut away.
Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,
Theſe Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.
Bed. Me they concerne, Regent I am of *France*:
Give me my ſtealed Coat, Ile fight for *France*.
Away with theſe diſgracefull wayling Robes;
Wounds will I lend the French, in ſtead of Eyes,
To weepe their intermiſſive Miſeries.

Enter to them another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Lords view theſe Letters, full of bad miſchance.
France is revolted from the Engliſh quite;
Except ſome petty Townes, of no import.
The *Dolphin Charles* is crowned King in Rheimes:
The Baſtard of Orleance with him is joyn'd:
Reynold, Duke of Aniou, doth his part;
The Duke of Alanſon flyeth to his ſide. *Exit.*
Exe. The Dolphin crown'd King? all flye to him?
O whither ſhall we flye from this reproach?
Gloſt. We will not flye, but to our enemies throats.
Bedford, if thou be ſlacke, Ile fight it out.
Bed. *Gloſter*, why doubtſt thou of my forwardneſſe?
An Army have I muſter'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henries* hearſe,
I muſt informe you of a diſmall fight,
Betwixt the ſtout Lord *Talbot*, and the French.
Win. What? wherein *Talbot* overcame, is't ſo?
3. *Meſ.* O no: wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'rethrowne:
The circumſtance Ile tell you more at large.
The tenth of Auguſt laſt, this dreadfull Lord,
Retyring from the Siege of Orleance,
Having full ſcarce ſix thouſand in his troupe,
By three and twenty thouſand of the French
Was round incompaſſed, and ſet upon:
No leyſure had he to enranke his men.
He wanted Pikes to ſet before his Archers:
In ſtead whereof, ſharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
They pitched in the ground confuſedly,
To keepe the Horſemen off, from breaking in.
More then three houres the fight continued:
Where valiant *Talbot*, above humane thought,
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.
Hundreds he ſent to hell, and none durſt ſtand him:
Here, there, and every where enrag'd, he ſlew.
The French exclaym'd, the Devill was in Armes,
All the whole Army ſtood agaz'd on him.
His Souldiers ſpying his undaunted Spirit,
A *Talbot*, a *Talbot*, cry'd out amaine.
And ruſht into the Bowels of the battaile.
Here had the Conqueſt fully beene ſeal'd up,
If Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* had not play'd the Coward,
He being in the Vauward, plac't behind,
With purpoſe to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having ſtrucke one ſtroake.
Hence grew the generall wracke and maſſacre;
Encloſed were they with their Eenemies.
A baſe Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace,
Thruſt *Talbot* with a Speare into the Backe,
Whom all France, with their chiefe aſſembled ſtrength,
Durſt not preſume to looke once in the face.
Bed. Is *Talbot* ſlaine then? I will ſlay my ſelfe,
For living idly here, in pompe and eaſe,
Whil'ſt ſuch a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,
Vnto his daſtard foe-men is betray'd.
3. *Meſ.* O no, he lives, but is tooke Priſoner,
And Lord *Scales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford*:
Moſt of the reſt ſlaughter'd, or tooke likewiſe.
Bed. His Ranſome there is none but I ſhall pay.
Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crowne ſhall be the Ranſome of my friend:
Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.
Farewell my Maſters, to my Taſke will I,
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keepe our great Saint *Georges* Feaſt withall.
Ten thouſand Souldiers with me I will take,
Whoſe bloody deeds ſhall make all Europe quake.
3. *Meſ.* So you had neede, for Orleance is beſieg'd,
The Engliſh Army is growne weake and faint:
The Earle of Saliſbury craveth ſupply,
And hardly keepes his men from mutiny,
Since they ſo few, watch ſuch a multitude.
Exe. Remember Lords your Oathes to *Henry* ſworne:
Eyther to quell the Dolphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoake.
Bed. I doe remember it, and here take leave,
To goe about my preparation. *Exit Bedford.*
Gloſt. Ile to the Tower with all the haſt I can,
To view th'Artillery and Munition,
And then I will proclaime young *Henry* King.
Exit Gloſter.
Exe. To Eltam will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his ſpeciall Governor,
And for his ſafety there Ile beſt deviſe. *Exit.*
Winch. Each hath his Place and Function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remaines:
But long I will not be Iacke out of Office,
The King from Eltam I intend to ſend,
And ſit at chiefeſt ſterne of publique Weale.
Exit.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, and Reigneir, marching with Drum and Souldiers.

Charl. *Mars* his true moving, even as in the Heavens
So in the Earth to this day is not knowne.
Late did he ſhine upon the Engliſh ſide:
Now we are Victors, upon us he ſmiles.
What Townes of any moment, but we have?
At pleaſure here we lye, neere Orleance:
Otherwhiles, the famiſht Engliſh, like pale ghoſts,
Faintly beſiege us one houre in a moneth.
Al. They want their Porredge, and their fat Bul Beeves
Eyther they muſt be dyeted like Mules.
Reig. Let's raiſe the Siege: why live we idly here?
And have their Provender ty'd to their mouthes,
Or pitteous they will looke, like drowned Mice.
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to feare:
Remayneth none but mad-brain'd *Saliſbury*,
And he may well in fretting ſpend his gall,
Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre.
Char. Sound, ſound Alarum, we will ruſh on them,
Now for the honour of the forlorne French:
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me;
When he ſees me goe backe one foot, or flye. *Exeunt.*

Heere Alarum, they are beaten backe by the Engliſh, with great loſſe.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, and Reigneir.

Charl. Who ever ſaw the like? what men have I?
Dogges, Cowards, Daſtards: I would ne're have fled,
But that they left me 'midſt my Enemies.
Reig. *Saliſbury* is a deſperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
To other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,
Doe ruſh upon us as their hungry prey.

Alanſ. *Froyſard*, a Countreyman of ours, records,
England all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* breed,
During the time *Edward* the third did raigne:
More truely now may this be verified;
For none but *Samſons* and *Goliaſſes*
It ſendeth forth to skirmiſh: one to tenne?
Leane raw-bon'd Raſcalls, who would e're ſuppoſe,
They had ſuch courage and audacity;
Charl. Let's leave this Towne,
For they are hayre-brain'd Slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
The Walls they'll teare downe, then forſake the Siege.
Reig. I thinke by ſome odde Gimmalls or device
Their Armes are ſet, like Clockes, ſtill to ſtrike on;
Elſe ne're could they hold out ſo as they doe:
By my conſent, we'll even let them alone.
Alan. Be it ſo.

Enter the Baſtard of Orleance.

Baſt. Where's the Prince *Dolphin*? I have newes for him.
Dolph. Baſtard of Orleance, thrice welcome to us.
Baſt. Me thinkes your lookes are ſad, your cheare ap-
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence? (pal'd.
Be not diſmay'd, for ſuccour is at hand:
A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a Viſion ſent to her from Heaven,
Ordayned is to raiſe this tedious Seige,
And drive the Engliſh forth the bounds of France:
The ſpirit of deepe Propheſie ſhe hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old Rome:
What's paſt, and what's to come, ſhe can deſcry.
Speake, ſhall I call her in? beleeve my words,
For they are certaine, and unfallible.
Dolph. Goe call her in: but firſt, to try her skill,
Reignier ſtand thou as Dolphin in my place;
Queſtion her prowdly, let thy Lookes be ſterne,
By this meanes ſhall we ſound what skill ſhe hath.

Enter Ioane Puzel.

Reig. Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe theſe wondrous feats?
Puz. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkeſt to beguile me?
Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behind,
I know thee well, though never ſeene before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me;
In private wil I talke with thee apart:
Stand backe you Lords, and give us leave a while.
Reig. She takes upon her bravely at firſt daſh.
Puz. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepheards Daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of Art:
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To ſhine on my contemptible eſtate.
Loe, whileſt I wayted on my tender Lambes,
And to Sunnes parching heat diſplai'd my cheekes,
Gods Mother deigned to appeare to me,
And in a Viſion full of Majeſty,
Will'd me to leave my baſe Vocation,
And free my Countrey from Calamity:
Her ayde ſhe promis'd, and aſſur'd ſucceſſe.
In compleat Glory ſhe reveal'd her ſelfe;
And whereas I was blacke and ſwart before:
With thoſe cleare Rayes, which ſhe infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bleſt with, which you ſee.
Aske me what queſtion thou canſt poſſible,
And I will anſwer unpremeditated:
My Courage try by Combat, if thou dar'ſt,
And thou ſhalt find that I exceed my Sex.
Reſolve on this, thou ſhalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy Warlike Mate.
Dolph. Thou haſt aſtoniſht me with thy high termes:
Onely this proofe Ile of thy Valour make,
In ſingle Combat thou ſhalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquiſheſt, thy words are true,
Otherwiſe I renounce all confidence.
Puz. I am prepar'd: here is my keene-edg'd Sword,
Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each ſide,
The which at Touraine, in S. *Katherines* Church-yard,
Out of a great deale of old Iron, I choſe forth.
Dolph. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman.
Puzel. And while I live, Ile ne're flye no man.

Here they fight, and Ioane de Puzel overcomes.

Dolph. Stay, ſtay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,
And fighteſt with the Sword of *Debora*.
Puzel. Chriſts Mother helpes me, elſe I were too weake.
Dolph. Who e're helps thee, 'tis thou that muſt helpe
Impatiently I burne with thy deſire, (me:
My heart and hands thou haſt at once ſubdu'd,
Excellent *Puzel*, if thy name be ſo,
Let me thy ſervant, and not Soveraigne be,
'Tis the French Dolphin ſueth to thee thus.
Puzel. I muſt not yeeld to any rights of Love,
For my Profeſſion's ſacred from above:
When I have chaſed all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I thinke upon a recompence.
Dolph. Meane time looke gracious on thy proſtrate Thrall.
Reig. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.
Alan. Doubtleſſe he ſhrives this woman to her ſmocke
Elſe ne're could he ſo long protract his ſpeech.
Reigni. Shall wee diſturbe him, ſince he keepes no meane?
Ala. He may mean more then we poore men do know?
Theſe women are ſhrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reig. My Lord, where are you? what deviſe you on,
Shall we give o're Orleance, or no?
Puzel. Why no, I ſay: diſtruſtfull Recreants,
Fight till the laſt gaſpe: for Ile be your guard.
Dolph. What ſhe ſayes, Ile confirme: we'll fight it out.
Puzel. Aſſign'd am I to be the Engliſh Scourge.
This night the Siege aſſuredly Ile raiſe:
Expect Saint *Martins* Summer, *Halcyons* dayes,
Since I have entred thus into theſe Warres.
Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which never ceaſeth to enlarge it ſelfe,
Till by broad ſpreading, it diſperſe to nought.
With *Henries* death, the Engliſh Circle ends,
Diſperſed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that prowd inſulting Ship,
Which *Cæſar* and his fortune bare at once.
Dolph. Was *Mahomet* inſpired with a Dove?
Thou with an Eagle art inſpired then.
Helen, the Mother of Great *Conſtantine*,
Nor yet S. *Philips* daughters were like thee.
Bright Starre of *Venus*, faine downe on the Earth,
How may I reverently worſhip thee enough?
Alan. Leave off delayes, and let us raiſe the Siege.

Reig. Woman, doe what thou canſt to ſave our honors,
Drive them from Orleance, and be immortaliz'd.
Dolph. Preſently we'll try: come, let's away about it,
No Prophet will I truſt, if ſhe prove falſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gloſter, with his Serving-men.

Gloſt. I am come to ſurvey the Tower this day;
Since *Henries* death, I feare there is Conveyance:
Where be theſe Warders, that they wait not here?
Open the Gates, 'tis *Gloſter* that calls.
1. *Warder.* Who's there, that knocks ſo imperiouſly?
Gloſt. 1. *Man.* It is the Noble Duke of *Gloſter.*
2. *Warder.* Who ere he be, you may not be let in.
1. *Man.* Villaines, anſwer you ſo the Lord Protector?
1. *Warder.* The Lord protect him, ſo we anſwer him,
We doe no otherwiſe then we are will'd.
Gloſt. Who willed you? or whoſe will ſtands but mine?
There's none Protector of the Realme, but I:
Breake up the Gates, Ile be your warrantize;
Shall I be flowted thus by dunghill Groomes?

Gloſters men ruſh at the Tower Gates, and Woodvile the Lieutenant ſpeakes within.

Wood. What noyſe is this? what Traytors have wee here?
Gloſt. Lieutenant, is it you whoſe voyce I heare?
Open the Gates, here's *Gloſter* that would enter.
Wood. Have patience Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinall of Wincheſter forbids:
From him I have expreſſe commandement,
That thou nor none of thine ſhall be let in.
Gloſt. Faint-hearted *Woodvile*, prizeſt him 'fore me:
Arrogant *Wincheſter*, that haughty Prelate,
Whom *Henry* our late Soveraigne ne're could brooke?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:
Open the Gates, or Ile ſhut thee out ſhortly.
Servingmen. Open the Gates unto the Lord Protector,
Or we'll burſt them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates. Wincheſter and his men in Tawney Coates.

Wincheſt. How now ambitious *Vmpire*, what meanes this?
Gloſt. Piel'd Prieſt, doo'ſt thou command me to be ſhut out?
Wincheſt. I doe, thou moſt uſurping Proditor,
And not Protector of the King or Realme.
Gloſt. Stand backe thou manifeſt Conſpirator,
Thou that contrived'ſt to murther our dread Lord,
Thou that giv'ſt Whores Indulgences to ſinne,
Ile canvas thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat,
If thou proceed in this thy inſolence.
Winch. Nay, ſtand thou backe, I will not budge a foot:
This be Damaſcus, be thou curſed *Cain,*
To ſlay thy Brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.
Gloſt. I will not ſlay thee, but Ile drive thee backe:
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,
Ile uſe, to carry thee out of this place.
Winch. Doe what thou dar'ſt, I beard thee to thy face.
Gloſt. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw men, for all this priviledged place,
Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Prieſt, beware your Beard,
I meane to tugge it, and to cuffe you ſoundly.
Vnder my feet Ile ſtampe thy Cardinalls Hat:
In ſpight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee up and downe.
Wincheſt. *Gloſter*, thou wilt anſwer this before the Pope.
Gloſt. *Wincheſter* Gooſe, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
Now beat them hence, why doe you let them ſtay?
Thee Ile chaſe hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array.
Out Tawney-Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

Here Gloſters men beat out the Cardinalls men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London, and his Officers.

Mayor. Fye Lords, that you being ſupreme Magiſtrats,
Thus contumeliouſly ſhould breake the Peace.
Gl. Peace Mayor, for thou know'ſt little of my wrongs:
Here's *Beauford*, that regards nor God nor King,
Hath here diſtrayn'd the Tower to his uſe.
Winch. Here's *Gloſter* too, a Foe to Citizens,
One that ſtill motions Warre, and never Peace,
O're-charging your free Purſes with large Fines;
That ſeekes to overthrow Religion,
Becauſe he is Protector of the Realme;
And would have Armour here out of the Tower,
To Crowne himſelfe King, and ſuppreſſe the Prince.
Gloſt. I will not anſwer thee with words, but blowes.

Here they skirmiſh againe.

Mayor. Nought reſts for me, in this tumultuous ſtrife,
But to make open Proclamation.
Come Officer, as lowd as e're thou canſt, cry:
All manner of men, aſſembled here in Armes this day, againſt Gods Peace and the Kings, we charge and command you, in his Highneſſe Name, to repayre to your ſeverall dwelling places, and not to weare, handle, or uſe any Sword, Weapon, or Dagger hence-forward, upon paine of death.
Gloſt. Cardinall, Ile be no breaker of the Law:
But we ſhall meet, and breake our minds at large.
Winch. *Gloſter*, we'll meet to thy deare coſt be ſure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this dayes worke.
Mayor. Ile call for Clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinall is more haughty then the Devill.
Gloſter. Major farewell: thou doo'ſt but what thou may'ſt.
Winch. Abhominable *Gloſter*, guard thy Head,
For I intend to have it ere long. *Exeunt.*
Mayor. See the Coaſt clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, theſe Nobles ſhould ſuch ſtomacks beare,
I my ſelfe fight not once in forty yeere. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Maſter Gunner of Orleance, and his Boy.

M. Gun. Sirrha, thou know'ſt how Orleance is beſieg'd
And how the Engliſh have the Suburbs wonne.
Boy. Father I know, and oft have ſhot at them,
How e're unfortunate, I miſs'd my ayme.
M. Gun. But now thou ſhalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Cheife Maſter Gunner am I of this Towne,
Something I muſt doe to procure me grace:
The Princes eſpyals have informed me:
How the Engliſh, in the Suburbs cloſe entrencht,
Went through a ſecret Grate of Iron Barres,
In yonder Tower, to over-peere the City,
And thence diſcover, how with moſt advantage
They may vex us with Shot or with Aſſault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A Peece of Ordnance 'gainſt it I have plac'd,

And fully even theſe three dayes have I watcht,
If I could ſee them. Now Boy doe thou watch,
For I can ſtay no longer.
If thou ſpy'ſt any, runne and bring me word,
And thou ſhalt find me at the Governors. *Exit.*
Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,
Ile never trouble you, if I may ſpye them. *Exit.*

Enter Salisbury, and Talbot on the Turrets, with others.

Salis. Talbot, my life, my joy, againe return'd?
How wert thou handled, being Priſoner?
Or by what meanes got's thou to be releas'd?
Diſcourſe I prethee on this Turrets top.
Tal. The Earle of *Bedford* had a Priſoner,
Call'd the brave Lord *Ponton de Santraile*,
For him was I exchang'd, and ranſom'd.
But with a baſer man of Armes by farre,
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:
Which I diſdaining, ſcorn'd, and craved death,
Rather then I would be ſo pil'd eſteem'd;
In fine, redeem'd I was as I deſir'd.
But O, the trecherous *Falſtaffe* wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fiſts I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
Salis. Yet tell'ſt thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.
Tal. With ſcoffes and ſcornes, and contumelious taunts,
In open Market-place produc't they me,
To be a publique ſpectacle to all:
Here, ſaid they, is the Terror of the French,
The Scar-Crow that affrights our Children ſo.
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my nayles digg'd ſtones out of the ground,
To hurle at the beholders of my ſhame.
My griſly countenance made others flye,
None durſt come neere, for feare of ſuddaine death.
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not ſecure:
So great feare of my Name 'mongſt them were ſpread,
That they ſuppos'd I could rend Barres of ſteele,
And ſpurne in pieces Poſts of Adamant.
Wherefore a guard of choſen Shot I had;
That walkt about me every Minute while:
And if I did but ſtirre out of my Bed,
Ready they were to ſhoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a Linſtocke.

Salis: I grieve to heare what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd ſufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in Orleance:
Here, through this Grate, I can count every one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:
Let us looke in, the ſight will much delight thee:
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, and Sir *William Glanſdale*,
Let me have your expreſſe opinions,
Where is beſt place to make our Batt'ry next?
Gargr. I thinke at the North Gate, for there ſtand Lords.
Glanſ. And I heere, at the Bulwarke of the Bridge.
Talb. For ought I ſee, this City muſt be famiſht,
Or with light Skirmiſhes enfeebled.

Here they ſhot, and Salisbury falls downe.

Salis. O Lord have mercy on us, wretched ſinners.
Garg. O Lord have mercy on me, wofull man.
Talb. What chance is this, that ſuddenly hath croſt us?
Speake *Salisbury*; at leaſt, if thou canſt, ſpeake:
How far'ſt thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes ſide ſtrucke off?
Accurſed Tower, accurſed fatall Hand,
That hath contriv'd this wofull Tragedy.
In thirteene Battailes, *Salisbury* o'recame:
Henry the Fift he firſt trayn'd to the Warres.
Whil'ſt any Trumpe did ſound, or Drum ſtrucke up,
His Sword did ne're leaue ſtriking in the field.
Yet liv'ſt thou *Salisbury*? though thy ſpeech doth fayle;
One Eye thou haſt to looke to Heaven for grace.
The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World.
Heaven be thou gracious to none alive,
If *Salisbury* wants mercy at thy hands.
Beare hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, haſt thou any life?
Speake unto *Talbot*, nay, looke up to him.
Salisbury cheare thy Spirit with this comfort,
Thou ſhalt not dye whiles ———
He beckens with his hand, and ſmiles on me:
As who ſhould ſay, When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.
Plantaginet I will, and *Nero* like will,
Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne:
Wretched ſhall France be onely in my Name.

— *Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens.*

What ſtirre is this? what tumult's in the Heavens?
Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyſe?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, my Lord, the French have gather'd
The Dolphin, with one *Ioane de Puzel* joyn'd, (head
A holy Propheteſſe, new riſen up,
Is come with a great Power, to rayſe the Siege.

Here Salisbury lifteth himſelfe up, and groanes.

Talb. Heare, heare, how dying *Salisbury* doth gro
It irkes his heart he cannot be reveng'd.
Frenchmen, Ile be a *Salisbury* to you.
Puzel or *Puſſel*, Dolphin or Dog-fiſh,
Your hearts Ile ſtampe out with my Horſes heeles,
And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines.
Convey me *Salisbury* into his Tent,
And then we'll try what theſe daſtard Frenchmen dare.

Alarum, *Exe*

Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot purſueth the Dolp and driveth him: Then enter Ioane de Puzel, driving Engliſhmen before her. Then enter Talbot.

Talb. Where is my ſtrength, my valour, and my fo
Our Engliſh Troupes retyre, I cannot ſtay them.
A Woman clad in Armour chaſeth them.

Enter Puzel.

Here, here ſhe comes. Ile have about with thee:
Devill, or Devils Dam, Ile conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch.
And ſtraightway give thy Soule to him thou ſerv'ſt.
Puz. Come, come, 'tis onely I that muſt diſgrace th

Here they fight.

Talb. Heavens, can you ſuffer Hell ſo to prevaile?
My breſt Ile burſt with ſtraining of my courage,
And from my ſhoulders cracke my Armes aſunder,
But I will chaſtiſe this high-minded Strumpet.

They fight againe.

Puz. Talbot farewell, thy houre is not yet come,
I muſt goe Victuall Orleance forwith;

A ſhort Alarum: then enter the Towne with Souldiers.

O're-take me if thou canſt, I ſcorne thy ſtrength.
Goe, goe, cheare up thy hongry-ſtarved men,
Helpe *Salisbury* to make his Teſtament,
This Day is ours, as many more ſhall be. *Exit.*

Talb. My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele.
I know not where I am, nor what I doe:
A Witch by feare, not force, like *Hannibal,*
Drives backe our troupes, and conquers as ſhe liſts:
So Bees with ſmoake, and Doves with noyſome ſtench,
Are from their Hyves and Houſes driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceneſſe, Engliſh Dogges,
Now like the Whelpes, we crying runne away.

A ſhort Alarum.

Hearke Countreymen, eyther renew the fight,
Or teare the Lyons out of Englands Coat;
Renounce your Soyle, give Sheepe in Lyons ſtead:
Sheepe run not halfe ſo trecherous from the Wolfe,
Or Horſe or Oxen from the Leopard,
As you flye from your oft-ſubdued ſlaves.

Alarum. Here another Skirmiſh.

It will not be, retyre into your Trenches:
You all conſented unto *Salisburies* death,
For none would ſtrike a ſtroake in his revenge.
Puzel is entred into Orleance,
In ſpight of us, or ought that we could doe.
O would I were to dye with *Salisbury,*
The ſhame hereof, will make me hide my head.

Exit Talbot.

Alarum, Retreat, Flouriſh.

Enter on the Walls, Puzel, Dolphin, Reigneir, Alanſon, and Souldiers.

Puzel. Aduance our wauing Colours on the Walls,
Reſcu'd is Orleance from the Engliſh wolves:
Thus *Ioane de Puzel* hath perform'd her word.

Dolph. Divineſt Creature, bright *Aſtrea's* Daughter,
How ſhall I honour thee for this ſucceſſe?
Thy promiſes are like *Adonis* Garden,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious Propheteſſe,
Recover'd is the Towne of Orleance,
More bleſſed hap did ne're befall our State.

Reigneir. Why ring not out the Bells alowd,
Throughout the Towone?
Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonefires,
And feaſt and banquet in the open ſtreets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alanſ. All France will be repleat with mirth and joy,
When they ſhall heare how we have play'd the men.

Dolph. 'Tis *Ioane* not we, by whom the day is wonne:
For which, I will devide my Crowne with her,
And all the Prieſts and Fryers in my Realme,
Shall in proceſſion ſing her endleſſe prayſe.
A ſtatelyer Pyramis to her Ile reare,
Then *Rhodope's* or *Memphis* ever was.
In memorie of her wen ſhe is dead,
Her Aſhes, in an Vrne more precious
Then the rich-jewel'd Coffer of *Darius,*
Tranſported, ſhall be at high Feſtivals
Before the Kings and Queenes of France.
No longer on Saint *Dennis* will we cry,
But *Ioane de Puzel* ſhall be France's Saint.
Come in, and let us Banquet Royally,
After this Golden Day of Victorie.

Flouriſh. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant:
If any noyſe or Souldier you perceive
Neere to the walles, by ſome apparant ſigne
Let us have knowledge at the Court of Guard.

Sent. Sergeant you ſhall. Thus are poore Servitors
(Wheu others ſleepe upon their quiet beds)
Conſtrain'd to watch in darkeneſſe, raine, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with ſcaling Ladders: Their Drummes beating a Dead March.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy,*
By whoſe approach, the Regions of *Artoys,*
Wallon, and *Picardy,* are friends to us:
This happy night, the Frenchmen are ſecure,
Having all day carows'd and banquetted,
Embrace we then this opportunitie,
As fitting beſt to quittance their deceite,
Contriv'd by Art, and balefull Sorcerie.

Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
Deſpairing of his owne armes fortitude,
To joyne with Witches, and the helpe of Hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that *Puzell* whom they tearme ſo pure?

Tal. A Maid, they ſay.

Bed. A Maid? And be ſo martiall?

Bur. Pray God ſhe prove not maſculine ere long:
If underneath the Standard of the French
She carry Armor, as ſhe hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practiſe and converſe with ſpirits.
God is our Fortreſſe, in whoſe conqvering name
Let us reſolve to ſcale their flinty bulwarkes.

Bed. Aſcend brave *Talbot,* we will follow thee.

Tal. Not altogether: Better farre I gueſſe,
That we do make our entrance ſeverall wayes:
That if it chance the one of us do faile,
The other yet may riſe againſt their force.

Bed. Agreed; Ile to yond corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And heere will *Talbot* mount, or make his grave.
Now *Salisbury* for thee and for the right
Of Engliſh *Henry,* ſhall this night appeare
How much in duty, I am bound to both.

Sent. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make aſſault.

Cry, S. George. A Talbot.

The French leape ore the walles in their ſhirts. Enter ſeverall wayes, Baſtard, Alanſon, Reignier, halfe ready, and halfe unready.

Alan. How now my Lords? what all unreadie ſo?

Baſt. Vnready? I and glad we ſcap'd ſo well.

Reig. 'Twas time (I trow) to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.

Alan. Of all exploits ſince firſt I follow'd Armes,
Ne're heard I of a walike enterprize

More venturous, or deſperate then this.
Baſt. I thinke this *Talbot* be a Fiend of Hell.
Reig. If not of Hell, the Heavens ſure favour him.
Alanſ. Here commeth *Charles*, I marvell how he ſped?

Enter Charles and Ione.

Baſt. Tut, holy *Ioane* was his defenſive Guard.
Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?
Didſt thou at firſt, to flatter us withall,
Make us partakers of a little gayne,
That now our loſſe might be ten times ſo much?
Ioane. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking, muſt I ſtill prevaile,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident Souldiers, had your watch beene good,
This ſodaine miſchiefe never could have falne.
Charl. Duke of Alanſon, this was your default,
That being Captaine of the Watch to Night,
Did looke no better to that weightie Charge.
Alanſ. Had all our Quarters beene as ſafely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not beene thus ſhamefully ſurpriz'd.
Baſt. Mine was ſecure.
Reig. And ſo was mine, my Lord.
Charl. And for my ſelfe, moſt part of all this Night
Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct,
I was imploy'd in paſſing to and fro,
About relieving of the Centinels.
Then how, or which way, ſhould they firſt breake in?
Ioane. Queſtion (my Lords) no further of the caſe,
How or which way; 'tis ſure they found ſome place,
But weakely guarded, where the breach was made:
And now there reſts no other ſhift but this,
To gather our Souldiors, ſcatter'd and diſperc't,
And lay new Plat-formes to endammage them.
Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbot, a Talbot: they flye, leaving their Cloathes behind.

Sould. Ile be ſo bold to take what they have left:
The Cry of *Talbot* ſerves me for a Sword,
For I have loaden me with many Spoyles,
Vſing no other Weapon but his Name. *Exit.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie.

Bedf. The day begins to breake, and Night is fled,
Whoſe pitchy Mantle over-vayl'd the Earth.
Here ſound Retreat, and ceaſe our hot purſuit. *Retreat.*
Talb. Bring forth the Body of old *Salisbury*,
And here advance it in the Market-Place,
The middle Center of this curſed Towne.
Now have I pay'd my Vow unto his Soule,
For every drop of blood was drawne from him,
There hath at leaſt five Frenchmen dyed to night.
And that hereafter Ages may behold
What ruine happened in revenge of him,
Within their chiefeſt Temple Ile erect
A Tombe, wherein his Corps ſhall be interr'd:
Vpon the which, that every one may reade,
Shall be engrav'd the ſacke of Orleance,
The trecherous manner of his mournefull death,
And what a terror he had beene to France.
But Lords, in all our bloudy Maſſacre,
I muſe we met not with the Dolphins Grace,
His new-come Champion, vertuous *Ioane* of Acre,
Nor any of his falſe Confederates.
Bedf. 'Tis thought Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rows'd on the ſodaine from their drowſie Beds,
They did amongſt the troupes of armed men,
Leape o're the Walls for refuge in the field.
Burg. My ſelfe, as farre as I could well diſcerne,
For ſmoake, and duskie vapors of the night,
Am ſure I ſcar'd the Dolphin and his Trull,
When Arme in Arme they both came ſwiftly running,
Like to a paire of loving Turtle-Doves,
That could not live aſunder day or night,
After that things are ſet in order here,
Wee'le follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. All hayle, my Lords: which of his Princely trayne
Call ye the Warlike *Talbot*, for his Acts
So much applauded through the Realme of France?
Talb. Here is the *Talbot*, who would ſpeake with him?
Meſſ. The vertuous Lady, Counteſſe of Auergne,
With modeſtie admiring thy Renowne,
By me entreats (great Lord) thou would'ſt vouchſafe
To viſit her poore Caſtle where ſhe lyes,
That ſhe may boaſt ſhe hath beheld the man,
Whoſe glory fills the World with lowd report.
Burg. Is it even ſo? Nay, then I ſee our Warres
Will turne unto a peacefull Comick ſport,
When Ladyes crave to be encountred with.
You may not (my Lord) deſpiſe her gentle ſuit.
Talb. Ne're truſt me then: for when a World of men
Could not prevayle with all their Oratorie,
Yet hath a Womans kindneſſe over-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I returne great thankes,
And in ſubmiſſion will attend on her.
Will not your Honours beare me company?
Bedf. No, truly, 'tis more then manners will:
And I have heard it ſayd, Vnbidden Gueſts
Are often welcommeſt when they are gone.
Talb. Well then, alone (ſince there's no remedie)
I meane to prove this Ladyes courteſie.
Come hither Captaine, you perceive my minde.
Whiſpers.
Capt. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly.
Exeunt

Enter Counteſſe.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge,
And when you have done ſo, bring the Keyes to me.
Port. Madame, I will. *Exit.*
Count. The Plot is layd, if all things fall out right,
I ſhall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian *Tomyris* by *Cyrus* death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight,
And his atchievements of no leſſe account:
Faine would mine eyes be witneſſe with mine eares,
To give their cenſure of theſe rare reports.

Enter Meſſenger and Talbot.

Meſ. Madame, according as your Ladyſhip deſir'd,
By meſſage crav'd, ſo is Lord *Talbot* come.
Count. And he is welcome: what? is this the man?
Meſſ. Madame, it is.
Cout. Is this the Scourge of France?
Is this the *Talbot*, ſo much fear'd abroad?
That with his Name the Mothers ſtill their Babes?
I ſee Report is fabulous and falſe.

I thought I ſhould have ſeene ſome *Hercules*,
A ſecond *Hector*, for his grim aſpect,
And large proportion of his ſtrong knit Limbes.
Alas, this is a Child, a ſilly Dwarfe:
It cannot be, this weake and writhled ſhrimpe
Should ſtrike ſuch terror to his Enemies.
Talb. Madame, I have beene bold to trouble you:
But ſince your Ladyſhip is not at leyſure,
Ile ſort ſome other time to viſit you.
Count. What meanes he now?
Goe aske him, whither he goes?
Meſſ. Stay my Lord *Talbot*, for my Lady craves,
To know the cauſe of your abrupt departure?
Talb. Marry, for that ſhee's in a wrong beleefe,
I goe to certifie her *Talbot's* here.

Enter Porter with Keyes.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou Priſoner.
Talb. Priſoner? to whom?
Count. To me, blood-thirſtie Lord:
And for that cauſe I train'd thee to my Houſe.
Long time thy ſhadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my Gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the ſubſtance ſhall endure the like,
And I will chayne theſe Legges and Armes of thine,
That haſt by tyrannie theſe many yeeres
Waſted our Countrey, ſlaine our Citizens,
And ſent our Sonnes and Husbands captivate.
Talb. Ha, ha, ha.
Count. Laugheſt thou Wretch?
Thy mirth ſhall turne to moane.
Talb. I laugh to ſee your Ladiſhip ſo fond,
To thinke, that you have ought but *Talbots* ſhadow,
Whereon to practiſe your ſeverity.
Count. Why? art not thou the man?
Talb. I am indeede.
Count. Then have I ſubſtance too.
Talb. No, no, I am but ſhadow of my ſelfe:
You are deceiv'd, my ſubſtance is not here;
For what you ſee, is but the ſmalleſt part,
And leaſt proportion of Humanitie:
I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,
It is of ſuch a ſpacious loftie pitch,
Your Roofe were not ſufficient to contayn't.
Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can theſe contrarieties agree?
Talb. That will I ſhew you preſently.

Winds his Horne, Drummes ſtrike up, a Peale of Ordenance: Enter Souldiers.

How ſay you Madame? are you now perſwaded,
That *Talbot* is but ſhadow of himſelfe?
Theſe are his ſubſtance, ſinewes, armes, and ſtrength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious Neckes,
Razeth your Cities, and ſubverts your Townes,
And in a moment makes them deſolate.
Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuſe,
I finde thou art no leſſe then Fame hath bruited,
And more then may be gathered by thy ſhape.
Let my preſumption not provoke thy wrath,
For I am ſorry, that with reverence
I did not entertaine thee as thou art.
Talb. Be not diſmay'd, faire Lady, nor miſconſter
The minde of *Talbot*, as you did miſtake
The outward compoſition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other ſatisfaction doe I crave,
But onely with our patience, that we may
Taſte of your Wine, and ſee what Cates you have,
For Souldiers ſtomackes alwayes ſerve them well.
Count. With all my heart, and thinke me honored,
To feaſt ſo great a Warrior in my houſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerſet, Poole, and others.

Yorke. Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What meanes this ſilence?
Dare no man anſwere in a Caſe of Truth?
Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd,
The Garden here is more convenient.
York. Then ſay at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:
Or elſe was wrangling *Somerſet* in th'error?
Suff. Faith I have beene a Truant in the Law,
And never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law unto my will.
Som. Iudge you, my Lord of Warwicke, then betweene us.
War. Between two Hawks, which flyes the higher pitch,
Betweene two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Betweene two Blades, which beares the better temper,
Betweene two Horſes, which doth beare him beſt,
Betweene two Girles, which hath the merrieſt eye,
I have perhaps ſome ſhallow ſpirit of judgement:
But in theſe nice ſharpe Quillets of the Law,
Good faith I am no wiſer then a Daw.
Yorke. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appeares ſo naked on my ſide,
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my ſide it is ſo well apparrell'd,
So cleare, ſo ſhining, and ſo evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye.
Yorke. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and ſo loth to ſpeake,
In dumbe ſignificants proclayme your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman,
And ſtands upon the honor of his birth,
If he ſuppoſe that I have pleaded truth,
From off this Bryer plucke a white Roſe with me,
Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintaine the party of the truth,
Pluck a red Roſe from off this Thorne with me.
War. I love no Colours: and without all colour
Of baſe inſinuating flatterie,
I pluck this white Roſe with *Plantagenet*.
Suff. I plucke this red Roſe, with young *Somerſet*,
And ſay withall, I thinke he held the right.
Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude, that he upon whoſe ſide
The feweſt Roſes are cropt from the tree,
Shall yeeld the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good Maſter *Vernon*, it is well objected:
If I have feweſt, I ſubſcribe in ſilence.
Yorke. And I.
Vernon. Then for the truth, and plaineneſſe of the Caſe,
I plucke this pale and Majden Bloſſome here,
Giving my Verdict on the white Roſe ſide.
Som. Prick not your finger as you plucke it off,
Leaſt bleeding, you doe paint the white Roſe red,
And fall on my ſide ſo againſt your will.
Vernon. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion ſhall be Surgeon to my hurt,
And keepe me on the ſide where ſtill I am.
Som. Well, well, come on, who elſe?

Lawier. Vnleſſe my Studie and my Bookes be falſe,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
In ſigne whereof, I plucke a white Roſe too.
Yorke. Now *Somerſet*, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that
Shall dye your white Roſe in a bloody red.
York. Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roſes:
For pale they looke with feare, as witneſſing
The truth on our ſide.
Som. No *Plantagenet*:
'Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes
Bluſh for pure ſhame, to counterfeit our Roſes,
And yet thye tongue will not confeſſe thy error.
Yorke. Hath not thy Roſe a Canker, *Somerſet*?
Som. Hath not thy Roſe a Thorne, *Plantagenet*?
Yorke. I, ſharpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,
Whiles thy conſuming Canker eates his falſehood.
Som. Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roſes,
That ſhall maintaine what I have ſaid is true,
Where falſe *Plantagenet* dare not be ſeene.
Yorke. Now by this Maiden Bloſſome in my hand,
I ſcorne thee and thy faſhion, peeviſh Boy.
Suff. Turne not thy ſcornes this way *Plantagenet*.
Yorke. Prowd *Poole*, I will, and ſcorne both him and thee.
Suff. Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good *William de la Poole*,
We grace the Yeoman, by converſing with him.
Warw. Now by Gods will thou wrong'ſt him, *Somerſet*:
His Grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of Clarence,
Third Sonne to the third *Edward* King of England:
Spring Creſtleſſe Yeomen from ſo deepe a Root?
Yorke. He beares him on the place's Priviledge,
Or durſt not for his craven heart ſay thus.
Som. By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words
On any plot of Ground in Chriſtendome.
Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
For Treaſon executed in our late Kings dayes?
And by his Treaſon, ſtand'ſt not thou attainted,
Corrupted and exempt from ancient Gentry?
His treſpaſſe yet lives guiltie in thy blood,
And till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a Yeoman.
Yorke. My Father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to dye for Treaſon, but no Traytor;
And that Ile prove on better men then *Somerſet*,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.
For your partaker *Poole*, and you your ſelfe,
Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,
To ſcourge you for this apprehenſion:
Looke to it well, and ſay you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou ſhalt finde us ready for thee ſtill:
And know us by theſe Colours for thy Foes,
For theſe, my friends in ſpight of thee ſhall weare.
Yorke. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Roſe,
As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction weare,
Vntill it wither with me to my Grave,
Or flouriſh to the height of my Degree.
Suff. Goe forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
And ſo farewell, untill I meete thee next. *Exit.*
Som. Have with thee *Poole*: Farewell ambitious *Richard*. *Exit.*
Yorke. How I am brav'd and muſt perforce endure it?
Warw. This blot that they object againſt your houſe,
Shall be wip't out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the Truce of *Wincheſter* and *Glouceſter*:
And if thou be not then created *Yorke*,
I will not live to be accounted *Warwicke*.
Meane time, in ſignall of my love to thee,
Againſt proud *Somerſet*, and *William Poole*,
Will I upon thy partie weare this Roſe.
And here I prophecie: this brawle to day,
Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall ſend betweene the Red-Roſe and the White,
A thouſand Soules to Death and deadly Night.
Yorke. Good Maſter *Vernon*, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalfe would plucke a Flower.
Ver. In your behalfe ſtill will I weare the ſame.
Lawyer. And ſo will I.
Yorke. Thankes gentle Sir.
Come, let us foure to Dinner: I dare ſay,
This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day.
Exeunt.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre, and Iaylors.

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here reſt himſelfe.
Even like a man new haled from the Wrack,
So fare my Limbes with long Impriſonment:
And theſe gray Lockes, the Purſuivants of death,
Neſtor-like aged, in an Age of Care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.
Theſe Eyes, like Lampes, whoſe waſting Oyle is ſpent,
Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.
Weake Shoulders, over-borne with burthening Griefe,
And pyth-leſſe Armes, like to a withered Vine,
That droupes his ſappe-leſſe Branches to the ground.
Yet are theſe Feet, whoſe ſtrength-leſſe ſtay is numme,
(Vnable to ſupport this Lumpe of Clay)
Swift-winged with deſire to get a Grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.
But tell me Keeper, will my Nephew come?
Keeper. Richard Plantagenet, my Lord, will come:
We ſent unto the Temple, his Chamber,
And anſwer was return'd, that he will come:
Mort. Enough: my ſoule then ſhall be ſatisfied.
Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine,
Since *Henrie Monmouth* firſt began to reigne,
Before whoſe Glory I was great in Armes,
This loathſome ſequeſtration have I had;
And even ſince then, hath *Richard* beene obſcur'd,
Depriv'd of Honour and Inheritance.
But now, the Arbitrator of Deſpaires,
Iuſt death, kinde Vmpire of mens miſeries,
With ſweet enlargement doth diſmiſſe me hence:
I would his troubles likewiſe were expir'd,
That ſo he might recover what was loſt.

Enter Richard

Keeper. My Lord, your loving Nephew now is come.
Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?
Rich. I, Noble Vnckle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your Nephew, late deſpiſed *Richard*, comes.
Mort. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Necke,
And in his Boſome ſpend my latter gaſpe.
Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes,
That I may kindly give one fainting Kiſſe,
And now declare ſweet Stem from *Yorkes* great Stock
Why didſt thou ſay of late thou wert deſpis'd?
Rich. Firſt

Rich. Firſt, leane thine aged Back againſt mine Arme,
And in that eaſe, Ile tell thee my Diſeaſe.
This day in argument upon a Caſe,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerſet* and me:
Amongſt which tearmes, he us'd his laviſh tongue,
And did upbrayd me with my Fathers death;
Which obloquie ſet barres before my tongue,
Elſe with the like I had requited him.
Therefore good Vnckle, for my Fathers ſake,
In honour of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for Alliance ſake, declare the cauſe
My Father, Earle of Cambridge, loſt his Head.
Mort. That cauſe (faire Nephew) that impriſon'd me,
And hath detayn'd me all my flowring Youth,
Within a loathſome Dungeon, there to pyne,
Was curſed inſtrument of his deceaſe.
Rich. Diſcover more at large what cauſe that was,
For I am ignorant, and cannot gueſſe.
Mort. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not, ere my Tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his Nephew *Richard*, *Edwards* Sonne,
The firſt begotten, and the lawfull Heire
Of *Edward* King, third of that Deſcent.
During whoſe Reigne, the *Percies* of the North,
Finding his Vſurpation moſt unjuſt,
Endevor'd my aduancement to the Throne.
The reaſon mov'd theſe Warlike Lords to this,
Was, for that (young King *Richard* thus remov'd,
Leaving no Heire begotten of his Body)
I was the next by Birth and Parentage:
For by my Mother I derived am
From *Lionel* Duke of Clarence, the third Sonne
To King *Edward* the Third; whereas hee,
From *Iohn* of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree,
Being but the fourth of that Heroick Lyne.
But marke: as in this haughtie great attempt,
They laboured to plant the rightfull Heire,
I loſt my Libertie, and they their Lives.
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fift
(Succeeding his Father *Bullingbrooke*) did reigne;
Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of Yorke,
Marrying my Siſter, that thy Mother was;
Againe, in pitty of my hard diſtreſſe,
Levied an Army, weening to redeeme,
And have inſtall'd me in the Diademe:
But as the reſt, ſo fell that Noble Earle,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
In whom the Title reſted, were ſuppreſt.
Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the laſt.
Mort. True; and thou ſeeſt, that I no Iſſue have,
And that my fainting words doe warrant death:
Thou art my Heire; the reſt, I wiſh thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy ſtudious care.
Rich. Thy grave admoniſhments prevaile with me:
But yet me thinkes, my Fathers execution
Was nothing leſſe then bloody Tyranny.
Mort. With ſilence, Nephew, be thou pollitick,
Strong fixed is the Houſe of *Lancaſter*,
And like a Mountaine, not to be remov'd.
But now thy Vnckle is removing hence,
As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a ſetled place.
Rich. O Vnckle, would ſome part of my young yeeres
Might but redeeme the paſſage of your Age.
Mort. Thou do'ſt then wrong me, as yͤ ſlaughterer doth,
Which giveth many Wounds, when one will kill.
Mourne not, except thou ſorrow for my good,
Onely give order for my Funerall.
And ſo farewell, and faire be all thy hopes;
And proſperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. *Dyes.*
Rich. And peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule.
In priſon haſt thou ſpent a Pilgrimage,
And like a Hermite over-paſt thy dayes.
Well, I will locke his Counſell in my Breſt,
And what I doe imagine, let that reſt.
Keepers convey him hence, and I my ſelfe
Will ſee his Buriall better then his Life. *Exit.*
Here dyes the duskie Torch of *Mortimer*,
Choakt with Ambition of the meaner ſort.
And for thoſe Wrongs, thoſe bitter injuries,
Which *Somerſet* hath offer'd to my Houſe,
I doubt not, but with honor to redreſſe.
And therefore haſte I to the Parliament,
Eyther to be reſtored to my Blood,
Or make my will th' advantage of my good. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Exeter, Gloſter, Winchester, Warwick, Somerſet, Suffolke, Richard Plantagenet. Gloſter offers to put up a Bill: Wincheſter ſnatches it, teares it.

Winch. Com'ſt thou with deepe premeditated Lines?
With written Pamphlets, ſtudiouſly devis'd?
Humfrey of Gloſter, if thou canſt accuſe,
Or ought intend'ſt to lay unto my charge,
Doe it without invention, ſuddenly,
As I with ſudden, and extemporall ſpeech,
Purpoſe to anſwer what thou canſt object.
Glo. Preſumptuous Prieſt, this place cõmands my patiẽce,
Or thou ſhould'ſt finde thou haſt dis-honor'd me.
Thinke not, although in Writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outragious Crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearſe the Methode of my Penne.
No prelate, ſuch is thy audacious wickedneſſe,
Thy lewd, peſtiferous and diſſentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a moſt pernitious Vſurer,
Froward by nature, Enemy to peace,
Laſcivious, wanton, more then well beſeemes
A man of thy profeſſion, and Degree.
And for thy Trecherie, what's more manifeſt?
In that thou layd'ſt a Trap to take my Life,
As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower.
Beſide, I feare me, if thy thoughts were ſifted,
The King, thy ſoveraigne, is not quite exempt
From envious mallice of thy ſwelling heart.
Winch. *Gloſter*, I doe defie thee. Lords vouchſafe
To give me hearing what I ſhall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious or perverſe,
As he will have me: how am I ſo poore?
Or how haps it, I ſeeke not to advance
Or rayſe my ſelfe? but keepe my wonted Calling.
And for Diſſention, who preferreth Peace
More then I doe? except I be provok'd.
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke:
It is becauſe no one ſhould ſway but he,
No one, but he, ſhould be about the King;
And that engenders Thunder in his breſt,

And makes him rore theſe Accuſations forth.
But he ſhall know I am as good——
Gloſt. As good?
Thou Baſtard of my Grandfather.
Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in anothers Throne?
Gloſt. Am I not Protector, ſawcie Prieſt?
Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?
Gloſt. Yes, as an Out-law in a Caſtle keepes,
And uſeth it, to patronage his Theft.
Winch. Vnreverent *Glocester.*
Gloſt. Thou art reverent,
Touching thy Spiritnall Function, not thy Life.
Winch. Rome ſhall remedie this.
Warw. Roame thither then.
My Lord, it were your dutie to forbeare.
Som. I, ſee the Biſhop be not over-borne:
Me thinkes my Lord ſhould be Religious,
And know the Office that belongs to ſuch.
Warw. Me thinkes his Lordſhip ſhould be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate ſo to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht ſo neere.
Warw. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Gtace Protector to the King?
Rich. Plantagenet I ſee muſt hold his tongue,
Leaſt it be ſaid, Speake Sirrha when you ſhould:
Muſt your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?
Elſe would I have a fling at *Winchester.*
King. Vnckles of *Gloster*, and of *Winchester*,
The ſpeciall Watch-men of our Engliſh Weale,
I would prevayle, if Prayers might prevayle,
To joyne your hearts in love and amitie.
Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,
That two ſuch Noble Peeres as ye ſhould iarre?
Beleeve me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,
Civill diſſention is a viperous Worme,
That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.

A noyſe within. Downe with the Tawny-Coats.

King. What tumult's this?
Warw. An Vprore, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Biſhops men.

A noyſe againe, Stones, Stones.

Enter Mayor.

Mayor. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous *Henry*,
Pitty the Cittie of London, pitty us:
The Biſhop, and the Duke of Gloſters men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Have fill'd their Pockets full of peeble ſtones;
And banding themſelves in contrary parts,
Doe pelt ſo faſt at one anothers Pate,
That many have their giddy braynes knockt out:
Our Windowes are broke downe in every Street,
And we, for feare, compell'd to ſhut our Shops.

Enter in skirmiſh with bloody Pates.

King. We charge you, on allegeance to our ſelves,
To hold your ſlaughtring hands, and keepe the Peace:
Pray' Vnckle *Gloster* mittigate this ſtrife.
1. *Serving.* Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'le fall to it with our Teeth.
2. *Serving.* Doe what ye dare, we are as reſolute.

skirmiſh againe.

Gloſt. You of my houſehold, leave this peeviſh broyle,
And ſet this unaccuſtom'd fight aſide.
3. *Seru.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Iuſt, and upright; and for your Royall Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Majeſtie:
And ere that we will ſuffer ſuch a Prince,
So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,
To be diſgraced by an Inke-horne Mate,
Wee and our Wives and Children all will fight,
And have our bodyes ſlaughtred by thy foes.
1. *Seru.* I, and the very parings of our Nayles
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Begin againe.

Gloſt. Stay, ſtay, I ſay:
And if you love me, as you ſay you doe,
Let me perſwade you to forbeare a while.
King. Oh, how this diſcord doth afflict my ſoule.
Can you, my Lord of Wincheſter, behold
My ſighes and teares, and will not once relent?
Who ſhould be pittifull, if you be not?
Or who ſhould ſtudy to preferre a Peace,
If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?
Warw. Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld *Winchester*,
Except you meane with obſtinate repulſe
To ſlay your Soveraigne, and deſtroy the Realme.
You ſee what miſchiefe, and what Murther too,
Hath beene enacted through your enmitie:
Then be at peace, except ye thirſt for blood.
Winch. He ſhall ſubmit, or I will never yeeld.
Gloſt. Compaſſion on the King commands me ſtoupe,
Or I would ſee his heart our, ere the Prieſt
Should ever get that priviledge of me.
Warw. Behold my Lord of Wincheſter, the Duke
Hath baniſht moodie diſcontented fury,
As by his ſmoothed Browes it doth appeare:
Why looke you ſtill ſo ſterne, and tragicall?
Gloſt. Here *Winchester*, I offer thee my Hand.
King. Fie Vnckle *Beauford*, I have heard you preach,
That Mallice was a great and grievous ſinne:
And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?
But prove a chiefe offender in the ſame.
Warw. Sweet King: the Biſhop hath a kindly gyrd:
For ſhame my Lord of Wincheſter relent;
What, ſhall a Child inſtruct you what to doe?
Winch. Well, Duke of Gloſter, I will yeeld to thee
Love for thy Love, and Hand for Hand I give.
Gloſt. I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart.
See here my friends and loving Countreymen,
This token ſerveth for a Flagge of Truce,
Betwixt our ſelves, and all our followers:
So helpe me God, as I diſſemble not.
Winch. So helpe me God, as I intend it not.
King. Oh loving Vnckle, kinde Duke of Gloſter,
How joyfull am I made by this Contract,
Away my Maſters, trouble us no more,
But joyne in friendſhip, as your Lords have done.
1. *Seru.* Content, Ile to the Surgeons.
2. *Seru.* And ſo will I.
3. *Seru.* And I will ſee what Phyſicke the Taverne affords. *Exeunt.*
Warw. Accept this Scrowle, moſt gracious Soveraigne,
Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,
We doe exhibite to your Majeſtie.
Glo. Wel urg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for ſweet Prince,
And if your Grace marke every circumſtance,
You have great reaſon to doe *Richard* right,
Eſpecially for thoſe occaſions
At Eltam Place I told your Majeſtie.

King. And thoſe occaſions, Vnckle, were of force:
Therefore my loving Lords, our pleaſure is,
That *Richard* be reſtored to his Blood.
Warw. Let *Richard* be reſtord to his Blood,
So ſhall his Fathers wrongs be recompenc't.
Winch. As will the reſt, ſo willeth *Winchester*.
King. If *Richard* will be true, not that alone,
But al the whole Inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the Houſe of *Yorke*,
From whence you ſpring, by Lineall Deſcent.
Rich. Thy humble ſervant vowes obedience,
And humble ſervice, till the point of death.
King. Stoope then, and ſet your Knee againſt my Foot,
And in reguerdon of that dutie done,
I gyrt thee with the valiant Sword of *Yorke*.
Riſe *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,
And riſe created Princely Duke of *Yorke*.
Rich. And ſo thrive *Richard*, as thy foes may fall;
And as my dutie ſprings, ſo periſh they,
That grudge one thought againſt your Majeſtie.
All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *Yorke*.
Som. Periſh baſe Prince, ignoble Duke of *Yorke*.
Gloſt. Now will it beſt availe your Majeſtie,
To croſſe the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France:
The preſence of a King engenders love
Amongſt his Subjects and his loyall Friends,
As it diſ-animates his Enemies.
King. When *Gloſter* ſayes the word, King *Henry* goes,
For friendly counſaile cuts off many Foes.
Gloſt. Your Ships already are in readineſſe.
Exeunt.

Manet Exeter.

Exet. I, we may march in England, or in France,
Not ſeeing what is likely to enſue;
This late diſſention growne betwixt the Peeres,
Burnes under fained aſhes of forg'd love,
And will at laſt breake out into a flame,
As feſtred members rot but by degree,
Till bones and fleſh and ſinewes fall away,
So will this baſe and envious diſcord breed.
And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,
Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fiſt,
Was in the mouth of every ſucking Babe,
That *Henry* borne at Monmouth ſhould winne all,
And *Henry* borne at Windſor ſhould loſe all:
Which is ſo plaine, that *Exeter* doth wiſh,
His dayes may finiſh, ere that hapleſſe time. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Pucell diſguis'd, with foure Souldiers with
Sacks upon their backs.

Pucell. Theſe are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,
Through which our Pollicy muſt make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talke like the vulgar ſort of Market men,
That come to gather Money for their Corne.
If we have entrance, as I hope we ſhall,
And that we finde the ſlouthfull Watch but weake,
Ile by a ſigne give notice to our friends,
That *Charles* the Dolphin may encounter them.
Souldier, Our Sacks ſhall be a meane to ſacke the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers over Roan;
Therefore wee'le knock. *Knock.*
Watch. *Che la.*
Pucell. *Peaſauns la pouure gens de France,*
Poore Market folkes that come to ſell their Corne.
Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.
Pucell. Now Roan, Ile ſhake thy Bulwarkes to the ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Charles, Baſtard, Alanſon.

Charles. Saint *Dennis* bleſſe this happy Stratageme,
And once againe wee'le ſleepe ſecure in Roan.
Baſtard. Here entred *Pucell*, and her Practiſants:
Now ſhe is there, how will ſhe ſpecifie?
Here is the beſt and ſafeſt paſſage in.
Reig. By thruſting out a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once diſcern'd, ſhewes that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weakneſſe) which ſhe entred.

Enter Pucell on the top, thruſting out a
Torch burning.

Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That joyneth Roan unto her Countreymen,
But burning fatall to the *Talbonites*.
Baſtard. See Noble *Charles* the Beacon of our friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Turret ſtands.
Charles. Now ſhine it like a Commet of Revenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.
Reig. Deferre no time, delayes have dangerous ends,
Enter and cry, the Dolphin, preſently,
And then doe execution on the Watch. *Alarum.*

An Alarum, Talbot in an Excurſion.

Talb. France, thou ſhalt rue this Treaſon with thy teares,
If *Talbot* but ſurvive thy Trecherie.
Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorcereſſe,
Hath wrought this Helliſh Miſchiefe unawares,
That hardly we eſcap't the Pride of France. *Exit.*

An Alarum: Excurſions. Bedford brought
in ſicke in a Chayre.

Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pucell,
Charles, Baſtard, and Reigneir on the Walls.

Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?
I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will faſt,
Before hee'le buy againe at ſuch a rate.
'Twas full of Darnell: doe you like the taſte?
Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and ſhameleſſe Curtizan,
I truſt ere long to choake thee with thine owne,
And make thee curſe the Harveſt of that Corne.
Charles, Your Grace may ſtarve (perhaps) before that time.
Bedf. Oh let no words, but deedes, revenge this Treaſon.
Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beard?
Breake a Launce, and runne a-Tilt at Death,
Within a Chayre.
Talb. Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all deſpight,
Incompaſs'd with thy luſtfull Paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
And twit with Cowardiſe a man halfe dead?
Damſell, Ile have a bowt with you againe,
Or elſe let *Talbot* periſh with this ſhame.
Pucell. Are ye ſo hot, Sir: yet *Pucell* hold thy peace,
If *Talbot* doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.
They whiſper together in counſell.
God ſpeed the Parliament: who ſhall be the Speaker?

Talb. Dare yee come forth, and meet us in the field?
Pucell. Belike your Lordſhip takes us then for fooles,
To try if that our owne be ours, or no.
Talb. I ſpeake not to that rayling *Hecate*,
But unto thee *Alanſon*, and the reſt.
Will ye, like Souldiors, come and fight it out?
Alanſ. Seignior no.
Talb. Seignior hang: baſe Muleters of France,
Like Peſant foot-Boyes doe they keepe the Walls,
And dare not take up Armes, like Gentlemen.
Pucell. Away Captaines, let's get us from the Walls,
For *Talbot* meanes no goodneſſe by his Lookes,
God b'uy my Lord, we came ſir but to tell you.
That we are here. *Exeunt from the Walls.*
Talb. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or elſe reproach be *Talbots* greateſt fame.
Vow *Burgonie*, by honor of thy houſe,
Prickt on by publike Wrongs ſuſtain'd in France,
Either to get the Towne againe, or dye.
And I, as ſure as Engliſh *Henry* lives,
And as his Father here was Conqueror;
As ſure as in this late betrayed Towne,
Great *Cordelions* Heart was buryed;
So ſure I ſweare, to get the Towne, or dye.
Burg. My Vowes are equall partners with thy Vowes.
Talb. But ere we goe, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford: Come my Lord,
We will beſtow you in ſome better place,
Fitter for ſickneſſe, and for craſie age,
Bedf. Lord *Talbot*, doe not ſo diſhonour me:
Here will I ſit, before the Walls of Roan,
And will be partner of your weale or woe.
Burg. Couragious *Bedford*, let us now perſwade you.
Bedf. Not to be gone from hence, for once I read,
That ſtout *Pendragon*, in his Litter ſick,
Came to the field, and vanquiſhed his foes.
Me thinkes I ſhould revive the Souldiors hearts,
Becauſe I ever found them as my ſelfe.
Talb. Vndaunting ſpirit in a dying breſt,
Then be it ſo: Heavens keepe old *Bedford* ſafe.
And now no more adoe, brave *Burgonie*,
But gather we our Forces out of hand,
And ſet upon our boaſting Enemie. *Exit.*

An Alarum: Excurſions. Enter Sir Iohn Falſtaffe, and a Captaine.

Capt. Whither away Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, in ſuch haſte?
Falſt. Whither away? to ſave my ſelfe by flight,
We are like to have the overthrow againe.
Capt. What? will you flye, and leave Lord *Talbot*?
Falſt. I, all the *Talbots* in the World, to ſave my life. *Exit.*
Capt. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee. *Exit.*

Retreat. Excurſions. Pucell, Alanſon, and Charles flye.

Bedf. Now quiet Soule, depart when Heaven pleaſe,
For I have ſeene our Enemies overthrow.
What is the truſt or ſtrength of fooliſh man?
They that of late were daring with their ſcoffes,
Are glad and faine by flight to ſave themſelves.
Bedford dyes, and is carryed in by two in his Chaire.

An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and the reſt.

Talb. Loſt, and recovered in a day againe,
This is a double Honor, *Burgonie*:
Yet Heavens have glory for this Victory.
Burg. Warlike and Martiall *Talbot*, *Burgonie*
Inſhrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy Noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.
Talb. Thankes gentle Duke: but where is *Pucel* now?
I thinke her old Familiar is aſleepe.
Now where's the Baſtards braves, and *Charles* his glikes?
What all amort? Roan hangs her head for griefe,
That ſuch a valiant Company are fled.
Now will we take ſome order in the Towne,
Placing therein ſome expert Officers,
And then depart to Paris, to the King,
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.
Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleaſeth *Burgonie*.
Talb. But yet before we goe, let's not forget
The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But ſee his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan,
A braver Souldier never couched Launce,
A gentler heart did never ſway in Court.
But Kings and mightieſt Potentates muſt die,
For that's the end of humane miſerie. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Charles, Baſtard, Alanſon, Pucell.

Pucell. Diſmay not (Princes) at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roan is ſo recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corraſive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantike *Talbot* triumph for a while,
And like a Peacocke ſweepe along his tayle,
Wee'le pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,
If Dolphin and the reſt will be but rul'd.
Charles. We have beene guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,
One ſudden Foyle ſhall never breed diſtruſt.
Baſtard. Search out thy wit for ſecret pollicies,
And we will make thee famous through the World.
Alanſ. Wee'le ſet thy Statue in ſome holy place,
And have thee reverenc't like a bleſſed Saint.
Employ thee then, ſweet Virgin, for our good.
Pucell. Then thus it muſt be, this doth *Ioane* deviſe:
By faire perſwaſions, mixt with ſugred words,
We will intice the Duke of Burgonie
To leave the *Talbot*, and to follow us.
Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that,
France were no place for *Henries* Warriors,
Nor ſhould that Nation boaſt it ſo with us,
But be extirped from our Provinces.
Alanſ. For ever ſhould they be expuls'd from France,
And not have Title of an Earledome here.
Pucell. Your Honors ſhall perceive, how I will worke,
To bring this matter to the wiſhed end.
Drumme ſounds a farre off.
Hearke, by the ſound of Drumme you may perceive
Their Powers are marching unto Paris-ward.
Here ſound an Engliſh March.
There goes the *Talbot* with his Colours ſpred,
And all the Troupes of Engliſh after him.

French March.
Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lagge behinde.
Summon a Parley, we will talke with him.
Trumpets ſound a Parley.
Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie?
Burg. Who craves a Parley with the Burgonie?
Pucell. The Princely *Charles* of France, thy Countreyman.
Burg. What ſay'ſt thou *Charles*? for I am marching hence.
Charles. Speake *Pucell*, and enchant him with thy words.
Pucell. Brave *Burgonie*, undoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble hand-maid ſpeake to thee.
Burg. Speake on, but be not over-tedious.
Pucell. Looke on thy Countrey, looke on fertile France,
And ſee the Cities and the Townes defac't,
By waſting Ruine of the cruell Foe,
As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth cloſe his tender-dying Eyes,
See, ſee the pining Malady of France:
Behold the Wounds, the moſt unnaturall Wounds,
Which thou thy ſelfe haſt given her wofull Breſt.
Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,
Strike thoſe that hurt, and hurt not thoſe that helpe:
One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countries Boſome,
Should grieve thee more then ſtreames of forraine gore.
Returne thee therefore with a floud of Teares,
And waſh away thy Countries ſtayned Spots.
Burg. Either ſhe hath bewitcht me with her words,
Or Nature makes me ſuddenly relent.
Pucell. Beſides, all French and France exclaimes on thee,
Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie.
Whom joyn'ſt thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not truſt thee, but for Profits ſake?
When *Talbot* hath ſet footing once in France,
And faſhion'd thee that Inſtrument of Ill,
Who then, but Engliſh *Henry*, will be Lord,
And thou be thruſt out, like a Fugitive?
Call we to minde, and marke but this for proofe:
Was not the Duke of Orleance thy Foe?
And was he not in England Priſoner?
But when they heard he was thine Enemie,
They ſet him free, without his Ranſome pay'd,
In ſpight of *Burgonie* and all his friends.
See then, thou fight'ſt againſt thy Countreymen,
And joyn'ſt with them will be thy ſlaughter-men.
Come, come, returne; returne thou wandring Lord,
Charles and the reſt will take thee in their armes.
Burg. I am vanquiſhed:
Theſe haughty words of hers
Have batt'red me like roaring Cannon-ſhot,
And made me almoſt yeeld upon my knees.
Forgive me Countrey, and ſweet Countreymen:
And Lords accept this heartie kind embrace.
My Forces and my Power of men are yours.
So farewell *Talbot*, Ile no longer truſt thee.
Pucell. Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne againe.
Charles. Welcome brave Duke, thy friendſhip makes us freſh.
Baſtard. And doth beget new Courage in our Breſts.
Alanſ. *Pucell* hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deſerve a Coronet of Gold.
Charles. Now let us on, my Lords,
And ioyne our Powers,
And ſeeke how we may preiudice the Foe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter the King, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, Yorke, Suffolke Somerſet, Warwicke, Exeter: To them, with his Souldiors, Talbot.

Talb. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres,
Hearing of your arrivall in this Realme,
I have a while given Truce unto my Warres,
To doe my dutie to my Soveraigne.
In ſigne whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience, fiftie Fortreſſes,
Twelve Cities, and ſeven walled Townes of ſtrength,
Beſide five hundred Priſoners of eſteeme;
Lets fall his Sword before your Highneſſe feet:
And with ſubmiſſive loyaltie of heart
Aſcribes the Glory of his Conqueſt got,
Firſt to my God, and next unto your Grace.
King. Is this the Lord *Talbot*, Vnckle *Glouceſter*,
That hath ſo long beene reſident in France?
Gloſt. Yes, if it pleaſe your Majeſtie, my Liege.
King Welcome brave Captaine, and victorious Lord
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I doe remember how my Father ſaid,
A ſtouter Champion never handled Sword.
Long ſince we were reſolved of your truth,
Your faithfull ſervice, and your toyle in Warre:
Yet never have you taſted our reward,
Or beene reguerdon'd with ſo much as Thankes,
Becauſe till now, we never ſaw your face,
Therefore ſtand up, and for theſe good deſerts,
We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,
And in our Coronation take your place.
Exeunt.

Manent Vernon and Baſſet.

Vern. Now Sir, to you that were ſo hot at Sea,
Diſgracing of theſe Colours that I weare,
In honor of my Noble Lord of Yorke,
Dar'ſt thou maintaine the former words thou ſpak'ſt?
Baſſ. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your ſawcie Tongue,
Againſt the Duke of Somerſet.
Vern. Sirrha, thy Lord I honor as he is.
Baſſ. Why what is he? as good a man as *Yorke*.
Vern. Hearke ye: not ſo: in witneſſe take ye that.
Strikes him.
Baſſ. Villaine, thou knoweſt
The Law of Armes is ſuch,
That who ſo drawes a Sword, 'tis preſent death,
Or elſe this Blow ſhould broach thy deareſt Bloud.
But Ile unto his Majeſtie, and crave,
I may have liberty to venge this Wrong,
When thou ſhalt ſee, Ile meet thee to thy coſt.
Vern. Well miſcreant, Ile be there as ſoone as you,
And after meete you, ſooner then you would.
Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter King, Gloceſter, Wincheſter, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerſet, Warwicke, Talbot, and Governor Exeter.

Glo. Lord Biſhop, ſet the Crowne upon his head.
Win. God ſave King *Henry* of that name the ſixt.
Glo. Now Governour of Paris take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Eſteeme none friends, but ſuch as are his Friends,
And none your Foes, but ſuch as ſhall pretend
Malicious practiſes againſt his State:
This ſhall ye do, ſo helpe you righteous God.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Fal. My gracious Soveraigne, as I rode from Calice,
To haſte unto your Coronation:
A Letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace, from th' Duke of Burgundy.
Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee:
I vow'd (baſe Knight) when I did meet thee next,
To teare the Garter from thy Cravens legge,
Which I have done, becauſe (unworthily)
Thou was't inſtalled in that High Degree.
Pardon me Princely *Henry*, and the reſt:
This Daſtard, at the battell of *Poictiers*,
When (but in all) I was ſixe thouſand ſtrong,
And that the French were almoſt ten to one,
Before we met, or that a ſtroke was given,
Like to a truſtie Squire, did run away.
In which aſſault, we loſt twelue hundred men.
My ſelfe, and divers Gentlemen beſide,
Were there ſurpriz'd, and taken priſoners.
Then iudge (great Lords) if I have done amiſſe:
Or whether that ſuch Cowards ought to weare
This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?
Glo. To ſay the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beſeeming any common man:
Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.
Tal. When firſt this Order was ordain'd my Lords,
Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;
Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughty Courage,
Such as were growne to credit by the warres:
Not fearing Death, nor ſhrinking for Diſtreſſe.
But alwayes reſolute, in moſt extreames.
He then, that is not furniſh'd in this ſort,
Doth but vſurpe the Sacred name of Knight,
Prophaning this moſt Honourable Order,
And ſhould (if I were worthy to be Iudge)
Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-Borne Swaine,
That doth preſume to boaſt of Gentle blood.
K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'ſt thy doom;
Be packing therefore, thou that waſt a knight:
Henceforth we baniſh thee on paine of death. *Exit.*
And now my Lord Protector view the Letter,
Sent from our Vncle Duke of Burgundy.
Glo. What meanes his Grace, that he hath chaung'd his Stile?
No more but plaine and bluntly? (*To the King.*)
Hath he forgot he is his Soueraigne?
Or doth this churliſh Superſcription
Pretend ſome alteration in good will?
What's heere? *I have upon eſpeciall cauſe,*
Mov'd with compaſſion of of my Countries wracke,
Together with the pittifull complaints
Of ſuch as your oppreſſion feedes upon,
Forſaken your pernitious Faction,
And ioyn'd with Charles, the rightfull king of France.
O monſtrous Treachery: Can this be ſo?
That in alliance, amity, and oathes,
There ſhould be found ſuch falſe diſſembling guile?
King. What? doth my Vncle Burgundy revolt?
Glo. He doth my Lord, and is become my foe.
King. Is that the worſt this letter doth containe?
Glo. It is the worſt, and all (my Lord) he writes.
King. Why then Lord *Talbot* there ſhal talke with him,
And giue him chaſticement for this abuſe.
How ſay you (my Lord) are you not content?
Tal. Content my Liege? Yes: but that I am prevented,
I ſhould have begg'd I might have bene employd.
King.. Then gather ſtrength, and march unto him ſtraight:
Let him perceive how ill we brooke his Treaſon,
And what offence it is to flout his Friends.
Tal. I go my Lord, in heart deſiring ſtill
You may behold confuſion of your foes.

Enter Vernon and Baſſet.

Ver. Grant me the Combate, gracious Soveraigne.
Baſ. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too.
Yorke. This is my Seruant, heare him Noble Prince.
Som. And this is mine (ſweet *Henry*) favour him.
King. Be patient Lords, and give them leave to ſpeake,
Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime
And wherefore crave you Combate? Or with whom?
Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.
Baſ. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.
King. What is that wrong whereon you both complain?
Firſt let me know, and then Ile anſwer you.
Baſ. Croſſing the Sea, from England into France,
This Fellow heere with carping tongue,
Vpbraided me about the Roſe I weare,
Saying, the ſanguine colour of the Leaves
Did preſent my Maſters bluſhing cheekes:
When ſtubbornly he did repugne the truth,
About a certaine queſtion in the Law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him:
With other vile and ignominious tearmes.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my Lords worthineſſe,
I craue the benefit of Law of Armes.
Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord:)
For though he ſeeme with forged queint conceite
To ſet a gloſſe upon his bold intent,
Yet know (my Lord) I was provok'd by him,
And he firſt tooke exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleneſſe of this Flower,
Bewray'd the faintneſſe of my Maſters heart.
Yorke. Will not this malice Somerſet be left?
Som. Your private grudge my Lord of Yorke, wil out,
Though ne're ſo cunningly you ſmother it.
King. Good Lord what madneſſe rules in braine-ſicke men,
When for ſo ſlight and frivolous a cauſe,
Such factions æmulations ſhall ariſe?
Good Couſins both of Yorke and Somerſet,
Quiet your ſelves, and be at peace,
Yorke. Let this diſſention firſt be tryed by fight,
And then your Highneſſe ſhal command a Peace.
Som. The quarrell toucheth none but us alone,
Betwixt our ſelves let us decide it then.
Yorke. There is my pledge, accept it Somerſet.
Ver. Nay, let it reſt where it began at firſt.

Baſſ. Confirme it ſo, mine honourable Lord.
Glo. Confirme it ſo? Confounded be your ſtrife,
And periſh ye with your audacious prate,
Preſumptuous vaſſals, are you not aſham'd
With this immodeſt clamorous outrage,
To trouble and diſturbe the King, and Vs?
And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well
To beare with their perverſe Objections:
Much leſſe to take occaſion from their mouthes,
To raiſe a mutiny betwixt your ſelves:
Let me perſwade you take a better courſe.
Exet. It grieves his Highneſſe,
Good my Lords, be friends.
King. Come hither you that would be Combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cauſe.
And you my Lords: Remember where we are,
In France, amongſt a fickle wavering Nation:
If they perceive diſſention in our lookes,
And that within our ſelves we diſagree;
How will their grudging ſtomackes be provok'd
To wilfull Diſobedience, and Rebell?
Beſide, What infamy will there ariſe,
When Forraigne Princes ſhall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henries* Peeres, and chiefe Nobility,
Deſtroy'd themſelves, and loſt the Realme of France?
Oh thinke upon the Conqueſt of my Father,
My tender yeares, and let us not forgoe
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.
Let me be Vmper in this doubtfull ſtrife:
I ſee no reaſon if I weare this Roſe,
That any one ſhould therefore be ſuſpitious
I more incline to Somerſet, then Yorke:
Both are my kinſmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbray'd me with my Crowne,
Becauſe (forſooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd.
But your diſcretions better can perſwade,
Then I am able to inſtruct or teach:
And therefore as we hither came in peace,
So let us ſtill continue peace and love.
Coſin of Yorke, we inſtitute your Grace
To be our Regent in theſe parts of France:
And good my Lord of Somerſet, unite
Your troopes of horſemen, with his Bands of foote,
And like true Subjects, ſonnes of your Progenitors,
Go cheerefully together, and digeſt
Your angry Choller on your Enemies.
Our Selfe, my Lord Protector, and the reſt,
After ſome reſpit will returne to Calice;
From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be preſented by your Victories,
With *Charles*, *Alanſon*, and that Traiterous rout.
Exeunt. Manet Yorke, Warwicke, Exeter, Vernon.
War. My Lord of Yorke, I promiſe you the King
Prettyly (me thought) did play the Orator.)
Yorke. And ſo he did, but yet I like it not,
In that he weares the badge of Somerſet.
War. Tuſh, that was but his fancie, blame him not,
I dare preſume (ſweet Prince) he thought no harme.
Yorke. And if I wiſh he did. But let it reſt,
Other affayres muſt now be managed. *Exeunt.*
Flouriſh. Manet Exeter.
Exet. Well didſt thou *Richard* to ſuppreſſe thy voyce:
For had the paſſions of thy heart burſt out,
I feare we ſhould have ſeene decipher'd there
More rancorous ſpight, more furious raging broyles,
Then yet can be imagin'd or ſuppos'd:
But howſoere, no ſimple man that ſees
This iarring diſcord of Nobilitie,
This ſhouldering of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their Favourites,
But that it doth preſage ſome ill event.
'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands:
But more, when Envy breeds unkinde deviſion. *Exit.*
Then comes the ruine, there begins confuſion.

Enter Talbot with Trumpet and Drumme,
before Burdeaux.

Talb. Go to the Gates of Burdeaux, Trumpeter,
Summon their Generall unto the Wall. *Sounds.*
Enter Generall aloft.
Engliſh *Iohn Talbot* (Captaines) calls you forth,
Servant in Armes to *Harry* King of England,
And thus he would. Open your City Gates,
Be humbled to us, call my Soveraigne yours,
And do him homage as obedient Subjects;
And Ile withdraw me, and my bloody power.
But if you frowne upon this proffer'd Peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire,
Who in a moment, even with the earth,
Shall lay your ſtately, and ayre-braving Towers,
If you forſake the offer of their love.
Cap. Thou ominous and fearefull Owle of death,
Our Nations terror, and their bloody ſcourge,
The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,
On us thou canſt not enter but by death:
For I proteſt we are well fortified,
And ſtrong enough to iſſue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,
Stands with the ſnares of Warre to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are ſquadrons pitcht,
To wall thee from the liberty of Flight;
Ten thouſand French have tane the Sacrament,
And no way canſt thou turne thee for redreſſe,
But death doth front thee with apparant ſpoyle,
And pale deſtruction meetes thee in the face:
To ryue their dangerous Artillerie
Vpon no Chriſtian ſoule but Engliſh *Talbot*:
Loe, there thou ſtandſt a breathing valiant man
Of an invincible unconquer'd ſpirit:
This is the lateſt Glorie of thy prayſe,
That I thy enemy dew thee withall:
For ere the Glaſſe that now begins to runne,
Finiſh the proceſſe of his ſandy houre,
Theſe eyes that ſee thee now well coloured,
Shall ſee thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.
Drum a farre off.
Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,
Sings heavy Muſicke to thy timorous ſoule,
And mine ſhall ring thy dire departure out. *Exit.*
Tal. He Fables not, I heare the enemie:
Out ſome light Horſemen, and peruſe their Wings.
O negligent and heedleſſe Diſcipline,
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere,
Maz'd with a yelping kennell of French Curres.
If we be Engliſh Deere, be then in blood,
Not Raſcall-like to fall downe with a pinch,
But rather moodie mad: And deſperate Stagges,

Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,
And make the Cowards ſtand aloofe at bay:
Sell every man his life as deere as mine,
And they ſhall finde deere Deere of us my Friends.
God, and S. *George*, *Talbot* and Englands right,
Proſper our Colors in this dangerous fight. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Meſſenger that meets Yorke. Enter Yorke with Trumpet, and many Souldiers.

Yorke. Are not the ſpeedy ſcouts return'd againe,
That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?
Meſſ. They are return'd my Lord, and give it out,
That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power
To fight with *Talbot*: as he march'd along,
By your eſpyals were diſcovered
Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,
Which joyn'd with him, and made their march for (Burdeaux
Yorke. A plague upon that Villaine Somerſet,
That thus delayes my promiſed ſupply
Of horſemen, that were levied for this ſiege.
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my ayde,
And I am lowted by a Traitor Villaine,
And cannot helpe the noble Chevalier:
God comfort him in this neceſſity:
If he miſcarry, farewell Warres in France.

Enter another Meſſenger.

2.*Meſ.* Thou Princely Leader of our Engliſh ſtrength,
Never ſo needfull on the earth of France,
Spurre to the reſcue of the Noble *Talbot*,
Who now is girdled with a waſte of Iron,
And hem'd about with grim deſtruction:
To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux Yorke,
Elſe farwell *Talbot*, France, and Englands honor.
Yorke. O God, that Somerſet who in proud heart
Doth ſtop my Cornets, were in *Talbots* place,
So ſhould we ſave a valiant Gentleman,
By forfeyting a Traitor and a Coward:
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepe,
That thus we dye, while remiſſe Traitors ſleepe.
Meſ. O ſend ſome ſuccour to the diſtreſt Lord.
Yorke. He dies, we loſe: I breake my warlike word:
We mourne, France ſmiles: We loſe, they dayly get,
All long of this vile Traitor Somerſet.
Meſ. Then God take mercy on brave *Talbots* ſoule,
And on his Sonne yong *Iohn*, who two hours ſince,
I met in travaile towards his warlike Father;
This ſeaven yeeres did not *Talbot* ſee his ſonne,
And now they meet where both their lives are done.
Yorke. Alas, what joy ſhall noble *Talbot* have,
To bid his yong ſonne welcome to his Grave:
Away, vexation almoſt ſtoppes my breath,
That ſundred friends greete in the houre of death.
Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can,
But curſe the cauſe I cannot ayde the man.
Maine, *Bloys*, *Poytiers*, and *Toures*, are wonne away,
Long all of Somerſet, and his delay. *Exit.*
Meſ. Thus while the Vulture of ſedition,
Feedes in the boſome of ſuch great Commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loſſe:
The Conqueſt of our ſcarſe-cold Conqueror,
That ever-living man of Memorie,
Henrie the fift: Whiles they each other croſſe,
Lives, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to loſſe. *Exit.*

Enter Somerſet with his Armie.

Som. It is too late, I cannot ſend them now:
This expedition was by *Yorke* and *Talbot*,
Too raſhly plotted. All our generall force,
Might with a ſally of the very Towne
Be buckled with: the over-daring *Talbot*
Hath ſullied all his gloſſe of former Honor
By this unheedfull, deſperate, wilde adventure:
Yorke ſet him on to fight, and dye in ſhame,
That *Talbot* dead, great *Yorke* might beare the name.
Cap. Heere is Sir *William Lucie*, who with me
Set from our ore-matcht forces forth for ayde.
Som. How now Sir *William*, whither were you ſent?
Lu. Whither my Lord, from bought and ſold L. *Talbot*,
Who ring'd about with bold adverſitie,
Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerſet,
To beate aſſayling death from his weake Regions;
And whiles the honourable Captaine there
Drops bloody ſwet from his warre-wearied limbes,
And in advantage lingring lookes for reſcue,
You his falſe hopes, the truſt of Englands honour,
Keepe off aloofe with worthleſſe emulation:
Let not your private diſcord keepe away
The levied ſuccours that ſhall lend him ayde,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yeelds up his life unto a world of oddes.
Orleance the Baſtard, *Charles*, and *Burgundie*,
Alanſon, *Reignard*, compaſſe him about,
And *Talbot* periſheth by your default.
Som. Yorke ſet him on, Yorke ſhould have ſent him ayde.
Luc. And Yorke as faſt upon your Grace exclaimes,
Swearing that you with-hold his levied hoaſt,
Collected for this expedition.
Som. York lyes: He might have ſent, & had the Horſe:
I owe him little Dutie, and leſſe Love,
And take foule ſcorne to fawne on him by ſending.
Lu. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded *Talbot*:
Never to England ſhall he beare his life,
But dies betraid to fortune by your ſtrife.
Som. Come go, I will diſpatch the Horſemen ſtrait:
Within ſixe houres, they will be at his ayde.
Lu. Too late comes reſcue, he is tane or ſlaine,
For flye he could not, if he would have fled:
And flye would *Talbot* never though he might.
Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot* then adieu.
Lu. His fame lives in the world. His ſhame in you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tal. O young *Iohn Talbot*, I did ſend for thee
To tutor thee in ſtratagems of Warre,
That *Talbots* name might be in thee reviv'd,
When ſapleſſe Age, and weake unable limbes
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
But O malignant and ill-boading Starres,
Now thou art come unto a Feaſt of death,
A terrible and unavoyded danger:
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my ſwifteſt horſe,
And Ile direct thee how thou ſhalt eſcape
By ſodaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone.
Iohn. Is my name *Talbot*? and am I your Sonne?

And ſhall I flye? O, if you love my Mother,
Diſhonor not her Honorable Name,
To make a Baſtard, and a Slave of me:
The World will ſay, he is not *Talbots* blood,
That baſely fled, when Noble *Talbot* ſtood.
Talb. Flye, to revenge my death, if I be ſlaine.
Iohn. He that flyes ſo, will ne're returne againe.
Talb. If we both ſtay, we both are ſure to dye.
Iohn. Then let me ſtay, and Father doe you flye:
Your loſſe is great, ſo your regard ſhould be;
My worth unknowne, no loſſe is knowne in me.
Vpon my death, the French can little boaſt;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are loſt.
Flight cannot ſtayne the Honor you have wonne,
But mine it will, that no Exploit have done.
You fled for Vantage, every one will ſweare:
But if I bow, they'le ſay it was for feare.
There is no hope that ever I will ſtay,
If the firſt howre I ſhrinke and run away:
Here on my knee I begge Mortality,
Rather then Life, preſerv'd with Infamy.
Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?
Iohn. I, rather then Ile ſhame my Mothers Wombe.
Talb. Vpon my Bleſſing I command thee goe.
Iohn. To fight I will, but not to flye the Foe.
Talb. Part of thy Father may be ſav'd in thee.
Iohn. No part of him, but will be ſhame in mee.
Talb. Thou never hadſt Renowne, nor canſt not loſe it.
Iohn. Yes, your renowned Name: ſhall flight abuſe it?
Tal. Thy Fathers charge ſhal cleare thee from yͤ ſtaine.
Iohn. You cannot witneſſe for me, being ſlaine.
If Death be ſo apparant, then both flye.
Talb. And leave my followers here to fight and dye?
My Age was never tainted with ſuch ſhame.
Iohn. And ſhall my Youth be guilty of ſuch blame?
No more can I be ſevered from your ſide,
Then can your ſelfe, your ſelfe in twaine divide:
Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;
For live I will not, if my Father dye.
Talb. Then here I take my leave of thee, faire Sonne,
Borne to eclipſe thy Life this afternoone:
Come, ſide by ſide, together live and dye,
And Soule with Soule from France to Heaven flye.
Exeunt.

Alarum: Excurſions, wherein Talbots Sonne is hemm'd about, and Talbot reſcues him.

Talb. Saint *George*, and Victory; fight Souldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his Sword.
Where is *Iohn Talbot*? pawſe, and take thy breath,
I gave thee Life, and reſcu'd thee from Death.
Iohn. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:
The Life thou gav'ſt me firſt, was loſt and done,
Till with thy Warlike Sword, deſpight of Fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'ſt new date.
Talb. When from the *Dolphins* Creſt thy Sword ſtruck (fire,
It warm'd thy Fathers heart with prowd deſire
Of bold-fac't Victory. Then Leaden Age,
Quicken'd with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage,
Beat downe *Alanſon, Orleance; Burgundie*,
And from the Pride of Gallia reſcued thee.
The irefull Baſtard *Orleance*, that drew blood
From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood
Of thy firſt fight, I ſoone encountred,
And interchanging blowes, I quickly ſhed
Some of his Baſtard blood, and in diſgrace
Beſpoke him thus: Contaminated, baſe,
And mis-begotten blood, I ſpill of thine,
Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didſt force from *Talbot*, my brave Boy.
Here purpoſing the Baſtard to deſtroy,
Came in ſtrong reſcue. Speake thy Fathers care:
Art thou not weary *Iohn*? How do'ſt thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the Battaile, Boy, and flie,
Now thou art ſeal'd the Sonne of Chivalry?
Flye, to revenge my death when I am dead,
The helpe of one ſtands me in little ſtead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one ſmall Boat.
If I to day dye not with Frenchmens Rage,
To morrow I ſhall dye with mickle Age.
By me they nothing gaine, and if I ſtay,
'Tis but the ſhortning of my Life one day.
In thee thy Mother dyes, our Houſeholds Name,
My Deaths Revenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame:
All theſe, and more, we hazard by thy ſtay;
All theſe are ſav'd, if thou wilt flye away.
Iohn. The Sword of *Orleance* hath not made me ſmart,
Theſe words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.
On that aduantage, bought with ſuch a ſhame,
To ſave a paltry Life, and ſlay bright Fame,
Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* flye,
The Coward Horſe that beares me, fall and dye:
And like me to the peſant Boyes of France,
To be Shames ſcorne, and ſubject of Miſchance.
Surely, by all the Glory you have wonne,
And if I flye, I am not *Talbots* Sonne.
Then talke no more of flight, it is no boot,
If Sonne to *Talbot*, dye at *Talbots* foot.
Talb. Then follow thou thy deſp'rate Syre of Creet,
Thou *Icarus*, thy Life to me is ſweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers ſide,
And commendable prov'd, let's dye in pride. *Exit.*

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter old Talbot led.

Talb. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.
O, where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *Iohn*?
Triumphant Death, ſmear'd with Captivity,
Young *Talbots* Valour makes me ſmile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me ſhrinke, and on my Knee,
His bloody Sword he brandiſht over mee,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
Rough deeds of Rage, and ſterne Impatience:
But when my angry Guardant ſtood alone,
Tendring my ruine, and aſſayl'd of none,
Dizzie-ey'd Fury, and great rage of Heart,
Suddenly made him from my ſide to ſtart
Into the cluſtring Battaile of the French:
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His over-mounting Spirit; and there di'de
My *Icarus*, my Bloſſome, in his pride.

Enter with Iohn Talbot, borne.

Serv. O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne.
Ta. Thou antique Death, which laugh'ſt us here to ſcorn,
Anon from thy inſulting Tyrannie,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two *Talbots* winged through the lither Skie,
In thy deſpight ſhall ſcape Mortality.
O thou whoſe wounds become hard favoured death,

Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,
Brave death by ſpeaking, whither he will or no:
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe.
Poore Boy, he ſmiles, me thinkes, as who ſhould ſay,
Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.
Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,
My ſpirit can no longer beare theſe harmes.
Souldiers adieu: I have what I would have,
Now my old armes are yong *Iohn Talbots* grave. *Dyes.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, Burgundie, Baſtard, and Pucell.

Char. Had Yorke and Somerſet brought reſcue in,
We ſhould have found a bloody day of this.
Baſt. How the yong whelpe of *Talbots* raging wood,
Did fleſh his puny-ſword in Frenchmens blood.
Puc. Once I encountred him, and thus I ſaid:
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquiſht by a Maide.
But with a provd Majeſticall high ſcorne
He anſwer'd thus: Yong *Talbot* was not borne
To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtleſſe he would have made a noble Knight:
See where he lyes inherced in the armes
Of the moſt bloody Nutſſer of his harmes.
Baſt. Hew them to peeces, hack their bones aſſunder,
Whoſe life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.
Char. Oh no forbeare: For that which we have fled
During the life, let us not Wrong it dead.
Enter Lucy.
Lu. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what ſubmiſſive meſſage art thou ſent?
Lucy. Submiſſion Dolphin? Tis a meere French word:
We Engliſh Warriours wot not what it meanes.
I come to know what Priſoners thou haſt tane,
And to ſurvey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For priſoners askſt thou? Hell our priſon is.
But tell me whom thou ſeek'ſt?
Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord *Talbot* Earle of Shrewsbury?
Created for his rare ſucceſſe in Armes,
Great Earle of *Waſhford, Waterford,* and *Valence,*
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Vrchinfield,*
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere,* Lord *Verdon* of *Alton,*
Lord *Cromwell* of *Wingefield,* Lord *Furnivall* of *Sheffeild,*
The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge,*
Knight of the Noble Order of S. *George,*
Worthy S. *Michael,* and the *Golden Fleece,*
Great Marſhall to our King *Henry* the ſixt,
Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.
Puc. Heere's a ſilly ſtately ſtile indeede:
The Turke that two and fifty Kingdomes hath,
Writes not ſo tedious a Stile as this.
Him that thou magnifi'ſt with all theſe Titles,
Stinking and fly-blowne lyes heere at our feete.
Lucy. Is *Talbot* ſlaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge,
Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke *Nemeſis?*
Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might ſhoot them at your faces.
Oh, that I could but call theſe dead to life,
It were enough to fright the Realme of France.
Were but his Picture left amongſt you here,
It would amaze the prowdeſt of you all.
Give me their Bodyes, that I may beare them hence,
And give them Buriall, as beſeemes their worth.
Puc. I thinke this upſtart is old *Talbots* Ghoſt,
He ſpeakes with ſuch a proud commanding ſpirit:
For Gods ſake let him have him; to keepe them here,
They would but ſtinke, and putrifie the ayre.
Char. Go take their bodies hence.
Lucy. Ile beare them hence: but from their aſhes ſhall be reard
A Phœnix that ſhall make all France affear'd.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with them what yͧ wilt.
And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbot's* ſlaine. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter King, Gloceſter, and Exeter.

King. Have you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earle of Arminack?
Glo. I have my Lord, and their intent is this,
They humbly ſue vnto your Excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France.
King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only meanes
To ſtop effuſion of our Chriſtian blood,
And ſtabliſh quietneſſe on every ſide.
King. I marry Vnckle, for I alwayes thought
It was both impious and unnaturall,
That ſuch immanity and bloody ſtrife
Should reigne among Profeſſors of one Faith.
Glo. Beſide my Lord, the ſooner to effect,
And ſurer binde this knot of amitie,
The Earle of Arminacke neere knit to *Charles,*
A man of great Authority in France,
Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace,
In marriage, with a large and ſumptuous Dowry.
King. Marriage Vnckle? Alas my yeares are yong:
And fitter is my ſtudy, and my Bookes,
Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
Yet call th'Embaſſadors, and as you pleaſe,
So let them have their anſweres every one:
I ſhall be well content with any choyce
Tends to Gods glory, and Countries weale.

Enter Wincheſter, and three Ambaſſadors.

Exet. What, is my Lord of *Wincheſter* inſtall'd,
And call'd unto a Cardinalls degree?
Then I perceive, that will be verified
Henry the Fift did ſometime propheſie.
If once he come to be a Cardinall,
Hee'l make his cap coequall with the Crowne.
King. My Lords Ambaſſadors, your ſeverall ſuites
Have bin conſider'd and debated on,
Your purpoſe is both good and reaſonable:
And therefore are we certainly reſolv'd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,

Which by my Lord Wincheſter we meane
Shall be tranſported preſently to France.
Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Maiſter,
I have inform'd his Highneſſe ſo at large,
As liking of the Ladies vertuous gifts,
Her Beauty, and the valew of her Dower,
He doth intend ſhe ſhall be Englands Queene.
King. In argument and proofe of which contract,
Beare her this Iewell, pledge of my affection.
And ſo my Lord Protector ſee them guarded,
And ſafely brought to *Dover*, wherein ſhip'd
Commit them to the fortune of the ſea. *Exeunt.*
Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you ſhall firſt receive
The ſumme of money which I promiſed
Should be delivered to his Holineſſe,
For cloathing me in theſe grave Ornaments.
Legat. I will attend upon your Lordſhips leyſure,
Win. Now Wincheſter will not ſubmit, I trow,
Or be inferiour to the proudeſt Peere;
Humfrey of Gloſter, thou ſhalt well perceive,
That neither in birth, or for authority,
The Biſhop will be over-borne by thee:
Ile either make thee ſtoope, and bend thy knee,
Or ſacke this Country with a mutiny. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanſon, Baſtard,
Reignier, and Ione.

Char. Theſe newes (my Lords) may cheere our drooping ſpirits:
'Tis ſaid, the ſtout Pariſians do revolt,
And returne againe unto the warlike French.
Alan. Then march to Paris Royall *Charles* of France,
And keepe not backe your power in dalliance.
Puc. Peace be amongſt them if they turne to us,
Elſe ruine combate with their Pallaces.
Enter Scout.
Scout. Succeſſe unto our valiant Generall,
And happineſſe to his accomplices.
Char. What tidings ſend our Scouts? I prethee ſpeak,
Scout. The Engliſh Army that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoyn'd in one,
And meanes to give you battell preſently.
Char. Somewhat too ſodaine Sirs, the warning is,
But we will preſently provide for them.
Bur. I truſt the Ghoſt of *Talbot* is not there:
Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not feare.
Puc. Of all baſe paſſions, Feare is moſt accurſt.
Command the Conqueſt *Charles*, it ſhall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.
Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.
Exeunt. Alarum. Excurſions.

Enter Ione de Pucell.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye.
Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapts,
And ye choyſe ſpirits that admoniſh me,
And give me ſignes of future accidents. *Thunder.*
You ſpeedy helpers, that are ſubſtitutes
Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.
Enter Fiends.
This ſpeedy and quicke appearance argues proofe
Of your accuſtom'd diligence to me.
Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerfull Regions under earth,
Helpe me this once, that France may get the field.
They walke, and ſpeake not.
Oh hold me not with ſilence over-long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
Ile lop a member off, and give it you,
In earneſt of a further benefit:
So you do condeſcend to helpe me now.
They hang their heads.
No hope to have redreſſe? My body ſhall
Pay recompence, if you will graunt my ſuite,
They ſhake their heads.
Cannot my body, nor blood-ſacrifice,
Intreate you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my ſoule; my body, ſoule, and all,
Before that England give the French the foyle.
They depart.
See, they forſake me. Now the time is come,
That France muſt vale her lofty plumed Creſt,
And let her head fall into Englands lappe.
My ancient Incantations are too weake,
And hell too ſtrong for me to buckle with:
Now France, thy glory droopeth to the duſt. *Exit.*

Excurſions. Burgundy and Yorke fight hand to hand. French flye.

Yorke. Damſell of France, I thinke I have you faſt,
Vnchaine your ſpirits now with ſpelling Charmes,
And try if they can gaine your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the divels grace.
See how the ugly Witch doth bend her browes,
As if with *Circe*, ſhe would change my ſhape.
Puc. Chang'd to a worſer ſhape thou canſt not be:
Yor. Oh, *Charles* the Dolphin is a proper man,
No ſhape but his can pleaſe your dainty eye.
Puc. A plaguing miſcheefe light on *Charles*, and thee,
And may ye both be ſodainly ſurpriz'd
By bloudy hands, in ſleeping on your beds.
Yorke. Fell banning Hagge, Inchantreſſe hold thy tongue.
Puc. I prethee give me leave to curſe awhile.
Yor. Curſe Miſcreant, when thou comſt to the ſtake
Exeunt.
Alarum. Enter Suffolke with Margaret in his hand.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my priſoner.
Gazes on her.
Oh Faireſt Beauty, do not feare, nor flye:
For I will touch thee but with reverend hands,
I kiſſe theſe fingers for eternall peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender ſide.
Who art thou, ſay? that I may honor thee.
Mar. *Margaret* my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, who ſo ere thou art.
Suf. And Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd.
Be not offended Natures myracle,
Thou art alotted to be tane by me:
So doth the Swan her downy Cignets ſave,

Keeping them priſoner underneath hir wings:
Yet if this ſervile uſage once offend,
Go,and be free againe,as Suffolkes friend. *She is going.*
Oh ſtay:I have no power to let her paſſe,
My hand would free her, but my heart ſayes no.
As playes the Sunne upon the glaſſie ſtreames,
Twinkling another counterfetted beame,
So ſeemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes,
Faine would I wooe her, yet I dare not ſpeake:
Ile call for Pen and Inke,and write my minde:
Fye *De la Pole*,diſable not thy ſelfe:
Haſt not a Tongue? Is ſhe not heere thy priſoner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans ſight?
I:Beauties Princely Majeſty is ſuch,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the ſenſes rough.
Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke,if thy name be ſo,
What ranſome muſt I pay before I paſſe?
For I perceive I am thy priſoner.
Suf. How canſt thou tell ſhe will deny thy ſuite,
Before thou make a triall of her love?
M. Why ſpeak'ſt thou not? What ranſom muſt I pray?
Suf. She's beautifull; and therefore to be Wooed:
She is a Woman;therefore to be Wonne.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ranſome,yea or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou haſt a wife,
Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?
Mar. I were beſt to leave him,for he will not heare.
Suf. There all is marr'd:there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talkes at randon:ſure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a diſpenſation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would anſwer me:
Suf. Ile win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom?
Why for my King: Tuſh,that's a woodden thing.
Mar. He talkes of wood: It is ſome Carpenter.
Suf. Yet ſo my fancy may be ſatisfied,
And peace eſtabliſhed betweene theſe Realmes.
But there remaines a ſcruple in that too:
For though her Father be the King of *Naples*,
Duke of *Anjou* and *Mayne*,yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will ſcorne the match.
Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leaſure?
Suf. It ſhall be ſo,diſdaine they ne're ſo much:
Henry is youthfull,and will quickly yeeld.
Madam,I have a ſecret to reveale.
Mar. What though I be inthral'd, he ſeems a knight,
And will not any way diſhonor me.
Suf. Lady,vouchſafe to liſten what I ſay.
Mar. Perhaps I ſhall be reſcu'd by the French,
And then I need not crave his curteſie.
Suf. Sweet Madam,give me hearing in a cauſe.
Mar. Tuſh, women have bene captivate ere now.
Suf. Lady,wherefore talke you ſo?
Mar. I cry you mercy,'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.
Suf. Say gentle Princeſſe,would you not ſuppoſe
Your bondage happy,to be made a Queene?
Mar. To be a Queene in bondage,is more vile,
Than is a ſlave,in baſe ſervility:
For Princes ſhould be free.
Suf. And ſo ſhall you,
If happy Englands Royall King be free.
Mar. Why what concernes his freedome unto mee?
Suf. Ile undertake to make thee *Henries* Queene,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand
And ſet a precious Crowne upon thy head,
If thou wilt condeſcend to be my———
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be *Henries* wife.
Suf. No gentle Madam, I unworthy am
To wooe ſo faire a Dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice my ſelfe.
How ſay you Madam,are ye ſo content?
Mar. And if my Father pleaſe, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,
And Madam,at your Fathers Caſtle walles,
Wee'l crave a parley,to conferre with him.

Sound. Enter Reignier on the Walles.

See *Reignier* ſee,thy daughter priſoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolke, what remedy?
I am a Souldier, and unapt to weepe,
Or to exclaime on Fortunes fickleneſſe.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
Conſent,and for thy Honor give conſent,
Thy daughter ſhall be wedded to my King,
Whom I with paine have wooed and wonne thereto:
And this her eaſie held impriſonment,
Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely liberty.
Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinkes?
Suf. Faire *Margaret* knowes,
That Suffolke doth not flatter,face,or faine.
Reig. Vpon thy Princely warrant,I deſcend,
To give thee anſwer of thy juſt demand.
Suf. And heere I will expect thy comming.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Reignier.

Reig. Welcome brave Earle into our Territories,
Command in *Anjou* what your Honor pleaſes.
Suf. Thankes *Reignier*,happy for ſo ſweet a Childe,
Fit to be made companion with a King:
What anſwer makes your Grace unto my ſuite?
Reig. Since thou doſt daigne to wooe her little worth,
To be the Princely Bride of ſuch a Lord:
Vpon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine owne,the Country *Maine* and *Anjou*,
Free from oppreſſion,or the ſtroke of Warre,
My daughter ſhall be *Henries*,if he pleaſe.
Suf. That is her ranſome, I deliver her,
And thoſe two Counties I will undertake
Your Grace ſhall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I againe in *Henries* Royall name,
As Deputy unto that gracious King,
Give thee her hand for ſigne of plighted faith.
Suf. *Reignier* of France, I give thee Kingly thankes,
Becauſe this is in Trafficke of a King.
And yet me thinkes I could be well content
To be mine owne Atturney in this caſe.
Ile over then to England with this newes,
And make this marriage to be ſolemniz'd:
So farewell *Reignier*,ſet this Diamond ſafe
In Golden Pallaces as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee,as I would embrace
The Chriſtian Prince King *Henry* were he heere.
Mar. Farewell my Lord,good wiſhes,praiſe,& prayers,
Shall Suffolke ever have of *Margaret*. *Shee is going.*
Suf. Farewel ſweet Madam:but hearke you *Margaret*,
No Princely commendations to my King?
Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
A Virgin,and his Servant,ſay to him.
Suf. Words ſweetly plac'd,and modeſtly directed,

But Madame, I muſt trouble you againe,
No loving Token to his Majeſty?
Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure unſpotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I ſend the King.
Suf. And this withall. *Kiſſe her.*
Mar. That for thy ſelfe, I will not ſo preſume,
To ſend ſuch peeviſh tokens to a King.
Suf. Oh wert thou for my ſelfe: but *Suffolke* ſtay,
Thou mayeſt not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotaurs and ugly Treaſons lurke.
Solicite *Henry* with her wonderous praiſe,
Bethinke thee on her Vertues that ſurmount,
Made naturall Graces that extinguiſh Art,
Repeate their ſemblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'ſt to kneele at *Henries* feete,
Thou mayeſt bereave him of his wits with wonder. *Exit.*

Enter Yorke, Warwicke, Shepheard, Pucell.

Yor. Bring forth that Sorcereſſe condemn'd to burne.
Shep. Ah *Ione*, this kils thy Fathers heart out-right,
Have I ſought every Countrey farre and neere,
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
Muſt I behold thy timeleſſe cruell death:
Ah *Ione*, ſweet daughter Ile die with thee.
Puc. Decrepit Miſer, baſe ignoble Wretch,
I am deſcended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out: My Lords, and pleaſe you, 'tis not ſo,
I did beget her, all the Pariſh knowes:
Her Mother liveth yet, can teſtifie
She was the firſt fruite of my Bach'ler-ſhip.
War. Graceleſſe, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?
Yor. This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,
Wicked and vile, and ſo her death concludes.
Shep. Fye *Ione*, that thou wilt be ſo obſtacle:
God knowes, thou art a collop of my fleſh,
And for thy ſake have I ſhed many a teare:
Deny me not, I prythee, gentle *Ione*.
Puc. Pezant avant. You have ſuborn'd this man
Of purpoſe, to obſcure my Noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a Noble to the Prieſt,
The morne that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneele downe and take my bleſſing, good my Gyrle.
Wilt thou not ſtoope? Now curſed be the time
Of thy nativity: I would the Milke
Thy mother gave thee when thou ſuck'dſt her breſt,
Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy ſake.
Or elſe, when thou didſt keepe my Lambes a field,
I wiſh ſome ravenous Wolfe had eaten thee.
Doeſt thou deny thy Father, curſed Drab?
O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good. *Exit.*
Yor. Take her away, for ſhe hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puc. Firſt let me tell you whom you have condemn'd;
Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine,
But iſſued from the Progeny of Kings.
Vertuous and Holy, choſen from above,
By inſpiration of Celeſtiall Grace,
To worke exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked Spirits,
But you that are polluted with your luſtes,
Stain'd with the guiltleſſe blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thouſand Vices:
Becauſe you want the grace that others have,
You judge it ſtraight a thing impoſſible
To compaſſe Wonders, but by helpe of divels.
No miſconceived, *Ione* of *Aire* hath beene
A Virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaſte, and immaculate in very thought,
Whoſe Maiden-blood thus rigorouſly effus'd,
Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heaven.
Yor. I, I: away with her to execution.
War. and hearke ye ſirs: becauſe ſhe is a Maide,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrelles of pitch upon the fatall ſtake,
That ſo her torture may be ſhortned.
Puc. Will nothing turne your unrelenting hearts?
Then *Ione* diſcovet thine infirmity,
That warranteth by Law, to be thy priviledge.
I am with childe ye bloody Homicides:
Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
Yor. Now heaven forfend, the holy Maid with child?
War. The greateſt miracle that ere ye wrought:
Is all your ſtrict preciſeneſſe come to this?
Yor. She and the Dolphin have bin jugling,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well go to, we will have no Baſtards live,
Eſpecially ſince *Charles* muſt Father it.
Puc. You are deceiv'd, my childe is none of his,
It was *Alanſon* that injoy'd my love.
Yor. *Alanſon* that notorious Machevile?
It dyes, and if it had a thouſand lives.
Puc. Oh give me leave, I have deluded you,
'Twas neither *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that prevail'd.
War. A married man! that's moſt intollerable.
Yor. Why here's a Gyrle: I thinke ſhe knowes not wel
(There were ſo many) whom ſhe may accuſe.
War. It's ſigne ſhe had beene liberall and free.
Yor. And yet forſooth ſhe is a Virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee.
Vſe no intreaty, for it is in vaine.
Pu. Then lead me hence: with whom I leave my curſe.
May never glorious Sunne reflex his beames
Vpon the Countrey where you make abode:
But darkneſſe, and the gloomy ſhade of death
Inviron you, till Miſcheefe and Deſpaire,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang your ſelves. *Exit.*

Enter Cardinall.

Yor. Breake thou in peeces, and conſume to aſhes,
You fowle accurſed miniſter of Hell.
Car. Lord Regent, I do greete your Excellence
With Letters of Commiſſion from the King.
For know my Lords, the States of Chriſtendome,
Mov'd with remorſe of theſe out-ragious broyles,
Have earneſtly implor'd a generall peace,
Betwixt our Nation, and th'aſpyring French;
And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine
Approacheth, to conferre about ſome matters.
Yor. Is all our travell turn'd to this effect,
After the ſlaughter of ſo many Peeres,
So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Souldiers,
That in this quarrell have beeene overthrowne,
And ſold their bodies for their Countries benefit,
Shall we at laſt conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not loſt moſt part of all the Townes,
By treaſon, Falſhood, and by Treachery,
Our great Progenitors had conquered?
Oh Warwicke, Warwicke, I foreſee with greefe
The utter loſſe of all the Realme of France.
War. Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace

It ſhall be with ſuch ſtrict and ſevere Covenants,
As little ſhall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, Baſtard, Reignier.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull truce ſhall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by your ſelves,
What the conditions of that league muſt be.
Yor. Speake Wincheſter, for boyling choller chokes
The hollow paſſage of my poyſon'd voice,
By ſight of theſe our balefull enemies.
Win. Charles, and the reſt, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* gives conſent,
Of meere compaſſion, and of lenity,
To eaſe your Country of diſtreſſefull Warre,
And ſuffer you to breathe in fruitfull peace,
You ſhall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.
And *Charles*, upon condition thou wilt ſweare
To pay him tribute, and ſubmit thy ſelfe,
Thou ſhalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
And ſtill enjoy thy Regall dignity.
Alan. Muſt he be then as ſhadow of himſelfe?
Adorne his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in ſubſtance and authority,
Retaine but priviledge of a private man?
This proffer is abſurd, and reaſonleſſe.
Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am poſſeſt
With more then halfe the Gallian Territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawfull King.
Shall I for lucre of the reſt un-vanquiſht,
Detract ſo much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No Lord Ambaſſador, Ile rather keepe
That which I have, than coveting for more
Be caſt from poſſibility of all.
Yor. Inſulting *Charles*, haſt thou by ſecret meanes
Vs'd interceſſion to obtaine a league,
And now the matter growes to compremize,
Stand'ſt thou aloofe upon Compariſon.
Either accept the Title thou uſurp'ſt,
Of benefit proocceding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Deſert,
Or we will plague thee with inceſſant Warres.
Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obſtinacy,
To cavill in the courſe of this Contract:
If onceit be neglected, ten to one
We ſhall not finde like opportunity.
Alan. To ſay the truth, it is your policy,
To ſave your Subiects from ſuch maſſacre
And ruthleſſe ſlaughters as are daily ſeene
By our proceeding in Hoſtility.
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you breake it, when your pleaſure ſerves.
War. How ſayſt thou *Charles?*
Shall our Condition ſtand?
Char. It Shall:
Onely reſerv'd, you claime no intereſt
In any of our Townes of Garriſon.
Yor. Then ſweare Allegeance to his Majeſty,
As thou art Knight, never to diſobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.
So, now diſmiſſe your Army when ye pleaſe:
Hang up your Enſignes, let your Drummes be ſtill,
For heere we entertaine a ſolemne peace. *Exeunt.*

Enter Suffolke in conference with the King, Glooceſter, and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare deſcription (noble Earle)
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath aſtoniſh'd me:
Her vertues graced with externall gifts,
Do breed Loves ſetled paſſions in my heart,
And like as rigour of tempeſtuous guſtes
Provokes the mightieſt Hulke againſt the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her Renowne,
Either to ſuffer Shipwracke, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her Loue.
Suf. Tuſh my good Lord, this ſuperficiall tale,
Is but a preface of her worthy praiſe:
The cheefe perfections of that lovely Dame,
(Had I ſufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to raviſh any dull conceit.
And which is more, ſhe is not ſo Divine,
So full repleate with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowlineſſe of minde,
She is content to be at your command:
Command I meane, of Vertuous chaſte intents,
To love, and Honor *Henry* as her Lord.
King. And otherwiſe, will *Henry* ne're preſume:
Therefore my Lord Protector, give conſent,
That *Marg'ret* may be Englands Royall Queene.
Glo. So ſhould I give conſent to flatter ſinne,
You know (my Lord) your Highneſſe is betroath'd
Vnto another Lady of eſteeme,
How ſhall we then diſpence with that contract,
And not deface your Honor with reproach?
Suf. As doth a Ruler with unlawfull Oathes,
Or one that at a Triumph, having vow'd
To try his ſtrength, forſaketh yet the Liſtes
By reaſon of his Adverſaries oddes.
A poore Earles daughter is unequall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glou. Why what (I pray) is *Margaret* more than that?
Her Father is no better than an Earle,
Although in glorious Titles he excell.
Suf. Yes my good Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of Naples, and Ieruſalem,
And of ſuch great Authority in France,
As his alliance will confirme our peace,
And keepe the Frenchmen in Allegeance.
Glo. And ſo the Earle of Arminacke may doe,
Becauſe he is neere Kinſman unto *Charles*.
Exet. Beſide, his wealth doth warrant liberall dower,
Where *Reignier* ſooner will receive, than give.
Suf. A Dowre my Lords? Diſgrace not ſo your King,
That he ſhould be ſo abject, baſe, and poore,
To chooſe for wealth, and not for perfect Love.
Henry is able to enrich his Queene,
And not to ſeeke a Queene to make him rich:
So worthleſſe Pezants bargaine for their Wives,
As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horſe.
But marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Atturney-ſhip:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Muſt be companion of his Nuptiall bed.
And therefore Lords, ſince he affects her moſt,
Moſt of all theſe reaſons bindeth us,
In our opinions ſhe ſhould be preferr'd.
For what is wedlocke forced, but a Hell,
An age of diſcord and continuall ſtrife?

Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliſſe,
And is a patterne of Celeſtiall peace.
Whom ſhould we match with *Henry* being a King,
But *Margaret*, that is daughter to a King?
Her peereleſſe feature, joyned with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and undaunted ſpirit,
(More then in women commonly is ſeene)
Will anſwer our hope in iſſue of a King:
For *Henry*, ſonne unto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
If with a Lady of ſo high reſolve,
(As is faire *Margaret*) he be link'd in love:
Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,
That *Margaret* ſhall be Queene, and none but ſhee.
King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any paſſion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell: but this I am aſſur'd,
I feele ſuch ſharpe diſſention in my breaſt,
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,
As I am ſicke with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore ſhipping, poſte my Lord to France,
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady *Margaret* do vouchſafe to come
To croſſe the Seas to England, and be crown'd
King *Henries* faithfull and annointed Queene.
For your expences and ſufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone I ſay, for till you do returne,
I reſt perplexed with a thouſand Cares.
And you (good Vnckle) baniſh all offence:
If you do cenſure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuſe
This ſodaine execution of my will.
And ſo conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my greefe. *Exit.*
Glo. I, greefe I feare me, both at firſt and laſt.
Exit Gloceſter.
Suf. Thus Suffolke hath prevail'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthfull *Paris* once to Greece,
With hope to finde the like event in love,
But proſper better than the Trojan did:
Margaret ſhall now be Queene, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme. *Exit.*

FINIS.

The ſecond Part of King Henry the Sixt.

vvith the death of the Good Duke HVMFREY.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Flouriſh of Trumpets: Then Hoboyes.

Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwicke, and Beauford on the one ſide.
The Queene, Suffolke, Yorke, Somerſet, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suffolke.

AS by your high Imperiall Majeſty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princes *Margaret* for your Grace;
So in the Famous Ancient City, *Toures*,
In preſence of the Kings of *France*, and *Sicill*,
The Dukes of *Orleance, Calaber, Britaigne, Alanſon*,
Seven Earles, twelve Barons, & twenty reverend Biſhops
I have perform'd my Taske, and was eſpous'd,
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In ſight of England, and her Lordly Peeres,
Deliver up my Title in the Queene
To your moſt gracious hand, that are the Subſtance
Of that great Shadow I did repreſent:
The happieſt Gift, that ever Marqueſſe gave,
The Faireſt Queene, that ever King receiv'd.

King. Suffolke ariſe. Welcome Queene *Margaret*,
I can expreſſe no kinder ſigne of Love
Then this kinde kiſſe: O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart repleate with thankfulneſſe:
For thou haſt given me in this beauteous Face
A world of earthly bleſſings to my ſoule,
If Simpathy of Love unite our thoughts.

Que. Great King of England, and my gracious Lord,
The mutuall conference that my minde hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreames,
In Courtly company, or at my Beades,
With you mine *Alder lieſeſt* Soveraigne,
Makes me the bolder to ſalute my King,
With ruder termes, ſuch as my wit affoords,
And over joy of heart doth miniſter.

King. Her ſight did raviſh, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yclad with wiſedomes Majeſty,
Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping joyes,
Such is the Fulneſſe of my hearts content.
Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Love.

All kneel. Long live Qu. *Margaret*, Englands happines.

Quee. We thanke you all. *Flouriſh*

Suf. My Lord Protector, ſo it pleaſe your Grace,
Here are the Articles of contracted peace,
Betweene our Soveraigne, and the French King *Charles*,
For eighteene moneths concluded by conſent.

Glo. Reads. Inprimis, *It is agreed betweene the French K. Charles, and William de la Pole Marqueſſe of Suffolke, Ambaſſador for Henry King of England, That the ſaid Henry ſhal eſpouſe the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicillia, and Ieruſalem, and Crowne her Queene of England, ere the thirtieth of May next enſuing.*

Item, *That the Dutchy of Anjou, and the County of Maine ſhall be releaſed and delivered to the King her father.*

King. Vnkle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord,
Some ſodaine qualme hath ſtrucke me at the heart,
And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further.

King. Vnckle of Wincheſter, I pray reade on.

Win. Item, *It is further agreed betweene them, That the Dutcheſſe of Anjou and Maine, ſhal be releaſed and delivered over to the King her Father, and ſhee ſent over of the King of Englands owne proper Coſt and Charges, without having any Dowry.*

King. They pleaſe us well. Lord Marques kneel down,
We heere create thee the firſt Duke of Suffolke,
And girt thee with the Sword. Coſin of Yorke,
We heere diſcharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th parts of France, till terme of eighteene Moneths
Be full expyr'd. Thankes Vnckle Wincheſter,
Gloſter, Yorke, Buckingham, and Somerſet,
Salisbury, and Warwicke.
We thanke you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene.
Come, let us in, and with all ſpeede provide
To ſee her Coronation be perform'd.

Exeunt King, Queene, and Suffolke.

Manent the reſt.

Glo. Brave Peeres of England, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke *Humfrey* muſt unload his greefe:
Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land.
What? did my brother *Henry* ſpend his youth,
His valour, coine, and people in the warres?
Did he ſo often lodge in open field,
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heate,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother *Bedford* toyle his wits,

To keepe by policy what *Henry* got:
Have you your ſelves, *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,
Brave *Torke*, *Saliſbury*, and victorious *Warwicke*,
Received deepe ſcarres in France and Normandy:
Or hath mine Vncke *Beanford*, and my ſelfe,
With all the Learned Counſell of the Realme,
Studied ſo long, ſat in the Councell houſe,
Early and late, debating too and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And hath his Highneſſ[illegible] his infancy,
Crowned in Paris in deſpight of foes,
And ſhall theſe Labours, and theſe Honours dye?
Shall *Henries* Conqueſt, *Bedfords* vigilance,
Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counſell dye?
O Peeres of England, ſhamefull is this League,
Fatall this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
Blotting your names from Bookes of memory,
Racing the Charracters of your Renowne,
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,
Vndoing all as all had never bin.

Car. Nephew, what meanes this paſſionate diſcourſe?
This peroration with ſuch circumſtance:
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it ſtill,

Glo. I Vnckle, we will keepe it, if we can:
But now it is impoſſible we ſhould.
Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the roſt,
Hath given the Dutchy of *Anjou* and *Maine*,
Vnto the poore King *Reignier*, whoſe large ſtyle
Agrees not with the leanneſſe of his purſe.

Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all,
Theſe Counties were the Keyes of *Normandie*:
But wherefore weepes *Warwicke*, my valiant ſonne?

War. For greefe that they are paſt recovery.
For were there hope to conquer them againe,
My ſword ſhould ſhed hot blood; mine eyes no teares.
Anjou and *Maine*? My ſelfe did win them both:
Thoſe Provinces, theſe Armes of mine did conquer,
And are the Citties that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up againe with peacefull words?
Mort Dieu.

Yor. For ſuffolkes Duke, may he be ſuffocate,
That dims the Honor of this Warlike Iſle:
France ſhould have torne and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yeelded to this League.
I never read but Englands Kings have had
Large ſummes of Gold, and Dowries with their wives,
And our King *Henry* gives away his owne,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Hum. A proper jeſt, and never heard before,
That Suffolke ſhould demand a whole Fifteenth,
For Coſts and Charges in tranſporting her:
She ſhould have ſtaid in France, and ſterv'd in France
Before———

Car. My Lord of Gloſter, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleaſure of my Lord the King.

Hum. My Lord of Wincheſter I know your minde.
'Tis not my ſpeeches that you do miſlike:
But 'tis my preſence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
I ſee thy fury: If I longer ſtay,
We ſhall begin our ancient bickerings:
Lordings farewell, and ſay when I am gone,
I propheſied, France will be loſt ere long. *Exit Humfrey.*

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
'Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy:
Nay more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I feare me to the King;
Conſider Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heyre apparant to the Engliſh Crowne:
Had *Henry* got an Empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the Weſt,
There's reaſon he ſhould be diſpleas'd at it:
Looke to it Lords, let not his ſmoothing words
Bewitch your hearts, be wiſe and circumſpect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him, *Humfrey the good Duke of Gloſter*,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
Ieſu maintaine your Royall Excellence,
With God preſerve the good Duke *Humfrey*.
I feare me Lords, for all this flattering gloſſe,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buc. Why ſhould he then protect our Soveraigne?
He being of age to governe of himſelfe.
Coſin of Somerſet, joyne you with me,
And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke,
Wee'l quickly hoyſe Duke *Humfrey* from his ſeat.

Car. This weighty buſineſſe will not brooke delay,
Ile to the Duke of Suffolke preſently. *Exit Cardinall.*

Som. Coſin of Buckingham, though *Humfryes* pride
And greatneſſe of his place be greefe to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinall,
His inſolence is more intollerable
Then all the Princes in the Land beſide,
If Gloſter be diſplac'd, hee'l be Protector.

Buc. Or thou, or I Somerſet will be Protector,
Deſpite Duke *Humfrey*, or the Cardinall.

Exit Buckingham, and Somerſet.

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition followes him.
While theſe do labour for their owne preferment,
Behooves it us to labor for the Realme.
I never ſaw but Humfrey Duke of Gloſter,
Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman:
Oft have I ſeene the haughty Cardinall.
More like a Souldier then a man o'th Church,
As ſtout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Sweare like a Ruffian, and demeane himſelfe
Vnlike the Ruler of a Common-weale.
Warwicke my ſonne, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainneſſe, and thy houſe-keeping,
Hath wonne the greateſt favour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humfrey.
And Brother Yorke, thy Acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civill Diſcipline:
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our Soveraigne,
Have made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people,
Ioyne we together for the publicke good,
In what we can, to bridle and ſuppreſſe
The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinall,
With Somerſets and Buckinghams Ambition,
And as we may, cheriſh Duke Humfries deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land.

War. So God helpe Warwicke, as he loves the Land,
And common profit of his Countrey.

Yor. And ſo ſayes Yorke,
For he hath greateſt cauſe.

Sal. Then lets make haſte away,
And looke unto the maine?

Warw. Vnto the maine?
Oh Father, *Maine* is loſt,
That *Maine*, which by maine force Warwicke did winne
And would have kept, ſo long as breath did laſt:

Main-chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
Which I will win from France, or elſe be ſlaine.
Exit Warwicke, and Saliſbury. Manet Yorke.

Yorke. *Anjou* and *Maine* are given to the French,
Paris is loſt, the ſtate of *Normandy*
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolke concluded on the Articles,
The Peeres agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukedomes for a Dukes faire daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their owne.
Pirates may make cheape penyworths of their pillage,
And purchaſe Friends, and give to Curtezans,
Still revelling like Lords till all be gone:
While as the ſilly Owner of the goods
Weepes over them, and wrings his hapleſſe hands,
And ſhakes his head, and trembling ſtands aloofe,
While all is ſhar'd and all is borne away,
Ready to ſterve, and dare not touch his owne.
So Yorke muſt ſit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and ſold:
Me thinkes the Realmes of England, France, and Ireland,
Beare that proportion to my fleſh and blood,
As did the fatall brand *Althaa* burnt,
Vnto the Princes heart of *Calidon*:
Anjou and *Maine* both given unto the French?
Cold newes for me: for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile Englands ſoile.
A day will come, when Yorke ſhall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the *Nevills* parts,
And make a ſhew of love to proud Duke *Humfrey*,
And when I ſpy advantage, claime the Crowne,
For that's the Golden marke I ſeeke to hit:
Nor ſhall proud Lancaſter uſurpe my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childiſh Fiſt,
Nor weare the Diadem upon his head,
Whoſe Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne.
Then Yorke be ſtill a-while, till time do ſerve:
Watch thou, and wake when others be aſleepe,
To prie into the ſecrets of the State,
Till *Henry* ſurfetting in joyes of love,
With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queene,
And *Humfrey* with the Peeres be falne at jarres:
Then will I raiſe aloft the Milke-white-Roſe,
With whoſe ſweet ſmell the Ayre ſhall be perfum'd,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,
To grapple with the houſe of Lancaſter,
And force perforce Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whoſe bookiſh Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe.
Exit Yorke.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his wife Elianor.

Elia. Why droopes my Lord like over-ripen'd Corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?
Why doth the Great Duke *Humfrey* knit his browes,
As frowning at the Favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the ſullen earth,
Gazing on that which ſeemes to dimme thy ſight?
What ſeeſt thou there? King *Henries* Diadem,
Inchac'd with all the Honors of the world?
If ſo, gaze on, and grovell on thy face,
Vntill thy head be circled with the ſame.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
What, is't too ſhort? Ile lengthen it with mine.
And having both together heav'd it up,
Wee'le both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abaſe our ſight ſo low,
As to vouchſafe one glance unto the ground.

Hum. O *Nell*, ſweet *Nell*, if thou doſt love thy Lord,
Baniſh the Canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Againſt my King and Nephew, vertuous *Henry*,
Be my laſt breathing in this mortall world.
My troublous dreames this night, doth make me ſad.

Eli. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and Ile requite it
With ſweet rehearſall of my mornings dreame?

Hum. Me thought this ſta[illegible] mine Office-badge in Court
Was broke in twaine: by whom, I have forgot,
But as I thinke, it was by'th Cardinall,
And on the peeces of the broken Wand
Were plac'd the heads of *Edmond* Duke of Somerſet,
And *William de la Pole* firſt Duke of Suffolke.
This was my dreame, what it doth bode God knowes.

Eli. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breakes a ſticke of Gloſters grove,
Shall loſe his head for his preſumption.
But liſt to me my *Humfrey*, my ſweete Duke:
Me thought I ſate in Seate of Majeſty,
In the Cathedrall Church of Weſtminſter,
And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens wer crownd,
Where *Henry* and Dame *Margaret* kneeled to me,
And on my head did ſet the Diadem.

Hum. Nay *Elianor*, then muſt I chide outright:
Preſumptuous Dame, ill-nurter'd *Elianor*,
Art thou not ſecond Woman in the Realme?
And the Protectors wife belov'd of him?
Haſt thou not worldly pleaſure at command,
Above the reach or compaſſe of thy thought?
And wilt thou ſtill be hammering Treachery,
To tumble downe thy husband, and thy ſelfe,
From top of Honor, to Diſgraces feete?
Away from me, and let me heare no more.

Elia. What, what, my Lord? Are you ſo chollericke
With *Elianor*, for telling but her dreame?
Next time Ile kepe my dreames unto my ſelfe,
And not be check'd.

Hum. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highnes pleaſure,
You do prepare to ride unto S. *Albons*,
Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke.

Hu. I go. Come *Nell* thou wilt ride with us? *Ex. Hu.*

Elia. Yes my good Lord, Ile follow preſently.
Follow I muſt, I cannot go before,
While Gloſter beares this baſe and humble minde.
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remove theſe tedious ſtumbling blockes,
And ſmooth my way upon their headleſſe neckes.
And being a woman, I will not be ſlacke
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.
Where are you there? Sir *Iohn*; nay feare not man,
We are alone, here's none but thee, & I. *Enter Hume.*

Hume. Ieſus preſerve your Royall Majeſty.

Eli. What ſaiſt thou? Majeſty: I am but Grace.

Hume, But by the grace of God, and *Humes* advice,
Your Graces Title ſhall be multiplied.

Elia. What ſaiſt thou man? Haſt thou as yet conferr'd
With *Margerie Iordane* the cunning Witch,
With *Roger Bollingbrooke* the Conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promiſed, to ſhew your Highnes
A Spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,

That ſhall make anſwere to ſuch Queſtions,
As by your Grace ſhall be propounded him.

Elianor. It is enough, Ile thinke upon the Queſtions:
When from Saint *Albons* we doe make returne,
Wee'le ſee theſe things effected to the full.
Here *Hume*, take this reward, make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weighty cauſe.
Exit Elianor.

Hum. *Hume* muſt make merry with the Ducheſſe Gold:
Marry and ſhall: but how now, Sir *Iohn Hume*?
Seale up your Lips, and give no words but Mum,
The buſineſſe asketh ſilent ſecrecy.
Dame *Elianor* gives Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amiſſe, were ſhe a Devill.
Yet have I Gold flyes from another Coaſt:
I dare not ſay, from the rich Cardinall,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolke;
Yet I doe finde it ſo: for to be plaine,
They (knowing Dame *Elianors* aſpiring humor),
Have hyred me to under-mine the Ducheſſe,
And buzze theſe Conjurations in her brayne.
They ſay, A crafty Knave do's need no Broker.
Yet am I *Suffolke* and the Cardinalls Broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you ſhall goe neere
To call them both a payre of crafty Knaves.
Well, ſo it ſtands: and thus I feare at laſt,
Humes Knavery will be the Ducheſſe Wracke,
And her Attainture, will be *Humphreyes* fall:
Sort how it will, I ſhall have Gold for all. *Exit.*

Enter three or foure Petitioners, the Armorers Man being one.

1. *Pet.* My Maiſters, let's ſtand cloſe, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then wee may deliver our Supplications in the Quill.

2. *Pet.* Marry the Lord protect him, for hee's a good man, Ieſu bleſſe him.

Enter Suffolke, and Queene.

Peter. Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with him: Ile be the firſt ſure.

2. *Pet.* Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.

Suff. How now fellow: would'ſt any thing with me?

1. *Pet.* I pray my Lord pardon me, I tooke ye for my Lord Protector.

Quee. To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplications to his Lordſhip? Let me ſee them: what is thine?

1. *Pet.* Mine is, and't pleaſe your Grace, againſt *Iohn Goodman*, my Lord Cardinals Mã, for keeping my Houſe, and Lands, and Wife and all, from me.

Suff. Thy Wife too? that's ſome Wrong indeede. What's yours? What's heere? Againſt the Duke of Suffolke, for encloſing the Commons of Melforde. How now, Sir Knave?

2. *Pet.* Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our whole Towneſhip.

Pet. Againſt my Maiſter *Thomas Horner*, for ſaying, That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the Crowne.

Quee. What ſay'ſt thou? Did the Duke of Yorke ſay, hee was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?

Pet. That my Miſtreſſe was? No forſooth: my Maiſter ſaid, That he was; and that the King was an Vſurper.

Suff. Who is there?

Enter Servant.

Take this fellow in, and ſend for his Maiſter with a Purſevant preſently: wee'le heare more of your matter before the King. *Exit.*

Quee. And as for you that love to be protected
Vnder the Wings of our Protectors Grace,
Begin your Suites anew, and ſue to him.

Teare the Supplication.

Away, baſe Cullions: *Suffolke* let them goe.

All. Come, let's be gone. *Exit.*

Quee. My Lord of Suffolke, ſay, is this the guiſe?
Is this the Faſhions in the Court of England?
Is this the Governement of Britaines Ile?
And this the Royalty of *Albions* King?
What, ſhall King *Henry* be a Pupill ſtill,
Vnder the ſurly *Gloſters* Governance?
Am I a Queene in Title and in Stile,
And muſt be made a Subject to a Duke?
I tell thee *Poole*, when in the Citie *Tours*
Thou ran'ſt a-tilt in honor of my Love,
And ſtol'ſt away the Ladies hearts of France;
I thought King *Henry* had reſembled thee,
In Courage, Courtſhip, and Proportion:
But all his minde is bent to Holineſſe,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his Beades:
His Champions, are the Prophets and Apoſtles,
His Weapons, holy Sawes of ſacred Writ,
His Study is his Tilt-yard, and his Loves
Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.
I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls
Would chuſe him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And ſet the Triple Crowne upon his Head;
That were a State fit for his Holineſſe.

Suff. Madame be patient: as I was cauſe
Your Highneſſe came to England, ſo will I
In England worke your Graces full content.

Quee. Beſide the haught Protector, have we *Beauford*
The imperious Churchman; *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,
And grumbling *Yorke*: and not the leaſt of theſe,
But can doe more in England then the King.

Suff. And he of theſe, that can doe moſt of all,
Cannot doe more in England then the *Nevils*:
Salisbury and *Warwick* are no ſimple Peeres.

Quee. Not all theſe Lords do vex me halfe ſo much,
As that prowd Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife:
She ſweepes it though the Court with troups of Ladies,
More like an Empreſſe, then Duke *Humphreyes* Wife:
Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene:
She beares a Dukes Revenewes on her backe,
And in her heart ſhe ſcornes our Poverty:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous baſe-borne Callot as ſhe is,
She vaunted 'mongſt her Minions t'other day,
The very trayne of her worſt wearing Gowne,
Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,
Till *Suffolke* gave two Dukedomes for his Daughter.

Suff. Madame, my ſelfe have lym'd a Buſh for her,
And plac't a Quier of ſuch enticing Birds,
That ſhe will light to liſten to the Layes,
And never mount to trouble you againe.
So let her reſt: and Madame liſt to me,
For I am bold to counſaile you in this;
Although we fancy not the Cardinall,
Yet muſt we joyne with him and with the Lords,
Till we have brought Duke *Humphrey* in diſgrace.

A

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So one by one wee'le weed them all at laſt,
And you your ſelfe ſhall ſteere the happy Helme. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall, Buckingham, Yorke, Salisbury, VVarwicke, and the Ducheſſe.

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or *Somerſet*, or *Yorke*, all's one to me.
Yor. If *Yorke* have ill demean'd himſelfe in France,
Then let him be denay'd the Regent-ſhip.
Som. If *Somerſet* be unworthy of the Place,
Let *Yorke* be Regent, I will yeeld to him.
VVarw. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Diſpute not that, *Yorke* is the worthyer.
Card. Ambitious *VVarwicke*, let thy betters ſpeake.
VVarw. The Cardinall's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this preſence are thy betters, *VVarwicke.*
VVarw. *VVarwicke* may live to be the beſt of all.
Saliſb. Peace Sonne, and ſhew ſome reaſon *Buckingham*
Why *Somerſet* ſhould be preferr'd in this?
Queene. Becauſe the King forſooth will have it ſo.
Humf. Madame, the King is old enough himſelfe
To give his Cenſure: Theſe are no Womens matters.
Quee. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?
Humf. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,
And at his pleaſure will reſigne my Place.
Suff. Reſigne it then, and leave thine inſolence.
Since thou wert King, as who is King, but thou?
The Common-wealth hath dayly run to wrack,
The Dolphin hath prevayl'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme
Have beene as Bond-men to thy Soveraignty.
Car. The Commons haſt thou rackt, the Clergies Bags
Are lanke and leane with thy Extortions.
Som. Thy ſumptuous Buildings, and thy Wives Attyre
Have coſt a maſſe of publique Treaſure.
Buck. Thy Cruelty in execution
Vpon Offendors, hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.
Quee. Thy ſale of Offices and Townes in France,
If they were knowne, as the ſuſpect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.
Exit Humfrey.
Give me my Fanne: what, Mynion, can ye not?

She gives the Ducheſſe a box on the eare.

I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?
Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, prowd French-woman:
Could I come neere your Beauty with my Nailes,
I could ſet my ten Commandements in your face.
King. Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas againſt her will.
Duch. Againſt her will, good King? looke to't in time,
Shee'le hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:
Though in this place moſt Maiſter weares no Breeches,
She ſhall not ſtrike Dame *Elianor* vnreveng'd.
Exit Elianor.
Buck. Lord Cardinall, I will follow *Elianor*,
nd liſten after *Humfrey*, how he proceedes:
e's tickled now, her Fume can neede no ſpurres,
'le gallop farre enough to her deſtruction.
Exit Buckingham.

Enter Humfrey.

Humf. Now Lords, my Choller being over-blowne,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talke of Common-wealth Affaires.
As for your ſpightfull falſe Objections,
Prove them, and I lye open to the Law:
But God in mercy ſo deale with my Soule,
As I in duty love my King and Countrey.
But to the matter that we have in hand:
I ſay, my Soveraigne, *Yorke* is meeteſt man
To be your Regent in the Realme of France.
Suff. Before we make election, give me leave
To ſhew ſome reaſon, of no little force,
That *Yorke* is moſt unmeet of any man.
Yorke. Ile tell thee, *Suffolke*, why I am vnmeet.
Firſt, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of Somerſet will keepe me here,
Without Diſcharge, Money, or Furniture,
Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:
Laſt time I danc't attendance on his will,
Till Paris was beſieg'd, famiſht, and loſt.
Warw. That can I witneſſe, and a fouler fact
Did never Traytor in the Land commit.
Suff. Peace head-ſtrong *Warwicke.*
Warw. Image of Pride, why ſhould I hold my peace?

Enter Armorer and his Man.

Suff. Becauſe here is a man accuſed of Treaſon,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke excuſe himſelfe.
Yorke. Doth any one accuſe *Yorke* for a Traytor?
King. What mean'ſt thou, *Suffolke?* tell me, what are theſe?
Suff. Pleaſe it your Majeſty, this is the man
That doth accuſe his Maiſter of High Treaſon;
His words were theſe: That *Richard*, Duke of Yorke,
Was rightfull Heire unto the Engliſh Crowne,
And that your Majeſty was an Vſurper.
King. Say man, were theſe thy words?
Armo. And't ſhall pleaſe your Majeſty, I never ſayd nor thought any ſuch matter: God is my witneſſe, I am falſely accus'd by the Villaine.
Peter. By theſe tenne bones, my Lords, he did ſpeake them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were ſcowring my Lord of Yorkes Armor.
Yorke. Baſe Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall,
Ile have thy Head for this thy Traytors ſpeech:
I doe beſeech your Royall Msjeſty,
Let him haue all the rigor of the Law.
Ar. Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I ſpake the words: my accuſer is my Prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, hee did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witneſſe of this; therefore I beſeech your Majeſty, doe not caſt away an honeſt man for a Villaines accuſation.
King. Vnckle, what ſhall we ſay to this in law?
Humf. This doome, my Lord, if I may judge:
Let *Somerſet* be Regent o're the French,
Becauſe in *Yorke* this breedes ſuſpition:
And let theſe have a day appointed them
For ſingle Combat, in convenient place,
For he hath witneſſe of his ſervants malice:
This is the Law, and this Duke *Humfreyes* doome.

Som. I humbly thanke your Royall Majeſty.

Armorer. And I accept the Combat willingly.

Peter, Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods ſake pitty my caſe: the ſpight of my man prevaileth againſt me. O Lord have mercy upon me, I ſhall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord my heart.

Humf. Sirrha, or you muſt fight, or elſe be hang'd.

King. Away with them to Priſon: and the day of Combat, ſhall be the laſt of the next moneth. Come *Somerſet.* we'll ſee thee ſent away.

Flouriſh. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Witch, the two Prieſts, and Bullingbrooke.

Hume. Come my Maſters, the Ducheſſe I tell you expects performance of your promiſes.

Bullin. Maſter *Hume*, we are therefore provided: will her Ladyſhip behold and heare our Exorciſmes?

Hume. I, what elſe? feare you not her courage.

Bullin. I have heard her reported to be a Woman of an invincible ſpirit: but it ſhall be convenient, Maſter *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while we be buſie below; and ſo I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leave us.

Exit Hume.

Mother *Iordan*, be you proſtrate, and grovell on the Earth; *Iohn Southwell* reade you, and let us to our worke.

Enter Elianor aloft.

Elian. Well ſaid my Maſters, and welcome all: To this geere, the ſooner the better.

Bullin. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times:
Deepe Night, darke Night, the ſilent of the Night,
The time of Night when Troy was ſet on fire,
The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle;
And ſpirits walke, and Ghoſts breake up their Graves;
That time beſt fits the worke we have in hand.
Madam, ſit you, and feare not: whom we raiſe,
We will make faſt within a hallow'd Verge.

Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle, Bullingbrooke or Southwell reades, Conjuro te, &c. *It Thunders and Lightens terribly: then the Spirit riſeth.*

Spirit. *Adſum.*

Witch. *Aſmath*, by the eternall God,
Whoſe name and power thou trembleſt at,
Anſwer that I aske: for till thou ſpeake,
Thou ſhalt not paſſe from hence.

Spirit. Aske what thou wilt; that I had ſaid, and done.

Bullin. Firſt of the King: What ſhall of him become?

Spirit. The Duke yet lives, that *Henry* ſhall depoſe:
But him out-live, and dye a violent death.

Bullin. What fates await the Duke of Suffolke?

Spirit. By Water ſhall he dye, and take his end.

Bullin. What ſhall befall the Duke of Somerſet?

Spirit. Let him ſhun Caſtles.
Safer ſhall he upon the ſandie Plaines,
Then where Caſtles mounted ſtand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Bulling. Deſcend to Darkeneſſe, and the burning Lake:
Falſe fiend avoy[illegible].

Thunder and Lightning. *Exit Spirit.*

Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard, and breake in.

Yorke. Lay hands upon theſe Traytors, and their traſh:
Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an inch.
What Madam, are you there? the King and Commonweale
Are deepely indebted for this peece of paines;
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for theſe good deſerts.

Elian. Not halfe ſo bad as thine to Englands King,
Injurious Duke, that threateſt where's no cauſe.

Buck. True Madam, none at all: what call you this?
Away with them, let them be clapt up cloſe,
And kept aſunder: you Madam ſhall with us.
Stafford take her to thee.
We'll ſee your Trinkets here all forth-comming.
All away. *Exit.*

Yorke. Lord *Buckingham*, me thinkes you watcht her well:
A pretty Plot, well choſen to build upon.
Now pray my Lord, let's ſee the Devills Writ.
What have we here? *Reades.*
The Duke yet lives, that Henry ſhall depoſe:
But him out live, and dye a violent death.
Why this is juſt. *Aio Æacida Romanos vincere poſſe.*
Well, to the reſt:
Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of *Suffolke*?
By Water ſhall he dye, and take his end.
What ſhall betide the Duke of *Somerſet*?
Let him ſhunne Caſtles,
Safer ſhall he be upon the ſandy Plaines,
Then where Caſtles mounted ſtand.
Come, come, my Lords,
Theſe Oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly underſtood.
The King is now in progreſſe towards Saint *Albones*,
With him, the husband of this lovely Lady:
Thither goes theſe Newes,
As faſt as horſe can carry them:
A ſorry breakfaſt for my Lord Protector.

Buc. Your Grace ſhall give me leave, my Lord of *Yorke*,
To be the Poſte, in hope of his reward.

Yorke. At your pleaſure, my good Lord.
Who's within there, hoe?

Enter a Servingman.

Invite my Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwicke*
To ſup with me to morrow Night. Away.

Exeunt

Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinall, and Suffolke, with Faulkners hollawing.

Quee. Beleeve me Lords, for flying at the Brooke,
I ſaw not better ſport theſe ſeven yeeres day;
Yet by your leave, the Winde was very high,
And ten to one, old *Ioane* had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,
And what a pytch ſhe flew above the reſt:
To ſee how God in all his Creatures workes,
Yea Man and Birds are fayne of climbing high.

Suff. No marvell, and it like your Majeſty,
My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre ſo well,
They know their Maſter loves to be aloft,
And beares his thoughts above his Faulcons Pitch.

Gloſt. My Lord, 'tis but a baſe ignoble minde,
That mounts no higher then a Bird can ſore.

Card. I thought as much, he would be above the Clouds.
Gloſt. I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that?
Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heaven?
King. The Treaſury of everlaſting Ioy.
Card. Thy heaven is on Earth, thine Eyes and Thoughts
Beat on a Crowne, the Treaſure of thy heart,
Pernitious Protector, dangerous Peere,
That ſmooth'ſt it ſo with King and Commonweale.
Gloſt. What Cardinall?
Is your Prieſt-hood growne peremptory?
Tantane animis Cœleſtibus ira, Church-men ſo hot?
Good Vnckle hide ſuch mallice:
With ſuch Holyneſſe can you doe it?
Suff. No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes
So good a Quarrell, and ſo bad a Peere.
Gloſt. As who, my Lord?
Suff. Why, as you, my Lord,
An't like yonr lordly Lords Protectorſhip.
Gloſt. Why *Suffolke, England* knowes thine inſolence.
Quee. And thy Ambition, *Gloſter*.
King. I prethee peace, good Queene,
And whet not on theſe too-too furious Peeres,
For bleſſed are the Peace-makers on Earth
Card. Let me be bleſſed for the Peace I make
Againſt this prowd Protector with my Sword.
Gloſt. Faith holy Vnckle, would't were come to that.
Card. Marry, when thou dar'ſt.
Gloſt. Make up no factious numbers for the matter,
In thine owne perſon anſwer thy abuſe.
Card. I, where thou dar'ſt not peepe:
And if thou dar'ſt, this Evening,
On the Eaſt ſide of the Grove.
King. How now, my Lords?
Card. Beleeve me, Couſin *Gloſter*,
Had not your man put up the Foule ſo ſuddenly,
We had had more ſport.
Come with thy two-hand Sword,
Gloſt. True Vnckle, are ye adviſ'd?
The Eaſt ſide of the Grove:
Cardinall, I am with you.
King. Why how now, Vnckle *Gloſter*?
Gloſt. Talking of Hawking; nothing elſe, my Lord.
Now by Gods Mother, Prieſt,
Ile ſhave your Crowne for this,
Or all my Fence ſhall faile.
Card. *Medice teipſum*, Protector ſee to't well, protect your ſelfe.
King. The Windes grow high,
So doe your Stomackes Lords:
How irkeſome is this Muſicke to my heart?
When ſuch Strings jarre, what hope of Harmony?
I pray my Lords let me compound this ſtrife,

Enter one crying a Miracle.

Gloſt. What meanes this noyſe?
Fellow, what Miracle do'ſt thou proclaime?
One. A Miracle, a Miracle.
Suffolke. Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle.
One. Forſooth, a blind man at Saint *Albanes* Shrine,
Within this halfe houre hath receiv'd his ſight,
A man that ne're ſaw in his life before.
King. Now God be prais'd, that to beleeving Soules
Gives Light in Darkeneſſe, Comfort in Deſpaire.

Enter the Mayor of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, bearing the man betweene two in a Chayre.

Card. Here comes the Towneſ-men, on Proceſſion,
To preſent your Highneſſe with the man.
King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale,
Although by his ſight his ſinne be multiplyed.
Gloſt. Stand by, my Maſters, bring him neere the King,
His highneſſe pleaſure is to talke with him.
King. Good-fellow, tell us here the circumſtance,
That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.
What, haſt thou beene long blind, and now reſtor'd?
Simp. Borne bliud, and't pleaſe your Grace.
Wife. I indeed was he.
Suff. What Woman is this?
Wife. His Wife, and't like your Worſhip.
Gloſt. Hadſt thou beene his Mother, thou could'ſt have better told.
King. Where wert thou borne?
Simpc. At Barwicke in the North, and't like your Grace.
King. Poore ſoule,
Gods goodneſſe hath beene great to thee:
Let never Day nor Night unhallowed paſſe,
But ſtill remember what the Lord hath done.
Quee. Tell me, good-fellow,
Cam'ſt thou here by Chance, or of Devotion,
To this holy Shrine?
Simp. God knowes of pure Devotion,
Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner,
In my ſleepe, by good Saint *Albon*:
Who ſaid; *Symon*, come: come offer at my Shrine,
And I will helpe thee.
Wife. Moſt true, forſooth:
And many time and oft my ſelfe have heard a Voyce,
To call him ſo.
Card. What, art thou lame?
Simp. I, God Almighty helpe me.
Suff. How cam'ſt thou ſo?
Simp. A fall off of a Tree.
Wife. A Plum-trre, Maſter.
Gloſt. How long haſt thou beene blind?
Simpc. O borne ſo, Maſter.
Gloſt. What, and would'ſt climbe a Tree?
Simpc. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very deare,
Gloſt. 'Maſſe, thou lov'dſt Plummes well, that would'ſt venture ſo.
Simp. Alas, good Maſter, my Wife deſired ſome Damſons, and made mee climbe, with danger of my Life.
Gloſt. A ſubtill Knave, but yet it ſhall not ſerve:
Let me ſee thine Eyes; winck now, now open them,
In my opinion, yet thou ſeeſt not well.
Simpc. Yes Maſter, cleare as day, I thanke God and Saint *Albon*.
Gloſt. Say'ſt thou me ſo: what Colour is this Cloake of?
Simpc. Red Maſter, Red as blood.
Gloſt. Why that's well ſaid: What Colour is my Gowne of?
Simp. Blacke forſooth, Coale-blacke, as Iet.
King. Why then, thou know'ſt what Colour Iet is of?
Suff. And yet I thinke, Iet did he never ſee.

Gloſt. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a many.
Wife. Never before this day, in all his life,
Gloſt. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?
Simpc. Alas Maſter, I know not.
Gloſt. What's his Name?
Simpc. I know not,
Gloſt. Nor his?
Simpc. No indeed, Maſter.
Gloſt. What's thine owne Neme?
Simpc. *Saunder Simpcoxe*, and if it pleaſe you, Maſter.
Gloſt. Then *Saunder*, ſit there,
The lying'ſt Knave in Chriſtendome.
If thou hadſt beene borne blind,
Thou might'ſt as well have knowne all our Names,
As thus to name the ſeverall Colours we doe weare.
Sight may diſtinguiſh Colours:
But ſuddenly to nominate them all,
It is impoſſible.
My Lords, Saint *Albone* here hath done a Miracle:
And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great,
That could reſtore this Cripple to his Legges againe?
Simpc. O Maſter, that you could?
Gloſt. My Maſters of Saint *Albons*,
Have you not Beadles in your Towne,
And things call'd Whippes?
Mayor. Yes, my Lord, if it pleaſe your Grace.
Gloſt. Then ſend for one preſently.
Mayor. Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither ſtraight.
Exit.
Gloſt. New fetch me a Stoole hither by and by.
Now Sirrha, if you meane to ſave your ſelfe from Whipping, leape me over this Stoole, and runne away.
Simp. Alas Maſter, I am not able to ſtand alone:
You goe about to torture me in vaine.

Enter a Beadle with Whippes.

Gloſt. Well Sir, we muſt have you find your Legges.
Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape over that ſame Stoole.
Bead. I will, my Lord.
Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.
Simp. Alas Maſter, what ſhall I doe? I am not able to ſtand.

After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leapes over the Stoole, and runnes away: and they follow, and cry, A Miracle.

King. O God, ſeeſt thou this, and beareſt ſo long;
Quee. It made me laugh, to ſee the Villaine runne.
Gloſt. Follow the Knave, and take this Drab away.
Wife. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.
Glo. Let them be whipt through every Market Towne
Till they come to Barwicke, from whence they came.
Exit.
Card. Duke *Humfrey* ha's done a Miracle to day.
Suff. True: made the Lame to leape and flye away.
Gloſt. But you have done more Miracles then I:
You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Couſin *Buckingham*?
Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:
A ſort of naughty perſons, lewdly bent,
Vnder the Countenance and Confederacy
Of Lady *Elianor*, the Protectors Wife,
The Ring-leader and head of all this Rout,
Have practis'd dangerouſly againſt your State,
Dealing with Witches and with Conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the Fact,
Rayſing up wicked Spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King *Henries* Life and Death,
And other of your Highneſſe Privy Councell,
As more at large your Grace ſhall underſtand.
Card. And ſo my Lord Protector, by this meanes
Your Lady is forth-comming, yet at London.
This Newes I thinke hath turn'd your Weapons edge;
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keepe your houre.
Gloſt. Ambitious Church-man, leave to afflict my heart:
Sorrow and griefe have vanquiſht all my powers;
And vanquiſht as I am, I yeeld to thee,
Or to the meaneſt Groome.
King. O God, what miſchiefes worke the wicked ones?
Heaping confuſion on their owne heads thereby.
Quee. *Gloſter*, ſee here the Taincture of thy Neſt,
And looke thy ſelfe be faultleſſe, thou wert beſt.
Gloſt. Madam, for my ſelfe, to heaven I doe appeale,
How I have lov'd my King, and Common-weale:
And for my Wife, I know not how it ſtands,
Sorry I am to heare what I have heard.
Noble ſhe is: but if ſhe have forgot
Honor and Vertue, and convers't with ſuch,
As like to Pytch, defile Nobility;
I baniſh her my Bed, and Company,
And give her as a Prey to Law and Shame,
That hath dis-honored *Gloſters* honeſt Name.
King. Well, for this Night we will repoſe us here:
To morrow toward London, backe againe,
To looke into this Buſineſſe thorowly,
And call theſe foule Offendors to their Anſweres;
And poyſe the Cauſe in Iuſtice equall Scales,
Whoſe Beame ſtands ſure, whoſe rightfull cauſe prevailes,
Exeunt.

Enter Yorke, Salisbury, and Warwicke.

Yorke. Now my good Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwicke*,
Our ſimple Supper ended, give me leave,
In this cloſe Walke, to ſatisfie my ſelfe,
In craving your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible, to *Englands* Crowne.
Salis. My Lord, I long to heare it at full.
Warw. Sweet *Yorke* begin: and if thy clayme be good,
The *Nevills* are thy Subjects to command.
Yorke. Then thus:
Edward the third, my Lords, had ſeven Sonnes:
The firſt, *Edward* the Blacke-Prince, Prince of Wales;
The ſecond, *William* of *Hatfield*; and the third,
Lionel, Duke of *Clarence*: next to whom,
Was *Iohn* of Gaunt, the Duke of *Lancaſter*;
The fift, was *Edward Langley*. Duke of *Yorke*;
The ſixt, was *Thomas* of *Woodſtocke*, Duke of *Gloſter*,
William of *Windſor* was the ſeventh, and laſt,
Edward the Blacke-Prince dyed before his Father,
And left behind him *Richard*, his onely Sonne,
Who after *Edward* the third's death, raign'd King,
Till *Henry Bullingbrooke*, Duke of *Lancaſter*,
The eldeſt Sonne and Heire of *Iohn* of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the Name of *Henry* the fourth,
Seiz'd on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull King,
Sent his poore Queene to *France*, from whence ſhe came,

And him to Pumfret; where, as all you know,
Harmeleſſe King *Richard* was murthered traiterouſly:
Warw. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the Houſe of *Lancaſter* the Crowne.
Yorke. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For *Richard*, the firſt Sonnes Heire, being dead,
The iſſue of the next Sonne ſhould have reign'd.
Salis. But *William* of *Hatfield* dyed without an Heire.
Yorke. The third Sonne, Duke of *Clarence*,
From whoſe Line I clayme the Crowne,
Had Iſſue *Philip*, a Daughter,
Who marryed *Edmond Mortimer*, Earle of March:
Edmond had Iſſue, *Roger* Earle of March;
Roger had Iſſue, *Edmond*, *Anne*, and *Elianor*.
Salis. This *Edmond*, in the Reigne of *Bullingbrooke*,
As I have read, layd clayme unto the Crowne,
And but for *Owen Glendour*, had beene King;
Who kept him in Captivity, till he dyed.
But, to the reſt.
Yorke. His eldeſt Siſter, *Anne*,
My Mother, being Heire unto the Crowne,
Marryed *Richard*, Earle of *Cambridge*,
Who was to *Edmond Langley*,
Edward the thirds fift Sonnes ſonne;
By her I clayme the Kingdome:
She then was Heire to *Roger*, Earle of March,
Who was the Sonne of *Edmond Mortimer*,
Who marryed *Philip*, ſole Daughter
Vnto *Lionel*, Duke of Clarence.
So, if the iſſue of the elder Sonne
Succeed before the younger, I am King. (this?
Warw. What plaine proceeding is more plaine then
Henry doth clayme the Crowne from *Iohn* of Gaunt,
The fourth Sonne, *Yorke* claymes it from the third:
Till *Lionels* iſſue fayles, his ſhould not reigne.
It fayles not yet, but flouriſhes in thee,
And in thy Sonnes, faire ſlippes of ſuch a Stocke.
Then Father *Salisbury*, kneele we together,
And in this private Plot be we the firſt,
That ſhall ſalute our rightfull Soveraigne
With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.
Both. Long live our Soveraigne *Richard*, *Englands* King.
Yorke. We thanke you Lords:
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,
And that my Sword be ſtayn'd
With heart-blood of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*:
And that's not ſuddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and ſilent ſecrecy.
Doe you as I doe in theſe dangerous dayes,
Winke at the Duke of *Suffolkes* inſolence,
At *Beaufords* Pride, at *Somerſets* Ambition,
At *Buckingham*, and all the Crew of them,
Till they have ſnar'd the Shepheard of the Flocke,
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke *Humfrey*:
'Tis that they ſeeke; and they, in ſeeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if *Yorke* can prophecy.
Salisb. My Lord, breake we off; we know your mind at full.
Warw. My heart aſſures me, that the Earle of *Warwicke*,
Shall one day make the Duke of *Yorke* a King.
Yorke. And *Nevill*, this I doe aſſure my ſelfe.
Richard ſhall live to make the Earle of *Warwicke*
The greateſt man in *England*, but the King.
Exeunt.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State,
with Guard, to baniſh the
Ducheſſe.

King. Stand forth Dame *Elianor Cobham*,
Gloſters Wife:
In ſight of God, and us, your guilt is great,
Receive the ſentence of the Law for ſinne,
Such as by Gods Booke are adiudg'd to death.
You foure from hence to Priſon, backe againe:
From thence, unto the place of Execution;
The Witch in Smithfield ſhall be burnt to aſhes,
And you three ſhall be ſtrangled on the Gallowes.
You Madam, for you are more Nobly borne,
Deſpoyled of your Honor in your Life,
Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,
Live in your Countrey here, in Baniſhment,
With Sir *Iohn Stanly*, in the Ile of Man.
Elian. Welcome is Baniſhment, welcome were my Death.
Gloſt. *Elianor*, the Law thou ſeeſt hath iudged thee,
I cannot iuſtifie whom the Law condemnes.
Mine eyes ar full of teares, my heart of griefe.
Ah *Humfrey*, this diſhonor in thine age,
Will bring thy head with ſorrow to the ground.
I beſeech your Majeſty give me leave to goe;
Sorrow would ſollace, and mine Age would ceaſe.
King. Stay *Humfrey*, Duke of *Gloſter*,
Ere thou goe, give up thy Staffe,
Henry will to himſelfe Protector be,
And God ſhall be my hope, my ſtay, my guide,
And Lanthorne to my feete:
And goe in peace, *Humfrey*, no leſſe belov'd,
Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.
Quee. I ſee no reaſon, why a King of yeeres
Should be to be protected like a Child;
God and King *Henry* governe *Englands* Realme:
Give up your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.
Gloſt. My Staffe? Here, Noble *Henry*, is my Staffe:
As willingly doe I the ſame reſigne,
As ere thy Father *Henry* made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feete I leave it,
As others would ambitiouſly receive it.
Farewell good King: when I am dead and gone,
May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.
Exit Gloſter.
Quee. Why now is *Henry* King, and *Margaret* Queene,
And *Humfrey*, Duke of *Gloſter*, ſcarce himſelfe,
That beares ſo ſhrewd a mayme: two Pulls at once;
His Lady baniſht, and a Limbe lopt off
This Staffe of Honor raught, there let it ſtand,
Where it beſt fits to be, in *Henries* hand.
Suff. Thus droupes this lofty Pyne, & hangs his ſprayes,
Thus *Elianors* Pride dyes in her youngeſt dayes.
Yorke. Lords, let him goe. Pleaſe it your Majeſty,
This is the day appointed for the Combat,
And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,
The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Liſts,
So pleaſe your highneſſe to behold the fight.
Quee. I, good my Lord: for purpoſely therefore
Left I the Court, to ſee this Quarrell try'de.
King. A Gods Name ſee the Lyſts and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the right.
Yorke. I never ſaw a fellow worſe beſtead,
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,
The ſervant of this Armorer, my Lords.

Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors, drinking to him ſo much, that he is drunke; and he enters with a Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge faſtened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.

1. *Neighbor.* Here Neighbour *Horner*, I drinke to you in a Cup of Sacke; and feare not Neighbor, you ſhall doe well enough.

2. *Neighbor.* And here Neighbour, here's a Cup of Charneco.

3. *Neighbor.* And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere Neighbor: drinke, and feare not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come ifaith, and Ile pledge you all, and a figge for *Peter.*

1. *Pren.* Here *Peter*, I drinke to thee, and be not afraid.

2. *Pren.* Be merry *Peter*, and feare not thy Maſter, Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thanke you all: drinke, and pray for me, I pray you, for I thinke I have taken my laſt Draught in this World. Here *Robin*, and if I dye, I give thee my Aporne; and *Will*, thou ſhalt have my Hammer: and here *Tom*, take all the Money that I have. O Lord bleſſe me, I pray God, for I am never able to deale with my Maſter, he hath learnt ſo much fence already.

Salis. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blowes. Sirrha, what's thy Name?

Peter. *Peter* forſooth.

Salis. *Peter*? what more?

Peter. *Thumpe.*

Salisb. *Thumpe*? Then ſee thou thumpe thy Maſter well.

Armorer. Maſters, I am come hither as it were upon my Mans inſtigation, to prove him a Knave, and my ſelfe an honeſt man: and touching the Duke of *Yorke*, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queene: and therefore *Peter* have at thee with a downe-right blow.

York. Diſpatch, this Knaves tongue begins to double.
Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combattants.

They fight, and Peter ſtrikes him downe.

Armorer. Hold *Peter*, hold, I confeſſe, I confeſſe Treaſon.

York. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God, and the good Wine in thy Maſters way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine Enemie in this preſence? O *Peter*, thou haſt prevayl'd in right.

King. Goe, take hence that Traytor from our ſight,
For by his death we doe perceive his guilt,
And God in Iuſtice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,
Which he had thought to have murther'd wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow us for thy Reward.

Exeunt.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in Mourning Cloakes.

Gloſt. Thus ſometimes hath the brighteſt day a Cloud:
And after Summer, evermore ſucceeds
Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold;
So Cares and Ioyes abound, as Seaſons fleet.
Sirs, what's a Clocke?

Serv. Tenne, my Lord.

Gloſt. Tenne is the houre that was appointed me,
To watch the comming of my puniſht Ducheſſe:
Vnneath may ſhe endure the Flinty Streets,
To treade them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy Noble Mind abrooke
The abject People, gazing on thy face,
With envious Lookes ſtill laughing at thy ſhame,
That erſt did follow thy prowd Chariot-Wheeles,
When thou didſt ride in triumph through the ſtreets.
But ſoft, I thinke ſhe comes, and Ile prepare
My teare-ſtayn'd eyes, ſo ſee her Miſeries.

Enter the Ducheſſe in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with the Sherife and Officers.

Serv. So pleaſe your Grace, we'll take her from the Sherife.

Gloſter. No, ſtirre not for your lives, let her paſſe by.

Elian. Come you, my Lord, to ſee my open ſhame?
Now thou do'ſt Penance too. Looke how they gaze,
See how the giddy multitude doe point,
And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah *Gloſter*, hide thee from their hatefull lookes,
And in thy Cloſet pent up, rue my ſhame,
And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Gloſt. Be patient, gentle *Nell*, forget this griefe.

Elian. Ah *Gloſter*, teach me to forget my ſelfe:
For whileſt I thinke I am thy married Wife,
And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land:
Me thinkes I ſhould not thus be led along,
Mayl'd up in ſhame, with Papers on my backe,
And follow'd with a Rabble, that rejoyce
To ſee my teares, and heare my deepe-fet groanes.
The ruthleſſe Flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I ſtart, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be adviſed how I treade.
Ah *Humfrey*, can I beare this ſhamefull yoake?
Troweſt thou, that ere Ile looke upon the World,
Or count them happy, that enjoyes the Sunne?
No: Darke ſhall be my Light, and Night my Day.
To thinke upon my Pompe, ſhall be my Hell.
Sometime Ile ſay, I am Duke *Humfreyes* Wife,
And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:
Yet ſo he rul'd, and ſuch a Prince he was,
As he ſtood by, whileſt I, his forlorne Ducheſſe,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing ſtocke
To every idle Raſcall follower.
But be thou milde, and bluſh not at my ſhame,
Nor ſturre at nothing, till the Axe of Death
Hang over thee, as ſure it ſhortly will.
For *Suffolke*, he that can doe all in all
With her, that hateth thee and hates us all,
And *Yorke*, and impious *Beauford*, that falſe Prieſt,
Have all lym'd Buſhes to betray thy Wings,
And flye thou how thou canſt, they'le tangle thee.
But feare not thou, untill thy foot be ſnar'd,
Nor never ſeeke prevention of thy foes.

Gloſt. Ah *Nell*, forbeare: thou aymeſt all awry.
I muſt offend, before I be attainted:
And had I twenty times ſo many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All theſe could not procure me any ſcathe,
So long as I am loyall, true, and crimeleſſe.
Would'ſt have me reſcue thee from this reproach?

Why yet thy ſcandall were not wipt away,
But I in danger for the breach of Law?
Thy greateſt helpe is quiet, gentle *Nell*:
I pray thee ſort thy heart to patience,
Theſe few dayes wonder will be quickly worne.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I ſummon your Grace to his Majeſties Parliament
Holden at Bury, the firſt of this next Moneth.
Gloſt. And my conſent ne're ask'd herein before?
This is cloſe dealing. Well, I will be there.
My *Nell*, I take my leave; and Maſter Sheriſe,
Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commiſſion.
Sher. And't pleaſe you Grace, here my Commiſſion
And Sir *Iohn Stanly* is appointed now, (ſtayes:
To take her with him to the Ile of Man.
Gloſt. Muſt you, Sir *Iohn*, protect my Lady here?
Stanly. So am I given in charge, may't pleaſe your Grace.
Gloſt. Entreat her not the worſe, in that I pray
You uſe her well: the World may laugh againe,
And I may live to doe you kindneſſe, if you doe it her.
And ſo Sir *Iohn*, farewell.
Elian. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell?
Gloſt. Witneſſe my teares, I cannot ſtay to ſpeake.

Exit Gloſter.

Elian. Art thou gone too? all comfort goe with thee,
For none abides with me: my Ioy, is Death:
Death, at whoſe Name I oft have beene afear'd,
Becauſe I wiſh'd this Worlds eternity.
Stanley, I prethee goe, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I begge no favour;
Onely convey me where thou art commanded.
Stan. Why, Madam, that is to the Ile of Man,
There to be us'd according to your State.
Elian. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And ſhall I then be us'd reproachfully?
Stan. Like to a Ducheſſe, and Duke *Humfreyes* Lady,
According to that State you ſhall be us'd.
Elian. Sheriſe farewell, and better then I fare,
Although thou haſt beene Conduct of my ſhame.
Sheri. It is my Office, and Madam pardon me.
Elian. I, I, farewell, thy Office is diſcharg'd:
Come *Stanley*, ſhall we goe?
Stan. Madam, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,
And goe we to attyre you for our Iourney.
Elian. My ſhame will not be ſhifted with my Sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richeſt Robes,
And ſhew it ſelfe, attyre me how I can.
Goe, leade the way, I long to ſee my Priſon. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke, Yorke, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwicke, to the Parliament.

King. I muſe my Lord of Gloſter is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmoſt man,
What e're occaſion keepes him from us now.
Quee. Can you not ſee? or will ye not obſerve
The ſtrangeneſſe of his alter'd Countenance?
With what a Majeſty he beares himſelfe,
How inſolent of late he is become,
How prowd, how peremptory, and unlike himſelfe.
We know the time ſince he was milde and affable,
And if we did but glance a farre-off Looke,
Immediately he was upon his Knee,
That all the Court admir'd him for ſubmiſſion.
But meet him now, and be it in the Morne,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his Brow, and ſhewes an angry Eye,
And paſſeth by with ſtiffe unbowed Knee,
Diſdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small Curres are not regarded when they grinne,
But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,
And *Humfrey* is no little Man in England.
Firſt note, that he is neere you in deſcent,
And ſhould you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me ſeemeth then, it is no Pollicy,
Reſpecting what a rancorous mind he beares,
And his advantage following your deceaſe,
That he ſhould come about your Royall Perſon,
Or be admitted to your highneſſe councell.
By flattery hath he wonne the Commons hearts:
And when he pleaſe to make Commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the Spring, and Weedes are ſhallow-rooted,
Suffer them now, and they'le o're-grow the Garden,
And choake the Herbes for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I beare unto my Lord,
Made me collect theſe dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a Womans feare:
Which feare, if better Reaſons can ſupplant,
I will ſubſcribe, and ſay I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lord of *Suffolke*, *Buckingham*, and *Yorke*.
Reprove my allegation, if you can,
Or elſe conclude my words effectuall.
Suff. Well hath your highneſſe ſeene into this Duke:
And had I firſt beene put to ſpeake my mind,
I thinke I ſhould have told your Graces Tale.
The Ducheſſe, by his ſubornation,
Vpon my Life began her divelliſh practiſes:
Or if he were not privy to thoſe Faults,
Yet by reputing of his high deſcent,
As next the King, he was ſucceſſiue Heire,
And ſuch high vaunts of his Nobility,
Did inſtigate the Bedlam braine-ſicke Ducheſſe,
By wicked meanes to frame our Soveraignes fall.
Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe,
And in his ſimple ſhew he harbours Treaſon.
The Fox barkes not, when he would ſteale the Lambe.
No, no, my Soveraigne, *Gloſter* is a man
Vnſounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.
Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,
Deviſe ſtrange deaths, for ſmall offences done?
Yorke. And did he not, in his Protectorſhip,
Levy great ſummes of Money through the Realme,
For Souldiers pay in *France*, and never ſent it?
By meanes whereof, the Townes each day revolted.
Buck. Tut, theſe are petty faults to faults unknowne,
Which time will bring to light in ſmooth Duke *Humfrey*.
King. My Lords at once: the care you have of us,
To mowe downe Thornes that would annoy our Foot,
Is worthy praiſe: but ſhall I ſpeake, my conſcience,
Our Kinſman *Gloſter* is as innocent,
From meaning Treaſon to our Royall Perſon,
As is the ſucking Lambe, or harmeleſſe Dove:
The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well given,
To dreame on evill, or to worke my downefall.
Que. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond af-
Seemes he a Dove? his feathers are but borrow'd, (ance?
For he's diſpoſed as the hatefull Raven.
Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is ſurely lent him,

For he's enclin'd as is the ravenous Wolves.
Who cannot ſteale a ſhape, that meanes deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of us all,
Hangs on the cutting ſhort that fraudfull man.

Enter Somerſet.

Som. All health unto my gracious Soveraigne.
King. Welcome Lord *Somerſet*: What Newes from France?
Som. That all your Intereſt in thoſe Territories,
Is vtterly bereft you: all is loſt.
King. Cold Newes, Lord *Somerſet*: but Gods will be done.
Yorke. Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,
As firmely as I hope for fertile *England.*
Thus are my Bloſſomes blaſted in the Bud,
And Caterpillers eate my Leaves away:
But I will remedy this geare ere long,
Or ſell my Title for a glorious Grave.

Enter Gloceſter.

Gloceſt. All happineſſe unto my Lord the King:
Pardon, my Liege, that I have ſtay'd ſo long.
Suff. Nay *Gloceſter*, know that thou art come too ſoone,
Vnleſſe thou wert more loyall then thou art:
I doe arreſt thee of high Treaſon here.
Gloceſt. Well *Suffolke*, yet thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arreſt:
A heart unſpotted, is not eaſily daunted.
The pureſt Spring is not ſo free ftom mud,
As I am cleare from Treaſon to my Soveraigne.
Who can accuſe me? wherein am I guilty?
Yorke. 'Tis thought, my Lord,
That you tooke Bribes of France,
And being Protector, ſtay'd the Souldiers pay,
By meanes whereof, his highneſſe hath loſt France.
Gloceſt. Is it but thought ſo?
What are they that thinke it?
I never rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny Bribe from France.
So helpe me God, as I have watcht the Night,
I, Night by Night, in ſtudying good for *England.*
That Doyt that ere I wreſted from the King,
Or any Groat I hoorded to my uſe,
Be brought againſt me at my Tryall day.
No: many a Pound of mine owne proper ſtore,
Becauſe I would not taxe the needy Commons,
Have I diſperſed to the Garriſons,
And never ask'd for reſtitution.
Card. It ſerves you well, my Lord, to ſay ſo much.
Gloceſt. I ſay no more then truth, ſo helpe me God.
Yorke. In your Protectorſhip, you did deviſe
Strange Tortures for Offenders, never heard of,
That *England* was defam'd by Tyranny.
Gloceſt. Why 'tis well knowne, that whiles I was Protector,
Pitty was all the fault that was in me:
For I ſhould melt at an Offendors teares,
And lowly words were Ranſome for their fault:
Vnleſſe it were a bloody Murtherer,
Or foule felonious Theefe, that fleec'd poore paſſengers,
I never gave them condigne puniſhment.
Murther indeed, that bloody ſinne, I tortur'd
Above the Felon, or what Treſpas elſe.
Suff. My Lord, theſe faults are eaſie, quickly anſwer'd:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot eaſily purge your ſelfe.
I doe arreſt you in his highneſſe Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall
To keepe, untill your farther time of Tryall.
King. My Lord of *Gloceſter*, 'tis my ſpeciall hope,
That you will cleare your ſelfe from all ſuſpence,
My Conſcience tells me you are innocent.
Gloceſt. Ah gracious Lord, theſe dayes are dangerous:
Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition,
And Charity chas'd hence by Rancours hand;
Foule Subornation is predominant,
And Equitie exil'd your highneſſe Land.
I know, their Complot is to have my Life:
And if my death might make this Iland happy,
And prove the Period of their Tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingneſſe.
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
For thouſands more, that yet ſuſpect no perill,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedy.
Beaufords red ſparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice,
And *Suffolkes* cloudy Brow his ſtormy hate;
Sharpe *Buckingham* unburthens with his tongue,
The envious Load that lyes upon his heart:
And dogged *Yorke*, that reaches at the Moone,
Whoſe over-weening Arme I have pluckt backe,
By falſe accuſe doth levell at my life.
And you, my Soveraigne Lady, with the reſt,
Cauſeleſſe have lay'd diſgraces on my head,
And with your beſt endevour have ſtirr'd up
My liefeſt Liege to be mine Enemy:
I, all of you have lay'd your heads together,
My ſelfe had notice of your Conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltleſſe life.
I ſhall not want falſe Witneſſe, to condemne me,
Nor ſtore of Treaſons, to augment my guilt:
The ancient Proverbe will be well effected,
A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.
Card. My Liege, his rayling is intollerable.
If thoſe that care to keepe your Royall Perſon
From Treaſons ſecret Knife, and Traytors Rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the Offender granted ſcope of ſpeech,
'Twill make them coole in zeale unto your Grace.
Suff. Hath he not twit our Soveraigne Lady here
With ignominious words, though Clarkely couch't?
As if ſhe had ſuborned ſome to ſweare
Falſe allegations, to o'rethrow his ſtate.
Que. But I can give the loſer leave to chide.
Gloceſt. Farre truer ſpoke then meant: I loſe indeed,
Beſhrew the winners, for they play'd me falſe,
And well ſuch loſers may have leave to ſpeake.
Buck. He'll wreſt the ſence, and hold us here all day.
Lord Cardinall, he is your Priſoner.
Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him ſure.
Gloceſt. Ah, thus King *Henry* throwes away his Crutch
Before his Legges be firme to beare his body.
Thus is the Shepheard beaten from thy ſide,
And Wolves are gnarling, who ſhall gnaw thee firſt.
Ah that my feare were falſe, ah that it were;
For good King *Henry*, thy decay I feare. *Exit Gloceſter.*
King. My Lords, what to your wiſdomes ſeemeth beſt,
Doe, or undoe, as if our ſelfe were here.
Queene: What, will your highneſſe leave the Parliament?
King. I *Margaret*: my heart is drown'd with griefe,
Whoſe floud begins to flowe within mine eyes;
My body round engyrt with miſery:

For what's more miſerable then Diſcontent?
Ah Vnckle *Humfrey*, in thy face I ſee
The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyalty:
And yet, good *Humfrey*, is the houre to come,
That ere I prov'd thee falſe, or fear'd thy faith.
What lowring Starre now envies thy eſtate?
That theſe great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queene,
Doe ſeeke ſubverſion of thy harmeleſſe Life.
Thou never didſt them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,
And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it ſtrayes,
Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-houſe;
Even ſo remorſeleſſe have they borne him hence:
And as the Damme runnes lowing up and downe,
Looking the way her harmeleſſe young one went,
And can doe nought but wayle her Darlings loſſe;
Even ſo my ſelfe bewayles good *Gloſters* caſe
With ſad unhelpefull teares, and with dimn'd eyes;
Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:
So mighty are his vowed Enemies.
His fortunes I will weepe, and 'twixt each groane,
Say, who's a Traytor? *Gloſter* he is none. *Exit.*

Quee. Free Lords:
Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames:
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,
Too full of fooliſh pitty: and *Gloſters* ſhew
Beguiles him, as the mournefull Crocodile
With ſorrow ſnares relenting paſſengers;
Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowring Banke,
With ſhining checker'd ſlough doth ſting a Child,
That for the beauty thinkes it excellent.
Beleeve me Lords, were none more wiſe then I,
And yet herein I judge mine owne Wit good;
This *Gloſter* ſhould be quickly rid the World,
To rid us from the feare we have of him.

Card. That he ſhould dye, is worthy pollicy,
But yet we want a Colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by courſe of Law.

Suff. But in my mind, that were no pollicy:
The King will labour ſtill to ſave his Life,
The Commons haply riſe, to ſave his Life;
And yet we have but triviall argument,
More then miſtruſt, that ſhewes him worthy death.

Yorke. So that by this, you would not have him dye.

Suff. Ah *Yorke*, no man alive, ſo faine as I.

Yorke. 'Tis *Yorke* that hath more reaſon for his death.
But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of *Suffolke*,
Say as you thinke, and ſpeake it from your Soules:
Wer't not all one, an empty Eagle were ſet,
To guard the Chicke from a hungry Kyte,
As place Duke *Humfrey* for the Kings Protector?

Quee. So the poore Chicken ſhould be ſure of death.

Suff. Madam 'tis true: and wer't not madneſſe then,
To make the Fox ſurveyor of the Fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty Murtherer,
His guilt ſhould be but idly poſted over,
Becauſe his purpoſe is not executed.
No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
By nature prov'd an Enemy to the Flocke,
Before his Chaps be ſtayn'd with Crimſon blood,
As *Humfrey* prov'd by Reaſons to my Liege.
And doe not ſtand on Quillets how to ſlay him:
Be it by Gynnes, by Snares, by Subtlety,
Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit,
Which mates him firſt, that firſt intends deceit.

Quee. Thrice Noble *Suffolke*, 'tis reſolutely ſpoke.

Suff. Not reſolute, except ſo much were done,
For things are often ſpoke, and ſeldome meant,
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preſerve my Soveraigne from his Foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his Prieſt.

Card. But I would have him dead, my Lord of *Suffolke*,
Ere you can take due Orders for a Prieſt:
Say you conſent, and cenſure well the deed,
And Ile provide his Executioner,
I tender ſo the ſafety of my Liege.

Suff. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Quee. And ſo ſay I.

Yorke. And I: and now we three have ſpoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.

Enter a Poſte.

Poſt. Great Lords, from *Ireland* am I come amaine,
To ſignifie, that Rebels there are up,
And put the Engliſhmen unto the Sword,
Send Succours (Lords) and ſtop the Rage betime,
Before the Wound doe grow uncurable;
For being greene, there is great hope of helpe.

Card. A Breach that craves a quicke expedient ſtop.
What counſaile give you in this weighty cauſe?

Yorke. That *Somerſet* be ſent a Regent thither:
'Tis meet that luckye Ruler be imploy'd,
Witneſſe the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If *Yorke*, with all his farre-fet pollicy,
Had beene the Regent there, in ſtead of me,
He never would have ſtay'd in France ſo long.

Yorke. No, not to loſe it all, as thou haſt done.
I rather would have loſt my life betimes,
Then bring a burthen of diſ-honour home,
By ſtaying there ſo long, till all were loſt.
Shew me one skarre, character'd on thy skinne.
Mens fleſh preſerv'd ſo whole, doe ſeldome winne.

Quee. Nay then, this ſparke will prove a raging fire,
If Wind and Fuell be brought, to feed it with:
No more, good *Yorke*; ſweet *Somerſet* be ſtill.
Thy fortune, *Yorke*, hadſt thou beene Regent there,
Might haply have prov'd farre worſe then his.

Yorke. What, worſe then naught? nay, then a ſhame take all.

Somerſet. And in the number, thee, that wiſheſt ſhame.

Card. My Lord of *Yorke*, try what your fortune is.
Th'uncivill Kernes of *Ireland* are in Armes,
And temper Clay with blood of Engliſhmen.
To *Ireland* will you leade a Band of men,
Collected choycely, from each County ſome,
And try your hap againſt the Iriſhmen?

Yorke. I will, my Lord, ſo pleaſe his Majeſty.

Suff. Why, our Authority is his conſent,
And what we doe eſtabliſh, he confirmes;
Then, Noble *Yorke*, take thou this Taske in hand.

Yorke. I am content: Provide me Souldiers, Lords,
Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.

Suff. A charge, Lord *Yorke*, that I will ſee perform'd.
But now returne we to the falſe Duke *Humfrey*.

Card. No more of him: for I will deale with him,
That henceforth he ſhall trouble us no more:
And ſo breake off, the day is almoſt ſpent,
Lord *Suffolke*, you and I muſt talke of that event.

Yorke. My Lord of *Suffolke*, within foureteene dayes
At Briſtow I expect my Souldiers,
For there Ile ſhip them all for Ireland.
Suff. Ile ſee it truely done, my Lord of *Yorke*. *Exeunt.*

Manet Yorke.

Yorke. Now *Yorke*, or never, ſteele thy fearfull thoughts
And change miſdoubt to reſolution ;
Be that thou hop'ſt to be, or what thou art;
Reſigne to death, it is not worth th'enjoying :
Let pale-fac't feare keepe with the meane-borne man ,
And finde no harbor in a Royall heart. (thought,
Faſter then Spring-time ſhowres, comes thought on
And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignity.
My braine, more buſie then the labouring Spider,
Weaves tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.
Well Nobles, well: 'tis politikely done,
To ſend me packing with an Hoaſt of men :
I feare me, you but warme the ſtarved Snake,
Who cheriſht in your breaſts, will ſting your hearts,
'Twas men I lackt, and you will give them me ;
I take it kindly : yet be well aſſur'd,
You put ſharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands.
Whiles I in *Ireland* nouriſh a mighty band,
I will ſtirre up in *England* ſome blacke Storme,
Shall blow ten thouſand Soules to heaven, or hell :
And this fell Tempeſt ſhall not ceaſe to rage,
Vntill the Golden Circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious Sunnes tranſparant Beames,
Doe calme the fury of this mad-bred Flawe.
And for a miniſter of my intent,
I have ſeduc'd a head-ſtrong Kentiſhman,
Iohn Cade of *Aſhford*,
To make Commotion, as full well he can,
Vnder the Title of *Iohn Mortimer*.
In *Ireland* have I ſeene this ſtubborne *Cade*
Oppoſe himſelfe againſt a Troupe of Kernes,
And fought ſo long, till that his thighes with Darts
Were almoſt like a ſharpe-quill'd Porpentine :
And in the end being reſcued, I have ſeene
Him caper upright, like a wilde Moriſco,
Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.
Full often, like a ſhag-hayr'd crafty Kerne,
Hath he converſed with the Enemy,
And undiſcover'd, come to me againe,
And given me notice of their Villanies.
This devill here ſhall be my ſubſtitute ,
For that *Iohn Mortimer*, which now is dead,
In face, in gate, in ſpeech he doth reſemble.
By this, I ſhall perceive the Commons mind,
How they affect the Houſe and Clayme of *Yorke*.
Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured ;
I know, no paine they can inflict upon him,
Will make him ſay, I mov'd him to thoſe Armes.
Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
Why then from Ireland come I with my ſtrength,
And reape the Harveſt which that Raſcall ſow'd.
For *Humfrey* ; being dead, as he ſhall be,
And *Henry* put apart ; the next for me. *Exit.*

Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the Murther of Duke Humfrey.

1. Runne to my Lord of *Suffolke* : let him know
We have diſpatcht the Duke, as he commanded.
2. Oh, that it were to doe ; what have we done ?
Didſt ever heare a man ſo penitent ? *Enter Suffolke.*
1. Heere comes my Lord.
Suff. Now Sirs, have you diſpatcht this thing ?
1. I, my good Lord, he's dead.
Suff. Why that's well ſaid. Goe, get you to my houſe,
I will reward you for this venturous deed :
The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.
Have you layd faire the Bed ? are all things well,
According as I gave directions ?
1. 'Tis, my good Lord.
Suff. Away, be gone. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, the Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke, Somerſet, with Attendants.

King. Goe call our Vnckle to our preſence ſtraight :
Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis publiſhed.
Suff. Ile call him preſently, my Noble Lord. *Exit.*
King. Lords take your places ; and I pray you all
Proceed no ſtraiter 'gainſt our Vnckle *Gloſter*,
Then from true evidence, of good eſteeme,
He be approv'd in practiſe culpable.
Quee. God forbid any Malice ſhould prevayle,
That faultleſſe may condemne a Noble man :
Pray God he may acquit him of ſuſpition.
King. I thanke thee *Nell*, theſe wordes content me much.

Enter Suffolke.

How now? why look'ſt thou pale? why trembleſt thou?
Where is our Vnckle ? what's the matter, *Suffolke* ?
Suff. Dead in his Bed, my Lord : *Gloſter* is dead.
Quee. Marry God forſend.
Card. Gods ſecret Iudgement : I did dreame to Night,
The Duke was dumbe, and could not ſpeake a word.

King ſounds.

Quee. How fares my Lord ? Helpe Lords, the King is dead.
Som. Reare up his Body, wring him by the Noſe.
Quee. Run, goe, helpe, helpe: Oh *Henry* ope thine eyes
Suff. He doth reviue againe, Madam be patient.
King. Oh heavenly God.
Quee. How fares my gracious Lord?
Suff. Comfort my Soveraigne, gracious *Henry* comfore.
King. What, doth my Lord of *Suffolke* comfort me?
Came he right now to ſing a Ravens Note,
Whoſe diſmall tunne bereft my Vitall powres :
And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breaſt,
Can chaſe away the firſt conceived ſound?
Hide not thy poyſon with ſuch ſugred words,
Lay not thy hands on me : forbeare I ſay,
Their touch affrights me as a Serpents ſting.
Thou balefull Meſſenger, out of my ſight :
Vpon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyranny
Sits in grim Majeſty, to fright the World.
Looke not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding ;
Yet doe not goe away ; come Baſiliske.
And kill the innocent gazer with thy ſight :
For in the ſhade of death, I ſhall find joy ;
In life, but double death, now *Gloſter's* dead.
Quee. Why doe you rate my Lord of *Suffolke* thus ?
Although the Duke was enemy to him,
Yet he moſt Chriſtian-like laments his death ;
And for my ſelfe, Foe as he was to me,
Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groanes,
Or blood-conſuming ſighes recall his Life ;

I would be blind with weeping, ſicke with grones,
Looke pale as Prim-roſe with blood-drinking ſighes;
And all to have the Noble Duke alive.
What know I how the world may deeme of me?
For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends:
It may be judg'd I made the Duke away.
So ſhall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded,
And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:
This get I by his death: Aye me unhappy,
To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamy.
King. Ah woe is me for *Gloſter*, wretched man.
Quee. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.
What, Doſt thou turne away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathſome Leaper, looke on me.
What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deafe?
Be poyſonous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene.
Is all thy comfort ſhut in *Gloſters* Tombe?
Why then Dame *Elianor* was ne're thy joy.
Erect his Statue, and worſhip it,
And make my Image but an Ale-houſe ſigne.
Was I for this nye wrack'd upon the Sea,
And twice by aukward winde from *Englands* banke
Drove backe againe unto my Native Clime.
What boaded this? but well fore-warning winde
Did ſeeme to ſay, ſeeke not a Scorpions Neſt,
Nor ſet no footing on this unkind Shore.
What did I then? But curſt the gentle guſts,
And he that loos'd them forth their Brazen Caves,
And bid them blow towards *Englands* bleſſed ſhore,
Or turne our Sterne upon a dreadfull Rocke:
Yet Æolus would not be a murtherer,
But left that hatefull office unto thee.
The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me,
Knowing that thou wouldſt have me drown'd on ſhore
With teares as ſalt as Sea, through thy unkindneſſe.
The ſplitting Rockes cowr'd in the ſinking ſands,
And would not daſh me with their ragged ſides,
Becauſe thy flinty heart more hard then they,
Might in thy Pallace, periſh *Elianor*,
As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes,
When from thy Shore, the Tempeſt beate us backe,
I ſtood upon the Hatches in the ſtorme:
And when the duſky sky, began to rob
My earneſt-gaping-ſight of the Lands view,
I tooke a coſtly Iewell from my necke,
A Heart it was bound in with Diamonds,
And threw it towards thy Land: The Sea receiv'd it,
And ſo I wiſh'd thy body might my Heart:
And even with this, I loſt faire Englands view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and duſky Spectacles,
For loſing ken of *Albions* wiſhed Coaſt,
How often have I tempted Suffolkes tongue
(The agent of thy foule inconſtancy)
To ſit and watch me as *Aſcanius* did,
When he to madding *Dido* would unfold
His Fathers Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy,
Am I not witcht like her? Or thou not falſe like him?
Aye me, I can no more: Dye *Elinor*,
For *Henry* weepes, that thou doſt live ſo long.

Noyſe within. Enter Warwicke, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty Soveraigne,
That good Duke *Humfrey* Traiterouſly is murdered
By *Suffolkes*, and the Cardinall *Beaufords* meanes:
The Commons like an angry hive of Bees
That want their Leader, ſcatter up and downe,
And care not who they ſting in his revenge.
My ſelfe have calm'd their ſpleenfull mutiny,
Vntill they heare the order of his death.
King. That he is dead good *Warwicke*, 'tis too true,
But how he dyed, God knowes, not *Henry*:
Enter his Chamber, view his breathleſſe Corpes,
And comment then upon his ſodaine death.
Warw. That ſhall I doe my Liege: Stay *Salsbury*
With the rude multitude, till I returne.
King. O thou that judgeſt all things, ſtay my thoughts:
My thoughts, that labour to perſwade my ſoule,
Some violent hands were laid on *Humfryes* life:
If my ſuſpect be falſe, forgive me God,
For judgement onely doth belong to thee:
Faine would I goe to chafe his paly lips,
With twenty thouſand kiſſes, and to draine
Vpon his face an Ocean of ſalt teares,
To tell my love unto his dumbe deafe trunke,
And with my fingers feele his hand, unfeeling:
But all in vaine are theſe meane Obſequies,

Bed put forth.

And to ſurvey his dead and earthly Image:
What were it but to make my ſorrow greater?
Warw. Come hither gracious Soveraigne, view this body.
King. That is to ſee how deeepe my grave is made,
For with his ſoule fled all my worldly ſolace;
For ſeeing him, I ſee my life in death.
War. As ſurely as my ſoule intends to live
With that dread King that tooke our ſtate upon him,
To free us from his Fathers wrathfull curſe,
I doe beleeue that violent hands were laid
Vpon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.
Suff. A dreadfull Oath, ſworne with a ſolemne tongue:
What inſtance gives Lord Warwicke for his vow?
War. See how the blood is ſetled in his face.
Oft have I ſeene a timely-parted Ghoſt,
Of aſhy ſemblance, meager, pale, and bloodleſſe,
Being all deſcended to the labouring heart,
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the ſame for aydance 'gainſt the enemy,
Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth,
To bluſh and beautifie the Cheeke againe.
But ſee, his face is blacke, and full of blood:
His eye-balles further out, than when he lived,
Staring full gaſtly, like a ſtrangled man:
His hayre up rear'd, his noſtris ſtretcht with ſtrugling:
His hands abroad diſplay'd, as one that graſpt
And tugg'd for Life, and was by ſtrength ſubdude.
Looke on the ſheets his haire (you ſee) is ſticking,
His well proportion'd Beard, made ruffe and rugg'd,
Like to the Summers Corne by Tempeſt lodged:
It cannot be but he was murdred heere,
The leaſt of all theſe ſignes were probable.
Suf. Why *Warwicke*, who ſhould doe the D. to death?
My ſelfe and *Beauford* had him in protection,
And we, I hope ſir, are no murtherers.
War. But both of you were vowed D. *Humfries* death.
And you (forſooth) had the good Duke to keepe:
Tis like you would not feaſt him like a friend,
And 'tis well ſeene, he found an enemy.
Queen. Then you belike ſuſpect theſe Noblemen,
As guilty of Duke *Humfries* timeleſſe death.

War.

Warw. Who finds the Heyfer dead, and bleeding freſh,
And ſees faſt-by, a Butcher with an Axe,
But will ſuſpect, 'twas he that made the ſlaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the Puttockes Neſt,
But may imagine how the Bird was dead,
Although the Kyte ſoare with vnbloudied Beake?
Euen ſo ſuſpitious is this Tragedy.
Qu. Are you the Butcher, *Suffolke*? where's your Knife?
Is *Beauford* tearm'd a Kyte? where are his Tallons?
Suff. I weare no Knife, to ſlaughter ſleeping men,
But here's a vengefull Sword, ruſted with eaſe,
That ſhall be ſcowred in his rancorous heart,
That ſlanders me with Murthers Crimſon Badge.
Say, if thou dar'ſt, prow'd Lord of Warwickſhire,
That I am faulty in Duke *Humfryes* death.
Warw. What dares not *Warwicke*, if falſe *Suffolke* dare him?
Que. He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit,
Nor ceaſe to be an arrogant Controller,
Though *Suffolke* dare him twenty thouſand times.
Warw. Madam be ſtill: with reuerence may I ſay,
For euery word you ſpeake in his behalfe,
Is ſlander to your Royall Dignity.
Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,
If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord ſo much,
Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed,
Some ſterne vntutor'd Churle; and Noble Stocke
Was graft with Crab-tree ſlip, whoſe Fruit thou art,
And neuer of the *Nevils* Noble Race.
Warw. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
And I ſhould rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thouſand ſhames,
And that my Soueraignes preſence makes me mild,
I would, falſe murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy paſſed ſpeech,
And ſay, it was thy Mother that thou meant'ſt,
That thou thy ſelfe waſt borne in Baſtardy;
And after all this fearefull Homage done,
Giue thee thy hyre, aed thy Soule to hell,
Pernicious blood-ſucker of ſleeping men.
Suf. Thou ſhalt be waking, while I ſhed thy blood,
If from this preſence thou dar'ſt goe with me.
Warw. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence,
Vnworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,
And doe ſome ſeruice to Duke *Humfreyes* Ghoſt.
Exeunt.
King. What ſtrõger Breſt-plate then a heart vntainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell iuſt;
And he but naked, though lockt vp in Steele,
Whoſe conſcience with iniuſtice is corrupted.
A noyſe within.
Quee. What noyſe is this?

Enter Suffolke and Warwicke, with their Weapons drawne.

King. Why how now Lords?
Your wrathfull Weapons drawne,
Here in our preſence? Dare you be ſo bold?
Why what tumultuous clamor haue we here?
Suff. The trayt'rous *Warwicke*, with the men of Bury,
Set all vpon me, mighty Soueraigne.

Enter Saliſbury.

Salis. Sirs ſtand apart, the King ſhall know your mind.
Dread Lord, the Commons ſend you word by me,
Vnleſſe Lord *Suffolke* ſtraight be done to death,
Or baniſhed faire *Englands* Territories,
They will by violence teare him from your Pallace,
And torture him with grieuous lingring death.
They ſay, by him the good Duke *Humfrey* dy'de:
They ſay, in him they feare your Highneſſe death;
And meere inſtinct of Loue and Loyalty,
Free from a ſtubborne oppoſite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his Baniſhment.
They ſay, in care of your moſt Royall Perſon,
That if your Highneſſe ſhould intend to ſleepe,
And charge, that no man ſhould diſturbe your reſt,
In paine of your diſlike, or paine of death;
Yet notwithſtanding ſuch a ſtrait Edict,
Were there a Serpent ſeene, with forked Tongue,
That ſlyly glyded towards your Maieſty,
It were but neceſſary you were wak't:
Leaſt being ſuffer'd in that harmeleſſe ſlumber,
The mortall Worme might make the ſleepe eternall.
And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, where you will, or no,
From ſuch fell Serpents as falſe *Suffolke* is;
With whoſe inuenomed and fatall ſting,
Your louing Vnckle, twenty times his worth,
They ſay is ſhamefully bereft of life.
Commons within. An Anſwer from the King, my Lord of Saliſbury.
Suff. 'Tis like the Commons, rude vnpoliſht hinds,
Could ſend ſuch Meſſage to their Soueraigne:
But you, my Lord, were glad to be imploy'd,
To ſhew how queint an Orator you are.
But all the Honor *Saliſbury* hath wonne,
Is, that he was the Lord Embaſſador,
Sent from a ſort of Tinkers to the King.
Within. An anſwer from the King, or wee will all breake in.
King. Goe *Saliſbury*, and tell them all from me,
I thanke them for their tender louing care;
And had I not beene cited ſo by them,
Yet did I purpoſe as they doe entreat:
For ſure, my thoughts doe hourely prophecy,
Miſchance vnto my State by *Suffolkes* meanes.
And therefore by his Maieſty I ſweare,
Whoſe farre-vnworthy Deputy I am,
He ſhall not breathe infection in this ayre,
But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.
Que. Oh *Henry*, let me pleade for gentle *Suffolke*.
King. Vngentle Queene, to call him gentle *Suffolke*.
No more I ſay: if thou do'ſt pleade for him,
Thou wilt but adde encreaſe vnto my Wrath.
Had I but ſaid, I would haue kept my word;
But when I ſweare, it is irreuocable:
If after three dayes ſpace thou here bee'ſt found,
On any ground that I am Ruler of,
The World ſhall not be Ranſome for thy Life.
Come *Warwicke*, come good *Warwicke*, goe with me,
I haue great matters to impart to thee. *Exit.*
Que. Miſchance and Sorrow goe along with you,
Hearts Diſcontent, and ſowre Affliction,
Be play-fellowes to keepe you company:
There's two of you, the Deuill made a third,
And three-fold Vengeance tend vpon your ſteps.
Suff. Ceaſe, gentle Queene, theſe Execrations,
And let thy *Suffolke* take his heauy leaue.

Queene.

Quee. Fye Coward woman, and ſoft hearted wretch,
Haſt thou not ſpirit to curſe thine enemy?
Suff. A plague upon them: wherefore ſhould I curſſe them?
Would curſes kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,
I would invent as bitter ſearching termes,
As curſt, as harſh, and horrible to heare,
Deliver'd ſtrongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many ſignes of deadly hate,
As leane-fac'd envy in her loathſome cave.
My tongue ſhould ſtumble in mine earneſt words,
Mine eyes ſhould ſparkle like the beaten Flint,
Mine haire be fixt an end, as one diſtract:
I, every joynt ſhould ſeeme to curſe and ban,
And even now my burthen'd heart would breake
Should I not curſe them. Poyſon be their drinke;
Gall, worſe then Gall, the daintieſt that they taſte:
Their ſweeteſt ſhade, a grove of Cypreſſe Trees:
Their cheefeſt Proſpect, murd'ring Baſiliskes:
Their ſofteſt Touch, as ſmart as Lyzards ſtings:
Their Muſicke, frightfull as the Serpents hiſſe,
And boading Screech-Owles, make the Conſort full.
All the foule terrors in darke ſeated hell———
Que. Enough ſweet Suffolke, thou torment'ſt thy ſelfe,
And theſe dread curſes like the Sunne 'gainſt glaſſe,
Or like an over-charged Gun, recoile,
And turnes the force of them upon thy ſelfe.
Suff. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now by the ground that I am baniſh'd from,
Well could I curſe away a Winters night,
Though ſtanding naked on a Mountaine top,
Where byting cold would never let graſſe grow,
And thinke it but a minute ſpent in ſport.
Quee. Oh, let me intreat thee ceaſe, give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournfull teares;
Nor let the raine of heaven wet this place,
To waſh away my woefull Monuments.
Oh, could this kiſſe be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'ſt thinke upon theſe by the Seale,
Through whom a thouſand ſighes are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my griefe,
'Tis but ſurmiz'd, whiles thou art ſtanding by,
As one that ſurfets, thinking on a want:
I will repeale thee, or be well aſſur'd,
Adventure to be baniſhed my ſelfe:
And baniſhed I am, if but from thee.
Goe, ſpeake not to me; even now be gone,
Oh goe not yet. Even thus, two friends condemn'd,
Embrace, and kiſſe, and take ten thouſand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part then dye;
Yet now farewell, and farewell life with thee.
Suff. Thus is poore *Suffolke* ten times baniſhed,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the Land I care for, wer't thou hence,
A Wilderneſſe is populous enough,
So *Suffolke* had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the World it ſelfe,
With every ſeverall pleaſure in the World:
And where thou art not, Deſolation.
I can no more: Live thou to joy thy life;
My ſelfe no joy in nought, but that thou liv'ſt.

Enter Vaux.

Quee. Whither goes *Vaux* ſo faſt? what newes I prethee?
Vaux. To ſignifie unto his Majeſty,
That Cardinall *Beauford* is at point of death:
For ſodainely a greivous ſickeneſſe tooke him,
That makes him gaspe, and ſtare, and catch the ayre,
Blaſpheming God, and curſing men on earth.
Sometime he talkes, as if Duke *Humfryes* Ghoſt
Were by his ſide: Sometime, he calles the King,
And whiſpers to his pillow, as to him,
The ſecrets of his over-charged ſoule,
And I am ſent to tell his Majeſty,
That even now he cries alowd for him.
Quee. Goe tell this heavy Meſſage to the King. *Exit.*
Aye me! What is this World? What newes are theſe?
But wherefore greeve I at an houres poore loſſe,
Omitting Suffolkes exile, my ſoules Treaſure?
Why onely Suffolke mourne I not for thee?
And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares?
Theirs for the earths encreaſe; mine for my ſorrowes.
Now get thee hence, the King thou know'ſt is comming
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
Suff. If I depart from thee, I cannot live,
And in thy ſight to dye, what were it elſe,
But like a pleaſant ſlumber in thy lap?
Heere could I breath my ſoule into the ayre,
As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe,
Dying with mothers dugge betweene it's lips.
Where from thy ſight, I ſhould be raging mad.
And cry out for thee to cloſe up mine eyes:
To have thee with thy lippes to ſtop my mouth:
So ſhould'ſt thou either turne my flying ſoule,
Or I ſhould breathe it ſo into thy body,
And then it liv'd in ſweet Elizium.
To dye by thee, were but to dye in jeſt,
From thee to dye, were torture more then death:
Oh let me ſtay, befall what may befall.
Quee. Away: Though parting be a fretfull coroſive,
It is applyed to a deathfull wound.
To France ſweet Suffolke: Let me heare from thee:
For whereſoever thou art in this worlds Globe,
Ile have an *Iris* that ſhall find thee out.
Suff. I goe.
Quee. And take my heart with thee.
Suff. A Iewell lockt into the wofulſt Caske,
That ever did containe a thing of worth,
Even as a ſplitted Barke, ſo ſunder we:
This way fall I to death.
Quee. This way for me. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwicke, to the Cardinall in bed.

King. How fare's my Lord? Speake *Beauford* to thy Soveraigne.
Ca. If thou beeſt death, Ile give thee *Englands* Treaſure,
Enough to purchaſe ſuch another Iſland,
So thou wilt let me live, and feele no paine.
King. Ah, what a ſigne it is of evill life,
Where death's approach is ſeene ſo terrible.
War. *Beauford*, it is thy Soveraigne ſpeakes to thee.
Beau. Bring me unto my Triall when you will.
Dy'de he not in his bed? Where ſhould he dye?
Can I make men live where they will or no?
Oh torture me no more, I will confeſſe.
Alive againe? Then ſhew me where he is,
Ile give a thouſand pound to looke upon him,
He hath no eyes, the duſt hath blinded them.

Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it ſtands upright,
Like Lime-twigs ſet to catch my winged ſoule:
Give me ſome drinke, and bid the Apothecarie
Bring the ſtrong poyſon that I bought of him.

King. Oh thou eternall moover of the heavens,
Looke with a gentle eye upon this Wretch,
Oh beate away the buſie medling Fiend,
That layes ſtrong ſiege unto this wretches ſoule,
And from his boſome purge this blacke deſpaire.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Diſturbe him not, let him paſſe peaceably.

King. Peace to his ſoule, if Gods good pleaſure be.
Lord Card'nall, if thou think'ſt on heavens bliſſe,
Hold up thy hand, make ſignall of thy hope.
He dyes and makes no ſigne: Oh God forgive him.

War. So bad a death, argues a monſtrous life.

King. Forbeare to judge, for we are ſinners all.
Cloſe up his eyes, and draw the Curtaine cloſe,
And let us all to Meditation. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordenance goes off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolke, and others.

Lieu. The gaudy blabbing and remorſefull day,
Is crept into the boſome of the Sea:
And now loud houling Wolves arouſe the Iades
That dragge the Tragicke melancholy night:
Who with their drowſie, ſlow, and flagging wings
Cleape dead-mens graves; and from their miſty Iawes,
Breathe foule contagious darkneſſe in the ayre:
Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,
For whilſt our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,
Here ſhall they make their ranſome on the ſand,
Or with their blood ſtaine this diſcoloured ſhore.
Maſter, this Priſoner freely give I thee.
And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:
The other *Walter Whitmore* is thy ſhare.

1 Gent. What is my ranſome Maſter, let me know.

Ma. A thouſand Crownes, or elſe lay down your head.

Mate. And ſo much ſhall you give, or off goes yours.

Lieu. What thinke you much to pay 2000. Crownes,
And beare the name and port of Gentlemen?
Cut both the Villaines throat, for dye you ſhall:
The lives of thoſe which we have loſt in fight,
Be counter-poys'd with ſuch a pettie ſumme.

1. Gent. Ile give it ſir, and therefore ſpare my life.

2 Gent. And ſo will I, and write home for it ſtraight.

Whitm. I loſt mine eye in laying the prize aboord,
And therefore to revenge it, ſhalt thou dye,
And ſo ſhould theſe, if I might have my will.

Lieu. Be not ſo raſh, take ranſome, let him live.

Suf. Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou ſhalt be payed.

Whit. And ſo am I: my name is *Walter Whitmore.*
How now? why ſtarts thou? what doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whoſe ſound is death:
A cunning man did calculate my Birth,
And told me that by water I ſhould dye:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly ſounded.

Wit. *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not,
Never yet did baſe diſhonour blurre our name,
But with our ſword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when Merchant-like I ſell revenge,
Broke be my ſword, my Armes torne and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world,

Suf. Stay *Whitmore*, for thy Priſoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, *William de la Pole.*

Whit. The Duke of Suffolke, muffled up in ragges?

Suf. I, but theſe raggs are no part of the Duke.

Lieu. But Iove was never ſlaine as thou ſhalt be,
Obſcure and lowſie Swaine, King *Henries* blood.

Suf. The honourable blood of Lancaſter
Muſt not be ſhed by ſuch a jaded Groome:
Haſt thou not kiſt thy hand, and held my ſtirrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I ſhooke my head.
How often haſt thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,
When I have feaſted with Queene *Margaret*?
Remember it, and let it make thee Creſt-falne,
I, and alay this thy abortive Pride:
How in our voiding Lobby haſt thou ſtood,
And duly waited for my comming forth?
This hand of thine hath writ in thy behalfe,
And therefore ſhall it charme thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speake Captaine, ſhall I ſtab the forlorn Swain?

Lieu. Firſt let my words ſtab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Baſe ſlave, thy words are blunt, and ſo art thou.

Lieu. Convey him hence, and on our long boats ſide,
Strike off his head. *Suf.* Thou dar'ſt not for thy owne.

Lieu. *Poole,* Sir *Poole*? Lord,
I kennell, puddle, ſinke, whoſe filth and durt
Troubles the ſilver Spring, where England drinkes:
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For ſwallowing the Treaſure of the Realme.
Thy lips that kiſt the Queene, ſhall ſweepe the ground:
And thou that ſmil'dſt at good Duke *Humfries* death,
Againſt the ſenſeleſſe windes ſhalt grin in vaine,
Who in contempt ſhall hiſſe at thee againe.
And wedded be thou to the Hagges of hell,
For daring to affye a mighty Lord
Vnto the daughter of a worthleſſe King,
Having neither Subject, Wealth, nor Diadem:
By diveliſh policy art thou growne great,
And like ambitious Sylla over-gor'd,
With gobbets of thy Mother-bleeding heart.
By thee *Anjou* and *Maine* were ſold to France.
The falſe revolting Normans thorough thee,
Diſdaine to call us Lord, and *Piccardie*
Hath ſlaine their Governors, ſurpriz'd our Forts,
And ſent the ragged Souldiers wounded home:
The Princely Warwicke, and the *Nevils* all,
Whoſe dreadfull ſwords were never drawne in vaine,
As hating thee, and riſing up in Armes.
And now the Houſe of Yorke thruſt from the Crowne,
By ſhamefull murther of a guiltleſſe King,
And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,
Burnes with revenging fire, whoſe hopefull colours
Advance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, ſtriving to ſhine;
Vnder the which is writ, *Inuitis nubibus.*
The Commons heere in Kent are up in armes,
And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie,
Is crept into the Pallace of our King,
And all by thee: away convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a God, to ſhoot forth Thunder
Vpon theſe paltry, ſervile, abject Drudges:
Small things make baſe men proud. This Villaine heere,
Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threats more
Then *Bargulus* the ſtrong Illyrian Pyrate.
Drones ſucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hives;
It is impoſſible that I ſhald dye

By ſuch a lowly Vaſſall as thy ſelfe.
Thy words move Rage, and not remorſe in me:
I goe of Meſſage from the Queene to France:
I charge thee waft me ſafely croſſe the Channell.

Lieu. Water: W. Come Suffolke, I muſt waft thee to thy death.

Suf. Gelidus timor occupat artus, it is thee I feare.

Wal. Thou ſhalt have cauſe to feare before I leave thee.
What, are ye danted now? Now will ye ſtoope?

1. *Gent.* My gracious Lord intreat him, ſpeak him fair.

Suf. Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is ſterne and rough:
Vs'd to command, untaught to pleade for favour.
Farre be it, we ſhould honour ſuch as theſe
With humble ſuite: no, rather let my head
Stoope to the blocke, then theſe knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven; and to my King:
And ſooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Then ſtand uncover'd to the Vulgar Groome.
True-Nobility, is exempt from feare:
More can I beare, then you dare execute.

Lieu. Hale him away, and let him talke no more:
Come Souldiers, ſhew what cruelty ye can.

Suf. That this my death may never be forgot.
Great men oft dye by vilde Bezonians.
A Romane Sworder, and Bandetto ſlave
Murder'd ſweet *Tully*. *Brutus* Baſtard hand
Stab'd *Iulius Cæſar*. Savage Iſlanders
Pompey the Great, and *Suffolke* dyes by Pyrats.

Exit Walter with Suffolke.

Lieu. And as for theſe whoſe ranſome we have ſet,
It is our pleaſure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

Exit Lieutenant, and the reſt.

Manet the firſt Gent. *Enter Walter with the body.*

Wal. There let his head, and liveleſſe bodie lye,
Vntill the Queene his Miſtris bury it. *Exit Walter.*

1.*Gent.* O barbarous and bloudy ſpectacle,
His body will I beare unto the King:
If he revenge it not, yet will his Friends,
So will the Queene, that living, held him deere. *Exit.*

Enter Bevis, and Iohn Holland.

Bevis. Come and get thee a ſword, though made of a Lath, they have bene up theſe two dayes.

Hol. They have the more neede to ſleepe now then.

Bevis. I tell thee, *Iacke Cade* the Cloathier, meanes to dreſſe the Common-wealh and turne it, and ſet a new nap upon it.

Hol. So he had need, 'tis thred-bare. Well, I ſay, it was never merrie world in England, ſince Gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miſerable Age: Vertue is not regarded in Handy-crafts men.

Hol. The Nobilitie thinke ſcorne to goe in Leather Aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good Workemen.

Hol. True: and yet it is ſaid, Labour in thy Vocation: which is as much to ſay, as let the Magiſtrates be labouring men, and therefore ſhould we be Magiſtrates.

Bevis. Thou haſt hit it: for there's no better ſigne of a brave minde, then a hard hand.

Hol. I ſee them, I ſee them: There's *Beſts* Sonne, the Tanner of Wingham.

Bevis. He ſhall have the skinnes of our enemies, to make Dogges Leather of.

Hol. And Dicke the Butcher.

Bevis. Then is ſin ſtrucke downe like an Oxe, and iniquities throate cut like a Calfe.

Hol. And Smith the Weaver.

Bev. Argo, their thred of life is ſpun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drumme. Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. We *Iohn Cade*, ſo term'd of our ſuppoſed Father.

But. Or rather of ſtealing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our enemies ſhall faile before us, inſpired with the ſpirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Command ſilence.

But. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a *Mortimer*.

But. He was an honeſt man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet*.

Butch. I knew her well, ſhe was a Midwife.

Cade. My wife deſcended of the *Lacies*.

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, and ſold many Laces.

Weaver. But now of late, not able to travell with her furr'd Packe, ſhe waſhes buckes here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable houſe.

But. I by my faith the field is honourable, and there was he borne, under a hedge: for his Father had never a houſe but the Cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weaver. A muſt needs, for beggery is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

But. No queſtion of that: for I have ſeene him whipt three Market dayes together.

Cade. I feare neither ſword, nor fire.

Wea. He need not feare the ſword, for his Coate is of proofe.

But. But me thinkes he ſhould ſtand in feare of fire, being burnt i'th hand for ſtealing of Sheepe.

Cade. Be brave then, for your Captaine is Brave, and Vowes Reformation. There ſhall be in England, ſeven halfe peny Loaves ſold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot, ſhall have ten hoopes, and I will make it Fellony to drinke ſmall Beere. All the Realme ſhall be in Common, and in Cheapſide ſhall my Palfrey go to graſſe: and when I am King, as King I will be.

All. God ſave your Majeſtie.

Cade. I thanke you good people. There ſhall bee no mony, all ſhall eate and drinke on my ſcore, and I will apparrell them all in one Livery, that they may agree like Brothers, and worſhip me their Lord.

But. The firſt thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe ſhould be made Parchment; that Parchment being ſcribl'd o're, ſhould undoe a man. Some ſay the Bee ſtings, but I ſay, 'tis the Bees wax: for I did but ſeale once to a thing, and I was never my owne man ſince. How now? Who's there?

Enter a Clearke.

Weaver. The Clearke of Chattam: hee can write and reade, and caſt accompt.

Cade. O monſtrous!

Wea. We tooke him ſetting boyes Coppies.

Cade. Here's a Villaine.

Wea. Ha's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't.

Cade. Nay then he is a Conjurer.

But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.

Cade. I am ſorry for't: The man is a proper man of mine Honor: unleſſe I finde him guilty, he ſhall not die. Come hither ſirrah, I muſt examine thee: What is thy name?

Clearke. *Emanuell.*

But. They uſe to write it on the top of Letters: 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Doſt thou uſe to write thy name? Or haſt thou a marke to thy ſelfe, like an honeſt plain dealing man?

Clearke. Sir I thanke God, I have bin ſo well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confeſt: away with him: he is a Villaine and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I ſay: Hang him with his Pen and Inke-horne about his necke.

Exit one with the Clearke

Enter Michaell.

Mich. Where's our Generall?

Cade. Heere I am thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Humfrey Stafford* and his brother are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand villaine, ſtand, or Ile fell thee downe: he ſhall be encountred with a man as good as himſelfe. He is but a Knight, is a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equall him I will make my ſelfe a knight preſently; Riſe up Sir *Iohn Mortimer.* Now have at him.

Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and ſcum of Kent,
Mark'd for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe,
Home to your Cottages: forſake this Groome.
The King is mercifull, if you revolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.

Cade. As for theſe ſilken-coated ſlaves I paſſe not,
It is to you good people, that I ſpeake,
Over whom (in time to come) I hope to reigne;
For I am rightfull heyre unto the Crowne.

Staf. Villaine, thy Father was a Playſterer,
And thou thy ſelfe a Sheareman, art thou not?

Cade. And *Adam* was a Gardiner.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this *Edmond Mortimer* Earle of March,
married the Duke of *Clarence* daughter, did he not?

Staf. I ſir.

Cade. By her he had two Children at one birth.

Bro. That's falſe.

Cade. I, there's the queſtion; But I ſay, 'tis true:
The elder of them being put to nurſe,
Was by a begger-woman ſtolne away,
And ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age.
His ſonne am I, deny it if you can.

But. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he ſhall be King.

Wea. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers houſe, and the brickes are alive at this day to teſtifie it: therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this baſe Drudges Wordes, that ſpeakes he knowes not what?

All. I marry will we, therefore get you gone.

Bro. *Iacke Cade*, the D. of Yorke hath taught you this.

Cade. He lyes, for I invented it my ſelfe. Go too Sirrah, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers ſake *Henry* the fift, (in whoſe time boyes went to Span-counter for French Crownes) I am content he ſhall reigne, but Ile be Protector over him.

Butcher. And furthermore wee'le have the Lord *Sayes* head, for ſelling the Dukedome of *Maine.*

Cade. And good reaſon: for thereby is England main'd
And faine to goe with a ſtaffe, but that my puiſſance holds it up. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord *Say* hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch: and more then that, he can ſpeake French, and therefore he is a Traitor.

Staf. O groſſe and miſerable ignorance.

Cade. Nay anſwer if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go too then: I ask but this: Can he that ſpeaks with the tonge of an enemy, be a good Councellour, or no?

All. No, no, and therefore wee'l have his head.

Bro. Well, ſeeing gentle words will not prevayle,
Aſſayle them with ths Army of the King.

Staf. Herald away, and throughout every Towne,
Proclaime them Traytors that are up with *Cade*,
That thoſe which flye before the battell ends,
May even in their wives and Childrens ſight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doores:
And you that be the Kings friends follow me. *Exit.*

Cade. And you that love the Commons follow me:
Now ſhew your ſelves men, 'tis for Liberty.
We will not leave one Lord, one Gentleman:
Spare none, but ſuch as go in clouted ſhooen,
For they are thrifty honeſt men, and ſuch
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

But. They are are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are moſt out of order. Come, march forward.

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are ſlaine.
Enter Cade and the reſt.

Cade. Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Aſhford?

But. Heere ſir.

Cade. They fell before thee like ſheepe and Oxen, and thou behaved'ſt thy ſelfe, as if thou hadſt beene in thine owne Slaughter-houſe: Therefore thus wil I reward thee, the Lent ſhall bee as long againe as it is, and thou ſhalt have a Licenſe to kill for a hundred lacking one.

But. I deſire no more.

Cade. And to ſpeake truth, thou deſerv'ſt no leſſe.
This Monument of the victorie will I beare, and the bodies ſhall be dragg'd at my horſe heeles, till I do come to London, where we will have the Maiors ſword born before us.

But. If we meane to thrive, and do good, breake open the Gaoles, and let out the Priſoners.

Cade. Feare not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with Suffolkes head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Queene. Oft have I heard that greefe ſoftens the mind,

And makes it fearefull and degenerate,
Thinke therefore on revenge, and ceaſe to weepe.
But who can ceaſe to weepe, and looke on this?
Here may his head lye on my throbbing breſt:
But where's the body that I ſhould imbrace?

Buc. What anſwer makes your Grace to the Rebells Supplication?

King. Ile ſend ſome holy Biſhop to intreate:
For God forbid, ſo many ſimple ſoules
Should periſh by the Sword. And I my ſelfe,
Rather then bloody warre ſhall cut them ſhort,
Will parly with *Iacke Cade* their Generall.
But ſtay, Ile reade it over once againe.

Qu. Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this lovely face,
Rul'd like a wandring Plannet over me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the ſame?

King. Lord *Say*, *Iacke Cade* hath ſworne to have thy head.

Say. I, but I hope your Highneſſe ſhall have his.

King. How now Madam?
Stil lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death?
I feare me (Love) if that I had beene dead,
Thou would'ſt not halfe have mourn'd ſo much for me.

Qu. No my Love, I ſhould not mourne, but dye for thee.

Enter a Meſſenger.

King. How now? What newes? Why com'ſt thou in ſuch haſte?

Meſ. The Rebels are in Southwarke: Fly my Lord:
Iacke Cade proclaimes himſelfe Lord *Mortimer*,
Deſcended from the Duke of *Clarence* houſe,
And calls your Grace Vſurper, openly,
And vowes to Crowne himſelfe in Weſtminſter.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of Hinds and Pezants, rude and mercileſſe:
Sir *Humfrey Stafford*, and his Brothers death,
Hath given them heart and courage to proceede:
All Schollers, Lawiers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,
They call falſe Catterpillers, and intend their death.

Kin. Oh graceleſſe men: they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,
Vntill a power be rais'd to put them downe.

Qu. Ah were the Duke of Suffolke now alive,
Theſe Kentiſh Rebels ſhould be ſoone appeas'd.

King. Lord *Say*, the Traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your Graces perſon be in danger:
The ſight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this City will I ſtay,
And live alone as ſecret as I may.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. *Iacke Cade* hath gotten London-bridge,
The Citizens flye him and forſake their houſes:
The Raſcall people, thirſting after prey,
Ioyne with the Traitor, and they joyntly ſweare
To ſpoyle the City, and your Royall Court.

Buc. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horſe.

King. Come *Margaret*, God our hope will ſuccour us.

Qu. My hope is gone, now Suffolke is deceaſt.

King. Farewell my Lord, truſt not to Kentiſh Rebels.

Buc. Truſt no body for feare you be betraid.

Say. The truſt I have, is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and reſolute. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enters two or thee Citizens below.

Scales. How now? Is *Iacke Cade* ſlaine?

1. Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be ſlaine:
For they have wonne the Bridge,
Killing all thoſe that withſtand them:
The L. Maior craves ayd of your Honor from the Tower
To defend the City from the Rebels.

Scales. Such ayd as I can ſpare you ſhall command,
But I am troubled heere with them my ſelfe.
The Rebels have aſſay'd to win the Tower.
But get you into Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will ſend you *Mathew Goffe*.
Fight for your King, your Country, and your Lives,
And ſo farewell, for I muſt hence againe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iacke Cade and the reſt, and ſtrikes his ſtaffe on London ſtone.

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,
And heere ſitting upon London Stone,
I charge and command, that of the Cities coſt
The piſſing Conduit run nothing but Clarret Wine
The firſt yeere of our raigne.
And now henceforward it ſhall be Treaſon for any,
That calles me other then Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a Souldier running.

Soul. *Iacke Cade*, *Iacke Cade*.

Cade. Knocke him downe there. *They kill him.*

But. If this Fellow be wiſe, hee'l never call yee *Iacke Cade* more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.

Dicke. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:
But firſt, go and ſet London Bridge on fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come, let's away. *Exeunt omnes.*

Alarums. Mathew Goffe is ſlaine, and all the reſt. Then enter Iacke Cade, with his Company,

Cade. So ſirs: now go ſome and pull down the Savoy:
Others to'th Innes of Court, downe with them all.

But. I have a ſuit unto your Lordſhip.

Cade. Be it a Lordſhippe, thou ſhalt have it for that word.

But. Onely that the Lawes of England may come out of your mouth.

Iohn. Maſſe 'twill be ſore Law then, for he was thruſt in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay *Iohn*, it will be ſtinking Law, for his breath ſtinkes with toſted Cheeſe.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it ſhall bee ſo. Away, burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth ſhall bee the Parliament of England.

Iohn. Then we are like to have biting Statutes
Vnleſſe his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things ſhall be in Common. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

Meſ. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord *Say*, which ſold the Townes in France. He that made us pay one and twentie Fifteenes, and one ſhilling to the pound, the laſt Subſidie.

Enter George with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he ſhall be beheaded for it ten times: Ah thou *Say*, thou Surge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blanke of our Iuriſdiction Regall. What canſt thou anſwer to my Majeſty, for giving up of Normandie unto Mounſier *Baſimecu*, the Dolphin of France? Be it knowne unto thee by theſe preſence, even the preſence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the Beeſome that muſt ſweepe the Court cleane of ſuch filth as thou art: Thou haſt moſt traitorouſly corrupted the youth of the Realme, in erecting a Grammar Schoole: and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the Score and the Tally, thou haſt cauſed printing to be us'd, and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou haſt built a Paper-Mill. It willbee proved to thy Face, that thou haſt men about thee, that uſually talke of a Nowne and a Verbe, and ſuch abominable wordes, as no Chriſtian eare can endure to heare. Thou haſt appointed Iuſtices of Peace, to call poore men before them, about matters they were not able to anſwere. Moreover, thou haſt put them in priſon, and becauſe thy could not reade, thou haſt hang'd them, when (indeed) onely for that cauſe they have beene moſt worthy to live. Thou doſt ride on a foot-cloth, doſt thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'ſt not to let thy horſe weare a Cloake, when honeſter men then thou go in their Hoſe and Doublets.

Dicke. And worke in their ſhirt too, as my ſelfe for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.

Dic. What ſay you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he ſpeakes Latine.

Say. Heare me but ſpeake, and beare me wher'e you will:
Kent in the Commentaries *Cæſar* writ,
Is term'd the civel'ſt place of all this Iſle:
Sweet is the Country, becauſe full of Riches,
The People Liberall, Valiant, Active, Wealthy,
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pitty.
I ſold not *Maine*, I loſt not *Normandie*,
Yet to recover them would loſe my life:
Iuſtice with favour have I alwayes done,
Prayers and Teares have mov'd me, Gifts could never;
When have I ought exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,
Large gifts have I beſtow'd on learned Clearkes,
Becauſe my Booke preferr'd me to the King.
And ſeeing Ignorance is the curſe of God,
Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heaven,
Vnleſſe you be poſſeſt with divelliſh ſpirits,
You cannot but forbeare to murther me:
This Tongue hath parlied unto Forraigne Kings
For your behoofe.

Cade. Tut, when ſtruck'ſt thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I ſtruck
Thoſe that I neve ſaw, and ſtrucke them dead.

Geo. O monſtrous Coward! What, to come behinde Folkes?

Say. Theſe cheeks are pale with watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o'th'eare, and that will make'em red againe.

Say. Long ſitting to determine poore mens cauſes,
Hath made me full of ſickneſſe and diſeaſes.

Cade. Ye ſhall have a hempen Candle then, & the help of a hatchet.

Dicke. Why doſt thou quiver man?

Say. The Palſie, and not feare provokes me.

Cade. Nay he noddes at us, as who ſhould ſay, Ile be even with you. Ile ſee if his head will ſtand ſteddier on a pole, or no: Take him away and behead him.

Say. Tell me: wherein have I offended moſt?
Have I affected wealth, or honor? Speake.
Are my Cheſts fill'd up with extorted Gold?
Is my apparrell ſumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye ſeeke my death?
Theſe hands are free from guiltleſſe bloodſhedding,
This breſt from harbouring foule deceitfull thoughts.
O let me live.

Cade. I feele remorſe in my ſelfe with his words: but Ile bridle it: he ſhall dye, and it be but for pleading ſo well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar under his Tongue, he ſpeake not a Gods name. Goe, take him away I ſay, and ſtrike off his head preſently, and then breake into his Sonne in Lawes houſe, Sir *Iames Cromer*, and ſtrike off his head, aud bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It ſhall be done.

Say. Ah Countrimen; If when you make your prai'rs,
God ſhould be ſo obdurate as your ſelves:
How would it fare with your departed ſoules?
And therefore yet relent, and ſave my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the proudeſt Peere in the Realme, ſhall not weare a head on his ſhoulders, unleſſe he pay me tribute: there ſhall not a maid be married, but ſhe ſhall pay to me her Maydenhead ere they have it: Men ſhall hold of mee in Capite. And we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wiſh, or tongue can tell.

Dicke. My Lord,
When ſhall we go to Cheapſide, and take up commodities upon our billes?

Cade. Marry preſently.

All. O brave.

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver:
Let them kiſſe one another: For they lov'd well
When they were alive. Now part them againe,
Leaſt they conſult about the giving up
Of ſome more Townes in France. Soldiers,
Deferre the ſpoyle of the Citic untill night;
For with theſe borne before us, in ſteed of Maces,
Will we ride through the ſtreets, and at every Corner
Have them kiſſe. Away. *Exit.*

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade,
and all his rabblement.

Cade. Vp Fiſh-ſtreete; downe Saint Magnes corner, kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames:

Sound a parley.

What noyſe is this I heare?
Dare any be ſo bold to ſound Retreat or Parley
When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Buc. I heere they be, that dare and will diſturb thee:
Know *Cade*, we come Ambaſſadors from the King
Vnto the Commons, whom thou haſt miſled,
And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forſake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What ſay ye Countrimen, will ye relent
And yeeld to mercy, whil'ſt 'tis offered you,
Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths.
Who loves the King, and will imbrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap and ſay, God ſave his Majeſtie;
Who hateth him, and honors not his Father,
Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and paſſe by.

All. God ſave the King, God ſave the King,

Cade, What Buckingham and Clifford are ye ſo brave? And you baſe Pezants, doe ye beleeve him, will you needs be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath my ſword therefore broke through London gates, that you ſhould leave me at the white-heart in Southwarke. I thought ye would never have given out theſe Armes til you had revovered your ancient Freedome: but you are all Recreants and Daſtards, and delight to live in ſlaverie to the Nobility. Let them breake your backes with burthens, take your houſes over your heads, raviſh your Wives and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will make ſhift for one, and ſo Gods Curſſe light uppon you all.

All. Wee'l follow *Cade*,
Wee'l follow *Cade*.

Clif. Is *Cade* the ſonne of *Henry* the fift,
That thus you do exclaime you'l go with him.
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meaneſt of you Earles and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too:
Nor knowes he how to live, but by the ſpoyle,
Vnleſſe by robbing of your Friends, and us.
Wer't not a ſhame, that whilſt you live at iarre,
The fearfull French, whom you late vanquiſhed
Should make a ſtart ore-ſeas, and vanquiſh you?
Me thinkes alreadie in this civill broyle,
I ſee them Lording it in London ſtreets,
Crying *Villiago* unto all they meete.
Better ten thouſand baſe-borne *Cades* miſcarry,
Then you ſhould ſtoope unto a Frenchmans mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have loſt:
Spare England, for it is your Native Coaſt:
Henry hath mony, you are ſtrong and manly:
God on our ſide, doubt not of Victorie.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,
Wee'l follow the King and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever Feather ſo lightly blowne too & fro, as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hales them to an hundred miſchiefes, and makes them leave me deſolate. I ſee them lay their heads together to ſurprize me. My ſword make way for me, for heere is no ſtaying: in deſpight of the divels and hell, have through the verie middeſt of you, and heavens and honor be witneſſe, that no want of reſolution in mee, but onely my Followers baſe and ignominious treaſons, make me betake mee to my heeles. *Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled? Go ſome and follow him,
And he that brings his head unto the King,
Shall have a thouſand Crownes for his reward.
Exeunt ſome of them.

Follow me ſouldiers, wee'l deviſe a meane,
To reconcile you all unto the King. *Exeunt omnes.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queene, and Somerſet on the Tarras.

King. Was ever King that joy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then I?
No ſooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King, at nine moneths olde.
Was never ſubject long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wiſh to be a Subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Majeſty.

Kin. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor *Cade* ſurpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him ſtrong?

Enter Multitudes with Halters about their Neckes.

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,
And humbly thus with halters on their neckes,
Expect your Highneſſe doome of life, or death.

King. Then heaven ſet ope thy everlaſting gates,
To entertaine my vowes of thankes and praiſe.
Souldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And ſhew'd how well you love your Prince & Country:
Continue ſtill in this ſo good a minde,
And *Henry* though he be infortunate,
Aſſure your ſelves will never be unkinde:
And ſo with thankes, and pardon to you all,
I do diſmiſſe you to your ſeverall Countries.

All. God ſave the King, God ſave the King.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Pleaſe it your Grace to be advertiſed,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puiſſant and a mighty power
Of Gallow-glaſſes and ſtout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And ſtill proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Armies are onely to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerſet, whom he tearmes a Traitor.

King. Thus ſtands my ſtate, 'twixt Cade and Yorke diſtreſt,
Like to a Ship, that having ſcap'd a Tempeſt,
Is ſtraight way claimd, and boorded with a Pyrate,
But now is Cade driven backe, his men diſpierc'd,
And now is Yorke in Armes, to ſecond him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meet him,
And aske him what's the reaſon of theſe Armes:
Tell him, Ile ſend Duke *Edmund* to the Tower,
And *Somerſet* we will commit thee thither,
Vntill his Army be diſmiſt from him.

Somerſet. My Lord,
Ile yeeld my ſelfe to priſon willingly,
Or unto death, to do my Countrey good.

King. In any caſe, be not too rough in termes,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not ſo to deale,
As all things ſhall redound unto your good.

King. Come wife, let's in, and learne to governe better,
For yet may England curſe my wretched reigne.
Exeunt.

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fye on Ambition: fie on my ſelfe, that have a ſword, and yet am ready to famiſh. Theſe five dayes have I hid me in theſe Woods, and durſt not peepe out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I hungry, that if I might have a Leaſe of my life for a thouſand yeares, I could ſtay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall have I climb'd into this Garden, to ſee if I can eate Graſſe, or picke a Sallet another while, which is not amiſſe to coole a mans ſtomacke this hot weather: and I think this word Sallet was borne to do me good; for many a time but for a Sallet, my braine-pan had beene cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I have beene dry, & bravely martching, it hath ſerv'd me inſteede of a quart pot to drinke in: and now the word Sallet muſt ſerve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord who would live turmoyld in the Court,
And may enjoy ſuch quiet walkes as theſe?
This ſmall inheritance my Father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy.
I ſeeke not to waxe great by others warning,
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth, that I have maintaines my ſtate,
And ſends the poore well pleaſed from my gate.

Cade. Heere's the Lord of the ſoile come to ſeize mee for a ſtray, for entring his Fee-ſimple without leave. A Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make thee eate Iron like an Oſtridge, and ſwallow my Sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatſoere thou be,
I know thee not, why then ſhould I betray thee?
Is't not enough to breake into my Garden,
And like a theefe to come to rob my grounds:
Climbing my walles in ſpight of me the Owner,
But thou wilt brave me with theſe ſawcie tearmes?

Cade. Brave thee? I by the beſt blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee to. Looke on me well, I have eate no meate theſe five dayes, yet come thou and thy five men, and if I doe not leave you all as dead as a doore naile, I pray God I may never eate graſſe more.

Iden. Nay, it ſhall ne're be ſayd, while England ſtands,
That *Alexander Iden* an Eſquire of Kent,
Tooke oddes to combate a poore famiſht man.
Oppoſe thy ſtedfaſt gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canſt out-face me with thy lookes:
Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the leſſer:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fiſt,
Thy legge a ſticke compared with this Truncheon,
My foote ſhall fight with all the ſtrength thou haſt,
And if mine arme be heaved in the Ayre,
Thy grave is digg'd alreadie in the earth:
As for words, whoſe greatneſſe anſwer's words,
Let this my ſword report what ſpeech forbeares.

Cade. By my Valour: the moſt compleate Champion that ever I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or, cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chaines of Beefe, ere thou ſleepe in thy Sheath, I beſeech Iove on my knees thou mayſt be turn'd to Hobnailes.

Heere they fight.

O I am ſlaine, Famine and no other hath ſlaine me, let ten thouſand divelles come againſt me, and give me but the ten meales I have loſt, and I'de defie them all. Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this houſe, becauſe the unconquered ſoule of *Cade* is fled.

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I have ſlain, that monſtrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede,
And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead.
Ne're ſhall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou ſhalt weare it as a Heralds coate,
To emblaze the Honor thy Maſter got.

Cade. *Iden* farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, ſhe hath loſt her beſt man, and exhort all the World to be Cowards: for I that never feared any, am vanquiſhed by famine, not by Valour. *Dyes.*

Id. How much thou wrong'ſt me heaven be my judge;
Die damned Wretch, the curſe of her that bare thee:
And as I thruſt thy body in with my ſword,
So wiſh I, I might thruſt thy ſoule to hell.
Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the heeles
Unto a dunghill, which ſhall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy moſt ungracions head,
Which I will beare in triumph to the King,
Leaving thy trunke for Crowes to feed upon. *Exit.*

Enter Yorke, and his Army of Iriſh, with Drumme and Colours.

Yor. From Ireland thus comes Yorke to claim his right,
And plucke the Crowne from feeble *Henries* head.
Ring, Belles alowd, burne Bonfires cleare and bright
To entertaine great Englands lawfull King.
Ah *Sancta Majeſtas*! who would not buy thee deere?
Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule.
This hand was made to handle nought but Gold.
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it.
A Scepter ſhall it have, have I a ſoule,
On which Ile toſſe the Fleure-de-Luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we heere? Buckingham to diſturbe me?
The king hath ſent him ſure: I muſt diſſemble.

Buc. Yorke, if thou meaneſt well, I greet thee well.

Yor. *Humfrey* of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou à Meſſenger, or come of pleaſure.

Buc. A Meſſenger from *Henry*, our dread Liege,
To know the reaſon of theſe Armes in peace.
Or why, thou being a Subject, as I am,
Againſt thy Oath, and true Allegeance ſworne,
Should raiſe ſo great a power without his leave?
Or dare to bring thy Force ſo neere the Court?

Yor. Scarſe can I ſpeake, my Choler is ſo great.
Oh I could hew up Rockes, and fight with Flint,
I am ſo angry at theſe abject termes.
And now like *Aiax Telamonius*,
On Sheepe or Oxen could I ſpend my furie.
I am farre better borne then is the King:
More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts.
But I muſt make faire weather yet a while,
Till *Henry* be more weake, and I more ſtrong.
O Buckingham, I prethee pardon me,
That I have given no anſwer all this while:
My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly.
The cauſe why I have brought this armie hither,

Is to remove proud Somerſet from the King,
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.
Buc. That is too much preſumption on thy part:
But if thy Armes be to no other end,
The King hath yeelded unto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerſet is in the Tower.
Yorke. Vpon thine Honor is he Priſoner?
Buc. Vpon mine Honor he is Priſoner?
Yorke. Then Buckingham, I do diſmiſſe my Powers.
Souldiers I thanke you all: diſperſe your ſelves:
Meet me to morrow in S. Georges Field,
You ſhall have pay, and every thing you wiſh.
And let my Soveraigne, vertuous *Henrie*,
Command my eldeſt ſonne, nay all my ſonnes,
As pledges of my Fealtie and Love,
Ile ſend them all as willing as I live:
Lands, Goods, Horſe, Armor, any thing I have
Is his to uſe, ſo Somerſet may dye.
Buc, Yorke, I commend this kinde ſubmiſſion,
We twaine will go into his Highneſſe Tent.

Enter King and Ateendants.

King. Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harme to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee Arme in Arme?
Yorke. In all ſubmiſſion and humility,
Yorke doth preſent himſelfe unto your Highneſſe.
K. Then what intends theſe forces thou doſt bring?
Yor. To heave the Traitor Somerſet from hence,
And fight againſt that monſtrous Rebell *Cade*,
Whom ſince I heard to be diſcomfited.

Enter Iden with Cades head.

Iden. If one ſo rude, and of ſo meane condition
May paſſe into the preſence of a King:
Loe, I preſent your Grace a Traitors head,
The head of *Cade*, whom I in combate ſlew.
King. The head of *Cade*? Great God, how juſt art thou?
Oh let me view his Viſage being dead,
That living wrought me ſuch exceeding trouble.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that ſlew him?
Iden. I was, an't like your Majeſtie.
King. How art thou call'd? And what is thy degree?
Iden. *Alexander Iden*, that's my name,
A poore Eſquire of Kent, that loves the King.
Buc. So pleaſe it you my Lord, 'twere not amiſſe
He were created Knight for his good ſervice.
King. *Iden*, kneele downe, riſe up a Knight:
We give thee for reward a thouſand Markes,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.
Idan. May *Iden* live to merit ſuch a bountie,
And never live but true unto his Liege.

Enter Queene and Somerſet.

K. See Buckingham, Somerſet comes with th' Queene,
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.
Qu. For thouſand Yorkes he ſhall not hide his head,
But boldly ſtand, and front him to his face,
Yor. How now? is Somerſet at libertie?
Then Yorke unlooſe thy long impriſoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart.
Shall I endure the ſight of Somerſet?
Falſe King, why haſt thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuſe?
King did I call thee? no, thou art no King:
Not fit to governe and rule multitudes,
Which durſt not, no nor canſt not rule a Traitor.
That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:
Thy hand is made to graſpe a Palmers ſtaffe,
And not to grace an awefull Princely Scepter.
That Gold, muſt round engirt the browes of mine,
Whoſe Smile and Frowne, like *Achilles* Speare
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.
Heere is a hand to hold a Scepter up,
And with the ſame to acte controlling Lawes:
Give place: by heaven thou ſhalt rule no more
O're him, whom heaven created for thy Ruler.
Som. O monſtrous Traitor! I arreſt thee Yorke
Of Capitall Treaſon 'gainſt the King and Crowne:
Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.
York. Wold'ſt have me kneele? Firſt let me aske of thee,
If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:
Sirrah, call in my ſonnes to be my baile:
I know ere they will let me goe to Ward,
They'l pawne their Swords for my infranchiſement.
Qu. Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come amaine,
To ſay, if that the Baſtard boyes of Yorke
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.
Yorke. O blood-beſpotted Neapolitan,
Out-caſt of *Naples*, Englands bloody Scourge:
The ſonnes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to thoſe
That for my Surety will refuſe the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, Ile warrant they'l make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Qu. And here comes *Clifford* to deny their baile.
Clif. Health and all happineſſe to my Lord the King.
Yor. I thanke thee *Clifford*: Say, what newes with thee?
Nay, do not fright me with an angry looke:
We are thy Soveraigne *Clifford*, kneele againe;
For thy miſtaking ſo, We pardon thee.
Clif. This is my King Yorke, I do not miſtake,
But thou miſtakeſt me much to thinke I do,
To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad?
King. I Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor
Makes him oppoſe himſelfe againſt his King.
Clif. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
And crop away that factious pate of his.
Qu. He is arreſted, but will not obey:
His ſonnes (he ſayes) ſhall give their words for him.
Yor. Will you not ſonnes?
Edw. I Noble Father, if our words will ſerue.
Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons ſhall.
Clif. Why what a brood of Traitors have we heere?
Yor. Looke in a Glaſſe, and call thy Image ſo.
I am thy King, and thou a falſe-heart Traitor:
Call hither to the ſtake my two brave Beares,
That with the very ſhaking of their Chaines,
They may aſtoniſh theſe fell-lurking Curres:
Bid Salisbury and Warwicke come to me.

Enter the Earles of Warwicke, and Salisbury.

Clif. Are theſe thy Beares? Wee'l baite thy Bears to death,
And manacle the Berard in their Chaines,
If thou dar'ſt bring them to the bayting place.
Rich. Oft have I ſeene a hot ore-weening Curre,
Run backe and bite, becauſe he was with-held,
Who being ſuffer'd with the Beares fell paw,
Hath clapt his taile, betweene his legges and cride,
And ſuch a peece of ſervice will you do,

If you oppoſe your ſelves to match Lord Warwicke.
Clif. Hence heape of wrath, foule indigeſted lumpe,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy ſhape.
Yorke. Nay we ſhal heate you thoroughly anon.
Clif. Take heede leaſt by your heate you burne your ſelves.
King. Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury, ſhame to thy ſilver haire,
Thou mad miſleader of thy brain-ſicke ſonne,
What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffian?
And ſeeke for ſorrow with thy ſpectacles?
Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?
If it be baniſht from the froſty head,
Where ſhall it finde a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go digge a grave to finde out Warre,
And ſhame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'ſt experience?
Or wherefore doeſt abuſe it, if thou haſt it?
For ſhame in dutie bend thy knee to me,
That bowes unto the grave with milckie age.
Sal. My Lord, I have conſidered with my ſelfe
The Title of this moſt renowned Duke;
And in my conſcience, do repute his grace
The rightfull heire to Englands Royall ſeate.
King. Haſt thou not ſworne Allegeance unto me?
Sal. I have.
Ki. Canſt thou diſpenſe with heaven for ſuch an oath?
Sal. It is great ſinne, to ſweare unto a ſinne:
But greater ſinne to keepe a ſinfull oath:
Who can be bound by any ſolemne Vow
To doe a murd'rous deede, to rob a man,
To force a ſpotleſſe Virgins Chaſtitie,
To reave the Orphan of his Patrimonie,
To wring the Widdow from her cuſtom'd right,
And have no other reaſon for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a ſolemne Oath?
Qu. A ſubtle Traitor needs no Sophiſter.
King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himſelfe.
Yorke. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou haſt,
I am reſolv'd for death and dignity.
Old Clif. The firſt I warrant thee, if dreames prove true.
War. You were beſt to go to bed, and dreame againe,
To keepe thee from the Tempeſt of the field.
Old Clif. I am reſolv'd to beare a greater ſtorme,
Then any thou canſt conjure up to day:
And that Ile write upon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy houſes Badge.
War. Now by my Fathers badge, old *Nevils* Creſt,
The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged ſtaffe,
This day Ile weare aloft my Burgonet,
As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar ſhewes,
That keepes his leaves in ſpight of any ſtorme,
Even ſo affright thee with the view thereof.
Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Deſpight the Bearard, that protects the Beare.
Yo. Clif. And ſo to Armes victorious noble Father,
To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.
Rich. Fie, Charitie for ſhame, ſpeake not in ſpight,
For you ſhall ſup with Ieſu Chriſt to night.
Yo. Clif. Foule ſtigmaticke, that's more then thou canſt tell.
Rich. If not in heaven, you'l ſurely ſup in hell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Warwicke.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles:
And if thou doſt not hide thee from the Beare,
Now when the angrie Trumpet ſounds alarum,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie ayre,
Clifford I ſay, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwicke is hoarſe with calling thee to armes.

Enter Yorke.

War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot.
Yor. The deadly handed Clifford ſlew my ſteed:
But match to match I have encountred him,
And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes
Even of the bonnie beaſt he loved ſo well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
Yor. Hold Warwicke: ſeek thee out ſome other chace,
For I my ſelfe muſt hunt this Deere to death.
War. Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fighteſt:
As I intend Clifford to thrive to day,
It greeves my ſoule to leave thee unaſſail'd. *Exit War.*
Clif. What ſeeſt thou in me Yorke?
Why doſt thou pauſe?
Yorke. With thy brave bearing ſhould I be in love,
But that thou art ſo faſt mine enemie.
Clif. Nor ſhould thy proweſſe want praiſe and eſteeme,
But that 'tis ſhewne ignobly, and in Treaſon.
Yorke. So let it helpe me againſt thy ſword,
As I in juſtice, and true right expreſſe it.
Clif. My ſoule and bodie on the action both.
Yorke. A dreadfull lay, addreſſe thee inſtantly.
Clif. La fin Corronne les oevres. *Dies.*
Yor. Thus Warre hath given thee peace, for yͧ art ſtill,
Peace with his ſoule, heaven if it be thy will.

Enter young Clifford.

Clif. Shame and Confuſion all is on the rout,
Feare frames diſorder, and diſorder wounds
Where it ſhould guard. O Warre, thou ſonne of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their miniſter,
Throw in the frozen boſomes of our part,
Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldiers flye.
He that is truely dedicate to Warre,
Hath no ſelfe-love: nor he that loves himſelfe,
Hath not eſſentially, but by circumſtance
The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,
And the premiſed Flames of the Laſt day,
Knit earth and heaven together.
Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blaſt,
Particularities, and petty ſounds
To ceaſe. Was't thou ordained (O deere Father)
To loſe thy youth in peace, and to atchieve
The Silver Livery of adviſed Age,
And in thy Reverence, and thy Chayre-dayes, thus
To dye in Ruffian battell? Even at this ſight,
My heart is turn'd to ſtone: and while 'tis mine,
It ſhall be ſtony. Yorke, not our old men ſpares:
No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginall,
Shall be to me, even as the Dew to Fire,
And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes,
Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax:
Henceforth, I will not have to doe with pitty,
Meet I an infant of the houſe of Yorke,
Into as many gobbits will I cut it
As wilde *Medea* yong *Abſirtis* did.
In cruelty, will I ſeeke out my Fame.
Come thou new ruine of olde Cliffords houſe:
As did *Æneas* old *Anchiſes* beare,
So beare I thee upon my manly ſhouldiers:
But then, *Æneas* bare a living loade;

Nothing ſo heavy as theſe woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerſet to fight.

Rich. So lye thou there:
For underneath an Ale-houſe paltry ſigne,
The Caſtle in S. *Albons*, Somerſet
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull ſtill:
Prieſts pray for enemies, but Princes kill.

Fight. Excurſions.

Enter King, Queene, and others.

Qu. Away my Lord, you are ſlow, for ſhame away.

King. Can we out-run the Heavens? Good *Margaret* ſtay.

Qu. What are you made of? You'l nor fight nor flye:
Now is it manhood, wiſedome, and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to ſecure us
By what we can, which can no more but flye.

Alarum a farre off.

If you be tane, we then ſhould ſee the bottome
Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply ſcape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We ſhall to London get, where you are lov'd,
And where this breach now in our fortunes made
May readily be ſtopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my heart's on future miſchiefe ſet,
I would ſpeake blaſphemy ere bid you fly:
But flye you muſt: Vncureable diſcomfite
Reignes in the hearts of all our preſent parts.
Away for your releiſe, and we will live
To ſee their day, and them our Fortune give.
Away my Lord, away. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Yorke, Richard, Warwicke, and Souldiers, with Drum & Colours.

Yorke. Of Salsbury, who can report of him,
That winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
Aged contuſions, and all bruſh of Time:
And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
Repaires him with Occaſion. This happy day
Is not it ſelfe, nor have we wonne one foot,
If Salsbury be loſt.

Rich. My Noble Father:
Three times to day I hope him to his horſe,
Three times beſtrid him: Thrice I led him off,
Perſwaded him from any further act:
But ſtill where danger was, ſtill there I met him,
And like rich hangings in a homely houſe,
So was his will, in his old feeble body.
But Noble as he is, looke where he comes.

Enter Saliſbury.

Sal. Now by my Sword, well haſt thou fought to day:
By'th'Maſſe ſo did we all. I thanke you *Richard.*
God knowes how long it is I have to live:
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well Lords, we have not got that which we have,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being oppoſites of ſuch repayring Nature.

Yorke. I know our ſafety is to follow them
For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,
To call a preſent Court of Parliament.
Let us purſue him ere the Writs go forth.
What ſayes Lord Warwicke, ſhall we after them?

War. After them? nay before them if we can:
Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day.
Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come.
Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more ſuch dayes as theſe, to us befall. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The third Part of King Henry the Sixt,

vvith the death of the Duke of YORKE.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Alarum.

Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Norfolke, Mountague, Warwicke, and Souldiers.

Warwicke.

I Wonder how the King eſcap'd our hands?

Pl. While we purſu'd the Horſmen of ÿ North,
He ſlyly ſtole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whoſe Warlike eares could never brouke retreat,
Chear'd up the drouping Army, and himſelfe.
Lord *Clifford* and Lord *Stafford* all a-breſt
Charg'd our maine Battailes Front: and breaking in,
Were by the Swords of common Souldiers ſlaine.

Edw. Lord *Staffords* Father, Duke of *Buckingham*,
Is either ſlaine or wounded dangerous.
I cleft his Beaver with a down-right blow:
That this is true (Father) behold his blood.

Mount. And Brother, here's the Earle of Wiltſhires blood,
Whom I encountred as the Battels joyn'd.

Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.

Plan. *Richard* hath beſt deſerv'd of all my ſonnes:
But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerſet?

Nor. Such hope have all the line of *Iohn of Gaunt*.

Rich. Thus do I hope to ſhake King *Henries* head.

Warw. And ſo doe I, victorious Prince of *Yorke*.
Before I ſee thee ſeated in that Throne,
Which now the Houſe of *Lancaſter* uſurpes,
I vow by Heaven, theſe eyes ſhall never cloſe.
This is the Pallace of the fearefull King,
And this the Regall Seat: poſſeſſe it *Yorke*,
For this is thine, and not King *Henries* Heires.

Plant. Aſſiſt me then, ſweet *Warwicke*, and I will,
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. Wee'le all aſſiſt you: he that flyes, ſhall dye.

Plant. Thanks gentle *Norfolke*, ſtay by me my Lords,
And Souldiers ſtay and lodge by me this Night.

They goe up.

Warw. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Vnleſſe he ſeeke to thruſt you out perforce.

Plant. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinkes we ſhall be of her counſaile,
By words or blowes here let us winne our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's ſtay within this Houſe.

Warw. The bloody Parliament ſhall this be call'd,
Vnleſſe *Plantagenet*, Duke of Yorke, be King,
And baſhful *Henry* depos'd, whoſe Cowardize,
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

Plant. Then leave me not, my Lords be reſolute,
I meane to take poſſeſſion of my right.

Warw. Neither the King, nor he that loves him beſt,
The prowdeſt he that holds up *Lancaſter*,
Dares ſtirre a Wing, if *Warwicke* ſhake his Bells.
Ile plant *Plantagenet*, root him up who dares:
Reſolve thee *Richard*, clayme the Engliſh Crowne.

Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Weſtmerland, Exeter, and the reſt.

Henry. My Lords, looke where the ſturdy Rebell ſits,
Even in the Chayre of State: belike he meanes,
Backt by the power of *Warwicke*, that falſe Peere,
To aſpire unto the Crowne, and reigne as King.
Earle of Northumberland, he ſlew thy Father,
And thine, Lord *Clifford*, & you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his ſonnes, his favorites, and his friends.

Northumb. If I be not, Heavens be reveng'd on me.

Clifford. The hope thereof, makes *Clifford* mourne in Steele.

Weſtm. What, ſhall we ſuffer this? let's pluck him down,
My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it.

Henry. Be patient, gentle Earle of Weſtmerland.

Clifford. Patience is for Poultroones, and ſuch is he:
He durſt not ſit there, had your Father liv'd.
My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament
Let us aſſayle the Family of *Yorke*.

North. Well haſt thou ſpoken, Couſin be it ſo.

Henry. Ah, know you not the City favours them,
And they have troopes of Souldiers at their beckes?

Weſtm. But when the Duke is ſlaine, they'le quickly flye.

Henry. Farre be the thought of this from *Henries* heart,
To make a Shambles of the Parliament Houſe.
Couſin of Exeter, frownes, words, and threats,
Shall be the Warre that *Henry* meanes to uſe:
Thou factious Duke of Yorke deſcend my Throne,
And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet,
I am thy Soveraigne.

Yorke. I am thine.

Exet. For ſhame come downe, he made thee Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. It was my Inheritance, as the Earledome was.

Exet. Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne.
Warw. *Exeter* thou art a Traytor to the Crowne.
In following this vſurping *Henry*.
Clifford. Whom ſhould hee follow, but his naturall King?
Warw. True *Clifford*, and that's *Richard* Duke of Yorke.
Henry. And ſhall I ſtand, and thou ſit in my Throne?
Yorke. It muſt and ſhall be ſo, content thy ſelfe.
Warw. Be Duke of Lancaſter, let him be King.
Weſtm. He is both King, and Duke of Lancaſter,
And that the Lord of Weſtmerland ſhall maintaine.
Warw. And *Warwicke* ſhall diſproue it. You forget,
That we are thoſe which chas'd you from the field,
And ſlew your Fathers, and with Colours ſpread
Marcht through the Citie to the Pallace Gates.
Northumb. Yes *Warwicke*, I remember it to my griefe,
And by his Soule, thou and thy Houſe ſhall rue it.
Weſtm. *Plantagenet*, of thee and theſe thy Sonnes,
Thy Kinſmen, and thy Friends, Ile haue more liues
Then drops of bloud were in my Fathers Veines.
Cliff. Vrge it no more, leſt that in ſteed of words,
I ſend thee, *Warwicke*, ſuch a Meſſenger,
As ſhall reuenge his death, before I ſtirre.
Warw. Poore *Clifford*, how I ſcorne his worthleſſe Threats.
Plant. Will you we ſhew our Title to the Crowne?
If not, our Swords ſhall pleade it in the field.
Henry. What Title haſt thou Traytor to the Crowne?
My Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke,
Thy Grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earle of March.
I am the Sonne of *Henry* the Fift,
Who made the Dolphin and the French to ſtoupe,
And ſeiz'd vpon their Townes and Prouinces.
Warw. Talke not of France, ſith thou haſt loſt it all.
Henry. The Lord Protector loſt it, and not I:
When I was crown'd I was but nine moneths old.
Rich. You are old enough now,
And yet me thinkes you loſe:
Father teare the Crowne from the Vſurpers Head.
Edward. Sweet Father doe ſo, ſet it on your Head.
Mount. Good Brother,
As thou lou'ſt and honoreſt Armes,
Let's fight it out, and not ſtand cauilling thus.
Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the King will flye.
Plant. Sonnes peace.
Henry. Peace thou, and giue King *Henry* leaue to ſpeake.
Warw. *Plantagenet* ſhall ſpeake firſt: Heare him Lords,
And be you ſilent and attentiue too,
For he that interrupts him, ſhall not liue.
Hen. Think'ſt thou, that I will leaue my Kingly Throne,
Wherein my Grandſire and my Father ſat?
No: firſt ſhall Warre vnpeople this my Realme;
I, and their Colours often borne in France,
And now in England, to our hearts great ſorrow,
Shall be my Winding-ſheet. Why faint you Lords?
My Title's good, and better farre then his.
Warw. But proue it *Henry*, and thou ſhalt be King.
Hen. *Henry* the Fourth by Conqueſt got the Crowne.
Plant. 'Twas by Rebellion againſt his King.
Henry. I know not what to ſay, my Titles weake:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?
Plant. What then?
Henry. And if he may, then am I lawfull King:
For *Richard*, in the view of many Lords,
Reſign'd the Crowne to *Henry* the Fourth,
Whoſe Heire my Father was, and I am his.
Plant. He roſe againſt him, being his Soueraigne,
And made him to reſigne his Crowne perforce.
Warw. Suppoſe, my Lords, he did it vnconſtrayn'd,
Thinke you 'twere prejudiciall to his Crowne?
Exet. No: for he could not ſo reſigne his Crowne,
But that the next Heire ſhould ſucceed and reigne.
Henry. Art thou againſt us, Duke of Exeter?
Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
Plant. Why whiſper you, my Lords, and anſwer not?
Exet. My Conſcience tells me he is lawfull King.
Henry. All will reuolt from me, and turne to him.
Northumb. *Plantagenet*, for all the Clayme thou lay'ſt,
Thinke not, that *Henry* ſhall be ſo depos'd.
Warw. Depos'd he ſhall be, in deſpight of all.
Northumb. Thou art deceiu'd:
'Tis not thy Southerne power
Of Eſſex, Norfolke, Suffolke, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus preſumptuous and prowd,
Can ſet the Duke vp in deſpight of me.
Clifford. King *Henry*, be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and ſwallow me aliue,
Where I ſhall kneele to him that ſlew my Father.
Henry. Oh *Clifford*, how thy words reuiue my heart.
Plant. *Henry* of Lancaſter, reſigne thy Crowne:
What mutter you, or what conſpire you Lords?
Warw. Doe right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the houſe with armed men,
And ore the Chayre of State, where now he ſits,
Write vp his Title with vſurping blood.

He ſtampes with his foot, and the Souldiers ſhew themſelues.

Henry. My Lord of Warwick, heare but one word,
Let me for this time reigne as King.
Plant. Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine Heires,
And thou ſhalt reigne in quiet while thou liu'ſt.
Henry. I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*
Enjoy the Kingdome after my deceaſe.
Clifford. What wrong is this vnto the Prince, your Sonne?
Warw. What good is this to England, and himſelfe?
Weſtm. Baſe, fearefull, and deſpairing *Henry*.
Clifford. How haſt thou injur'd both thy ſelfe and vs?
Weſtm. I cannot ſtay to heare theſe Articles.
Northumb. Nor I.
Clifford. Come Couſin, let vs tell the Queene theſe Newes.
Weſtm. Farewell faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whoſe cold blood no ſparke of honor bides.
Northumb. Be thou a prey vnto the houſe of *Yorke*,
And dye in Bands, for this vnmanly deed.
Clif. In dreadfull Warre may'ſt thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandon'd and deſpis'd.
Warw. Turne this way *Henry*, and regard them not.
Exeter. They ſeeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeeld.
Henry. Ah *Exeter*.
Warw. Why ſhould you ſigh, my Lord?
Henry. Not for my ſelfe Lord *Warwicke*, but my Sonne,
Whom I vnnaturally ſhall diſ-inherite.
But be it as it may: I here entayle
The Crowne to thee and to thine heires for euer,
Conditionally, that here thou take an Oath,
To ceaſe this Ciuill Warre: and whil'ſt I liue,

To honor me as thy King, and Soveraigne:
Neither by Treaſon nor Hoſtility,
To ſeeke to put me downe, and reigne thy ſelfe.
Plant. This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.
War. Long live King *Henry*: *Plantagenet* embrace him.
Henry. And long live thou, & theſe thy forward Sonnes.
Plant. Now *Yorke* and *Lancaſter* are reconcil'd.
Exet. Accurſt be he that ſeekes to make them foes.

Senet. Here they come downe.

Plant. Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Caſtle.
War. And Ile keepe London with my Souldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolke with my followers.
Mount. And I unto the Sea, from whence I came.
Hen. And I with griefe and ſorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queene.

Exet. Heere comes the Queene,
Whoſe Lookes bewray her anger:
Ile ſteale away.
Henry. *Exeter*, ſo will I.
Queene. Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.
Hen. Be patient gentle Queene, and I will ſtay.
Quee. Who can be patient in ſuch extreames?
Ah wretched man, would I had dy'de a Maid,
And never ſeene thee, never borne thee Sonne,
Seeing thou haſt prov'd ſo unnaturall a Father.
Hath he deſerv'd to loſe his Birth-right thus?
Hadſt thou but lov'd him halfe ſo well as I,
Or felt that paine which I did for him once,
Or nouriſht him, as I did with my blood;
Thou would'ſt have left thy deareſt heart-blood there,
Rather then made that ſavage Duke thine Heire,
And diſ-inherited thine onely Sonne.
Prin. Father, you cannot diſ-inherite me:
If you be King, why ſhould not I ſucceede?
Hen. Pardon me *Margaret*, pardon me ſweet Sonne,
The Earle of Warwick and the Duke enforc't me.
Que. Enforc't thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forc't?
I ſhame to heare thee ſpeake: ah timorous Wretch,
Thou haſt undone thy ſelfe, thy Sonne, and me,
And giv'n unto the Houſe of *Yorke* ſuch head,
As thou ſhalt reigne but by their ſufferance.
To entaile him and his Heires unto the Crowne,
What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,
And creepe into it farre before thy time?
Warwicke is Chancelor, and the Lord of Callice,
Sterne *Falconbridge* commands the Narrow Seas,
The Duke is made Protector of the Realme,
And yet ſhalt thou be ſafe? Such ſafety findes
The trembling Lambe, invironned with Wolves.
Had I beene there, which am a ſilly Woman,
The Souldiers ſhould have toſs'd me on their Pikes,
Before I would have granted to that Act.
But thou preferr'ſt thy Life, before thine Honor.
And ſeeing thou do'ſt, I here divorce my ſelfe,
Both from thy Table *Henry*, and thy Bed,
Untill that Act of Parliament be repealed,
Whereby my Sonne is diſ-inherited.
The Northerne Lords, that have forſworne thy Colours,
Will follow mine, if once they ſee them ſpread:
And ſpread they ſhall be, to thy foule diſgrace,
And utter ruine of the Houſe of *Yorke*.
Thus doe I leave thee: Come Sonne, let's away,
Our Army is ready, come, wee'le after them.
Henry. Stay gentle *Margaret*, and heare me ſpeake.
Queene. Thou haſt ſpoke too much already: get thee gone.
Hen. Gentle Sonne *Edward*, thou wilt ſtay with me?
Que. I, to be murther'd by his Enemies.
Prin. When I returne with victory from the field,
Ile ſee your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.
Que. Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.
Hen. Poore Queene,
How love to me, and to her Sonne,
Hath made her breake out into termes of Rage.
Reveng'd may ſhe be on that hatefull Duke,
Whoſe haughty ſpirit, winged with deſire,
Will coſt my Crowne, and like an empty Eagle,
Tyre on the fleſh of me, and of my Sonne.
The loſſe of thoſe three Lords torments my heart:
Ile write unto them, and entreat them faire;
Come Couſin, you ſhall be the Meſſenger.
Exet. And I hope, ſhall reconcile them all. *Exit.*

Enter Richard, Edward, and
Mountague.

Richard. Brother, though I bee youngeſt, give mee leave.
Edw. No, I can better play the Orator.
Moun. But I have reaſons ſtrong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Yor. Why how now Sonnes, and Brother, at a ſtrife?
What is your Quarrell? how began it firſt?
Edw. No Quarrell, but a ſlight Contention.
Yor. About what?
Rich. About that which concernes your Grace and us,
The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.
Yor. Mine Boy? not till King *Henry* be dead.
Rich. Your Right depends not on his life, or death.
Edw. Now you are Heire, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the Houſe of *Lancaſter* leave to breathe,
It will out-runne you, Father, in the end.
Yor. I tooke an Oath, that he ſhould quietly reigne.
Edw. But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken:
I would breake thouſand Oathes, to reigne one yeere.
Richard. No: God forbid your Grace ſhould be forſworne.
Yor. I ſhall be, if I claime by open Warre.
Richard. Ile prove the contrary, if you'le heare mee ſpeake.
Yor. Thou canſt not, Sonne: it is impoſſible.
Rich. An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke
Before a true and lawfull Magiſtrate,
That hath authority over him that ſweares.
Henry had none, but did uſurpe the place.
Then ſeeing 'twas he that made you to depoſe,
Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and frivolous.
Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinke,
How ſweet a thing it is to weare a Crowne,
Within whoſe Circuit is *Elizium*,
And all that Poets faine of Bliſſe and Joy.
Why doe we linger thus? I cannot reſt,
Untill the White Roſe that I weare, be dy'de
Even in the luke-warme blood of *Henries* heart.
Yor. *Richard* ynough: I will be King, or dye.
Brother, thou ſhalt to London preſently,
And whet on *Warwick* to this Enterpriſe.

Thou *Richard* ſhalt to the Duke of Norfolke,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You *Edward* ſhall unto my Lord *Cobham*,
With whom the Kentiſhmen will willingly riſe.
In them I truſt:for they are Souldiors,
Witty,courteous,liberall,full of ſpirit.
While you are thus imploy'd, what reſteth more?
But that I ſeeke occaſion how to riſe,
And yet the King not privy to my Driſt,
Nor any of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*.

Enter Gabriel.

But ſtay,what Newes? Why comm'ſt thou in ſuch poſte?
Gabriel. The Queene,
With all the Northerne Earles and Lords,
Intend heere to beſiege you in your Caſtle.
She is hard by,with twenty thouſand men:
And therefore fortifie your Hold,my Lord.
Yor. I, with my Sword.
What?think'ſt thou,that we feare them?
Edward and *Richard*,you ſhall ſtay with me,
My Brother *Mountague* ſhall poſte to London.
Let Noble *Warwicke*, *Cobham*, and the reſt,
Whom we have left Protectors of the King,
With powrefull Pollicy ſtrengthen themſelves,
And truſt not ſimple *Henry*,nor his Oathes.
Moun. Brother, I goe:Ile winne them,feare it not.
And thus moſt humbly I doe take my leave.
Exit Mountague.

Enter Mortimer,and his Brother.

Yor. Sir *Iohn*,and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine Vnckles,
You are come to Sandall in a happy houre.
The Armie of the Queene meane to beſiege us.
Iohn. Shee ſhall not neede, wee'le meete her in the field.
Yor. What,with five thouſand men?
Rich. I,with five hundred, Father,for a neede.
A Woman's Generall:what ſhould we feare?
A March afarre off.
Edw. I heare their Drummes:
Let's ſet our men in order,
And iſſue forth,and bid them Battaile ſtraight.
Yor. Five men to twenty:though the oddes be great,
I doubt not, Vnckle,of our Victory.
Many a Battaile have I wonne in France,
When as the Enemy hath beene tenne to one:
Why ſhould I not now have the like ſucceſſe?
Alarum. Exit.

Enter Rutland,and his Tutor.

Rutl. Ah, whither ſhall I flye,to ſcape their hands?
Ah Tutor,looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter Clifford.

Clifford. Haplaine away,thy Prieſthood ſaves thy life.
As for the Brat of this accuſed Duke,
Whoſe Father ſlew my Father,he ſhall dye.
Tutor. And I, my Lord,will beare him company.
Cliff. Souldiers,away with him.
Tutor. Ah *Clifford*,murther not this innocent Child,
Leaſt thou be hated both of God and Man. *Exit.*

Clifford. How now?is he dead already?
Or is it feare,that makes him cloſe his eyes?
Ile open them.
Rutl. So looks the pent-up Lyon o're the Wretch,
That trdmbles under his devouring Pawes:
And ſo he walkes, inſulting o're his Prey,
And ſo he comes,to rend his Limbes aſunder.
Ah gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy Sword,
And not with ſuch a cruell threatning Looke:
Sweet *Clifford* heare me ſpeake,before I dye:
I am too meane a ſubiect for thy Wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.
Cliff. In vaine thou ſpeak'ſt,poore Boy:
My Fathers blood hath ſtopt the paſſage
Where thy words ſhould enter.
Rutl. Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,
He is a man,and *Clifford* cope with him.
Cli. Had I thy Brethren here,their lives and thine
Were not revenge ſufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy fore-fathers Graves,
And hung their rotten Coffins up in Chaynes,
It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my heart.
The ſight of any of of the Houſe of *Yorke*,
Is as a Fury to torment my Soule:
And till I root out their accurſed Line,
And leave not one alive,I live in Hell.
Therefore----
Rutl. Oh let me pray,before I take my death:
To thee I pray;ſweet *Clifford* pitty me.
Clifford. Such pitty as my Rapiers point affords.
Rut. I never did thee harme:why wilt thou ſlay me?
Clif. Thy Father hath.
Rut. But 'twas ere I was borne:
Thou haſt,one Sonne,for his ſake pitty me,
Leaſt in revenge thereof,ſith God is juſt,
He be as miſerably ſlaine as I.
Ah,let me live in Priſon all my dayes,
And when I give occaſion of offence,
Then let me dye,for now thou haſt no cauſe.
Cli. No cauſe?thy Father ſlew my Father:therefore dye.
Rutl. *Dij faciant laudis ſumma ſit iſta tua.* *Dies.*
Cli. *Plantagenet*,I come *Plantagenet*:
And this thy Sonnes blood cleaving to my Blade,
Shall ruſt upon my Weapon,till thy blood
Congeal'd with this, doe make me wipe off both, *Exit.*

Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of Yorke.

Yor. The Army of the Queene hath got the field:
My Vnckles both are ſlaine,in reſcuing me;
And all my followers,to the eager foe
Turne back,and flye,like, Ships before the Winde,
Or Lambes purſu'd by hunger-ſtarued Wolves.
My Sonnes,God knowes what hath bechanced them:
But this I know,they have demean'd themſelves
Like men borne to Renowne,by Life or Death.
Three times did *Richard* make a Lane to me,
And thice cry'de,Courage Father,fight it out:
And full as oft came *Edward* to my ſide,
With Purple Faulchion,painted to the Hilt,
In blood of thoſe that had encountred him:
And when the hardyeſt Warriors did retyre,
Richard cry'de,Charge,and give no foot of ground,
And cry'de,A Crowne,or elſe a glorious Tombe,

A Scepter,or an Earthly Sepulcher.
With this we charg'd againe:but out alas,
We bodg'd againe,as I have ſeene a Swan
With boothleſſe labour ſwimme againſt the Tyde,
And ſpend her ſtrength with over-matching Waves.

A ſhort Alarum within.

Ah hearke,the fatall followers doe purſue,
And I am faint,and cannot flye their fury:
And were I ſtrong,I would not ſhunne their fury.
The Sands are numbred,that make up my Life,
Here muſt I ſtay,and here my Life muſt end.

Enter the Queene,Clifford,Northumberland,
the young Prince,and Souldiers.

Come bloody *Clifford*,rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchleſſe fury to more rage:
I am your But,and I abide your Shot.

North. Yeeld to our mercy,proud *Plantagenet.*

Clif. I,to ſuch mercy,as his ruthleſſe Arme
With downe-right payment,ſhew'd unto my Father.
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an Evening at the Noone-tide Prick.

Yor. My aſhes,as the Phœnix,may bring forth
A Bird,that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope,I throw mine eyes to Heaven,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.
Why come you not?what,multitudes,and feare?

Clif. So Cowards fight,when they can flye no further,
So Doves doe peck the Faulcons piercing Tallons,
So deſperate Theeves,all hopeleſſe of their Lives,
Breathe out Invectives 'gainſt the Officers.

Yor. Oh *Clifford*,but bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy thought ore-run my former time:
And if thou canſt,for bluſhing,view this face,
And bite thy tongue,that ſlanders him with Cowardice,
Whoſe frowne hath made thee faint and flye ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckler with thee blowes twice two for one.

Que. Hold valiant *Clifford*,for a thouſand cauſes
I would prolong a while the Traytors Life:
Wrath makes him deafe;ſpeake thou *Northumberland.*

North. Hold *Clifford*,doe not honor him ſo much,
To prick thy finger,though to wound his heart.
What valour were it,when a Curre doth grinne,
For one to thruſt his Hand betweene his Teeth,
When he might ſpurne him with his Foot away?
It is Warres prize,to take all Vantages,
And tenne to one,is no impeach of Valour.

Clifford. I,I,ſo ſtrives the Woodcooke with the Gynne.

Northumberland. So doth the Conny ſtruggle in the Net.

Yor. So triumph Theeves upon their conquer'd Booty,
So True men yeeld,with Robbers ſo o're-matcht.

Norb. What would your Grace have done unto him now?

Que. Brave Warriors,*Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him ſtand upon this Mole-hill here,
That raught at Mountaines with out-ſtretched Armes,
Yet parted but the ſhadow with his Hand.
What,was it you,that would be Englands King?
Was't you that revell'd in our Parliament,
And made a Preachment of your high Deſcent?
Where are your Meſſe of Sonnes,to back you now?
The wanton *Edward*,and the luſty *George*?
And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigy,
Dicky,your Boy,that with his grumbling voyce
Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies?
Or with the reſt,where is your Darling,*Rutland*?
Looke *Yorke*,I ſtayn'd this Napkin with the blood
That valiant *Clifford*,with his Rapiers point,
Made iſſue from the boſome of the Boy,
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy Cheekes withall.
Alas poore *Yorke*,but that I hate thee deadly,
I ſhould lament thy miſerable ſtate.
I prythee grieve,to make me merry,*Yorke.*
What,hath thy fiery heart ſo parcht thine entrayles,
That not a Teare can fall,for *Rutlands* death?
Why art thou patient,man?thou ſhould'ſt be mad:
And I,to make thee mad,doe mock thee thus.
Stampe,rave,and fret,that I may ſing and dance.
Thou would'ſt be fee'd,I ſee,to make me ſport:
Yorke cannot ſpeake,unleſſe he weare a Crowne.
A Crowne for *Yorke*;and Lords,bow lowe to him:
Hold you his hands,whileſt I doe ſet it on.
I marry Sir,now lookes he like a King:
I,this is he that tooke King *Henries* Chaire,
And this is he was his adopted Heire.
But how is it,that great *Plantagenet*
Is crown'd ſo ſoone,and broke his ſolemne Oath?
As I bethinke me,you ſhould not be King,
Till our King *Henry* had ſhooke hands with Death.
And will you pale your head in *Henries* Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diademe,
Now in his Life,againſt your holy Oath?
Oh 'tis a fault too too unpardonable.
Off with the Crowne:and with the Crowne,his Head,
And whileſt we breathe,take time to doe him dead.

Clifford. That is my Office,for my Fathers ſake.

Queene. Nay ſtay,let's heare the Orizons hee makes.

Yorke. Shee-Wolfe of France,
But worſe then Wolves of France,
Whoſe Tongue more poiſons then the Adders Tooth:
How ill-beſeeming is it in thy Sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,
Vpon their Woes,whom Fortune captivates?
But that thy Face is Vizard-like,unchanging,
Made impudent with uſe of evill deedes,
I would aſſay,prowd Queene,to make thee bluſh.
To tell thee whence thou cam'ſt,of whom deriv'd,
Were ſhame enough,to ſhame thee,
Wert thou not ſhameleſſe,
Thy Father beares the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils,and Ieruſalem,
Yet not ſo wealthy as an Engliſh Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to inſult?
It needes not,nor it bootes thee not,prowd Queene,
Vnleſſe the Adage muſt be verify'd,
That Beggers mounted,runne their Horſe to death.
'Tis Beauty that doth oft make Women prowd,
But God he knowes,thy ſhare thereof is ſmall.
'Tis Vertue that doth make them moſt admir'd,
The contrary doth make thee wondred at.
'Tis Government that makes them ſeeme Divine,
The want thereof,makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as oppoſite to every good,
As the *Antipodes* are unto vs,
Or as the South to the *Septentrion.*
Oh Tygres Heart,wrapt in a Womans Hide,

How could'ſt thou drayne the Life-blood of the Child,
To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be ſeene to beare a Womans face?
Women are ſoft, milde, pittiful, and flexible;
Thou ſterne, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorſeleſſe.
Bidſt thou me rage? why now thou haſt thy wiſh.
Would'ſt have me weepe? why now thou haſt thy will.
For raging wind blowes up inceſſant ſhowers,
And when the Rage allayes, the Raine begins.
Theſe Teares are my ſweet *Rutlands* Obſequies,
And every drop cryes vengeance for his death,
Gainſt thee fell *Clifford*, and thee falſe French-woman.
Northumb. Beſhrew me, but his paſſions move me ſo,
That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares.
Yor. That face of his,
The hungry Caniballs would not have toucht,
Would not have ſtayn'd the roſes juſt with blood:
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
Oh, tenne times more then Tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthleſſe Queene, a hapleſſe Fathers Teares:
This Cloth thou dipd'ſt in blood of my ſweet Boy,
And I with Teares doe waſh the blood away.
Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boaſt of this,
And if thou tell'ſt the heavy ſtory right,
Vpon my Soule, the hearers will ſhed Teares:
Yea, even my Foes will ſhed faſt-falling Teares,
And ſay, Alas, it was a pittious deed.
There, take the Crown, and with the Crowne, my Curſe,
And in thy need, ſuch comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy too cruell hand.
Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the World,
My ſoule to Heaven, my Blood upon your Heads.
North. Had he been ſlaughter-man to all my Kinne,
I ſhould not for my Life but weepe with him,
To ſee how inly Sorrow gripes his Soule.
Que. What weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
Thinke but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting Teares.
Clifford. Heere's for my Oath, heere's for my Fathers Death.
Queene. And heere's to right our gentle-hearted King.
Yor. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God.
My Soule flyes through theſe wounds, to ſeeke out thee.
Quee. Off with his Head, and ſet it on Yorke Gates,
So *Yorke* may over-looke the Towne of Yorke.
Exeunt.

A Martch. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edw. I wonder how our Princely Father ſcap't:
Or whether he be ſcap't away, or no,
From *Cliffords* and *Nothumberlands* purſuit?
Had he been t'ane, we ſhould have heard the newes:
Had he beene ſlaine, we ſhould have heard the newes:
Or had he ſcap't, me thinkes we ſhould have heard
The happy tidings of his good eſcape.
How fares my Brother? why is he ſo ſad?
Rich. I cannot joy, untill I be reſolv'd
Where our right valiant Father is become.
I ſaw him in the Battaile range about,
And watcht him how he ſingled *Clifford* forth,
Me thought he bore him in the thickeſt troupe,
As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat,
Or as a Beare encompaſs'd round with Dogges:
Who having pincht a few, and made them cry,
The reſt ſtand all aloofe, and barke at him.
So far'd our Father with his Enemies,
So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father:
Me thinkes 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne.
See how the Morning opes her golden Gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious Sunne.
How well reſembles it the prime of Youth,
Trimm'd like a Yonker, prauncing to his Love?
Ed. Dazle mine eyes, or doe I ſee three Sunnes?
Rich. Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne,
Not ſeparated with the racking Clouds,
But ſever'd in a pale cleare-ſhining Skie.
See, ſee they joyne, embrace, and ſeeme to kiſſe,
As if they vow'd ſome League inviolable.
Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne:
In this, the Heaven figures ſome event.
Edw. 'Tis wondrous ſtrange,
The like yet never heard of.
I thinke it cites us (Brother) to the field,
That wee, the Sonnes of brave *Plantagenet*,
Each one already blazing by our meedes,
Should notwithſtanding joyne our Lights together,
And over-ſhine the Earth, as this the World.
What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare
Vpon my Targuet three faire ſhining Sunnes.
Rich. Nay, beare three Daughters:
By your leave, I ſpeake it,
You love the Breeder better then the Male.

Enter one blowing.

But what art thou, whoſe heavy Lookes fore-tell
Some dreadfull ſtory hanging on thy Tongue?
Meſſ. Ah, one that was a wofull looker on
When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was ſlaine,
Your Princely Father, and my loving Lord.
Edward. Oh ſpeake no more, for I have heard too much.
Rich. Say how he dy'de, for I will heare it all.
Meſſ. Environed he was with many foes
And ſtood againſt them, as the hope of Troy
Againſt the Greekes, that would have entred Troy.
But *Hercules* himſelfe muſt yeeld to oddes:
And many ſtroakes, though with a little Axe,
Hewes downe and fells the hardeſt-tymber'd Oake.
By many hands your Father was ſubdu'd,
But onely ſlaught'red by the irefull Arme
Of un-relenting *Clifford*, and the Queene:
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high deſpight,
Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept,
The ruthleſſe Queene gave him, to dry his Cheeke,
A Napkin, ſteeped in the harmeleſſe blood
Of ſweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* ſlaine:
And after many ſcornes, many foule taunts,
They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke
They ſet the ſame, and there it doth remaine,
The ſaddeſt ſpectacle that ere I view'd.
Edw. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leane upon,
Now thou art gone, wee have no Staffe, no Stay.
Oh *Clifford*, boyſt'rous *Clifford*, thou haſt ſlaine
The flowre of Europe, for his Chevalry,
And trecherouſly haſt thou vanquiſht him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquiſht thee.
Now my Soules Pallace is become a Priſon:
Ah, would ſhe breake from hence, that this my body

Might in the ground be cloſed up in reſt:
For never henceforth ſhall I joy againe:
Never, oh never ſhall I ſee more joy.

Rich. I cannot weepe: for all my bodies moyſture
Scarſe ſerves to quench my Furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unloade my hearts great burthen,
For ſelfe-ſame winde that I ſhould ſpeake withall,
Is kindling coales that fires all my breſt,
And burnes me up with flames, that tears would quench.
To weepe, is to make leſſe the depth of greefe:
Teares then for Babes; Blowes, and Revenge for mee.
Richard, I beare thy name, Ile venge thy death,
Or dye renowned by attemping it.

Ed. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His Dukedome, and his Chaire with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird,
Shew thy deſcent by gazing 'gainſt the Sunne:
For Chaire and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdome ſay,
Either that is thine, or elſe thou wer't not his.

March. Enter Warwicke, Marqueſſe Mountacute, and their Army.

Warwick. How now faire Lords? What fare ? What newes abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwicke, if we ſhould recompt
Our balefull newes, and at each words deliverance
Stab Poniards in our fleſh, till all were told,
The words would adde more anguiſh then the wounds.
O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is ſlaine.

Edw. O Warwicke, Warwicke, that *Plantagenet*
Which held thee deerely, as his Soules Redemption,
Is by the ſterne Lord *Clifford* done to death.

VVar. Ten dayes ago, I drown'd theſe newes in teares,
And now to adde more meaſure to your woes,
I come to tell you things ſith then befalne.
After the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave Father breath'd his lateſt gaſpe,
Tydings, as ſwiftly as the Poſtes could runne,
Were brought me of your Loſſe, and his Depart.
I then in London, keeper of the King,
Muſter'd my Soldiers, gathered flockes of Friends,
Marcht toward S. Albons, to intercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along:
For by my Scouts, I was advertiſed
That ſhe was comming with a full intent
To daſh our late Decree in Parliament,
Touching King *Henries* Oath, and your Succeſsion:
Short Tale to make, we at S. Albons met,
Our Battailes joyn'd, and both ſides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldneſſe of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queene,
That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Spleene.
Or whether 'twas report of her ſucceſſe,
Or more then common feare of *Cliffords* Rigour,
Who thunders to his Captives, Blood and Death,
I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
Our ſouldiers like the Night-Owles lazie flight,
Or like a lazie Threſher with a Flaile,
Fell gently downe, as if they ſtrucke their Friends.
I cheer'd them up with juſtice of our Cauſe,
With promiſe of high pay, and great Reward:
But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight,
And we (in them) no hope to win the day,
So that we fled: the King unto the Queene,
Lord *George*, your Brother, Norfolke, and my Selfe,
In haſte, poſt haſte, are come to joyne with you:
For in the Marches heere we heard you were,
Making another Head, to fight againe.

Ed. Where is the Duke of Norfolke, gentle Warwick?
And when came *George* from Burgundy to England?

VVar. Some ſix miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers;
And for your Brother he was lately ſent
From your kinde Aunt Dutcheſſe of Burgundy,
With ayde of Souldiers to this needfull Warre.

Rich. 'Twas oddes belike, when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft have I heard his praiſes in Purſuite,
But n'ere till now, his Scandall of Retire.

VVar. Nor now my Scandall *Richard*, doſt thou heare:
For thou ſhalt know this ſtrong right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint *Henries* head,
And wring the awefull Scepter from his Fiſt,
Were he as famous, and as bold in Warre,
As he is fam'd for Mildneſſe, Peace, and Prayer.

Rich. I know it well Lord Warwick, blame me not,
Tis love I beare thy glories makes me ſpeake:
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall wee go throw away our Coates of Steele,
And wrap our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our Beads?
Or ſhall we on the Helmets of our Foes
Tell our Devotion with revengefull Armes?
If for the laſt, ſay I, and to it Lords.

War. Why therefore Warwick came to ſeek you out,
And therefore comes my Brother *Mountague*:
Attend me Lords, the proud inſulting Queene,
With *Clifford*, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their Feather, many moe proud Birds,
Have wrought the eaſie-melting King, like Wax.
He ſwore conſent to your Succeſſion,
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament.
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To fruſtrate both his Oath, and what beſide
May make againſt the houſe of Lancaſter.
Their power (I thinke) is thirty thouſand ſtrong:
Now, if the helpe of Norfolke, and my ſelfe,
With all the Friends that thou brave Earle of March,
Among'ſt the loving Welſhmen can'ſt procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thouſand,
Why Via, to London will we march,
And once againe, beſtride our foaming Steeds,
And once againe cry Charge upon our Foes,
But never once againe turne backe and flye.

Rich. I, now me thinks I heare great Warwick ſpeak;
Ne're may he live to ſee a Sun-ſhine day,
That cries Retire, if Warwicke bid him ſtay.

Ed. Lord Warwick, on thy ſhoulder will I leane,
And when thou failſt (as God forbid the houre)
Muſt *Edward* fall, which perill heaven forefend.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke:
The next degree, is Englands Royall Throne:
For King of England ſhalt thou be proclaim'd
In every Burrough as we paſſe along,
And he that throwes not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the Fault make forfeit of his head.
King *Edward*, valiant *Richard Mountague*:
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renowne,
But ſound the Trumpets, and about our Taske.

Rich. Then *Clifford*, were thy heart as hard as Steele,
As thou haſt ſhewne it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then ſtrike up Drums, God and S. George for us.

Enter a Meſſenger.

War. How now?what newes?

Meſ. The Duke of Norfolke ſends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puiſſant Hoaſt,
And craves yonr company,for ſpeedy counſell.

War. Why then it ſorts,brave Warriors,let's away.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the King,the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland and Yong Prince, with Drumme and Trumpetes.

Que. Welcome my Lord, to this brave town of York,
Yonders the head of that Arch-enemy,
That ſought to be incompaſt with your Crowne.
Doth not the object cheere your heart,my Lord.

K. I,as the rockes cheare them that feare their wrack,
To ſee this ſight, it irkes my very ſoule:
With-hold revenge(deere God)'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my Vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege,this too much lenity
And harmfull pitty muſt be layd aſide:
To whom do Lyons caſt their gentle Lookes?
Not to the Beaſt,that would uſurpe their Den.
Whoſe hand is that the Forreſt Beare doth licke?
Not his that ſpoiles her yong before her face.
Who ſcapes the lurking Serpents mortall ſting?
Not he that ſets his foot upon her backe.
The ſmalleſt Worme will turne,being troden on,
And Doves will pecke in ſafegard of their Brood.
Ambitious Yorke,did levell at thy Crowne,
Thou ſmilling,while he knit his angry browes.
He but a Duke,would have his Sonne a King,
And raiſe his iſſue like a loving Sire,
Thou Being a King,bleſt with a goodly ſonne,
Did'ſt yeeld conſent to diſinherit him:
Which argued thee a moſt unloving Father.
Vnreaſonable Creatures feed their young,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not ſeene them even with thoſe wings,
Which ſometime they have us'd with fearfull flight,
Make warre with him that climb'd unto their neſt,
Offering their owne lives in their yongs defence?
For ſhame,my Liege,make them your Preſident:
Were it not pitty that this goodly Boy
Should looſe his Birth-right by his Fathers fault,
And long heereafter ſay unto his childe,
What my great Grandfather,and Grandſire got,
My careleſſe Father fondly gave away.
Ah,what a ſhame were this?Looke on the Boy,
And let his manly face, which promiſeth
Succeſſefull Fortune ſteele thy melting heart,
To hold thine owne,and leave thine owne with him.

King. Full well hath *Clifford* plaid the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force:
But *Clifford* tell me,did'ſt thou never heare,
That things ill got,had ever bad ſucceſſe.
And happy alwayes was it for that Sonne,
Whoſe Father for his hoording went to hell:
Ile leave my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinde,
And would my Father had left me no more:
For all the reſt is held at ſuch a Rate,
As brings a thouſand fold more care to keepe,
Then in poſſeſſion any jot of pleaſure.
Ah Coſin Yorke,would thy beſt Friends did know,
How it doth greeve me that thy head is heere.

Que. My Lord cheere up your ſpirits,our foes are nye,
And this ſoft courage makes your Followers faint:
You promiſt Knighthood to our forward ſonne,
Vnſheath your ſword,and dub him preſently.
Edward, kneele downe.

King. *Edward Plantagenet*,ariſe a Knight,
And learne this Leſſon,Draw thy Sword in right.

Prin. My gracious Father,by your Kingly leave,
Ile draw it as Apparant to the Crowne,
And in that quarrell,uſe it to the death.

Clif. Why that is ſpoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Royall Commanders,be in readineſſe,
For with a Band of thirty thouſand men,
Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke,
And in the Townes as they do march along,
Proclaimes him King,and many flye to him,
Darraigne your battell, they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highneſſe would depart the field,
The Queene hath beſt ſucceſſe when you are abſent.

Qu. I good my Lord,and leave us to our Fortune.

King. Why,that's my fortune too,therefore Ile ſtay.

North. Be it with reſolution then to fight.

Prin. My Royall Father,cheere theſe Noble Lords,
And hearten thoſe that fight in your defence:
Vnſheath your Sword,good Father:Cry S. George.

March. Enter Edward,Warwicke,Richard, Clarence, Norfolke,Mountague,and Soldiers.

Ed. Now perjur'd *Henry*,wilt thou kneel for grace?
And ſet thy Diadem upon my head?
Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field.

Qu. Go rate thy Minions, proud inſulting Boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes,
Before thy Soveraigne,and thy lawfull King?

Ed. I am his King,and he ſhould bow his knee:
I was adopted Heire by his conſent.
Since when,his Oath is broke:for as I heare,
You that are King,though he do weare the Crowne,
Have caus'd him by new Act of Parliament,
To blot out me,and put his owne Sonne in.

Clif. And reaſon too,
Who ſhould ſucceede the Father,but the Sonne?

Rich. Are you there Butcher?O,I cannot ſpeake.

Clif. I Crooke-back,here I ſtand to anſwer thee,
Or any he,the proudeſt of thy ſort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd yong Rutland,was it not?

Clif. I,and old Yorke,and yet not ſatisfied.

Rich. For Gods ſake Lords give ſignall to the fight.

War. What ſay'ſt thou *Henry*,
Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne?

Quee. Why how now long-tongu'd Warwick, dare (you ſpeake?
When you and I,met at S. *Albons* laſt,
Your legges did better ſervice then your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turne to fly,and now 'tis thine:

Clif. You ſaid ſo much before,and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valor *Clifford* drove me thence,

Nor. No,nor your manhood that durſt make you ſtay.

Rich. Northumberland,I hold thee reverently,
Breake off the parley, for ſcarſe I can refraine
The execution of my big-ſwolne heart
Vpon that *Clifford*,that cruell Child-killer.

Clif. I ſlew thy Father,cal'ſt thou him a Child?

Rich. I like a Daſtard, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didd'ſt kill our tender Brother Rutland,
But ere Sunſet, Ile make thee curſe the deed.
King. Have done with words (my Lords) and heare
me ſpeake.
Qu. Defie them then, or els hold cloſe thy lips.
King. I prythee give no limits to my Tongue,
I am a King, and priviledg'd to ſpeake.
Clif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting heere,
Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be ſtill.
Rich. Then Executioner vnſheath thy ſword:
By him that made us all, I am reſolv'd,
That *Cliffords* Manhood, lyes upon his tongue.
Ed. Say *Henry*, ſhall I have my right, or no:
A thouſand men have broke their Faſts to day,
That ne're ſhall dine, unleſſe thou yeeld the Crowne.
War. If thou deny, their Blood upon thy head.
For Yorke in juſtice put's his Armour on.
Pr. Ed. If that be right, which Warwick ſaies is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.
War. Who ever got thee, there thy Mother ſtands,
For well I wot, thou haſt thy Mothers tongue.
Qu. But thou art neither like thy Sire nor Damme,
But like a foule miſhapen Stygmaticke,
Mark'd by the Deſtinies to be avoided,
As venome Toades, or Lizards dreadfull ſtings.
Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with Engliſh gilt,
Whoſe Father beares the Title of a King,
(As if a Channell ſhould be call'd the Sea)
Sham'ſt thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy baſe-borne heart.
Ed. A wiſpe of ſtraw were worth a thouſand Crowns,
To make this ſhameleſſe Callet know her ſelfe:
Helen of Greece was fairer farre then thou,
Although thy Husband may be *Menelaus*;
And ne're was *Agamemnons* Brother wrong'd
By that falſe Woman, as this King by thee.
His Father revel'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dolphin ſtoope:
And had he match'd according to his State,
He might have kept that glory to this day.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And grac'd thy poore Sire with his Bridall day,
Even then that Sun-ſhine brew'd a ſhowre for him,
That waſht his Fathers fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd ſedition on his Crowne at home:
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?
Had'ſt thou bene meeke, our Title ſtill had ſlept,
And we in pitty of the Gentle King,
Had ſlipt our Claime, untill another Age.
Cla. But when we ſaw, our Sunſhine made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer bred us no increaſe,
We ſet the Axe to thy uſurping Roote:
And though the edge hath ſomething hit our ſelves,
Yet know thou, ſince we have begun to ſtrike,
Wee'l never leave, till we have hewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing, with our heated bloods.
Ed. And in this reſolution, I defie thee,
Not willing any longer Conference,
Since thou denied'ſt the gentle King to ſpeake.
Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours wave,
And either Victory, or elſe a Grave.
Qu. Stay *Edward.*
Ed. No wrangling Woman, wee'l no longer ſtay,
Theſe words will coſt ten thouſand lives this day.
Exeunt omnes.

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter Warwicke.

War. Fore-ſpent with Toile, as Runners with a Race,
I lay me downe a little while to breath:
For ſtrokes receiv'd, and many blowes repaid,
Have robb'd my ſtrong knit ſinewes of their ſtrength,
And ſpight of ſpight, needs muſt I reſt a-while.

Enter Edward running.

Ed. Smile gentle heaven, or ſtrike ungentle death,
For this world frownes, and *Edwards* Sunne is clowded.
War. How now my Lord, what happe? what hope of
good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our hap is loſſe, our hope but ſad deſpaire,
Our rankes are broke, and ruine followes us.
What counſaile give you? whither ſhall we flye?
Ed. Bootleſſe is flight, they follow us with Wings,
And weake we are, and cannot ſhun purſuite.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah Warwicke, why haſt yͧ withdrawn thy ſelfe?
Thy Brothers blood the thirſty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the Steely point of *Cliffords* Launce:
And in the very pangs of death, he cryde,
Like to a diſmall Clangor heard from farre,
Warwicke, revenge; Brother revenge my death.
So underneath the belly of their Steeds,
That ſtain'd their Fetlockes in his ſmoaking blood,
The Noble Gentleman gave up the ghoſt.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
Ile kill my Horſe becauſe I will not flye:
Why ſtand we like ſoft-hearted women heere,
Wayling our loſſes, whiles the Foe doth Rage,
And looke upon, as if the Tragedy
Were plaid in jeſt, by counterfetting Actors.
Heere on my knee, I vow to God above,
Ile never Pawſe againe, never ſtand ſtill,
Till either death hath cloſ'd theſe eyes of mine,
Or Fortune given me meaſure of Revenge.
Ed. Oh Warwicke, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chaine my ſoule to thine.
And ere my knee riſe from the Earths cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou ſetter up, and plucker downe of Kings,
Beſeeching thee (if with thy will it ſtands)
That to my Foes this body muſt be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give ſweet paſſage to my ſinfull ſoule.
Now Lords, take leave untill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heaven, or in earth.
Rich. Brother,
Give me thy hand, and gentle Warwicke,
Let me embrace thee in my wearry armes:
I that did never weepe, now melt with wo,
That Winter ſhould cut off our Spring-time ſo.
War. Away, away:
Once more ſweet Lords farewell.
Cla. Yet let us altogether to our Troopes,
And give them leave to flye, that will not ſtay:
And call them Pillars that will ſtand to us:
And if we thrive, promiſe them ſuch rewards
As Victors weare at the Olympian Games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breaſts,
For yet is hope of Life and Victory:

Foreſlow no longer, make we hence amaine. *Exeunt.*

Excurſions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now *Clifford*, I have ſingled thee alone,
Suppoſe this arme is for the Duke of Yorke,
And this for Rutland, both bound to revenge,
Wer't thou inviron'd with a Brazen wall.

Clif. Now *Richard*, I am with thee heere alone,
This is the hand that ſtabb'd thy Father Yorke,
And this the hand, that ſlew thy Brother Rutland,
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheeres theſe hands, that ſlew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like upon thy ſelfe,
And ſo have at thee.

They Fight, Warwicke comes, Clifford flyes.

Rich. Nay Warwicke, ſingle out ſome other Chace,
For I my ſelfe will hunt this Wolfe to death. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

Hen. This battell fares like to the mornings Warre;
When dying clouds contend, with growing light,
What time the Shepheard blowing of his nailes,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now ſwayes it this way, like a Mighty Sea,
Forc'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winde:
Now ſwayes it that way, like the ſelfe-ſame Sea,
Forc'd to retyre by fury of the Winde.
Sometime, the Flood prevailes; and then the Winde:
Now, one the better: then, another beſt;
Both tugging to be Victors, breſt to breſt:
Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered.
So is the equall poiſe of this fell Warre.
Heere on this Mole-hill will I ſit me downe,
To whom God will, there be the victory:
For *Margaret* my Queene, and *Clifford* too
Have chid me from the Battell: Swearing both,
They proſper beſt of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if Gods good will were ſo;
For what is in this world, but Greefe and Woe.
Oh God! me thinkes it were a happy life,
To be no better then a homely Swaine,
To ſit upon a hill, as I doe now,
To carve out Dialls queintly, point by point,
Thereby to ſee the Minutes how they runne:
How many makes the Houre full compleate,
How many Houres bring about the Day,
How many Dayes will finiſh up the Yeare,
How many Yeares, a Mortall man may live.
When this is knowne, then to divide the Times:
So many Houres, muſt I tend my Flocke;
So many Houres, muſt I take my Reſt:
So many Houres, muſt I Contemplate:
So many Houres, muſt I Sport my ſelfe;
So many Dayes, my Ewes have bene with yong:
So many weekes, ere the poore Fooles will Eane:
So many yeares, ere I ſhall ſheere the Fleece:
So Minutes, Houres, Dayes, Monthes, and Yeares,
Paſt over to the end they were created,
Would bring white haires, unto a Quiet grave.
Ah! what a life were this? How ſweet? how lovely?
Gives not the Hawthorne buſh a ſweeter ſhade
To Shepheards, looking on their ſilly Sheepe,
Then doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopy
To Kings, that feare their Subjects treachery?
Oh yes, it doth; a thouſand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,
His cold thinne drinke out of his Leather Bottle,
His wonted ſleepe, under a freſh trees ſhade,
All which ſecure, and ſweetly he enjoyes,
Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:
His Viands ſparkling in a Golden Cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When Care, Miſtruſt, and Treaſon waits on him,

Alarum. Enter a Sonne that hath kill'd his Father, at one doore: and a Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at another doore.

Son. Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,
This man whom hand to hand I ſlew in fight,
May be poſſeſſed with ſome ſtore of Crownes,
And I that (haply) take them from him now,
May yet (ere night) yeeld both my life and them
To ſome man elſe, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face,
Whom in this Conflict, I (unwares) have kill'd:
Oh heavy times! begetting ſuch Events.
From London, by the King was I preſt forth,
My Father being the Earle of Warwickes man,
Came on the part of Yorke; preſt by his Maiſter:
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands, of Life bereaved him.
Pardon me God, I knew not what I did:
And pardon Father, for I knew not thee.
My Teares ſhall wipe away theſe bloody markes:
And no more words, til they have flow'd their fill.

King. O pitteous ſpectacle! O bloody Times!
Whiles Lyons warre, and battaile for their Dennes,
Poore harmleſſe Lambes abide their enmity.
Weepe wretched man: Ile ayde thee Teare for Teare,
And let our hearts and eyes, like Civill Warre,
Be blinde with teares, and break ore-charg'd with griefe

Enter Father, bearing of his Sonne.

Fa. Thou that ſo ſtoutly hath reſiſted me,
Give, me thy Gold, if thou haſt any Gold:
For I have bought it with an hundred blowes.
But let me ſee: Is this our Foe-mans face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine onely Sonne.
Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye: ſee, ſee, what ſhowres ariſe,
Blowne with the windie Tempeſt of my heart,
Vpon thy wounds, that killes mine Eye, and Heart.
O pitty God, this miſerable Age!
What Stragems? how fell? how Butcherly?
Erroneous, mutinous, and vnnaturall,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget?
O Boy! thy Father gave thee life too ſoone,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

Ki. Woe above woe: griefe, more then common greefe;
O that my death would ſtay theſe ruthfull deeds:
O pitty, pitty, gentle heaven pitty:
The Red Roſe and the White are on his face,
The Fatall Colours of our ſtriving Houſes:
The one, his purple Blood right well reſembles,
The other his pale Cheekes (me thinkes) preſenteth:
Wither one Roſe, and let the other flouriſh:
If you contend, a thouſand lives muſt wither.

Son. How will my Mother, for a Fathers death
Take on with me, and n'ere be ſatisfi'd?

Fa. How will my Wife, for ſlaughter of my Sonne,
Shed ſeas of Teares, and ne're be ſatisfi'd?

King. How will the Country, for theſe wofull chances,

Miſ-thinke the King,and not be ſatiſfied?
Son. Was ever ſonne,ſo rew'd a Fathers death?
Fath. Was ever Father ſo bemoan'd his Sonne?
Hen. Was ever King ſo greev'd for Subjects woe?
Much is your ſorrow; Mine,ten times ſo much.
Son. Ile beare thee hence, where I may weepe my fill.
Fath. Theſe armes of mine ſhall be thy winding ſheet;
My heart(ſweet Boy)ſhall be thy Sepulcher,
For from my heart,thine Image ne're ſhall go.
My ſighing breſt,ſhall be thy Funerall bell;
And ſo obſequious will thy Father be,
Men for the loſſe of thee,having no more,
As *Priam* was for all his Valiant Sonnes,
Ile beare thee hence,and let them fight that will,
For I have murthered where I ſhould not kill. *Exit.*
Hen. Sad-hearted-men,much overgone with Care;
Heere ſits a King, more wofull then you are.

Alarums. Excurſions. Enter the Queen,the Prince,and Exeter.

Prin. Fly Father,flye:for all your Friends are fled.
And Warwicke rages like a chafed Bull:
Away,for death doth hold us in purſuite.
Que. Mount you my Lord,towards Barwicke poſt amaine:
Edward and *Richard* like a brace of Grey-hounds,
Having the fearfull flying Hare in ſight,
With fiery eyes,ſparkling for very wrath,
And bloody ſteele graſpt in their yrefull hands
Are at our backes,and therefore hence amaine.
Exet. Away:for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay,ſtay not to expoſtulate,make ſpeed,
Or elſe come after,Ile away before.
Hen. Nay take me with thee,good ſweet Exeter:
Not that I feare to ſtay,but love to goe
Whither the Queene intends. Forward,away. *Exeunt.*

Alowd alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.

Clif. Heere burnes my Candle out;I,heere it dies,
Which whiles it laſted,gave King *Henry* light.
O Lancaſter! I feare thy overthrow,
More then my Bodies parting with my Soule:
My Love and Feare, glew'd many Friends to thee,
And now I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melt,
Impairing *Henry*, ſtrength'ning miſproud Yorke;
And whither flye the Gnats,but to the Sunne?
And who ſhines now,but *Henries* Enemies?
O Phœbus!had'ſt thou never given conſent,
That *Phaeton* ſhould checke thy fiery Steds,
Thy burning Carre never had ſcorch'd the earth.
And *Henry*,had'ſt thou ſway'd as Kings ſhould do,
Or as thy Father,and his Father did,
Giving no ground unto the houſe of Yorke,
They never then had ſprung like Sommer Flyes:
I,and ten thouſand in this luckleſſe Realme,
Had left no mourning Widdowes for our death,
And thou this day,had'ſt kept thy Chaire in peace.
For what doth cheriſh Weeds,but gentle ayre?
And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootleſſe are Plaints,and Cureleſſe are my Wounds?
No way to flye,nor ſtrength to hold out flight:
The Foe is mercileſſe,and will not pitty:
For at their hands I have deſerv'd no pitty.
The ayre hath got into my deadly Wounds,
And much effuſe of blood,doth make me faint:
Come *Yorke*,and *Richard*,*Warwicke*, and the reſt,
I ſtab'd your Fathers boſomes;Split my breſt.

Alarum & Retreat. Enter Edward,Warwicke, Richard,and Souldiers,Montague,& Clarence.

Ed. Now breathe we Lords,good fortune bids us pauſe,
And ſmooth the frownes of War,with peacefull lookes:
Some Troopes purſue the bloody-minded Queene,
That led calme *Henry*,though he were a King,
As doth a Saile,fill'd with a fretting Guſt
Command an Argoſie to ſtemme the Waves:
But thinke you(Lords)that Clifford fled with them?
War. No,'tis impoſſible he ſhould eſcape:
(For though before his face I ſpeake the word)
Your Brother *Richard* markt him for the Grave.
And whereſoere he is,hee's ſurely dead. *Clifford grones*
Rich. Whoſe ſoule is that which takes hir heavy leave?
A deadly grone,like life and deaths departing.
See who it is.
Ed. And now the Battaile's ended,
If Friend or Foe,let him be gently uſed.
Rich. Revoke that doome of mercy,for 'tis *Clifford*,
Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch
In hewing Rutland,when his leaves put forth,
But ſet his murth'ring knife unto the Roote,
From whence that tender ſpray did ſweetly ſpring,
I meane our Princely Father,Duke of Yorke.
War. From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down ÿ head,
Your Fathers head,which *Clifford* placed there:
In ſtead whereof,let this ſupply the roome,
Meaſure for meaſure,muſt be anſwered.
Ed. Bring forth that fatall Schreechowle to our houſe,
That nothing ſung but death,to us and ours:
Now death ſhall ſtop his diſmall threatning ſound,
And his ill-boading tongue, no more ſhall ſpeake.
War. I thinke his underſtanding is bereft:
Speake *Clifford*,doſt thou know who ſpeakes to thee?
Darke cloudy death ore-ſhades his beames of life,
And he nor ſees,nor heares us,what we ſay.
Rich. O would he did,and ſo(perhaps)he doth,
'Tis but his policy to counterfet,
Becauſe he would avoid ſuch bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our Father.
Cla. If ſo thou think'ſt,
Vex him with eager Words.
Rich. *Clifford*,aske mercy,and obtaine no grace.
Ed. *Clifford*,repent in bootleſſe penitence.
VVar. *Clifford*, deviſe excuſes for thy faults.
Cla. While we deviſe fell Tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didd'ſt love Yorke,and I am ſon to Yorke.
Edw. Thou pittied'ſt Rutland, I will pitty thee.
Cla. Where's Captaine *Margaret*,to fence you now?
VVar. They mocke thee *Clifford*,
Sweare as thou was't wont.
Ric. What,not an Oath?Nay then the world go's hard,
When *Clifford* cannot ſpare his Friends an oath:
I know by that he's dead,and by my Soule,
If this right hand would buy but two howres life,
That I(in all deſpight)might rayle at him,
This hand ſhould chop it off:& with the iſſuing Blood
Stifle the Villaine,whoſe unſtanched thirſt
Yorke,and yong Rutland could not ſatisfie.
VVar. I, but he's dead. Off with the Traitors head,
And reare it in the place your Fathers ſtand,
And now to London with Triumphant march,

There to be crowned Englands Royall King:
From whence, ſhall Warwicke cut the Sea to France,
And aske the Lady *Bona* for thy Queene:
So ſhalt thou ſinow both theſe Lands together,
And having France thy Friend, thou ſhalt not dread
The ſcattred Foe, that hopes to riſe agine:
For though they cannot greatly ſting to hurt,
Yet looke to have them buz to offend thine eares.
Firſt, will I ſee the Coronation,
And then to Brittany Ile croſſe the Sea,
To effect this marriage, ſo it pleaſe my Lord.
Ed. Even as thou wilt ſweet Warwicke, let it be:
For on thy ſhoulder do I builde my Seate;
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counſaile and conſent is wanting:
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Glouceſter,
And *George* of Clarence; *Warwicke* as our Selfe,
Shall do, and undo as him pleaſeth beſt.
Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, *George* of Gloſter,
For Gloſters Dukedome is too ominous.
War. Tut, that's a fooliſh obſervation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloſter: Now to London,
To ſee theſe Honors in poſſeſſion. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey, with Croſſe-bowes in their hands.

Sink. Vnder this thicke growne brake, wee'l ſhrowd (our ſelves:
For through this Laund anon the Deere will come,
And in this covert will we make our Stand,
Culling the principall of all the Deere.
Hum. Ile ſtay above the hill, ſo both may ſhoot,
Sink. That cannot be, the noiſe of thy Croſſe-bow
Will ſcarre the Heard, and ſo my ſhoot is loſt:
Heere ſtand we both, and ayme we at the beſt:
And for the time ſhall not ſeeme tedious,
Ile tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this ſelfe-place, where now we meane to ſtand.
Sink. Heere comes a man, let's ſtay till he be paſt:

Enter the King with a Prayer booke.

Hen. From Scotland am I ſtolne even of pure love,
To greet mine owne Land with my wiſhfull ſight:
No *Harry, Harry*, 'tis no Land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee,
Thy Balme waſht off, wherewith thou was Annointed:
No bending knee will call thee *Cæſar* now,
No humble ſuters preaſe to ſpeake for right:
No, not a man comes for redreſſe of thee:
For how can I helpe them, and not my ſelfe?
Sin. I, heere's a Deere, whoſe skin's a Keepers Fee:
This is the quondam King; Let's ſeize upon him.
Hen. Let me embrace the ſowre Adverſaries,
For Wiſe men ſay, it is the wiſeſt courſe.
Hum. Why linger we? Let us lay hands upon him.
Sink. Forbeare a-while, wee'l heare a little more.
Hen. My Queene and Son are gone to France for aid:
And (as I heare) the great Commanding Warwicke
Is thither gone, to crave the French Kings Siſter
To wife for *Edward*. If this newes be true,
Poore Queene, and Sonne, your labour is but loſt:
For Warwicke is a ſubtle Orator:
And *Lewis* a Prince ſoone wonne with moving words:
By this account then, *Margaret* may winne him,
For ſhe's a woman to be pittied much:
Her ſighes will make a batt'ry in his breſt,
Her teares will pierce into a Marble heart:
The Tyger will be milde, whiles ſhe doth mourne;
And *Nero* will be tainted with remorſe,
To heare and ſee her plaints, her Briniſh Teares.
I, but ſhee's come to begge, Warwicke to give:
Shee on his left ſide, craving ayde for *Henry*;
He on his right, asking a wife for *Edward*.
Shee Weepes, and ſayes, her *Henry* is depos'd:
He Smiles, and ſayes, his *Edward* is inſtaul'd;
That ſhe (poore Wretch) for greefe can ſpeake no more:
Whiles Warwicke tels his Title, ſmooths the Wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty ſtrength,
And in concluſion winnes the King from her,
With promiſe of his Siſter, and what elſe,
To ſtrengthen and ſupport King *Edwards* place.
O *Margaret*, thus 'twill be, and thou (poore ſoule)
Art then forſaken, as thou went'ſt forlorne.
Hum. Say, what art thou talk'ſt of Kings & Queens?
King. More then I ſeeme, and leſſe then I was born to:
A man at leaſt, for leſſe I ſhould not be:
And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?
Hum. I, but thou talk'ſt, as if thou wer't a King,
King. Why ſo I am (in Minde) and that's enough.
Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?
King. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head:
Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indian ſtones:
Nor to be ſeene: my Crowne, is call'd Content,
A Crowne it is, that ſildome Kings enjoy.
Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
Your Crowne Content, and you, muſt be contented
To go along with us. For (as we thinke)
You are the king, King *Edward* hath depos'd:
And we his ſubjects, ſworne in all Allegeance,
Will apprehend you, as his Enemy.
King. But did you never ſweare, and breake an Oath.
Hum. No, never ſuch an Oath, nor will not now.
King. Where did you dwell when I was K. of England?
Hum. Heere in this Countrey, where we now remaine.
King. I was annointed King at nine monthes old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:
And you were ſworne true Subjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your Oathes?
Si. No, for we were Subjects, but while you were king.
King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man?
Ah ſimple men, you know not what you ſweare:
Looke, as I blow this Feather from my Face,
And as the Ayre blowes it to me againe,
Obeying with my winde when I do blow,
And yeelding to another, when it blowes,
Commanded alwayes by the greater guſt:
Such is the lightneſſe of you, common men.
But do not breake your Oathe, for of that ſinne,
My milde intreaty ſhall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the King ſhall be commanded,
And be you kings, command, and Ile obey.
Sink. We are true Subjects to the King,
King *Edward*.
King. So would you be againe to *Henry*,
If he were ſeated as King *Edward* is.
Sink. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,
To go with us unto the Officers.
King. In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obeyd,
And what God will, that let your King performe,
And what he will, I humbly yeeld unto. *Exeunt.*

Enter K. Edward, Gloſter, Clarence, Lady Gray.

King. Brother of Gloſter, at S. Albons field

This Ladyes Husband, Sir *Richard Grey*, was ſlaine,
His Land then ſeiz'd on by the Conqueror,
Her ſuit is now, to repoſſeſſe thoſe Lands,
Which wee in Iuſtice cannot well deny,
Becauſe in Quarrell of the Houſe of *Yorke*,
The worthy Gentleman did loſe his Life.
Rich. Your Highneſſe ſhall doe well to graunt her ſuit:
It were diſhonor to deny it her.
King. It were no leſſe, but yet Ile make a pawſe.
Rich. Yea, is it ſo:
I ſee the Lady hath a thing to graunt,
Before the King will graunt her humble ſuit.
Cla. Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keepes the winde?
Rich. Silence.
King. Widow, we will conſider of your ſuit,
And come ſome other time to know our minde.
Wid. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay,
May it pleaſe your Highneſſe to reſolve me now,
And what your pleaſure is, ſhall ſatisfie me.
Rich. I Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands,
And if what pleaſes him, ſhall pleaſe you:
Fight cloſer, or good faith you'le catch a Blow.
Cla. I feare her not, unleſſe ſhe chance to fall.
Rich. God forbid that, for hee'le take vantages.
King. How many Children haſt thou, Widow ? tell me.
Cla. I thinke he meanes to begge a Child of her.
Rich. Nay then whip me: hee'le rather give her two.
Wid. Three, my moſt gracious Lord.
Rich. You ſhall have foure, if you'le be rul'd by him.
King. 'Twere pitty they ſhould loſe their Fathers Lands.
Wid. Be pittifull, dread Lord, and graunt it then.
King. Lords give us leave, Ile trye this Widowes wit.
Rich. I, good leave have you, for you will have leave,
Till Youth take leave, and leave you to the Cruch.
King. Now tell me, Madame, doe you love your Children?
Wid. I, full as dearely as I love my ſelfe.
King. And would you not doe much to doe them good?
Wid. To doe them good, I would ſuſtayne ſome harme.
King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them good.
Wid. Therefore I came unto your Majeſty.
King. Ile tell you how theſe Lands are to be got.
Wid. So ſhall you bind me to your Highneſſe ſervice.
King. What ſervice wilt thou doe me, if I give them?
Wid. What you command, that reſts in me to doe.
King. But you will take exceptions to my Boone.
Wid. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it.
King. I, but thou canſt doe what I meane to aske.
Wid. Why then I will doe what your Grace commands.
Rich. Hee plyes her hard, and much Raine weares the Marble.
Clar. As red as fire? nay then, her Wax muſt melt.
Wid. Why ſtoppes my Lord? ſhall I not heare my Taske?
King. An eaſie Taske, 'tis but to love a King.
Wid. That's ſoone perform'd, becauſe I am a Subject.
King. Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely give thee.
Wid. I take my leave with many thouſand thanke.
Rich. The Match is made, ſhe ſeales it with a Curtſie.
King. But ſtay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I meane.
Wid. The fruits of Love, I meane, my loving Liege.
King. I, but I feare me in another ſence.
What Love, think'ſt thou, I ſue ſo much to get?
Wid. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That love which Vertue begges, and Vertue grauuts.
King. No, by my troth, I did not meane ſuch love.
Wid. Why then you meane not as I thought you did.
King. But now you partly may perceive my minde.
Wid. My minde will never graunt what I perceive
Your Higneſſe aymes at, if I ayme aright.
King. To tell thee plaine, I ayme to lye with thee.
Wid. To tell you plaine, I had rather lye in Priſon.
King. Why then thou ſhalt not have thy Husbands Lands.
Wid. Why then mine Honeſty ſhall be my Dower,
For by that loſſe, I will not purchaſe them.
King. Therein thou wrong'ſt thy Children mightily.
Wid. Herein your Highneſſe wrongs both them & me:
But mighty Lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the ſadneſſe of my ſuit:
Pleaſe you diſmiſſe me, either with I, or no.
King. I, if thou wilt ſay I to my requeſt:
No, if thou do'ſt ſay No to my demand.
Wid. Then No, my Lord: my ſuit is at an end.
Rich. The Widow likes him not, ſhes knits her Browes.
Clarence. Hee is thee blunteſt Wooer in Chriſtendome.
King. Her Looks doe argue her replete with Modeſty,
Her Words doe ſhew her Wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge Soveraignty,
One way, or other, ſhe is for a King,
And ſhee ſhall be my Love, or elſe my Queene.
Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queene?
Wid. 'Tis better ſaid then done, my gracious Lord:
I am a ſubject fit to jeaſt withall,
But farre unfit to be a Soveraigne.
King. Sweet Widow, by my State I ſweare to thee,
I ſpeake no more then what my Soule intends,
And that is, to enjoy thee for my Love.
Wid. And that is more then I will yeeld unto:
I know, I am too meane to be your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.
King. You cavill, Widow, I did meane my Queene.
Wid. 'Twill grieve your Grace, my ſonnes ſhould call you Father.
King. No more, then when my Daughters
Call thee Mother.
Thou art a Widow, and thou haſt ſome Children,
And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor,
Have other-ſome. Why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the Father unto many Sonnes:
Anſwer no more, for thou ſhalt be my Queene.
Rich. The Ghoſtly Father now hath done his Shrift.
Cla. When hee was made a Shriver, 'twas for ſhift.
King. Brothers, you muſe what Chat wee two have had.
Richard. The Widow likes it not, for ſhee lookes ſad.
King. You'ld thinke it ſtrange, if I ſhould marry her.
Cla. To whom my Lord?
King. Why *Clarence*, to my ſelfe.

Rich. That would be tenne dayes wonder at the leaſt.
Clar. That's a day longer then a Wonder laſts.
Rich. By ſo much is the Wonder in extremes.
King. Well, ieaſt on Brothers: I can tell you both,
Her ſuit is graunted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your Foe is taken,
And brought your Priſoner to your Pallace Gate.
King. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:
And goe wee Brothers to the man that tooke him,
To queſtion of his apprehenſion.
Widow goe you along: Lords uſe her honourably.
Exeunt.

Manet Richard.

Rich. I, *Edward* will uſe Women honourably.
Would he were waſted, Marrow, Bones, and all,
That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may ſpring,
To croſſe me from the Golden time I looke for:
And yet, betweene my Soules deſire, and me,
The luſtfull *Edwards* Title buryed,
Is *Clarence, Henry*, and his Sonne young *Edward*,
And all the unlook'd-for Iſſue of their Bodies,
To take their Roomes, ere I can place my ſelfe:
A cold premeditation for my purpoſe.
Why then I doe but dreame on Soveraignty,
Like one that ſtands upon a Promontorie,
And ſpyes a farre-off ſhore, where he would tread,
Wiſhing his foot were equall with his eye,
And chides the Sea, that ſunders him from thence,
Saying hee'le lade it dry, to have his way:
So doe I wiſh the Crowne, being ſo farre off,
And ſo I chide the meanes that keepes me from it,
And ſo (I ſay) Ile cut the Cauſes off,
Flattering me with impoſſibilities:
My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o're-weenes too much,
Vnleſſe my Hand and Strength could equall them.
Well, ſay there is no Kingdome then for *Richard*:
What other Pleaſure can the World affoord?
Ile make my Heaven in a Ladies Lappe,
And decke my Body in gay Ornaments,
And 'witch ſweet Ladies with my Words and Lookes.
Oh miſerable Thought! and more unlikely,
Then to accompliſh twenty Golden Crownes.
Why Love forſwore me in my Mothers Wombe:
And for I ſhould not deale in her ſoft Lawes,
Shee did corrupt frayle Nature with ſome Bribe,
To ſhrinke mine Arme up like a wither'd Shrub,
To make an envious Mountaine on my Back,
Where ſits Deformity to mocke my Body;
To ſhape my Legges of an unequall ſize,
To diſ-proportion me in every part:
Like to a Chaos, or an un-lick'd Beare-whelpe,
That carryes no impreſſion like the Damme.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Oh monſtrous fault, to harbour ſuch a thought.
Then ſince this Earth affoords no Ioy to me,
But to command, to check, to o're-beare ſuch,
As are of better Perſon then my ſelfe:
Ile make my Heaven, to dreame upon the Crowne,
And whiles I live, t'account this World but Hell,
Vntill my miſ-ſhap'd Trunke, that beares this Head,
Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne.
And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
For many Lives ſtand betweene me and home:
And I, like one loſt in a Thorny Wood,
That rents the Thornes, and is rent with the Thornes,
Seeking a way, and ſtraying from the way,
Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,
But toyling deſperately to finde it out,
Torment my ſelfe, to catch the Engliſh Crowne:
And from that torment I will free my ſelfe,
Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.
Why I can ſmile, and murther whiles I ſmile,
And cry, Content, to that which grieves my Heart,
And wet my Cheekes with artificiall Teares,
And frame my Face to all occaſions.
Ile drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid ſhall,
Ile ſlay more gazers then the Baſiliske,
Ile play the Orator as well as *Neſtor*,
Deceive more ſlyly then *Vlyſſes* could,
And like a *Sinon*, take another Troy.
I can adde Colours to the Camelion,
Change ſhapes with *Proteus*, for advantages,
And ſet the murtherous *Machevill* to Schoole.
Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?
Tut, were it farther off, Ile plucke it downe. *Exit.*

Flouriſh.

Enter Lewis the French King, his Siſter Bona, his Admirall, call'd Bourbon: Prince Edward, Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Oxford. Lewis ſits, and riſeth up againe.

Lewis. Faire Queene of England, worthy *Margaret*,
Sit downe with us: it ill befits thy State,
And Birth, that thou ſhould'ſt ſtand, while *Lewis* doth ſit.
Mar. No, mighty King of France: now *Margaret*
Muſt ſtrike her ſaile, and learne a while to ſerve,
Where Kings command. I was (I muſt confeſſe)
Great Albions Queene, in former Golden dayes:
But now miſchance hath trod my Title downe,
And with diſ-honor layd me on the ground,
Where I muſt take like Seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble Seat conforme my ſelfe.
Lewis. Why ſay, faire Queene, whence ſprings this deepe deſpaire?
Mar. From ſuch a cauſe, as fills mine eyes with teares,
And ſtops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.
Lew. What ere it be, be thou ſtill like thy ſelfe,
And ſit thee by our ſide. *Seats her by him.*
Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoake,
But let thy dauntleſſe minde ſtill ride in triumph,
Over all miſchance.
Be plaine, Queene *Margaret*, and tell thy griefe,
It ſhall be eas'd, if France can yeeld reliefe.
Mar. Thoſe gracious words
Revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-ty'd ſorrowes leave to ſpeake.
Now therefore be it knowne to Noble *Lewis*,
That *Henry*, ſole poſſeſſor of my Love,
Is, of a King, become a baniſht man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a Forlorne;
While prowd ambitious *Edward*, Duke of Yorke,
Vſurpes the Regall Title, and the Seat
Of Englands true anoynted lawfull King.
This is the cauſe that I, poore *Margaret*,
With this my Sonne, Prince *Edward*, *Henries* Heire,
Am come to crave thy iuſt and lawfull ayde:
And if thou faile us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe:

Our people, and our Peeres, are both miſ-led,
Our Treaſure ſeiz'd, our Souldiers put to flight,
And (as thou ſeeſt) our ſelves in heavy plight.
Lew. Renowed Queene,
With patience calme the Storme,
While we bethinke a meanes to breake it off.
Marg. The more we ſtay, the ſtronger growes our Foe.
Lew. The more I ſtay, the more Ile ſuccour thee.
Marg. O, but impatience waiteth on true ſorrow.
And ſee where comes the breeder of my ſorrow.

Enter Warwicke.

Lew. What's he approacheth boldly to our preſence?
Marg. Our Earle of *Warwicke*, *Edwards* greateſt friend.
Lewis. Welcome brave *Warwicke*, what beings thee to France? *He deſcends.* *She ariſeth.*
Marg. I, now begins a ſecond Storme to riſe,
For this is he that moves both Winde and Tyde.
Warw. From worthy *Edward*, King of *Albion*,
My Lord and Soveraigne, and thy vowed Friend,
I come (in Kindneſſe, and unfayned Love)
Firſt, to doe greetings to thy Royall Perſon,
And then to crave a League of Amity:
And laſtly, to confirme that Amity
With Nuptiall Knot, if thou vouchſafe to graunt
That vertuous Lady *Bona*, thy faire Siſter,
To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage.
Marg. If that goe forward, *Henries* hope is done.
Warw. And gracious Madam, *Speaking to Bona.*
In our Kings behalfe,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiſſe you Hand, and with my Tongue
To tell the paſſion of my Soveraignes Heart;
Where Fame, late entring at his heedfull Eares,
Hath plac'd thy beauties Image, and thy Vertue.
Marg. King *Lewis*, and Lady *Bona*, heare me ſpeake,
Before you anſwer *Warwicke*. His demand
Springs not from *Edwards* well-meant honeſt Love,
But from Deceit, bred by Neceſſity:
For how can Tyrants ſafely governe home,
Vnleſſe abroad they purchaſe great allyance?
To prove him Tyrant, this reaſon may ſuffice,
That *Henry* liveth ſtill: but were he dead,
Yet here Prince *Edward* ſtands, King *Henries* Sonne.
Looke therefore *Lewis*, that by this League and Marriage
Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor:
For though Vſurpers ſway the rule a while,
Yet Heavens are juſt, and Time ſuppreſſeth Wrongs.
War. Injurious *Margaret.*
Edw. And why not Queene?
War. Becauſe thy father *Henry* did uſurpe,
And thou no more art Prince, then ſhe is Queene.
Oxf. Then *Warwicke* diſanulls great *Iohn* of Gaunt,
Which did ſubdue the greateſt part of Spaine;
And after *Iohn* of Gaunt, *Henry* the Fourth,
Whoſe Wiſdome was a Mirror to the wiſeſt:
And after that wiſe Prince, *Henry* the Fift,
Who by his Proweſſe conquered all France:
From theſe, our *Henry* lineally deſcends,
War. *Oxford*, how haps it in this ſmooth diſcourſe,
You told not, how *Henry* the Sixt hath loſt
All that, which *Henry* the Fift had gotten;
Me thinkes ehese Peeres of France ſhould ſmile at that.
But for the reſt: you tell a Pedigree
Of threeſcore and two yeeres, a ſilly time
To make preſcription for a Kingdomes worth.
Oxf. Why *Warwicke*, canſt thou ſpeake againſt thy Liege
Whom thou obeyd'ſt thirty and ſix yeeres,
And not bewray thy Treaſon with a bluſh?
War. Can *Oxford*, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falſehood with a Pedigree?
For ſhame leave *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.
Oxf. Call him my King, by whoſe injurious doome
My elder Brother, the Lord *Aubrey Vere*
Was done to death? and more then ſo, my Father,
Even in the downe-fall of his mellow'd yeeres,
When Nature brought him to the doore of Death;
No *Warwicke*, no: while Life upholds this Arme,
This Arme upholds the Houſe of *Lancaſter*.
Warw. And I the houſe of *Yorke*.
Lew. Queene *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*
Vouchſafe at our requeſt, to ſtand aſide,
While I uſe further conference with *Warwicke*.
They ſtand aloofe.
Mar. Heavens grant, that *Warwickes* words bewitch him not.
Lew. Now *Warwicke*, tell me even upon thy conſcience
Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loth
To linke with him, that were not lawfull choſen.
Warw. Thereon I pawne my Credit, and mine Honor.
Lew. But is he gracious in the peoples eye?
War. The more, that *Henry* was unfortunate.
Lew. Then further: all diſſembling ſet aſide,
Tell me for truth, the meaſure of his love,
Vnto our Siſter *Bona*.
War. Such it ſeemes,
As may beſeeme a Monarch like himſelfe.
My ſelfe have often heard him ſay, and ſweare,
That this his Love was an externall Plant,
Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground,
The Leaves and Fruit maintain'd with Beauties Sunne,
Exempt from Envy, but not from Diſdaine,
Vnleſſe the Lady *Bona* quit his paine.
Lew Now Siſter, let us heare your firme reſolve.
Bona. Your graunt, or your deny, ſhall be mine,
Yet I confeſſe, that often ere this day, *Speaks to War.*
When I have heard your Kings deſert recounted,
Mine eare hath tempted judgement to deſire.
Lew. Then *Warwicke*, this:
Our Siſter ſhall be *Edwards*.
And now forthwith ſhall Articles be drawne,
Touching the Ioynture that your King muſt make,
Which with her Dowry ſhall be counter-poys'd:
Draw neere, Queene *Margaret*, and be a witneſſe,
That *Bona* ſhall be Wife to the Engliſh King.
Prin. Edw. To *Edward*, but not to the Engliſh King.
Marg. Deceitfull *Warwicke*, it was thy device,
By this alliance to make voyd my ſuit:
Before thy comming, *Lewis* was *Henries* friend.
Lew. And ſtill is friend to him, and *Margaret*,
But if your Title to the Crowne be weake,
As may appeare by *Edwards* good ſucceſſe:
Then 'tis but reaſon, that I be releas'd
From giving ayde, which late I promiſed.
Yet ſhall you have all kindneſſe at my hand,
That your eſtate requires, and mine can yeeld.
Warw. *Henry* now lives in *Scotland*, at his eaſe;

Where having nothing, nothing can he loſe.
And as for you your ſelfe (our quondam Queene)
You have a Father able to maintaine you,
And better 'twere, you troubled him, then France.
Mar. Peace impudent, and ſhameleſſe *Warwicke*, Peace,
Proud ſetter up, and puller downe of Kings,
I will not hence, till with my Talke and Teares
(Both full of Truth) I make King *Lewis* behold
Thy ſlye conveyance, and thy Lords falſe love.
Poſte blowing a horn within.
For both of you are Birds of ſelfe-ſame Feather.
Lew. Warwicke, this is ſome poſte to us, or thee.
Enter a Poſte.
Poſte. My Lord Ambaſſador,
Theſe Letters are for you. *Speaks to Warwicke.*
Sent from your Brother Marqueſſe *Mountague.*
Theſe from our King, unto your Majeſty. *To Lewis.*
And Madam, theſe for you, *To Margaret.*
From whom, I know not.
They all reade their Letters.
Oxf. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Miſtris
Smiles at her newes, while *Warwicke* frownes at his.
Prince Edw. Nay marke how *Lewis* ſtampes as he were netled. I hope, all's for the beſt.
Lew. Warwicke, what are thy Newes?
And yours, faire Queene?
Mar. Mine ſuch, as fill my heart with unhop'd joyes.
War. Mine full of ſorrow, and hearts diſcontent.
Lew. What? has your King marryed the Lady *Grey*?
And now to ſooth your Forgery, and his,
Sends me a Paper to perſwade me Patience?
Is this th'Alliance that he ſeekes with France?
Dare he preſume to ſcorne us in this manner?
Mar. I told your Majeſty as much before:
This proveth *Edwards* Love, and *Warwickes* honeſty.
War. King *Lewis*, I here proteſt in ſight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliſſe,
That I am cleere from this miſdeed of *Edwards*;
No more my King, for he diſhonors me,
But moſt himſelfe, if he could ſee his ſhame.
Did I forget, that by the houſe of *Yorke*
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let paſſe th'abuſe done to my Neece?
Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?
Did I put *Henry* from his Native Right?
And am I guerdon'd at the laſt, with Shame?
Shame on himſelfe, for my Deſert is Honor.
And to repaire my Honor loſt for him,
I heere renounce him, and returne to *Henry*.
My Noble Queene, let former grudges paſſe,
And henceforth, I am thy true Servitour:
I will revenge his wrong to Lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former ſtate.
Mar. Warwicke,
Theſe words have turn'd my Hate, to Love,
And I forgive, and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'ſt King *Henries* Friend.
War. So much his Friend, I, his unfained Friend,
That if King *Lewis* vouchſafe to furniſh us
With ſome few Bands of choſen Souldiors,
Ile undertake to Land them on our Coaſt,
And force the Tyrant from his ſeat by Warre.
'Tis not his new-made Bride ſhall ſuccour him,
And as for *Clarence*, as my Letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton Luſt, then Honor,
Or then for ſtrength and ſafety of our Country.
Bona. Deere brother, how ſhall *Bona* be reveng'd,
But by thy helpe to this diſtreſſed Queene?
Mar. Renowned Prince, how ſhall Poore *Henry* live,
Vnleſſe thou reſcue him from foule deſpaire?
Bona. My quarrell, and this Engliſh Queens, are one.
War. And mine faire Lady *Bona*, joynes with yours.
Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and *Margarets*.
Therefore at laſt, I firmely am reſolv'd
You ſhall have ayde.
Mar. Let me give humble thankes for all, at once.
Lew. Then Englands Meſſenger, returne in Poſte,
And tell falſe *Edward*, thy ſuppoſed King,
That *Lewis* of France, is ſending over Maskers
To revell it with him, and his new Bride.
Thou ſeeſt what's paſt, goe feare thy King withall.
Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower ſhortly,
I weare the Willow Garland for his ſake.
Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde aſide,
And I am ready to put Armor on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile un-Crowne him, er't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone. *Exit Poſte.*
Lew. But *Warwicke*,
Thou and *Oxford*, with fiue thouſand men
Shall croſſe the Seas, and bid falſe *Edward* battaile:
And as occaſion ſerves, this Noble Queene
And Prince, ſhall follow with a freſh Supply,
Yet ere thou goe, but anſwer me one doubt:
What Pledge have we of thy firme Loyalty?
War. This ſhall aſſure my conſtant Loyalty,
That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,
Ile joyne mine eldeſt daughter, and my Ioy,
To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.
Mar. Yes, I agree, and thanke you for your Motion.
Sonne *Edward*, ſhe is Faire and Vertuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to *Warwicke*,
And with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That onely *Warwickes* daughter ſhall be thine.
Pri. Ed. Yes, I accept her, for ſhe well deſerves it,
And heere to pledge my Vow, I give my hand.
He gives his hand to Warwicke.
Lew. Why ſtay we now? Theſe ſouldiers ſhalbe levied,
And thou Lord *Bourbon*, our High Admirall
Shalt waft them over with our Royall Fleete.
I long till *Edward* fall by Warres miſchance,
For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.
Exeunt. *Manet Warwicke.*
War. I came from *Edward* as Ambaſſador,
But I returne his ſworne and mortall Foe:
Matter of Marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadfull Warre ſhall anſwer his demand.
Had he none elſe to make a ſtale but me?
Then none but I, ſhall turne his Ieſt to Sorrow,
I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne,
And Ile be Cheefe to bring him downe againe:
Not that I pitty *Henries* miſery,
But ſeeke Revenge on *Edwards* mockery. *Exit.*

Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerſet, and Mountague.

Rich. Now tell me Brother *Clarence*, what thinke you
Of this new Marriage with the Lady *Grey*?
Hath not our Brother made a worthy choyce?
Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis farre from hence to France,

How could he ſtay till *Warwicke* made returne?
Som. My Lords, forbeare this talke: here comes the King.

Flouriſh.

Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Pembrooke, Stafford, Haſtings: foure ſtand on one ſide, and foure on the other.

Rich. And his well-choſen Bride.
Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I thinke.
King. Now brother of *Clarence*,
How like you our Choyce,
That you ſtand penſive, as halfe malecontent?
Clar. As well as *Lewis* of *France*,
Or the Earle of *Warwicke*,
Which are ſo weake of courage, and in judgement,
That they'le take no offence at our abuſe.
King. Suppoſe they take offence without a cauſe:
They are but *Lewis* and *Warwicke*, I am *Edward*,
Your King and *Warwickes*, and muſt have my will.
Rich. And ſhall have your will, becauſe our King:
Yet haſty Marriage ſeldome ptoveth well.
King. Yes Brother *Richard*, are you offended too?
Rich. Not I: no:
God forbid, that I ſhould wiſh them ſever'd,
Whom God hath joyn'd together:
I, and 'twere pitty, to ſunder them,
That yoake ſo well together.
King. Setting your ſkornes, and your miſlike aſide,
Tell me ſome reaſon, why the Lady *Grey*
Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene?
And you too, *Somerſet* and *Mountague*,
Speake freely what you thinke.
Clar. Then this is mine opinion:
That King *Lewis* becomes your Enemy,
For mocking him about the Marriage
Of the Lady *Bona*.
Rich. And *Warwicke*, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dis-honored by this New Marriage.
King, What, if both *Lewis* and *Warwicke* be appeas'd,
By ſuch invention as I can deviſe?
Mount. Yet, to have joyn'd with France in ſuch alliance,
Would more have ſtrength'ned this our Commonwealth
'Gainſt forraine ſtormes, then any home-bred Marriage.
Haſt. Why, knowes not *Mountague*, that of it ſelfe,
England is ſafe, if true within it ſelfe?
Moun. Yes, but the ſafer, when 'tis back'd with France.
Haſt. 'Tis better uſing France, then truſting France;
Let us be back'd with God, and with the Seas,
Which he hath giv'n for fence impregnable,
And with their helpes, onely defend our ſelves:
In them, and in our ſelves, our ſafety lyes.
Clar. For this one ſpeech, Lord *Haſtings* well deſerves
To have the Heire of the Lord *Hungerford*.
King. I, what of that? it was my will, and graunt,
And for this once, my Will ſhall ſtand for Law.
Rich. And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done wel
To give the Heire and Daughter of Lord *Scales*
Vnto the Brother of your loving Bride;
She better would have fitted me, or *Clarence*:
But in your Bride you bury Brotherhood.
Clar. Or elſe you would not have beſtow'd the Heire
Of the Lord *Bonvill* on your new Wives Sonne,
And leave your Brothers to goe ſpeede elſewhere.
King. Alas, poore *Clarence*: is it for a Wife
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.
Clar. In chuſing for your ſelfe,
You ſhew'd your judgement:
Which being ſhallow, you ſhall give me leave
To play the Broker in mine owne behalfe;
And to that end, I ſhortly mind to leave you.
King. Leave me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King.
And not be ty'd unto his Brothers will.
Lady Grey. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Majeſty
To raiſe my State to Title of a Queene,
Doe me but right, and you muſt all confeſſe,
That I was not ignoble of Deſcent,
And meaner then my ſelfe have had like fortune.
But as this Title honors me and mine,
So your diſlikes, to whom I would be pleaſing,
Doth cloud my joyes with danger, and with ſorrow.
King. My Love, forbeare to fawne upon their frownes:
What danger, or what ſorrow can befall thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy conſtant friend,
And their true Soveraigne, whom they muſt obey?
Nay, whom they ſhall obey, and love thee too,
Vnleſſe they ſeeke for hatred at my hands:
Which if they doe, yet will I keepe thee ſafe,
And they ſhall feele the vengeance of my wrath.
Rich. I heare, yet ſay not much, but thinke the more.

Enter a Poſte.

King. Now Meſſenger, what Letters, or what Newes from France?
Poſt. My Soveraigne Liege, no Letters, and few words,
But ſuch, as I (without your ſpeciall pardon)
Dare not relate.
King. Goe too, we pardon thee:
Therefore, in briefe, tell their words,
As neere as thou canſt gueſſe them.
What anſwer makes King *Lewis*, unto our Letters?
Poſt. At my depart, theſe were his very words:
Goe tell falſe *Edward*, the ſuppoſed King,
That *Lewis* of France is ſending over Maskers,
To revell it with him, and his new Bride.
King. Is *Lewis* ſo brave? belike he thinkes me *Henry*.
But what ſaid Lady *Bona* to my Marriage?
Poſt. Theſe were her words, utt'red with mild diſdaine:
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a Widower ſhortly,
Ile weare the Willow Garland for his ſake.
King. I blame not her, ſhe could ſay little leſſe:
She had the wrong. But what ſaid *Henries* Queene?
For I heard, that ſhe was there in place.
Poſt. Tell him (quoth ſhe)
My mourning Weedes are done,
And I am ready to put Armour on.
King. Belike ſhe minds to play the Amazon.
But what ſaid *Warwicke* to theſe injuries?
Poſt. He, more incens'd againſt your Majeſty,
Then all the reſt, diſcharg'd me with theſe words:
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile uncrowne him, er't be long.
Kin. Ha? durſt the Traytor breath out ſo prowd words?
Well, I will arme me, being thus fore-warn'd:
They ſhall have Warres, and pay for their preſumption.
But ſay, is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret*?
Poſt. I, gracious Soveraigne,
They are ſo link'd in friendſhip,
That yong Prince *Edwards* marryes *Warwicke* Daughter.
Clar. Belike, the elder;
Clarence will have the yonger.

Now Brother King farewell, and ſit you faſt,
For I will hence to *Warwickes* other Daughter,
That though I want a Kingdome, yet in Marriage
I may not prove inferior to your ſelfe.
You that love me, and *Warwicke*, follow me.

Exit Clarence, and Somerſet followes.

Rich. Not I:
My thoughts ayme at a further matter:
I ſtay not for the love of *Edward*, but the Crowne.

King. *Clarence* and *Somerſet* both gone to *Warwicke*?
Yet am I arm'd againſt the worſt can happen:
And haſte is needfull in this deſp'rate caſe.
Pembrooke and *Stafford*, you in our behalfe
Goe levy men, and make prepare for Warre;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
My ſelfe in perſon will ſtraight follow you.

Exeunt Pembrooke, aad Stafford.

But ere I goe, *Haſtings* and *Mountague*
Reſolve my doubt: you twaine, of all the reſt,
Are neere to *Warwicke*, by bloud, and by allyance:
Tell me, if you love *Warwicke* more then me;
If it be ſo, then both depart to him;
I rather wiſh you foes, then hollow friends.
But if you minde to hold your true obedience,
Give me aſſurance with ſome friendly Vow,
That I may never have you in ſuſpect.

Mount. So God helpe *Mountague*, as he proves true.

Haſt. And *Haſtings*, as he favours *Edwards* cauſe.

King. Now, brother *Richard*, will you ſtand by us?

Rich. I, in deſpight of all that ſhall withſtand you.

King. Why ſo: then am I ſure of Victory.
Now therefore let us hence, and loſe no howre,
Till we meet *Warwicke*, with his forraine powre.

Exeunt.

Enter Warwicke, and Oxford in England,
with French Souldiors.

Warw. Truſt me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers ſwarme to us.

Enter Clarence, and Somerſet.

But ſee where *Somerſet* and *Clarence* comes:
Speake ſuddenly, my Lords, are wee all friends?

Clar. Feare not that, my Lord.

Warw. Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome unto *Warwicke*,
And welcome *Somerſet*: I hold it cowardize,
To reſt miſtruſtfull, where a Noble Heart
Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in ſigne of Love:
Elſe might I thinke, that *Clarence*, *Edwards* brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings:
But welcome ſweet *Clarence*, my daughter ſhall be thine.
And now, what reſts? but in Nights Coverture,
Thy Brother being careleſſely encamp'd,
His Souldiors lurking in the Towne about,
And but attended by a ſimple Guard,
We may ſurprize and take him at our pleaſure,
Our Scouts have found the adventure very eaſie:
That as *Vlyſſes*, and ſtout *Diomede*,
With ſleight and manhood ſtole to *Rheſus* Tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatall Steeds;
So we, well cover'd with the Nights blacke Mantle,
At unawares may beat downe *Edwards* Guard,
And ſeize himſelfe: I ſay not, ſlaughter him,
For I intend but onely to ſurprize him.
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the Name of *Henry*, with your Leader.

They all cry, Henry.

Why then, let's on our way in ſilent ſort,
For *Warwicke* and his friends, God and Saint *George*.

Exeunt.

Enter three Watchmen to guard the Kings Tent.

1. Watch. Come on my Maſters, each man take his ſtand,
The King by this, is ſet him downe to ſleepe.

2. Watch. What, will he not to Bed?

1. Watch. Why, no: for he hath made a ſolemne Vow,
Never to lye and take his naturall Reſt,
Till *Warwicke*, or himſelfe, be quite ſuppreſt.

2. Watch. To morrow then belike ſhall be the day,
If *Warwicke* be ſo neere as men report.

3. Watch. But ſay, I pray, what Noble man is that,
That with the King here reſteth in his Tent?

1. Watch. 'Tis the Lord *Haſtings*, the Kings chiefeſt friend.

3. Watch. O, is it ſo? but why commands the King,
That his cheiſe followers lodge in Townes about him,
While he himſelfe keepes in the cold field?

2. Watch. 'Tis the more honour, becauſe more dangerous.

3. Watch. I, but give me worſhip, and quietneſſe,
I like it better then a dangerous honor.
If *Warwicke* knew in what eſtate he ſtands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1. Watch. Vnleſſe our Halberds did ſhut up his paſſage.

2. Watch. I: wherefore elſe guard we his Royall Tent,
But to defend his Perſon from Night-foes?

Enter Warwicke, Clarence, Oxford, Somerſet,
and French Souldiers ſilent all.

War. This is his Tent, and ſee where ſtand his Guard:
Courage my Maſters: Honor now, or never:
But follow me, and *Edward* ſhall be ours.

1. Watch. Who goes there?

2. Watch. Stay, or thou dyeſt.

Warwicke and the reſt cry all, Warwicke, Warwicke, and
ſet upon the Guard, who flye, crying, Arme, Arme,
Warwicke and the reſt following them.

The Drumme playing, and Trumpet ſounding.
Enter Warwicke, Somerſet, and the reſt, bringing the King
out in his Gowne, ſitting in a Chaire: Richard
and Haſtings flyes over the Stage.

Sem. What are they that flye there?

Warw. *Richard* and *Haſtings*, let them goe, heere is the Duke.

King Edw. The Duke?
Why *Warwicke*, when we parted,
Thou call'dſt me King.

Warw. I, but the caſe is alter'd.
When you diſgrace'd me in my Embaſſade,
Then I degraded you from being King,
And come now to create you Duke of *Yorke*.
Alas, how ſhould you governe any Kingdome,
That know not how to uſe Embaſſadors,
Nor how to be contented with one Wife,
Nor how to uſe your Brothers brotherly,
Nor how to ſtudy for the Peoples Welfare,
Nor how to ſhrowd your ſelfe from Enemies?

King Edw.

K. Edw. Yea, Brother of *Clarence*,
Art thou here too?
Nay then I ſee, that *Edward* needs muſt downe.
Yet *Warwicke*, in deſpight of all miſchance,
Of thee thy ſelfe, and all thy Complices,
Edward will alwayes beare himſelfe as King:
Though Fortunes mallice overthrow my State,
My minde exceeds the compaſſe of her Wheele.
War. Then for his mind, be *Edward Englands* King.

Takes off his Crowne.

But *Henry* now ſhall weare the Engliſh Crowne,
And be true King indeed: thou but the ſhadow.
My Lord of *Somerſet*, at my requeſt,
See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be convey'd
Vnto my Brother Arch-Biſhop of *Yorke*:
When I have fought with *Pembrooke*, and his fellowes,
Ile follow you, and tell what anſwer
Lewis and the Lady *Bona* ſend to him.
Now for a-while farewell good Duke of *Yorke*.
They leade him out forcibly.
K. Ed. What Fates impoſe, that men muſt needs abide;
It boots not to reſiſt both wind and tide. *Exeunt.*
Oxf. What now remaines my Lords for us to doe,
But march to London with our Souldiers?
War. I, that's the firſt thing that we have to doe,
To free King *Henry* from impriſonment,
And ſee him ſeated in the Regall Throne.
Exit.

Enter Rivers, and Lady Gray.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this ſodain change?
Gray. Why Brother *Rivers*, are you yet to learne
What late misfortune is befalne King *Edward*?
Riv. What, loſſe of ſome pitcht battell
Againſt *Warwicke*?
Gray. No, but the loſſe of his owne Royall perſon.
Riv. Then is my Soveraigne ſlaine?
Gray. I almoſt ſlaine, for he is taken priſoner,
Either betrayed by falſhood of his Guard,
Or by his Foe ſurpriz'd at unawares:
And as I further have to underſtand,
Is new committed to the Biſhop of *Yorke*,
Fell *Warwickes* brother, and by that our Foe.
Riv. Theſe Newes I muſt confeſſe are full of griefe,
Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may,
Warwicke may looſe, that now hath wonne the day.
Gray. Till then, faire hope muſt hinder lives decay:
And I the rather waine me from deſpaire
For love of *Edwards* Off-ſpring in my wombe:
This is it that makes me bridle my paſſion,
And beare with Mildneſſe my misfortunes croſſe:
I, I, for this I draw in many a teare,
And ſtop the riſing of blood-ſucking ſighes,
Leaſt with my ſighes or teares, I blaſt or drowne
King *Edwards* Fruite, true heyre to th'Engliſh Crowne.
Riv. But Madam,
Where is *Warwicke* then become?
Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To ſet the Crowne once more on *Henries* head:
Gueſſe thou the reſt, Kings *Edwards* friend muſt downe.
But to prevent the Tyrants violence,
(For truſt not him that hath once broken faith)
Ile hence forthwith unto the Sanctuary,
To ſave (at leaſt) the heire of *Edwards* right:
There ſhall I reſt ſecure from force and fraud:
Come therefore let us flye, while we may flye,
If *Warwicke* take us, we are ſure to dye. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richard, Lord Haſtings, and Sir William Stanley.

Rich. Now my Lord *Haſtings*, and Sir *William Stanley*
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this cheefeſt Thicket of the Parke.
Thus ſtands the caſe: you know our King, my Brother,
Is priſoner to the Biſhop here, at whoſe hands
He hath good uſage, and great liberty,
And often but attended with weake guard,
Comes hunting this way to diſport himſelfe.
I have advertis'd him by ſecret meanes,
That if about this houre he make this way,
Vnder the colour of his uſuall game,
He ſhall here find his friends with Horſe and Men,
To ſet him free from his Captivity.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntſman with him.

Hunt. This way my Lord,
For this way lies the Game.
King Edw. Nay this way man,
See where the Huntſmen ſtand.
Now brother of *Gloſter*, Lord *Haſtings*, and the reſt,
Stand you thus cloſe to ſteale the Biſhops Deere?
Rich. Brother, the time and caſe, requireth haſt,
Your horſe ſtands ready at the Parke-corner,
King Ed. But whither ſhall we then?
Haſt. To Lyn my Lord,
And ſhip from thence to Flanders.
Rich. Well gueſt beleeve me, for that was my meaning.
King Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardneſſe.
Rich. But wherefore ſtay we? 'tis no time to talke.
King Edw. Huntſman, what ſay'ſt thou?
Wilt thou goe along?
Hunt. Better doe ſo, then tarry and be hang'd.
Rich. Come then away, lets ha no more adoe.
King Edw. Biſhop farewell,
Sheeld thee from *Warwickes* frowne,
And pray that I may re-poſſeſſe the Crowne. *Exeunt.*

Enter King Henry the ſixt, Clarence, Warwicke, Somerſet, young Henry, Oxford, Mountague, and Lieutenant.

King Hen. M. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends
Have ſhaken *Edward* from the Regall ſeate,
And turn'd my captive ſtate to liberty,
My feare to hope, my ſorrowes unto joyes,
At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?
Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their Sou'rains
But, if an humble prayer may prevaile,
I then crave pardon of your Majeſty.
King Hen. For what, Lieutenant? For well vſing me?
Nay, be thou ſure, Ile well requite thy kindneſſe.
For that it made my impriſonment, a pleaſure:
I, ſuch a pleaſure, as incaged Birds
Conceive; when after many moody Thoughts,
At laſt, by Notes of Houſhold harmony,
They quite forget their loſſe of liberty.

But *Warwicke*, after God, thou ſet'ſt me free,
And chiefely therefore, I thanke God, and thee,
He was the Author, thou the inſtrument.
Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes ſpight,
By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this bleſſed Land
May not be puniſht with my thwarting ſtarres,
Warwicke, although my head ſtill weare the Crowne,
I here reſigne my Government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
War. Your Grace hath ſtill beene fam'd for vertuous,
And now may ſeeme as wiſe as vertuous,
By ſpying and avoiding Fortunes malice,
For few men rightly temper with the Starres:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chuſing me, when *Clarence* is in place.
Clar. No *Warwicke*, thou art worthy of the ſway,
To whom the Heavens in thy Nativity,
Adjudg'd an Olive Branch, and Lawrell Crowne,
As likely to be bleſt in Peace and Warre:
And therefore I yeeld thee my free conſent.
Warw. And I chuſe *Clarence* onely for Protector.
King. *Warwicke* and *Clarence*, give me both your hands.
Now joyne your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no diſſention hinder Government:
I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my ſelfe will leade a private Life,
And in devotion ſpend my latter dayes,
To ſinnes rebuke, and my Creators praiſe.
Warw. What anſwers *Clarence* to his Soveraignes will?
Clar. That he conſents, if *Warwicke* yeeld conſent,
For on thy fortune I repoſe my ſelfe.
Warw. Why then, though loth, yet muſt I be content:
We'll yoake together, like a double ſhadow
To *Henries* Body, and ſupply his place;
I meane, in bearing weight of Government,
While he enjoyes the honor, and his eaſe.
And *Clarence*, now then it is more then needfull,
Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a Traytor,
And all his Lands and Goods confiſcated.
Clar. What elſe? and that Succeſſion be determined.
Warw. I, therein *Clarence* ſhall not want his part.
King. But with the firſt, of all your cheife affaires,
Let me intreat (for I command no more)
That *Margaret* your Queene, and my Sonne *Edward*,
Be ſent for, to returne from *France* with ſpeed:
For till I ſee them here, by doubtfull feare,
My joy of liberty is halfe eclips'd.
Clar. It ſhall be done, my Soveraigne, with all ſpeed.
King. My Lord of Somerſet, what Youth is that,
Of whom you ſeeme to have ſo tender care?
Somer. My Liege, it is young *Henry*, Earle of Richmond.
King. Come hither, *Englands* Hope:

Layes his Hand on his Head.

If ſecret Powers ſuggeſt but truth
To my divining thoughts,
This pretty Lad will prove our Countries bliſſe.
His lookes are full of peacefull Majeſty,
His head by nature fram'd to weare a Crowne,
His hand to wield a Scepter, and himſelfe
Likely in time to bleſſe a Regall Throne:
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is he
Muſt helpe you more, then you art hurt by me.

Enter a Poſte.

Warw. What newes, my friend?
Poſte. That *Edward* is eſcaped from your brother,
And fled (as he heares ſince) to Burgundy.
Warw. Vnſavory newes: but how made he eſcape?
Poſte. He was convey'd by *Richard*, Duke of *Gloſter*,
And the Lord *Haſtings*, who attended him
In ſecret ambuſh, on the Forreſt ſide,
And from the Biſhops Huntſmen reſcu'd him:
For Hunting was his dayly Exerciſe.
Warw. My Brother was too careleſſe of his charge.
But let us hence, my Soveraigne, to provide
A ſalve for any ſore, that may betide. *Exeunt.*

Manent Somerſet, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of *Edwards*;
For doubtleſſe, *Burgundy* will yeeld him helpe,
And we ſhall have more Warres befor't be long.
As *Henries* late preſaging Prophecy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young *Richmond*:
So doth my heart miſ-give me, in theſe Conflicts,
What may befall him, to his harme and ours.
Therefore, Lord *Oxford*, to prevent the worſt,
Forthwith we'll ſend him hence to Brittany,
Till ſtormes be paſt of Civill Enmity.
Oxf. I: for if *Edward* re poſſeſſe the Crowne,
'Tis like that *Richmond*, with the reſt, ſhall downe.
Som. It ſhall be ſo: he ſhall to Brittany.
Come therefore, let's about it ſpeedily. *Exeunt.*

Enter Edward, Richard, Haſtings, and Souldiers.

Edw. Now brother *Richard*, Lord *Haſtings*, and the reſt,
Yet thus farre Fortune maketh us amends,
And ſayes, that once more I ſhall enterchange
My wained ſtate, for *Henries* Regall Crowne.
Well have we paſs'd, and now re-paſs'd the Seas,
And brought deſired helpe from Burgundy.
What then remaines, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenſpurgh Haven, before the Gates of *Yorke*,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedome?
Rich. The Gates made faſt?
Brother, I like not this.
For many men that ſtumble at the Threſhold,
Are well fore-told, that danger lurkes within.
Edw Tuſh man, aboadments muſt not now affright us:
By faire or foule meanes we muſt enter in,
For hither will our friends repaire to us.
Haſt. My Liege, Ile knocke once more, to ſummon them.

Enter on the Walls, the Mayor of Yorke, and his Brethren.

Mayor. My Lords.
We were fore-warned of your comming,
And ſhut the Gates, for ſafety of our ſelves;
For now we owe allegeance unto *Henry*.
Edw. But, Maſter Mayor, if *Henry* be your King,
Yet *Edward*, at the leaſt, is Duke of *Yorke*.
Mayor. True, my good Lord, I know you for no leſſe.
Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,
As being well content with that alone.

Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Noſe,
He'll ſoone find meanes to make the Body follow.
Haſt. Why, Maſter Mayor, why ſtand you in a doubt?
Open the Gates, we are King *Henries* friends.
Mayor. I, ſay you ſo? the Gates ſhall then be opened.
He deſcends.
Rich. A wiſe ſtout Captaine, and ſoone perſwaded.
Haſt. The good old man would faine that all were well,
So 'twere not long of him: but being entred,
I doubt not I, but we ſhall ſoon perſwade
Both him, and all his Brothers, unto reaſon.

Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen.
Edw. So, Maſter Mayor: theſe Gates muſt not be ſhut,
But in the Night, or in the time of Warre.
What, feare not man, but yeild me up the Keyes,
Takes his Keyes.
For *Edward* will defend the Towne, and thee,
And all thoſe friends, that deine to follow me.

March. Enter Mountgomery, with Drumme and Souldiers.
Rich. Brother, this is Sir *John Mountgomery*,
Our truſty friend, unleſſe I be deceiv'd.
Edwar. Welcome Sir *Iohn*: but why come you in Armes?
Mount. To helpe King *Edward* in his time of ſtorme,
As every loyall Subject ought to doe.
Edw. Thankes good *Mountgomery*:
But we now forget our Title to the Crowne,
And onely clayme our Dukedome,
Till God pleaſe to ſend the reſt.
Mount. Then fare you well, for I will hence againe,
I came to ſerve a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer ſtrike up, and let us march away.
The Drumme begins to March.
Edw. Nay ſtay, Sir *Iohn*, a while, and we'll debate
By what ſafe meanes the Crowne may be recover'd.
Mount. What talke you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaime your ſelfe our King,
Ile leave you to your fortune, and be gone,
To keepe them backe, that come to ſuccour you.
Why ſhall we fight, if you pretend no Title?
Rich. Why Brother, wherefore ſtand you on nice points?
Edw. When we grow ſtronger,
Then we'll make our Clayme:
Till then, 'tis wiſdome to conceale our meaning.
Haſt. Away with ſcrupulous Wit, now Armes muſt rule.
Ric. And feareleſſe minds clymbe ſooneſt unto Crowns.
Brother, we will proclaime you out of hand,
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.
Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,
And *Henry* but uſurpes the Diademe.
Mount. I, now my Soveraigne ſpeaketh like himſelfe,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion.
Haſt. Sound Trumpet, *Edward* ſhall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow Souldier, make thou proclamation.
Flouriſh. *Sound.*
Soul. Edward *the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.*
Mount. And whoſoe're gainſayes King *Edwards* right,
By this I challenge him to ſingle fight.
Throwes downe his Gauntlet.
All. Long live *Edward* the Fourth.
Edw. Thankes brave *Mountgomery*,
And thankes unto you all:
If fortune ſerve me, Ile requite this kindneſſe.
Now for this Night, let's harbor here in *Yorke*:
And when the Morning Sunne ſhall raiſe his Carre
Above the Border of this Horizon,
We'll forward towards *Warwicke*, and his Mates;
For well I wot, that *Henry* is no Souldier.
Ah froward *Clarence*, how evill it beſeemes thee,
To flatter *Henry*, and forſake thy Brother?
Yet as we may, we'll meet both thee and *Warwicke*.
Come on brave Souldiors: doubt not of the Day,
And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Warwicke, Mountague, Clarence, Oxford, and Somerſet.

War. What counſaile, Lords? *Edward* from Belgia,
With haſty Germanes, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath paſs'd in ſafety through the Narrow Seas,
And with his troupes doth march amaine to London,
And many giddy people flocke to him.
King. Let's levy men, and beat him backe againe.
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being ſuffer'd, Rivers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickſhire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre,
Thoſe will I muſter up: and thou Sonne *Clarence*
Shalt ſtirre up in Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,
The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee.
Thou brother *Mountague*, in *Buckingham*,
Northampton, and in *Leiceſterſhire*, ſhalt find
Men well enclin'd to heare what thou command'ſt.
And thou, brave *Oxford*, wondrous well belov'd,
In *Oxfordſhire* ſhalt muſter up thy friends.
My Soveraigne, with the loving Citizens,
Like to his Iland, gyrt in with the Ocean,
Or modeſt *Dyan*, circled with her Nymphs,
Shall reſt in London, till we come to him:
Faire Lords take leave, and ſtand not to reply.
Farewell my Soveraigne.
King. Farewell my *Hector*, and my Troyes true hope.
Clar. In ſigne of truth, I kiſſe your Highneſſe hand.
King. Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate.
Mount. Comfort, my Lord, and ſo I take my leave.
Oxf. And thus I ſeale my truth, and bid adieu.
King. Sweet *Oxford*, and my loving *Mountague*,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.
War. Farewell, ſweet Lords, let's meet at *Coventry*.
Exeunt.
King. Here at the Pallace will I reſt a while.
Couſin of *Exeter*, what thinkes your Lordſhip?
Me thinkes, the Power that *Edward* hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.
Exet. The doubt is, that he will ſeduce the reſt.
King. That's not my feare, my meed hath got me fame:
I have not ſtopt mine eares to their demands,
Nor poſted off their ſuites with ſlow delayes,
My pitty hath beene balme to heale their wounds,
My mildneſſe hath allay'd their ſwelling griefes,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing teares.
I have not beene deſirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppreſt them with great Subſidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.
Then why ſhould they love *Edward* more then me?
No *Exeter*, theſe Graces challenge Grace:

And when the Lyon fawnes upon the Lambe,
The Lambe will never ceaſe to follow him.

Shout within, A Lancaſter, A Lancaſter.

Exe. Harke, hearke, my Lord, what Shouts are theſe?

Enter Edward and his Souldiers.

Edw. Seize on the ſhamefac'd *Henry*, beare him hence,
And once againe proclaime us King of *England.*
You are the Fount, that makes ſmall Brookes to flow,
Now ſtops thy Spring, my Sea ſhall ſucke them dry,
And ſwell ſo much the higher, by their ebbe.
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not ſpeake.

Exit with King Henry.

And Lords, towards Coventry bend we our courſe,
Where peremptory *Warwicke* now remaines:
The Sunne ſhines hot, and if we uſe delay,
Cold biting Winter marres our hop'd-for Hay.
Rich. Away betimes, before his forces joyne,
And take the great-growne Traytor unawares:
Brave Warriors, march amaine towards *Coventry.*

Exeunt.

Enter Warwicke, the Mayor of Coventry, two Meſſengers, and others upon the Walls.

War Where is the Poſt that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honeſt fellow?
Meſſ. 1. By this at Dunſmore, marching hitherward.
War. How farre off is our Brother *Mountague*?
Where is the Poſt that came from *Mountague*?
Meſſ. 2. By this at Daintry, with a puiſſant troope.

Enter Somervile.

War. Say *Somervile*, what ſayes my loving Sonne?
And by thy gueſſe, how nigh is *Clarence* now?
Somer. At *Southam* I did leave him with his forces,
And doe expect him here ſome two houres hence.
War. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I heare his Drumme.
Somer. It is not his, my Lord, heare Southam lyes:
The Drum you Honor heares, marcheth from *Warwicke.*
War. Who ſhould that be? belike unlook'd for friends.
Somer. They are at hand, and you ſhall quickly know.

Martch. Flouriſh. Enter Edward, Richard, and Souldiers.

Edw. Goe, Trumpet, to the Walls, and ſound a Parle.
Rich. See how the ſurly *Warwicke* mans the Wall.
War. Oh unbid ſpight, is ſportfull *Edward* come?
Where ſlept our Scouts, or how are they ſeduc'd,
That we could heare no newes of his repayre.
Edw. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou ope the City Gates,
Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,
Call *Edward* King, and at his hands begge Mercy,
And he ſhall pardon thee theſe Outrages?
War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confeſſe who ſet thee up, and pluckt thee downe,
Call *Warwicke* Patron, and be penitent,
And thou ſhalt ſtill remaine the Duke of *Yorke.*
Rich. I thought at leaſt he would have ſaid the King,
Or did he make the Ieaſt againſt his will?
War. Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift?
Rich, I, by my faith, for a poore Earle to give,
Ile doe thee ſervice for ſo good a gift.
Warw. 'Twas I that gave the Kingdome to thy Brother.
Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwickes* gift.
War. Thou art no *Atlas* for ſo great a weight:
And Weakeling, *Warwicke* takes his gift againe,
And *Henry* is my King, *Warwicke* his Subject.
Edw. But *Warwickes* King is *Edwards* Priſoner:
And gallant *Warwicke*, doe but anſwer this,
What is the Body, when the head is off?
Rich. Alas, that *Warwicke* had no more fore-caſt,
But whiles he thought to ſteale the ſingle Ten,
The King was ſlyly finger'd from the Decke:
You left poore *Henry* at the Biſhops Pallace,
And tenne to one you'll meet him in the Tower.
Edw. 'Tis even ſo, yet you are *Warwicke* ſtill.
Rich. Come *Warwicke*,
Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe:
Nay when? ſtrike now, or elſe the Iron cooles.
War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other, fling it at thy face,
Then beare ſo low a ſayle, to ſtrike to thee.
Edw. Sayle how thou canſt,
Have Winde and Tyde thy friend,
This hand, faſt wound about thy coale-blacke hayre,
Shall, whiles thy head is warme, and new cut off,
Write in the duſt this Sentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing *Warwicke* now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drumme and Colours.

War. Oh chearefull Colours, ſee where *Oxford* comes.
Oxf. *Oxford, Oxford*, for *Lancaſter.*
Rich. The Gates are open, let us enter too.
Edw. So other foes may ſet upon our backes.
Stand we in good array: for they no doubt
Will iſſue out againe, and bid us battaile;
If not, the City being but of ſmall defence,
We'll quickly rowze the Traitors in the ſame.
War. Oh welcome *Oxford*, for we want thy helpe.

Enter Mountague, with Drumme and Colours.

Mount. *Mountague, Mountague*, for *Lancaſter.*
Rich. Thou and thy Brother both ſhall buy this Treaſon
Even with the deareſt blood your bodyes beare.
Edw. The harder matcht, the greater Victory,
My mind preſageth happy gaine, and Conqueſt.

Enter Somerſet, with Drumme and Colours.

Som. *Somerſet, Somerſet*, for *Lancaſter.*
Rich. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of *Somerſet*,
Have ſold their Lives unto the Houſe of *Yorke*,
And thou ſhalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drumme and Colours.

War. And loe, where *George* of *Clarence* ſweepes along
Of force enough to bid his brother Battaile:
With whom, an upright zeale to right, prevailes
More then the nature of a Brothers love.
Come *Clarence*, come: thou wilt, if *Warwicke* call.
Clar. Father of *Warwicke*, know you what this meanes?
Looke here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my Fathers Houſe,
Who gave his blood to lyme the ſtones together,
And ſet up *Lancaſter*. Why, troweſt thou, *Warwicke*,
That *Clarence* is ſo harſh, ſo blunt, unnaturall,
To bend the fatall inſtruments of Warre

Againſt his brother, and his lawfull King.
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy Oath:
To keepe that Oath, were more impiety,
Then *Iephah*, when he ſacrific'd his Daughter.
I am ſo ſorry for my Treſpas made,
That to deſerve well at my brothers hands,
I here proclaime my ſelfe thy mortall foe:
With reſolution, whereſoe're I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou ſtirre abroad)
To plague thee, for thy foule miſ-leading me.
And ſo, prowd-hearted *Warwicke*, I defie thee,
And to my brother turne my bluſhing Cheekes.
Pardon me *Edward*, I will make amends:
And *Richard*, doe not frowne upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconſtant.
Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd
Then if thou never hadſt deſerv'd our hate.
Rich. Welcome good *Clarence*, this is Brother-like.
Warw. Oh paſſing Traytor, perjur'd and unjuſt.
Edw. What *Warwicke*,
Wilt thou leave the Towne, and fight?
Or ſhall we beat the Stones about thine Eares?
Warw. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet preſently,
And bid thee Battaile, *Edward*, if thou dar'ſt.
Edw. Yes *Warwicke*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way:
Lords to the field: Saint *George*, and Victory. *Exeunt.*
March. Warwicke and his company followes.

Alarum, and Excurſions. Enter Edward bringing forth Warwicke wounded.

Edw. So, lye thou there: dye thou, and dye our feare,
For *Warwicke* was a Bug that fear'd us all.
Now *Mountague* ſit faſt, I ſeeke for thee,
That *Warwickes* Bones may keepe thine company.
Exit.
War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, freind, or foe,
And tell me who is Victor, *Yorke*, or *Warwicke*?
Why aske I that? my mangled body ſhewes,
My blood, my want of ſtrength, my ſicke heart ſhewes,
That I muſt yeeld my body to the Earth,
And by my fall, the conqueſt to my foe.
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the Axes edge,
Whoſe Armes gave ſhelter to the Princely Eagle,
Vnder whoſe ſhade the ramping Lyon ſlept,
Whoſe top-branch over-peer'd *Ioves* ſpreading Tree,
And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull Winde.
Theſe Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle
Have beene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne,
To ſearch the ſecret Treaſons of the World:
The Wrinckles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood,
Were lik'ned oft to Kingly Sepulchers:
For who liv'd King, but I could digge his Grave?
And who durſt ſmile, when *Warwicke* bent his Brow?
Loe, now my Glory ſmear'd in duſt and blood.
My Parkes, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had,
Even now forſake me; and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.
Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Duſt?
And live we how we can, yet dye we muſt.

Enter Oxford and Somerſet.

Som. Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our Loſſe againe:
The Queene from France hath brought a puiſſant power
Even now we heard the newes, ah, could'ſt thou flye.
Warw. Why then I would not flye. Ah *Mountague*,
If thou be there, ſweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy Lippes keepe in my Soule a while.
Thou lov'ſt me not: for, brother, if thou didſt,
Thy teares would waſh this cold congealed blood,
That glewes my Lippes, and will not let me ſpeake.
Come quickly *Mountague*, or I am dead,
Som. Ah *Warwicke*, *Mountague* hath breath'd his laſt,
And to the lateſt gaſpe, cry'd out for *Warwicke*:
And ſaid, Commend me to my valiant Brother.
And more he would have ſaid, and more he ſpoke,
Which ſounded like a Cannon in a Vault,
That mought not be diſtinguiſht: but at laſt,
I well might heare, delivered with a groane,
O farewell *Warwicke*.
War. Sweet reſt his Soule:
Flye Lords, and ſave your ſelves,
For *Warwicke* bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.
Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queenes great power.
Here they beare away his Body. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter King Edward in triumph, with Richard, Clarence, and the reſt.

King. Thus farre our fortune keepes an upward courſe,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of Victory:
But in the midſt of this bright-ſhining Day,
I ſpy a blacke ſuſpicious threatning Cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,
Ere he attaine his eaſefull Weſterne Bed:
I meane, my Lords, thoſe powers that the Queene
Hath rays'd in Gallia, have arrived our Coaſt,
And, as we heare, march on to fight with us.
Clar. A little gale will ſoone diſperſe that Cloud,
And blow it to the Source from whence it came,
Thy very Beames will dry thoſe Vapours up,
For every Cloud engenders not a Storme.
Rich. The Queene is valued thirty thouſand ſtrong,
And *Somerſet*, with *Oxford*, fled to her:
If ſhe have time to breathe, be well aſſur'd
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.
King. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they doe hold their courſe toward Tewksbury.
We having now the beſt at Barnet field,
Will thither ſtraight, for willingneſſe rids way;
And as we march, our ſtrength will be augmented:
In every County as we goe along,
Strike up the Drumme, cry courage, and away. *Exeunt.*

March. Enter the Queene, young Edward, Somerſet, Oxford, and Souldiers.

Qu. Great Lords, wiſe men ne'r ſit and waile their loſſe
But chearely ſeeke how to redreſſe their harmes.
What though the Maſt be now blowne over-boord,
The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor loſt,
And halfe our Saylors ſwallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our Pilot ſtill. Is't meet, that he
Should leave the Helme, and like a fearefull Lad,
With tearefull Eyes adde Water to the Sea,
And give more ſtrength to that which hath too much,
Whiles in his moane, the Ship ſplits on the Rocke,
Which induſtry and Courage might have ſav'd?
Ah what a ſhame, ah what a fault were this.
Say *Warwicke* was our Anchor: what of that?

And *Mountague* our Top-Maſt: what of him?
Our ſlaught'red friends, the Tackles: what of theſe?
Why is not *Oxford* here, another Anchor?
And *Somerſet*, another goodly Maſt?
The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings?
And though unskilfull, why not *Ned* and I,
For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge?
We will not from the Helme, to ſit and weepe,
But keepe our Courſe (though the rough Winde ſay no)
From Shelves and Rocks, that threaten us with Wracke.
As good to chide the Waves, as ſpeake them faire.
And what is *Edward*, but a ruthleſſe Sea?
What *Clarence*, but a Quick-ſand of Deceit?
And *Richard*, but a raged fatall Rocke?
All theſe, the Enemies to our poore Barke.
Say you can ſwim, alas 'tis but a while:
Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly ſinke,
Beſtride the Rocke, the Tyde will waſh you off,
Or elſe you famiſh, that's a three-fold Death.
This ſpeake I (Lords) to let you underſtand,
If caſe ſome one of you would flye from us,
That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,
More then with ruthleſſe Waves, with Sands and Rocks.
Why courage then, what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childiſh weakeneſſe to lament, or feare.

Prin. Me thinkes a Woman of this valiant Spirit,
Should, if a Coward heard her ſpeake theſe words,
Infuſe his Breaſt with Magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.
I ſpeake not this, as doubting any here:
For did I but ſuſpect a fearefull man,
He ſhould have leave to goe away betimes,
Leaſt in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like ſpirit to himſelfe.
If any ſuch be here, as God forbid,
Let him depart, before we neede his helpe.

Oxf. Women and Children of ſo high a courage,
And Warriors faint, why 'twere perpetuall ſhame.
Oh brave young Prince: thy famous Grandfather
Doth live againe in thee; long may'ſt thou live,
To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.

Som. And he that will not fight for ſuch a hope,
Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,
If he ariſe, be mock'd and wondred at.

Que. Thankes gentle *Somerſet*, ſweet *Oxford* thankes.

Prince. And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing elſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Prepare you Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
Ready to fight: therefore be reſolute.

Oxf. I thought no leſſe: it is his Policy,
To haſte thus faſt, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readineſſe.

Que. This cheares my heart, to ſee your forwardneſſe.

Oxf. Here pitch our Battaile, hence we will not budge.

March. Enter Edward, Richard, Clarence, and Souldiers.

Edw. Brave followers, yonder ſtands the thorny Wood
Which by the Heavens aſſiſtance, and your ſtrength,
Muſt by the Roots be hew'ne up yet ere Night.
I need not adde more fuell to your fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:
Give ſignall to the fight, and to it Lords.

Qu. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I ſhould ſay,
My teares gaine-ſay: for every word I ſpeake,
Yee ſee I drinke the water of my eye.
Therefore no more but this: *Henry* your Soveraigne
Is Priſoner to the Foe, his State uſurp'd,
His Realme a ſlaughter-houſe, his Subjects ſlaine,
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treaſure ſpent:
And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this ſpoyle.
You fight in Iuſtice: then in Gods Name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give ſignall to the fight.

Alarum, Retreat, Excurſions. *Exeunt.*

Enter Edward, Richard, Queene, Clarence, Oxford, Somerſet.

Edw. Now here's a period of tumultuous Broyles.
Away with *Oxford* to Hames Caſtle ſtraight:
For *Somerſet*, off with his guilty Head.
Goe beare them hence, I will not heare them ſpeake.

Oxf. For my part, Ile not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but ſtoupe with patience to my fortune.

Exeunt.

Quee. So part we ſadly in this troublous World,
To meet with Ioy in ſweet *Ieruſalem*.

Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds *Edward*,
Shall have a high Reward, and he his Life?

Rich. It is, and loe where youthfull *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let us heare him ſpeake.
What? can ſo young a Thorne begin to pricke?
Edward, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
For bearing Armes, for ſtirring up my ſubjects,
And all trouble thou haſt turn'd me to?

Prin. Speake like a Subject, prowd ambitions *Yorke*.
Suppoſe that I am now my Fathers Mouth,
Reſigne thy Chayre, and where I ſtand, kneele thou,
Whil'ſt I propoſe the ſelfe-ſame words to thee,
Which (Traytor) thou would'ſt have me anſwer to.

Quee. Ah, that thy Father had beene ſo reſolv'd.

Rich. That you might ſtill have worne the Petticoat,
And ne're have ſtolne the Breech from *Lancaſter*.

Princ. Let *Æſop* fable in a Winters Night,
His Curriſh Riddles ſorts not with this place.

Rich. By Heaven, Brat, Ile plague ye for that word.

Que. I thou waſt borne to be a plague to men.

Rich. For Gods ſake, take away this Captive Scold.

Princ. Nay, take away this ſcolding Crooke-backe, rather.

Edw. Peace wilfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue.

Clar. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.

Prin. I know my duty, you are all undutifull:
Laſcivious *Edward*, and thou perjur'd *George*,
And thou miſ-ſhapen *Dicke*, I tell ye all,
I am your better, Traytors as ye are.
And thou uſurp'ſt my Fathers right and mine.

Edw. Take that, the likeneſſe of this Rayler here.

Stabs him.

Rich. Sprawl'ſt thou? take that, to end thy agony.

Rich. Stabs him.

Clar. And ther's for twitting me with perjury.

Clar. Stabs him.

Que. Oh, kill me too.

Rich. Marry, and ſhall. *Offers to kill her.*

Edw. Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we have done too much.

Rich. Why ſhould ſhe live, to fill the World with words?
Edw. What? doth ſhe ſwowne? uſe meanes for her recovery.
Rich. *Clarence* excuſe me to the King my Brother:
Ile hence to London on a ſerious matter,
Ere ye come there, be ſure to heare ſome newes.
Clar. What? what?
Rich. Tower, the Tower. *Exit.*
Que. Oh *Ned*, ſweet *Ned*, ſpeake to thy Mother Boy.
Can'ſt thou not ſpeake? O Traitors, Murtherers!
They that ſtabb'd *Cæſar*, ſhed no blood at all:
Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,
If this foule deed were by, to equall it.
He was a Man; this (in reſpect) a Child,
And Men, ne're ſpend their fury on a Child.
What's worſe then Murtherer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burſt, and if I ſpeake,
And I will ſpeake, that ſo my heart may burſt.
Butchers and Villaines, bloody Canniballes,
How ſweet a Plant have you untimely cropt:
You have no children (Butchers) if you had,
The thought of them would have ſtirr'd up remorſe;
But if you ever chance to have a Child,
Looke in his youth to have him ſo cut off.
As deathſmen you have rid this ſweet young Prince.
King. Away with her, goe beare her hence perforce.
Que. Nay, never beare me hence, diſpatch me heere:
Here ſheath thy Sword, Ile pardon thee my death:
What? wilt thou not? Then *Clarence* doe it thou.
Clar. By heaven, I will not doe thee ſo much eaſe.
Qu. Good *Clarence* doe, ſweet *Clarence* do thou do it.
Cla. Did'ſt thou not heare me ſweare I would not do it?
Que. I but thou uſeſt to forſweare thy ſelfe.
'Twas ſin before, but now 'tis Charity.
What wilt thou not? Where is that divels butcher *Richard*
Hard favor'd *Richard*? *Richard*, where art thou?
Thou art not heere; Murther is thy Almeſdeed.
Petitioner for Blood, thou ne're put'ſt backe.
Edw. Away I ſay, I charge ye beare her hence.
Que. So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince.
Exit Queene.
Edw. Where's *Richard* gone.
Cla. To London all in poſt, and as I gueſſe,
To make a bloody Supper in the Tower?
Edw. He's ſodaine if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence, diſcharge the common ſort
With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London,
And ſee our gentle Queene how well ſhe fares,
By this (I hope) ſhe hath a Sonne for me. *Exit.*

Enter Henry the ſixt, and Richard, with the Lieutenant on the Walls.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke ſo hard?
Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I ſhould ſay rather,
'Tis ſinne to flatter, Good was little better:
Good *Gloſter*, and good devill, were alike,
And both prepoſterous: therefore, not Good Lord.
Rich. Sirrha, leave us to our ſelves, we muſt conferre.
Hen. So flyes the wreakleſſe ſhepherd from the Wolfe:
So firſt the harmeleſſe Sheepe doth yeeld his Fleece,
And next his Throate, unto the butchers Knife.
What Scene of death hath *Roſſius* now to Acte?
Rich. Suſpition alwayes haunts the guilty mind,
The Theefe doth feare each buſh an Officer,
Hen. The Bird that hath beene limed in a buſh,
With trembling wings miſdoubteth every buſh;
And I the hapleſſe Male to one ſweet Bird,
Have now the fatall Object in my eye,
Where my poore yong was limb'd, was caught, and kild.
Rich. Why what a peeviſh Foole was that of Creet,
That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle,
And yet for all his wings, the foole was drown'd.
Hen. I *Dedalus*, my poore Boy *Icarus*,
Thy Father *Minos*, that deni'd our courſe,
The Sunne that ſear'd the wings of my ſweet Boy.
Thy Brother *Edward*, and thy ſelfe, the Sea
Whoſe envious Gulfe did ſwallow up his life:
Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words,
My breſt can better brooke thy Daggers point,
Then can my eares that Tragicke Hiſtory.
But wherefore doſt thou come? Is't for my Life?
Rich. Think'ſt thou I am an Executioner?
Hen. A perſecutor I am ſure thou art,
If murthering Innocents be Executing,
Why then thou art an Executioner,
Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his preſumption.
Hen. Hadſt thou bin kill'd, when firſt thou did preſume,
Thou had'ſt not liv'd to kill a Sonne of mine:
And thus I propheſie, that many a thouſand,
Which now miſtruſt no parcell of my feare,
And many an old mans ſigh, and many a Widdowes,
And many an Orphans water-ſtanding-eye,
Men for their Sonnes, Wives for their Husbands fate,
And Orphans, for their Parents timeles death,
Shall rue the houre that ever thou was't borne.
The Owle ſhriek'd at thy birth, an evill ſigne,
The Night-Crow cry'de, aboding luckleſſe time,
Dogs howl'd, and hiddeous Tempeſt ſhook down Trees:
The Raven rook'd her on the Chimnies top,
And chatt'ring Pies in diſmall Diſcords ſung:
Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine,
And yet brought forth leſſe then a Mothers hope,
To wit, an indigeſted deformed lumpe,
Not like the fruit of ſuch a goodly Tree.
Teeth had'ſt thou in thy head, when thou was't borne,
To ſignifie, thou cam'ſt to bite the world:
And if the reſt be true, which I have heard,
Thou cam'ſt———
Rich. Ile heare no more:
Dye Prophet in thy ſpeech, *Stabs him.*
For this (among'ſt the reſt) was I ordain'd.
Hen. I, and for much more ſlaughter after this,
O God forgive my ſinnes, and pardon thee. *Dyes.*
Rich. What? will the aſpiring blood of Lancaſter
Sinke in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my ſword weepes for the poore Kings death.
O may ſuch purple teares be alway ſhed
From thoſe that wiſh the downefall of our houſe.
If any ſparke of life be yet remaining,
Downe, downe to hell, and ſay I ſent thee thither.
Stabs him againe.
I that have neither pitty, love, nor feare,
Indeed 'tis true that *Henrie* told me of:
For I have often heard my Mother ſay,
I came into the world with my Legs forward.
Had I not reaſon (thinke ye) to make haſt,
And ſeeke their Ruine, that uſurp'd our Right?
The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cride
O Ieſus bleſſe us, he is borne with teeth,

And ſo I was, which plainely ſignified,
That I ſhould ſnarle, and bite, and play the dogge:
Then ſince the Heavens have ſhap'd my body ſo,
Let hell make crook'd my Mind to anſwer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother:
And this word [Love] which Gray-beards call Divine,
Be reſident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am my ſelfe alone.,
Clarence beware, thou keept'ſt me from the light,
But I will ſort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzze abroad ſuch Propheſies,
That *Edward* ſhall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
King *Henry*, and the Prince his Son are gone,
Clarence thy turne is next, and then the reſt,
Counting my ſelfe but bad, till I be beſt.
Ile throw thy body in another roome,
And Triumph *Henry*, in thy day of Doome. *Exit.*

Enter King, Queene, Clarence, Richard, Haſtings, Nurſe, and Attendants.

King. Once more we ſit in Englands Royall Throne,
Re-purchac'd with the Blood of Enemies:
What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumnes Corne,
Have we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerſet, threefold Renowne,
For hardy and undoubted Champions:
Two *Cliffords*, as the Father and the Sonne,
And two Northumberlands: two braver men,
Ne're ſpurr'd their Courſers at the Trumpets ſound.
With them, the two brave Beares, *Warwicke* and *Mountague*,
That in their Chaines fetter'd the Kingly Lyon,
And made the Forreſt tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we ſwept Suſpition from our Seate,
And made our footſtoole of Security.
Come hither *Beſſe*, and let me kiſſe my Boy:
Yong *Ned*, for thee, thine Vnckles, and my ſelfe,
Have in our Armors watcht the Winter night,
Went all afoote in Summers ſcalding heate,
That thou might'ſt repoſſeſſe the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours thou ſhalt reape the gaine.

Rich. Ile blaſt his Harveſt, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This ſhoulder was ordain'd ſo thicke, to heave,
And heave it ſhall ſome waight, or breake my backe,
Worke thou the way, and that ſhalt execute.

King. *Clarence* and *Gloſter*, love my lovely Queene,
And kis your Princely Nephew Brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your Majeſty,
I Seale upon the lips of this ſweet Babe.

Clar. Thankes Noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thanks.

Ri. And that I love the tree from whence thou ſprang'ſt
Witneſſe the loving kiſſe I give the Fruite:
To ſay the truth, ſo *Iudas* kiſt his maſter,
And cryed all haile, when as he meant all harme.

King. Now am I ſeated as my ſoule delights,
Having my Countries peace, and brothers loves.

Clar. What will your Grace have done with *Margaret*?
Reynard her Father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and *Ieruſalem*,
And hither have they ſent it for her ranſome.

King. Away with her, and waft her hence to France:
And now what reſts, but that we ſpend the time
With ſtately Triumphes, mirthfull Comicke ſhewes,
Such as befits the pleaſure of the Court.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets, farewell ſowre annoy,
For heere I hope begins our laſting joy. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

⁂

The Tragedy of Richard the Third:

vvith the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Boſworth Field.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloſter, ſolus.

NOw is the Winter of our Diſcontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
And all the clouds that lowr'd upon our houſe
In the deepe boſome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
Our bruiſed armes hung up for Monuments;
Our ſterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Meaſures.
Grim-viſag'd Warre, hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled Front:
And now, in ſteed of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fright the Soules of fearefull Adverſaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,
To the laſcivious pleaſing of a Lute.
But I, that am not ſhap'd for ſportive trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glaſſe:
I, that am Rudely ſtampt, and want loves Majeſty,
To ſtrut before a wanton ambling Nymph:
I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,
Cheated of Feature by diſſembling Nature,
Deform'd, unfiniſh'd, ſent before my time
Into this breathing World, ſcarſe halfe made up,
And that ſo lamely and unfaſhionable,
That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them:
Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)
Have no delight to paſſe away the time,
Vnleſſe to ſee my Shadow in the Sunne,
And deſcant on mine owne Deformity.
And therefore, ſince I cannot prove a Lover,
To entertaine theſe faire well ſpoken dayes,
I am determined to prove a Villaine,
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſe dayes.
Plots have I laide, Inductions dangerous,
By drunken Propheſies, Libels, and Dreames,
To ſet my Brother *Clarence* and the King
In deadly hate, the one againſt the other:
And if King *Edward* be as true and juſt,
As I am Subtle, Falſe, and Treacherous,
This day ſhould *Clarence* cloſely be mew'd up:
About a Propheſie, which ſayes that G,
Of *Edwards* heyres the murtherer ſhall be.
Dive thoughts downe to my ſoule, here *Clarence* comes.

Enter Clarence, and Brakenbury, guarded.

Brother, good day: What meanes this armed guard
That waites upon your Grace?

Cla. His Majeſtie tendring my perſons ſafety,
Hath appointed this Conduct, to convey me to th'Tower.

Rich. Vpon what cauſe?

Cla. Becauſe my name is *George*.

Rich. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
He ſhould for that commit your Grandfathers.
O belike, his Majeſty hath ſome intent,
That you ſhould be new Chriſtned in the Tower.
But what's the matter *Clarence*, may I know?

Cla. Yea *Richard*, when I know: but I proteſt
As yet I do not: But as I can learne,
He hearkens after Propheſies and Dreames,
And from the Croſſe-row pluckes the letter G:
And ſayes, a Wizard told him, that by G,
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be.
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he.
Theſe (as I learne) and ſuch like toyes as theſe,
Hath moov'd his Highneſſe to commit me now.

Rich. Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women:
'Tis not the King that ſends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Grey* his Wife, *Clarence* 'tis ſhe,
That tempts him to this harſh Extremity.
Was it not ſhe, and that good man of Worſhip,
Anthony Woodville her Brother there,
That made him ſend Lord *Haſtings* to the Tower?
From whence this preſent day he is delivered.
We are not ſafe *Clarence*, we are not ſafe.

Cla. By heaven, I thinke there is no man ſecure
But the Queenes Kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King, and Miſtris *Shore*.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord *Haſtings* was, for his delivery?

Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his liberty.
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in favour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her Livery:
The jealous ore-worne Widdow, and her ſelfe,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Goſſips in our Monarchy.

Bra. I beſeech your Graces both to pardon me,
His Majeſty hath ſtraightly given in charge,
That no man ſhall have private Conference
(Of what degree ſoever) with your Brother.

Rich. Even ſo, and pleaſe your Worſhip *Brakenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeake no Treaſon man; We ſay the King
Is wiſe and vertuous, and his Noble Queene
Well ſtrooke jn yeeres, faire and not jealious.
We ſay, that *Shores* Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a paſſing pleaſing tongue:
And that the Queenes Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
How ſay you ſir? can you deny all this?
Bra. With this (my Lord) my ſelfe have nought to doe.
Rich. Naught to doe with Miſtris *Shore*?
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Excepting one) were beſt to doe it ſecretly alone.
Bra. What one, my Lord?
Rich. Her Husband Knave, would'ſt thou betray me?
Bra. I do beſeech your Grace
To pardon me, and withall forbeare
Your Conference with the Noble Duke.
Cla. We know thy charge *Brakenbury*, and will obey.
Rich. We are the Queenes abjects, and muſt obey.
Brother farewell, I will unto the King,
And whatſoere you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King *Edwards* Widdow, Siſter,
I will performe it to infranchiſe you.
Meane time, this deepe diſgrace of Brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaſeth neither of us well.
Rich. Well, your impriſonment ſhall not be long,]
I will deliver you, or elſe lye for you:
Meane time have patience.
Cla. I muſt perforce: farewell. *Exit Clar.*
Rich. Go tread the path that thou ſhalt ne're return:
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I do love thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy Soule to Heaven,
If Heaven will take the preſent at our hands,
But who comes heere? the new delivered *Haſtings*?

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord,
Rich. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,
How hath your Lordſhip brook'd impriſonment?
Haſt. With patience (Noble Lord) as priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall live (my Lord) to give them thankes
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment.
Rich, No doubt, no doubt, and ſo ſhall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your Enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.
Haſt. More pitty, that the Eagles ſhould be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzzards play at liberty.
Rich. What newes abroad?
Haſt. No newes ſo bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is ſickly, weake and melancholly,
And his Phyſitians feare him mightily.
Rich. Now by Saint Iohn, that newes is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an evill diet long,
And over-much conſum'd his Royall Perſon:
'Tis very greevous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his bed?
Haſt. He is.
Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.
Exit Haſtings.
He cannot live I hope, and muſt not dye,
Till *George* be pack'd with poſt-horſe up to Heaven.
Ile in to urge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
With Lyes well ſteel'd with weighty arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to buſtle in.
For then, Ile marry Warwickes youngeſt daughter,
What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
The readieſt way to make the Wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her Father:
The which will I, not all ſo much for love,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marrying her, which I muſt reach unto.
But yet I run before my horſe to Market:
Clarence ſtill breathes, *Edward* ſtill lives and reignes,
When they are gone, then muſt I count my gaines. *Exit*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter the Coarſe of Henrie the ſixt with Halberds to guard it,
Lady Anne being the Mourner.

Anne. Set downe, ſet downe your honorable load,
If Honor may be ſhrowded in a Herſe;
Whil'ſt I a-while obſeqviouſly lament
Th' untimely fall of Vertuous Lancaſter,
Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale aſhes of the Houſe of Lancaſter;
Thou bloodleſſe Remnant of that Royall Blood,
Be it lawfull that I invocate thy Ghoſt,
To heare the Lamentations of poore *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy ſlaughtred Sonne,
Stab'd by the ſelfeſame hand that made theſe wounds.
Loe, in theſe windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the helpleſſe Balme of my poore eyes.
O curſed be the hand that made theſe holes:
Curſed the heart, that had the heart to do it:
Curſed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:
More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Then I can wiſh to Wolves, to Spiders, Toades,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives.
If ever he have Childe, Abortive be it,
Prodigeous, and untimely brought to light,
Whoſe ugly and unnaturall Aſpect
May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,
And that be Heyre to his unhappineſſe.
If ever he have Wife, let her be made
More miſerable by the death of him,
Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come now towards Chertſey with your holy Lode,
Taken from Paules, to be interred there.
And ſtill as you are weary of this waight,
Reſt you, whiles I lament King *Henries* Coarſe.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloſter.

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarſe, & ſet it downe.
An. What blacke Magitian conjures up this Fiend,
To ſtop devoted charitable deeds?
Rich. Villains ſet downe the Corſe; or by S. Paul,
Ile make a Coarſe of him that diſobeyes.

Gen. My Lord ſtand backe, and let the Coffin paſſe.
Rich. Vnmanner'd Dogge,
Stand thou when I commaund:
Advance thy Halbert higher then my breſt,
Or by S. Paul Ile ſtrike thee to my Foote,
And ſpurne upon thee Begger for thy boldneſſe.
Anne. What do you tremble? are you all affraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,
And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Divell.
Avant thou dreadfull miniſter of Hell;
Thou had'ſt but power over his Mortall body,
His ſoule thou canſt not have: Therefore be gone.
Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not ſo curſt.
An. Foule Divell,
For Gods ſake hence, and trouble us not,
For thou haſt made the happy earth thy Hell:
Fill'd it with curſing cries, and deepe exclaimes:
If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy Butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen, ſee, ſee dead *Henries* wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afreſh.
Bluſh, bluſh, thou lumpe of foule Deformitie:
For 'tis thy preſence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwels.
Thy deeds inhumane and unnaturall,
Provokes this Deluge moſt unnaturall.
O God! which this Blood mad'ſt, revenge his death:
O Earth! which this Blood drink'ſt, revenge his death.
Either Heav'n with Lightning ſtrike the murth'rer dead.
Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou doſt ſwallow up this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-govern'd arme hath butchered.
Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Bleſſings for Curſes.
An. Villaine, thou know'ſt nor law of God nor Man,
No Beaſt ſo fierce, but knowes ſome touch of pitty.
Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beaſt,
An. O wonderfull, when divels tell the truth!
Rich. More wonderfull, when Angels are ſo angry:
Vouchſafe (divine perfection of a Woman)
Of theſe ſuppoſed Crimes, to give me leave
By circumſtance, but to acquit my ſelfe.
An. Vouchſafe (defus'd infection of a man)
Of theſe knowne evils, but to give me leave
By circumſtance, to curſe thy curſed Selfe.
Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leyſure to excuſe my ſelfe.
An. Fouler then heart can thinke thee,
Thou can'ſt make no excuſe currant,
But to hang thy ſelfe.
Rich. By ſuch deſpaire, I ſhould accuſe my ſelfe.
An. And by deſpairing ſhalt thou ſtand excuſed,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy ſelfe,
That did'ſt unworthy ſlaughter upon others.
Rich. Say that I ſlew them not.
An. Then ſay they were not ſlaine:
But dead they are, and divelliſh ſlave by thee.
Rich. I did not kill your Husband.
An. Why then he is alive.
Rich. Nay, he is dead, and ſlaine by Edwards hands.
An. In thy foule throat thou Ly'ſt,
Queene *Margaret* ſaw
Thy murd'rous Faulchion ſmoaking in his blood:
The which, thou once didd'ſt bend againſt her breſt,
But that thy Brothers beate aſide the point.
Rich. I was provoked by her ſland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt, upon my guiltleſſe Shoulders.
An. Thou was't provoked by thy bloody minde,
That never dream'ſt on ought but butcheries:
Did'ſt thou not kill this King?
Rich. I graunt ye.
An. Do'ſt grant me Hedge-hogge,
Then God grant me too
Thou may'ſt be damned for that wicked deede:
O he was gentle, milde, and vertuous,
Rich. The better for the King of heaven that hath him.
An. He is in heaven where thou ſhalt never come.
Rich. Let him thanke me, that holpe to ſend him thither:
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
An. And thou unfit for any place but hell.
Rich. Yes one place elſe, if you will heare me name it.
An. Some dungeon.
Rich. Your Bed-chamber.
An. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lyeſt.
Rich. So will it Madam, till I lye with you.
An. I hope ſo.
Rich. I know ſo. But gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leave this keene encounter of our wits,
And fall ſomething into a ſlower method.
Is not the cauſer of the timeleſſe deaths
Of theſe *Plantagenets*, *Henrie* and *Edward*,
As blamefull as the Executioner?
An. Thou was't the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
Rich. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect:
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my ſleepe,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one houre in your ſweet boſome.
An. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,
Theſe Nayles ſhould rent that beauty from my Cheekes.
Rich. Theſe eyes could not endure ẏ beauties wrack,
You ſhould not blemiſh it, if I ſtood by;
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that: It is my day, my life.
An. Blacke night ore-ſhade thy day, & death thy life.
Rich. Curſe not thy ſelfe faire Creature,
Thou art both.
An. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.
Rich. It is a quarrell moſt unnaturall,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
An. It is a quarrell juſt and reaſonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.
Rich. He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.
An. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Rich. He lives, that loves thee better then he could.
An. Name him.
Rich. *Plantagenet.*
An. Why that was he.
Rich. The ſelfeſame name, but one of better Nature.
An. Where is he?
Heere: *Spits at him.*
Why doſt thou ſpit at me.
An. Would it were mortall poyſon, for thy ſake.
Rich. Never came poyſon from ſo ſweet a place.
An. Never hung poyſon on a fowler Toade.
Out of my ſight, thou doſt infect mine eyes.
Rich. Thine eyes (ſweet Lady) have infected mine.
An. Would they were Baſiliskes, to ſtrike thee dead.
Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once:
For now they kill me with a living death.
Thoſe eyes of thine, from mine have drawne ſalt Teares;

Sham'd their Aſpects with ſtore of childiſh drops:
Theſe eyes, which never ſhed remorſefull teare,
No, when my Father Yorke, and *Edward* wept,
To heare the pittious moane that Rutland made
When black-fac'd *Clifford* ſhooke his ſword at him.
Nor when thy Warlike Father like a Childe,
Told the ſad ſtorie of my Fathers death,
And twenty times, made pauſe to ſob and weepe
That all the ſtanders by had wet their cheekes
Like Trees bedaſh'd with raine: In that ſad time,
My manly eyes did ſcorne an humble teare:
And what theſe ſorrowes could not thence exhale,
Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping.
I never ſued to Friend, nor Enemy:
My Tongue could never learne ſweet ſmoothing word.
But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
My proud heart ſues, and prompts my tongue to ſpeake.
She lookes ſcornefully at him.
Teach not thy lip ſuch Scorne; for it was made
For kiſſing Lady, not for ſuch contempt.
If thy revengefull heart cannot forgive,
Loe heere I lend thee this ſharpe-pointed Sword,
Which if thou pleaſe to hide in this true breſt,
And let the ſoule fourth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly ſtroke,
And humbly begge the death upon my knee.
He layes his breſt open, ſhe offers at it with his ſword.
Nay do not pauſe: For I did kill King *Henrie*,
But 'twas thy Beauty that provoked me.
Nay now diſpatch: 'Twas I that ſtabb'd yong *Edward*,
But 'twas thy Heavenly face that ſet me on.
She fals the Sword.
Take up the ſword againe, or take up me.
An. Ariſe Diſſembler, though I wiſh thy death,
I will not be thy Executioner.
Rich. Then bid me kill my ſelfe, and I will do it.
An. I have already.
Rich. That was in thy rage:
Speake it againe, and even with thy word,
This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy Love,
Shall for thy love, kill a farre truer Love,
To both their deaths ſhalt thou be acceſſary.
An. I would I knew thy heart.
Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.
An. I feare me, both are falſe.
Rich. Then never Man was true.
An. Well, well, put up your Sword.
Rich. Say then my Peace is made.
An. That ſhalt thou know heereafter.
Rich. But ſhall I live in hope?
An. All men I hope live ſo.
Vouchſafe to weare this Ring.
Rich. Looke how thy Ring incompaſſeth my Finger,
Even ſo thy Breſt incloſeth my poore heart:
Weare both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore devoted Servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doſt confirme his happyneſſe for ever.
An. What is it?
Rich. That it may pleaſe you leave theſe ſad deſignes,
To him that hath moſt cauſe to be a Mourner,
And preſently repayre to Crosbie Houſe:
Where (after I have ſolemnly interr'd
At Chertſey Monaſt'ry this Noble King,
And wet his Grave with my Repentant Teares)
I will with all expedient duty ſee you.
For divers unknowne Reaſons, I beſeech you,
Grant me this Boon.
An. With all my heart and much it joyes me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent.
Treſſel and *Barkley*, go along with me.
Rich. Bid me farewell.
An. 'Tis more then you deſerve:
But ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have ſaid farewell already.
Exit two with Anne.
Gent. Towards Chertſey, Noble Lord?
Rich. Now to White Friars, there attend my comming.
Exit Corſe.
Was ever woman in this humour Woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humor wonne?
Ile have her but I will not keepe her long.
What? I that kill'd her husband, and his Father,
To take her in her hearts extreameſt hate,
With curſes in her mouth, Teares in her eyes,
The bleeding witneſſe of my hatred by,
Having God, her Conſcience, and theſe bars againſt me,
And I no friends to backe my ſuite withall,
But the plaine Divell and diſſembling lookes?
And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing.
Hah!
Hath ſhe forgot already that brave Prince,
Edward, her Lord whom I (ſome three moneths ſince)
Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbery?
A ſweeter and a lovelier Gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigallity of Nature:
Yong, Valiant, Wiſe, and (no doubt) right Royall,
The ſpacious word cannot againe afford:
And will ſhe abaſe her eyes on me,
That cropt the Golden prime of this ſweet Prince,
And made her Widdow to a wofull Bed?
On me, whoſe All not equals *Edwards* Moytie?
On me, that halts, and am miſhapen thus?
My Dukedome, to a Beggerly denier!
I do miſtake my perſon all this while:
Vpon my life ſhe findes (although I cannot)
My ſelfe to be a maru'llous proper man.
Ile be at Charges for a looking-glaſſe,
And entertaine a ſcore or two of Taylors,
To ſtudy faſhions to adorne my body:
Since I am crept in favour with my ſelfe,
I will maintaine it with ſome little coſt,
But firſt Ile turne yon fellow in his Grave,
And then returne lamenting to my Love.
Shine out faire Sunne, till I have bought a glaſſe,
That I may ſee my Shadow as I paſſe. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Rivers, and Lord Gray.

Riv. Have patience Madam, there's no doubt his Majeſty
Will ſoone recover his accuſtom'd health.
Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worſe,
Therefore for Gods ſake entertaine good comfort,
And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes.
Qu. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Gray. No other harme, but loſſe of ſuch a Lord.
Qu. The loſſe of ſuch a Lord, includes all harmes.
Gray. The Heavens have bleſt you with a goodly Son,
To be your Comforter, when he is gone.
Qu. Ah! he is yong; and his minority
Is put unto the truſt of *Richard Glouſter*,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded he ſhall be protector?
Qu. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But ſo it muſt be, if the King miſcarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.
Buc. Good time of day unto your Royall Grace.
Der. God make your Majeſty joyfull, as you have bin.
Qu. The Counteſſe *Richmond*, good my L. of *Derby*.
To your good prayer, will ſcarſely ſay, Amen.
Yet *Derby*, notwithſtanding ſhee's your wife,
And loves not me, be you good Lord aſſur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Der. I do beſeech you, either not beleeve
The envious ſlanders of her falſe Accuſers:
Or if ſhe be accus'd on true report,
Beare with her weakneſſe, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward ſickneſſe, and no grounded malice.
Qu. Saw you the King to day my Lord of *Derby*?
Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Are come from viſiting his Majeſty.
Qu. What likelyhood of his amendment Lords?
Buc. Madam good hope, his Grace ſpeakes chearfully.
Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. I Madam, he deſires to make attonement.
Betweene the Duke of Glouſter, and your Brothers,
And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,
And ſent to warne them to his Royall preſence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will never be,
I feare our happineſſe is at the height.

Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong, and I will not indure it,
Who is it that complaines unto the King,
That I (forſooth) am ſterne, and love them not?
By holy *Paul*, they love his Grace but lightly,
That fill his eares with ſuch diſſentious Rumors.
Becauſe I cannot flatter, and looke faire,
Smile in mens faces, ſmooth, deceive, and cogge,
Ducke with French nods, and Apiſh curteſie,
I muſt be held a rancorous Enemy.
Cannot a plaine man live, and thinke no harme,
But thus his ſimple truth muſt be abus'd,
With ſilken, ſlye, inſinuating Iackes?
Grey. To whom in all this preſence ſpeakes your Grace?
Rich. To thee, that haſt nor honeſty, nor Grace:
When have I injur'd thee? When done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?
A plague upon you all. His Royall Grace
(Whom God preſerve better then you would wiſh)
Cannot be quiet ſcarſe a breathing while,
But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints.
Qu. Brother of Gloſter, you miſtake the matter:
The King on his owne Royall diſpoſition,
(And not provok'd by any Sutor elſe)
Ayming (belike) at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action ſhewes it ſelfe
Againſt my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe,
Makes him to ſend, that he may learne the ground.
Rich. I cannot tell, the world is growne ſo bad,
That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not pearch.
Since everie Iacke became a Gentleman,
There's many a gentle perſon made a Iacke.
Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother Gloſter,
You envy my advancement, and my friends:
God grant we never may have neede of you.
Rich. Meane time, God grants that I have need of you.
Our Brother is impriſon'd by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgrac'd, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, while great Promotions
Are daily given to ennoble thoſe
That ſcarſe ſome two dayes ſince were worth a Noble.
Qu. By him that rais'd me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I injoy'd.
I never did incenſe his Majeſtie
Againſt the Duke of *Clarence*, but have bin
An earneſt advocate to plead for him.
My Lord you do me ſhamefull injurie,
Falſely to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.
Rich. You may deny that you were not the meane
Of my Lord *Haſtings* late impriſonment.
Riv. She may my Lord, for——
Rich. She may Lord *Rivers*, why who knowes not ſo?
She may do more ſir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe Honors on your high deſert.
What may ſhe not, ſhe may, I marrie may ſhe,
Riv. What marrie may ſhe?
Rich. What marrie may ſhe? Marrie with a King,
A batcheller, and a handſome ſtripling too,
I wis your Grandam had a worſer match.
Qu. My Lord of Glouſter, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffes:
By heaven, I will acquaint his Majeſtie
Of thoſe groſſe taunts that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a Countrie ſervant maide
Then a great Queene, with this condition,
To be ſo baited, ſcorn'd, and ſtormed at,
Small joy have I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. And leſned be that ſmall, God I beſeech him,
Thy honor, ſtate, and ſeate, is due to me.
Rich. What? threat you me with telling of the King?
I will avouch't in preſence of the King:
I dare adventure to be ſent to th' Tower.
'Tis time to ſpeake,
My paines are quite forgot.
Margaret. Out Divell,
I do remember them too well:
Thou kill'dſt my Husband *Henrie* in the Tower,
And *Edward* my poore Son, at Tewkesbury.
Rich. Ere you were Queene,
I, or your Husband King:
I was a packe-horſe in his great affaires:
A weeder out of his proud Adverſaries,
A liberall rewarder of his Friends,
To royalize his blood, I ſpent mine owne.
Margaret. I and much better blood
Then his, or thine.

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband *Grey*
Were factious, for the houſe of *Lancaſter*;
And *Rivers*, ſo were you: was not your Husband,
In *Margarets* Battaile, at Saint *Albons*, ſlaine?
Let me put in your mindes, if you forget
What you have beene ere this, and what you are:
Withall, what I have beene and what I am.
Q.M. A murth'rous Villaine, and ſo ſtill thou art.
Rich. Poore *Clarence* did forſake his Father *Warwicke*,
I, and forſwore himſelfe (which Ieſu pardon.)
Q.M. Which God revenge.
Rich. To fight on *Edwards* partie, for the Crowne,
And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mewed up:
I would to God my heart were Flint, like *Edwards*,
Or *Edwards* ſoft and pittifull, like mine;
I am too childiſh fooliſh for this World.
Q.M. High thee to Hell for ſhame, & leave this World
Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdome is.
Riv. My Lord of Gloſter: in thoſe buſie dayes,
Which here you urge, to prove us Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Soveraigne King,
So ſhould we you, if you ſhould be our King.
Rich. If I ſhould be? I had rather be a Pedler:
Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.
Qu. As little joy (my Lord) as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould enjoy, were you this Countries King,
As little joy you may ſuppoſe in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queene thereof.
Q.M. A little joy enjoyes the Queene thereof,
For I am ſhe and altogether joyleſſe:
I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me, you wrangling Pyrates that fall out,
In ſharing that which yon have pill'd from me:
Which of you trembles not, that lookes on me?
If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subjects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Reblls.
Ah gentle Villaine doe not turne away.
Rich. Foule wrinckled Witch, what mak'ſt thou in my (ſight?
Q.M. But repetition of what thou haſt marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee goe.
Rich. Wert thou not baniſhed on paine of death?
Q.M. I was: but I doe find more paine in baniſhment,
Then death can yeeld me here, by abode.
A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'ſt to me,
And thou a Kingdome; all of you allegeance:
This Sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the Pleaſures you uſurpe are mine.
Rich. The Curſe my Noble Father layd on thee,
When thou didſt Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper,
And with thy ſcornes drew'ſt rivers from his eyes,
And then to dry them, gav'ſt the Duke a Clowt,
Steep'd in the faultleſſe blood of prettie *Rutland*:
His Curſes then, from bitterneſſe of Soule,
Denounc'd againſt thee, are falne upon thee:
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.
Qu. So juſt is God, to right the innocent.
Haſt. O, 'twas the fouleſt deed to ſlay that Babe,
And the moſt mercileſſe that ere was heard of.
Riv. Tyrants themſelves wept when it was reported.
Dorſ. No man but prophecied revenge for it.
Buck. *Northumberland*, then preſent wept to ſee it.
Q.M. What? were you ſnarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you al your hatred now on me?
Did *Yorkes* dread Curſe prevaile ſo much with Heaven,
That *Henries* death, my lovely *Edwards* death,
Their Kingdomes loſſe, my wofull baniſhment,
Should all but anſwere for that peeviſh brat?
Can curſes pierce the Cloudes and enter Heaven?
Why then give way dull Cloudes to my quicke Curſes.
Though not by warre, by Surfet dye your King,
As ours by Murther, to make him a King.
Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales,
For *Edward* our Sonne that was Prince of Wales,
Dye in his youth, by like untimely violence.
Thy ſelfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene.
Out-live thy glorie, like my wretched ſelfe:
Long may'ſt thou live, to waile thy Childrens death,
And ſee another, as I ſee thee thee now,
Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art ſtall'd in mine.
Long dye thy happie dayes, before thy death,
And after many length'ned howres of griefe,
Dye neither Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene.
Rivers and *Dorſet*, you were ſtanders by,
And ſo waſt thou, Lord *Haſtings*, when my Sonne
Was ſtab'd with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live his naturall age,
But by ſome unlook'd accident cut off.
Rich. Have done thy Charme, yͧ hatefull wither'd Hagge.
Q.M. And leave out thee? ſtay Dog, for yͧ ſhalt heare me.
If Heaven have any grievous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh upon thee,
O let them keepe it, till thy ſinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace.
The worme of Conſcience ſtill begnaw thy Soule,
Thy Friends ſuſpect for Traytors while thou liv'ſt,
And take deepe Traytors for thy deareſt Friends;
No ſleepe cloſe up that deadly Eye of thine,
Vnleſſe it be while ſome tormenting Dreame
Affrights thee with a Hell of ougly Divells.
Thou elviſh mark'd, abortive rooting Hogge,
Thou that waſt ſeal'd in thy Nativitie
The ſlave of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell:
Thou ſlander of thy heavie Mothers Wombe,
Thou loathed Iſſue of thy Fathers Loynes,
Thou Ragge of Honor, thou deteſted.
Rich. *Margaret.*
Q.M. *Richard.* *Rich.* Ha.
Q.M. I call thee not.
Rich. I cry thee mercie then: for I did thinke,
That thou hadſt call'd me all theſe bitter names.
Q.M. Why ſo I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curſe.
Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret*.
Q. Thus have you breath'd your curſe againſt your ſelf.
Q.M. Poore painted Queen, vain flouriſh of my fortune,
Why ſtrew'ſt thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,
Whoſe deadly Web enſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whet'ſt a Knife to kill thy ſelfe:
The day will come, that thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe this poyſonous Bunch-backt Toade.
Haſt. Falſe boding Woman, end thy franticke Curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme, thou move our patience.
Q.M. Foule ſhame upon you, you have all mov'd mine.
Ri. Were you wel ſerv'd, you would be taught your duty.
Q.M. To ſerve me well, you all ſhould doe me duty,
Teach me to be your Qeene, and you my Subjects:
O ſerve me well, and teach your ſelves that duty.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunaticke.
Q.M. Peace maſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of Honor is ſcarce currant.

O that your young Nobilitie can judge
What 'twere to loſe it, and be miſerable.
They that ſtand high, have many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall, they daſh themſelves to peeces.
Rich. Good counſaile marry, learne it, learne it Mar-queſſe.
Dor. It touches you my Lord, as much as me.
Rich. I, and much more: but I was borne ſo high:
Our ayerie buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the Sunne.
Mar. And turnes the Sun to ſhade: alas, alas,
Witneſſe my Sonne now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright out-ſhining beames, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternall Darkeneſſe folded up.
Your ayery buildeth in our ayeries Neſt:
O God that ſeeſt it do not ſuffer it,
As it is wonne with blood, loſt be it ſo.
Buc. Peace, peace for ſhame: If not for Charity.
Mar. Vrge neither charity, nor ſhame to me:
Vncharitably with me have you dealt,
And ſhamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.
My Charity is outrage, Life my ſhame,
And in that ſhame, ſtill live my ſorrowes rage.
Buc. Have done, have done.
Mar. O Princely Buckingham, Ile kiſſe thy hand,
In ſigne of League and amity with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy Noble houſe:
Thy Garments are not ſpotted with our blood:
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my curſe.
Buc. Nor no one heere: for Curſes never paſſe
The lips of thoſe that breathe them in the ayre.
Mar. I will not thinke but they aſcend the sky,
And there awake Gods gentle ſleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heede of yonder dogge:
Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him,
Sinne, death, and hell have ſet their markes on him,
And all their Miniſters attend on him.
Rich. What doth ſhe ſay, my Lord of Buckingham?
Buc. Nothing that I reſpect my gracious Lord.
Mar. What doſt thou ſcorne me
For my gentle counſell?
And ſooth the divell that I warne thee from.
O but remember this another day:
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorrow:
And ſay (poore *Margaret*) was a Propheteſſe:
Live each of you the ſubjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
Buc. My haire doth ſtand an end to heare her curſes.
Riv. And ſo doth mine, I muſe why ſhe's at liberty.
Rich. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.
Mar. I never did her any to my knowledge.
Rich. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot, to doe ſome body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for *Clarence*, he is well repayed:
He is frank'd up to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them, that are the cauſe thereof.
Riv. A vertuous, and a Chriſtian like concluſion,
To pray for them that have done ſcath to us.
Rich. So do I ever, being well adviſ'd.
Speakes to himſelfe.
For had I curſt now, I had curſt my ſelfe.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Majeſty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.
Qu. *Catesby* I come, Lords will you go with me.
Riv. We wait upon your Grace.
Exeunt all but Gloſter.
Rich. I do the wrong, and firſt begin to brawle.
The ſecret Miſcheefes that I ſet abroach,
I lay unto the greevous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I indeede have caſt in darkneſſe,
I do beweepe to many ſimple Gulls,
Namely to *Derby*, *Haſtings*, *Buckingham*,
And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies,
That ſtirre the King againſt the Duke my Brother.
Now they beleeve it, and withall whet me
To be reveng'd on *Rivers*, *Dorſet*, *Grey*.
But then I ſigh, and with a peece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us doe good for evill:
And thus I cloathe my naked Villanie
With odde old ends, ſtolne forth of holy Writ,
And ſeeme a Saint, when moſt I play the divell.

Enter two murtherers.

But ſoft, heere come my executioners,
How now my hardy ſtout reſolved Mates,
Are you now going to diſpatch this thing?
Vil. We are my Lord, and come to have the Warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Rich. Well thought upon, I have it heere about me:
When you have done, repayre to *Crosby* place;
But ſirs be ſodaine in the execution,
Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade;
For *Clarence* is well ſpoken, and perhappes
May move your hearts to pitty, if you marke him.
Vil. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not ſtand to prate,
Talkers are no good dooers, be aſſur'd:
We go to uſe our hands, and not our tongues.
Rich. Your eyes drop Mill-ſtones, when Fooles eyes fall Teares.
I like you Lads, about your buſineſſe ſtraight.
Go, go, diſpatch.
Vil. We will my Noble Lord.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

Keep. Why lookes your Grace ſo heavily to day?
Cla. O, I have paſt a miſerable night,
So full of fearefull Dreames, of ugly ſights,
That as I am a Chriſtian faithfull man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy dayes:
So full of diſmall terror was the time.
Keep. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me.
Cla. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to croſſe to Burgundy,
And in my company my Brother Glouſter,
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,
Vpon the Hatches: There we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thouſand heavy times,

During the warres of Yorke and Lancaſter
That had befalne us us. As he pac'd along
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Gloſter ſtumbled, and in falling
Strooke me (that thought to ſtay him) over-boord,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noyſe of water in mine eares,
What ſights of ugly death within mine eyes.
Me thoughts, I ſaw a thouſand fearefull wrackes:
A thouſand men that fiſhes gnaw'd upon:
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
Ineſtimable Stones, unvalewed Iewels,
All ſcatterred in the bottome of the Sea:
Some lay in dead-mens Sculles, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in ſcorne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes,
That woo'd the ſlimy bottome of the deepe,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay ſcattred by.

Keep. Had you ſuch leyſure in the time of death,
To gaze upon theſe ſecrets of the deepe?

Cla. Me thought I had, and often did I ſtrive
To yeeld the Ghoſt: but ſtill the envious Flood
Stop'd in my ſoule, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vaſt, and wand'ring ayre:
But ſmother'd it within my panting bulke,
Who almoſt burſt, to belch it in the Sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this ſore Agony?

Clar. No, no, my dreame was lengthen'd after life.
O then, began the Tempeſt to my Soule,
I paſt (me thought) the Melancholly flood,
With that ſowre Ferrie-man which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night.
The firſt that there did greet my Stranger-ſoule,
Was my great Father-in-law renowned Warwicke,
Who ſpake alowd: What ſcourge for Perjurie,
Can this darke Monarchy afford falſe *Clarence*?
And ſo he vaniſh'd. Then came wand'ring by,
A Shadow like an Angell, with bright hayre
Dabbel'd in blood, and he ſhriek'd out alowd
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, perjur'd *Clarence*,
That ſtabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:
Seize on him Furies, take him unto Torment.
With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends
Inviron'd me, and howled in mine eares
Such heddeous cries, that with the very Noiſe,
I (trembling) wak'd, and for a ſeaſon after,
Could not beleeve, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Impreſſion made my Dreame.

Keep. No marvell Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am affraid (me thinkes) to heare you tell it.

Cla. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I have done theſe things
(That now give evidence againſt my Soule)
For *Edwards* ſake, and ſee how he requites me.
O God! if my deepe prayres cannot appeaſe thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my miſdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O ſpare my guiltleſſe Wife, and my poore children.
Keeper, I prythee ſit by me a-while,
My ſoule is heavy, and I faine would ſleepe.

Keep. I will my Lord, God give your Grace good reſt.

Enter Brakenbury the Lievtenant.

Bra. Sorrow breakes Seaſons, and repoſing houres,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide night:
Princes have but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle,
And for unfelt Imaginations
They often feele a world of reſtleſſe Cares:
So that betweene their Titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter two Murtherers.

1. *Mur.* Ho, who's heere?

Bra. What would'ſt thou Fellow? And how camm'ſt thou hither.

2. *Mur.* I would ſpeake with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my Legges.

Bra. What ſo breefe?

1. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:
Let him ſee our Commiſſion, and talke no more. *Read*

Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliver
The Noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands.
I will not reaſon what is meant heereby,
Becauſe I will be guiltleſſe from the meaning.
There lies the Duke aſleepe, and there the Keyes.
Ile to the King, and ſignifie to him,
That thus I have reſign'd to you my charge. *Exit.*

1 You may ſir, 'tis a point of wiſedome:
Fare you well.

2 What, ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleepes.

1 No: hee'l ſay 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 Why he ſhall never wake, untill the great Iudgement day.

1 Why then he'l ſay, we ſtab'd him ſleeping.

2 The urging of that word Iudgement, hath bred a kinde of remorſe in me.

1 What? art thou affraid?

2 Not to kill him, having a Warrant.
But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me.

1 I thought thou had'ſt bin reſolute.

2 So I am, to let him live.

1 Ile backe to the Duke of Glouſter, and tell him ſo.

2 Nay, I prythee ſtay a little:
I hope this paſſionate humor of mine, will change,
It was wont to hold me but while one tels twenty.

1 How do'ſt thou feele thy ſelfe now?

2 Some certaine dregges of conſcience are yet within me.

1 Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.

2 Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.

1 Where's thy conſcience now.

2 O, in the Duke of Gloſters purſe.

1 When he opens his purſe to give us our Reward, thy Conſcience flyes out.

2 'Tis no matter, let us goe: 'There's few or uone will entertaine it.

1 What if it come to thee againe?

2 Ile not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward: A man cannot ſteale, but it accuſeth him: A man cannot Sweare, but it Checkes him: A man cannot lye with his Neighbours Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a bluſhing ſhamefac'd ſpirit, that mutinies in a mans boſome: It filles a man full of Obſtacles. It made me once reſtore a Purſſe of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any man that keepes it: It is turn'd out of Townes and Cities for a dangerous thing, and every man that means to live well, endevours to truſt to himſelfe, and live without it.

1. 'Tis even now at my elbow, perſwading me not to kill the Duke.
2, Take the divell in thy minde, and beleeve him not:
He would inſinuate with thee but to make thee ſigh.
1 I am ſtrong fram'd, he cannot prevaile with me.
2 Spoke like a tall man, that reſpects thy reputation.
Come, ſhall we fall to worke?
1 Take him on the Coſtard, with the hiltes of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malmeſey-Butte in the next roome.
2 O excellent device; and make a ſop of him.
1 Soft, he wakes.
2 Strike.
1 No, we'll reaſon with him.
Cla. Where art thou Keeper? Give me a cup of wine.
2 You ſhall have Wine enough my Lord anon.
Clar. In Gods name, what art thou?
1 A man, as you are.
Clar. But not as I am Royall.
1 Nor you as we are, Loyall.
Cla. Thy voyce is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.
1 My voyce is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.
Cla. How darkly, and how deadly doeſt thou ſpeake?
Your eyes doe menace me: why looke you pale?
Who ſent you hither? Wherefore doe you come?
2 To, to, to——
Cla. To murther me?
Both. I, I.
Clar. You ſcarſely have the hearts to tell me ſo,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to doe it.
Wherein my friends have I offended you?
1 Offended us you have not, but the King.
Clar. I ſhall be reconcil'd to him againe.
2 Never my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.
Clar. Are you drawne forth among a world of men
To ſlay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the Evidence that doth accuſe me?
What lawfull Queſt have given their Verdict up
Vnto the frowning Iudge? Or who pronounc'd
The bitter ſentence of poore *Clarence* death?
Before I be convict by courſe of Law,
To threaten me with death, is moſt unlawfull.
I charge you, as you hope for any goodneſſe,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.
1 What we will doe we doe upon command.
2 And he that hath commanded, is our King.
Cla. Erroneous Vaſſals, the great King of Kings
Hath in the Table of his Law commanded
That thou ſhall doe no murther. Will you then
Spurne at his Edict, and fulfill a Mans?
Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand
To hurle upon their heads that breake his Law.
2 And that ſame Vengeance doth he hurle on thee,
For falſe forſwearing, and for murther too:
Thou did'ſt receive the Sacrament, to fight
In quarrell of the Houſe of Lancaſter.
1 And like a Traitor to the name of God,
Did'ſt breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,
Vnrip'ſt the Bowels of thy Sou'raignes Sonne.
2 Whom thou was't ſworne to cheriſh and defend.
1 How canſt thou urge Gods dreafull Law to us,
When thou haſt broke it in ſuch deere degree?
Clar. Alas! for whoſe ſake did I that ill deed?
For *Edward*, for my Brother, for his ſake.
He ſends you not to murther me for this:
For in that ſinne, he is as deepe as I:
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O know you yet, he doth it publiquely,
Take not the quarrell from his powrefull arme:
He needs no indirect, or lawleſſe courſe,
To cut off thoſe that have offended him.
1 Who made thee then a bloudy miniſter,
When gallant ſpringing brave *Plantagenet*,
That Princely Novice was ſtrucke dead by thee?
Cla. My Brothers love, the Divell, and my Rage.
1 Thy Brothers Love, our Duty, and thy Faults,
Provoke us hither now, to ſlaughter thee.
Cla. If you doe love my Brother, hate not me:
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hyr'd for meed, go backe againe,
And I will ſend you to my Brother Glouſter:
Who ſhall reward you better for my life,
Then *Edward* will for tydings of my death.
2 You are deceiv'd,
Your Brother Glouſter hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loves me, and he holds me deere:
Go you to him from me.
1 I ſo we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke
Bleſt his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme,
He little thought of this divided Friendſhip:
Bid Glouſter thinke on this, and he will weepe.
1 I Milſtones, as he leſſoned us to weepe.
Cla. O do not ſlander him, for he is kinde.
1 Right, as Snow in Harveſt:
Come, you deceive your ſelfe,
'Tis he that ſends us to deſtroy you heere.
Cla. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,
And hugg'd me in his armes, and ſwore with ſobs,
That he would labour my delivery.
1 Why ſo he doth, when he delivers you
From this earths thraldome, to the joyes of heaven.
2 Make peace with God, for you muſt die my Lord.
Cla. Have you that holy feeling in your ſoules,
To counſaile me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your owne ſoules ſo blinde,
That you wil warre with God, by murd'ring me?
O ſirs conſider, they that ſet you on
To do this deede, will hate you for the deede.
2 What ſhall we do?
Cla. Relent, and ſave your ſoules:
Which of you, if you were a Princes ſonne,
Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two ſuch murtherers as your ſelves came to you,
Would not intreat for life, as you would begge
Were you in my diſtreſſe,
1 Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womaniſh.
Cla. Not to relent, is beaſtly, ſavage, divelliſh.
My Friend, I ſpy ſome pitty in thy lookes:
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my ſide, and intreat for me,
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not?
2 Looke behinde you, my Lord.
Take that, and that, if all this will not do, *Stabs him.*
Ile drowne you in the Malmeſey-But within. *Exit.*
2 A bloody deed, and deſperately diſpatcht:
How faine (like *Pilate*) would I waſh my hands
Of this moſt greevous murther. *Enter 1. Murtherer*
1 How now? what mean'ſt thou that thou help'ſt me not? By heaven the Duke ſhall know how ſlacke you have beene.

2 I

2. *Mur.* I would he knew that I had ſav'd his brother;
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I ſay,
For I repent me that the Duke is ſlaine. *Exit.*
1. *Mur.* So doe not I: goe Coward as thou art.
Well, Ile goe hide the body in ſome hole,
Till that the Duke give order for his buriall:
And when I have my meede, I will away;
For this will out, and then I muſt not ſtay. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Flouriſh.

Enter the King ſicke, the Queene, Lord Marqueſſe Dorſet, Rivers, Haſtings, Catesby, Buckingham, Woodvill.

King. Why ſo: now have I done a good dayes worke.
You Peeres, continue this united League:
I, every day expect an Embaſſage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence.
And more to peace my ſoule ſhall part to heaven,
Since I have made my Friends at peace on earth.
Dorſet and *Rivers*, take each others hand,
Diſſemble not your hatred, Sweare your love.
Riv. By heaven, my ſoule is purg'd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I ſeale my true hearts Love.
Haſt. So thrive I, as I truly ſweare the like.
King. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Leſt he that is the ſupreme King of Kings
Confound your hidden falſhood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.
Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſweare perfect love.
Riv. And I, as I love *Haſtings* with my heart.
King. Madam, your ſelfe is not exempt from this:
Nor you Sonne *Dorſet*, *Buckingham* nor you;
You have beene factious one againſt the other.
Wife, love Lord *Haſtings*, let him kiſſe your hand,
And what you doe doe it unfeignedly.
Que. There *Haſtings*, I will never more remember
Our former hatred, ſo thrive I, and mine.
King. *Dorſet*, imbrace him:
Haſtings, love Lord Marqueſſe.
Dor. This interchange of love, I heere proteſt
Vpon my part, ſhall be inviolable.
Haſt. And ſo ſweare I.
King. Now Princely *Buckingham*, ſeale thou this league
With thy embracements to my wives Allies,
And make me happy in your unity.
Buc. When ever *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
Vpon your Grace, but with all dutious love,
Doth cheriſh you, and yours, God puniſh me
With hate in thoſe where I expect moſt love,
When I have moſt need to imploy a Friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a Friend,
Deepe, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me: This doe I begge of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours. *Embrace.*
King. A pleaſing Cordiall, Princely *Buckingham*
Is this thy Vow, unto my ſickely heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloſter heere,
To make the bleſſed period of this peace.
Buc. And in good time,
Heere comes Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, and the Duke.

Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloſter.

Rich. Good morrow to my Soveraigne King & Queene
And Princely Peeres, a happy time of day:
King. Happy indeed, as we have ſpent the day:
Gloſter, we have done deeds of Charity,
Made peace of enmity, faire love of hate,
Betweene theſe ſwelling wrong incenſed Peeres,
Rich. A bleſſed labour my moſt Soveraigne Lord:
Among this Princely heape, if any heere
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmize
Hold me a Foe: if I unwillingly, or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne,
To any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmity:
I hate it, and deſire all good mens love,
Fird Madam, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchaſe with my dutious ſervice.
Of you my Noble Coſin *Buckingham*,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd betweene us.
Of you and you, Lord *Rivers* and of *Dorſet*,
That all without deſert have frown'd on me:
Of you Lord *Woodvill*, and Lord *Scales* of you,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
I doe not know that Engliſhman alive,
With whom my ſoule is any jot at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my Humility.
Que. A holy day ſhall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all ſtrifes were well compounded.
Ny Sovereigne Lord, I doe beſeech your Highneſſe
To take our brother *Clarence* to your Grace.
Rich. Why Madam, have I offred love for this,
To be ſo flowted in this Royall preſence?
Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead? *They*
You doe him injury to ſcorne his Coarſe. *all ſtart.*
King. Who knowes not he is dead?
Who knowes he is?
Que. All-ſeeing heaven, what a world is this?
Buc. Looke I ſo pale Lord *Dorſet*, as the reſt?
Dor. I my good Lord, and no man in the preſence,
But his red colour hath forſooke his cheekes.
King. Is *Clarence* dead? The order was reverſt.
Rich. But he (poore man) by your firſt order dyed,
And that a winged Mercury did beare:
Some tardy Cripple bare the Countermand,
That came too lagge to ſee him buried.
God grant, that ſome leſſe Noble, and leſſe Loyall,
Neerer in bloudy thoughts, and not in blood,
Deſerve not worſe then wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet goe currant from ſuſpition.

Enter Earle of Derby.

Der. A boone my Soveraigne for my ſervice done.
King. I prethee peace, my ſoule is full of ſorrow.
Der. I will not riſe, unleſſe your Highnes heare me.
King. Then ſay at once, what is it thou requeſts.
Der. The forfeit (Soveraigne) of my ſervants life,
Who ſlew to day a Riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of *Norfolke*.
King. Have I a tongue to doome my Brothers death?
And ſhall that tongue give pardon to a ſlave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,
And yet his puniſhment was bitter death.

Who ſued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd?
Who ſpoke of Brotherhood? who ſpoke in love?
Who told me how the poore ſoule did forſake
The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me:
Who told me in the Field at Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me downe, he reſcued me:
And ſaid deere Brother live, and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen (almoſt) to death, how he did lap me
Even in his Garments, and did give himſelfe
(All thin and naked) to the numbe colde night?
All this from my Remembrance, brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your Carters, or your waiting Vaſſalls
Have done a drunken Slaughter, aud defac'd
The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
And I (unjuſtly too) muſt grant it you.
But for my Brother, not a man would ſpeake,
Nor I (ungracious) ſpeake unto my ſelfe
For him poore Soule. The proudeſt of you all,
Have beene beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you, would once begge for his life.
O God! I feare thy juſtice will take hold
On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Come *Haſtings* helpe me to my Cloſſet.
Ah poore *Clarence*. *Exeunt ſome with K. & Queen.*
Rich. This is the fruits of raſhnes: Markt you not,
How that the Kindred of the Queene
Look'd pale, when they did heare of *Clarence* death?
O! they did urge it ſtill unto the King,
God will revenge it. Come Lords will you goe,
To comfort *Edward* with our company?
Buc. We wait upon your Grace. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter the old Dutcheſſe of Yorke, with the two children of Clarence.

Edw. Good Grandam tell us, is our Father dead?
Duch. No Boy.
Daugh. Why do you weepe ſo oft? And beat your Breſt?
And cry, O *Clarence*, my unhappy Sonne?
Boy. Why do you looke on us, and ſhake your head,
And call us Orphans, Wretches, Caſtawayes,
If that our Noble Father were alive?
Dut. My pretty Coſins, you miſtake me both,
I do lament the ſickneſſe of the King,
As loath to loſe him, not your Fathers death:
It were loſt ſorrow to waile one that's loſt.
Boy. Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead:
The King mine Vnckle is to blame for it.
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With earneſt prayers, all to that effect.
Daugh. And ſo will I.
Dut. Peace children, peace, the King doth love you wel.
Incapable and ſhallow Innocents,
You cannot gueſſe who cauſ'd your Fathers death.
Boy. Grandam we can: for my good Vnkle Gloſter
Told me, the King provok'd to it by the Queene,
Deviſ'd impeachments to impriſon him;
And when my Vnckle told me ſo, he wept,
And pittyed me, and kindly kiſt my cheeke:
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would love me deerely as a childe.
Dut. Ah! that deceit ſhould ſteale ſuch gentle ſhape,
And with a vertuous Vizor hide deepe vice.
He is my ſonne, I, and therein my ſhame,
Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Thinke you my Vnkle did diſſemble Grandam?
Dut. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it. Harke, what noiſe is this?

Enter the Queene with her haire about her eares, Rivers & Dorſet after her.

Qu. Ah! who ſhall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe.
Ile joyne with blacke deſpaire againſt my Soule,
And to my ſelfe become an enemie.
Dut. What meanes this Scene of rude impatience?
Qu. To make an act of Tragicke violence.
Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.
Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their ſap?
If you will live, Lament: if dye, be breefe,
That our ſwift winged Soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient Subjects follow him,
To his new kingdome of ne're-changing night.
Dut. Ah, ſo much intereſt have I in thy ſorrow,
As I had Title in thy Noble Husband:
I have bewept a worthy Husbands death,
And liv'd with looking on his Images:
But now two Mirrors of his Princely ſemblance,
Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death,
And I for comfort, have but one falſe Glaſſe,
That greeves me, when I ſee my ſhame in him.
Thou art a Widdow: yet thou art a Mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy Children left,
But death hath ſnatch'd my Husband from mine Armes,
And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and *Edward*. O, what cauſe have I,
(Thine being but a moity of my moane)
To over-go thy woes, and drowne my cries.
Boy. Ah Aunt! you wept not for your Fathers death:
How can we ayde you with our Kindred teares?
Daugh. Our fatherleſſe diſtreſſe was left unmoan'd,
Your widdow-dolour, likewiſe be unwept.
Qu. Give me no helpe in Lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being govern'd by the waterie Moone,
May ſend forth plenteous teares to drowne the World.
Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord *Edward.*
Chil. Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord *Clarence.*
Dut. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence.*
Qu. What ſtay had I but *Edward*? and hee's gone.
Chil. What ſtay had we but *Clarence*? and he's gone.
Dut. What ſtayes had I but they? and they are gone.
Qu. Was never widdow had ſo deere a loſſe.
Chil. Were never Orphans had ſo deere a loſſe.
Dut. Was never Mother had ſo deere a loſſe.
Alas! I am the Mother of theſe Greefes.
Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall.
She for an *Edward* weepes, and ſo do I:

I for a *Clarence* weepe, ſo doth not ſhe:
Theſe Babes for *Clarence* weepe, ſo doe not they.
Alas! you three, on me threefold diſtreſt:
Powre all your teares, I am your ſorrowes Nurſe,
And I will pamper it with Lamentation.
Dor. Comfort deere Mother, God is much diſpleas'd,
That you take with unthankfulneſſe his doing.
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungratefull,
With dull unwillingneſſe to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus oppoſite with heaven,
For it requires the Royall debt it lent you.
Rivers. Madam, bethinke you like a carefull Mother
Of the young Prince your ſonne: ſend ſtraight for him,
Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort lives.
Drowne deſperate ſorrow in dead *Edwards* grave,
And plant your joyes in living *Edwards* Throne.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derbie, Haſtings, and Ratcliffe.

Rich. Siſter have comfort, all of us have cauſe
To waile the dimming of our ſhining Starre:
But none can helpe our harmes by wayling them.
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not ſee your Grace. Humbly on my knee,
I crave your Bleſſing.
Dut. God bleſſe thee, and put meekeneſſe in thy breaſt,
Love Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.
Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That is the butt-end of a Mothers bleſſing;
I marvell that her Grace did leave it out.
Buc. You clowdy-Princes, & hart-ſorowing-Peeres,
That beare this heavie mutuall loade of Moane,
Now cheere each other, in each others Love:
Though we have ſpent our Harveſt of this King,
We are to reape the harveſt of his Sonne.
The broken rancour of your high-ſwolne hates,
But lately ſplintred, knit, and joyn'd together,
Muſt gently be preſerv'd, cheriſht, and kept:
Me ſeemeth good, that with ſome little Traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be fet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.
Rivers. Why with ſome little Traine,
My Lord of Buckingham?
Buc. Marry my Lord, leaſt by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of Malice ſhould breake out,
Which would be ſo much the more dangerous,
By how much the eſtate is greene, and yet ungovern'd.
Where every Horſe beares his commanding Reine,
And may direct his courſe as pleaſe himſelfe,
As well the feare of harme, as harme apparant,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.
Rich. I hope the King made peace with all of us,
And the compact is firme, and true in me.
Riv. And ſo in me, and ſo (I thinke) in all,
Yet ſince it is but greene, it ſhould be put
To no apparant likelyhood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I ſay with Noble Buckingham,
That it is meete ſo few ſhould fetch the Prince.
Haſt. And ſo ſay I.
Rich. Then be it ſo, and go we to determine
Who they ſhall be that ſtrait ſhall poſte to London.
Madam, and you my Siſter, will you go
To give your cenſures in this buſineſſe? *Exeunt.*

Manent Buckingham, and Richard.

Buc. My Lord, who ever journies to the Prince,
For Gods ſake let not us two ſtay at home:
For by the way, Ile ſort occaſion,
As Index to the ſtory we late talk'd of,
To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince.
Rich. My other ſelfe, my Counſailes Conſiſtory,
My Oracle, My Prophet, my deare Coſin,
I, as a childe, will go by thy direction,
Toward London then, for wee'l not ſtay behinde. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at the other.

1.*Cit.* Good morrow Neighbour, whither away ſo faſt?
2.*Cit.* I promiſe you I hardly know my ſelfe:
Heare you the Newes abroad?
1. Yes, the King is dead.
2. Ill newes byrlady, ſeldome comes the better:
I feare, I feare, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbours, God ſpeed.
1. Give you good morrow ſir.
3. Doth the newes hold of good King *Edwards* death?
2. I ſir, it is too true, God helpe the while.
3. Then Maſters looke to ſee a troublous world.
1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son ſhall reigne.
3. Woe to that Land that's govern'd by a Childe.
2. In him there is a hope of Government.
Which in his nonage, counſell under him,
And in his full and ripened yeares, himſelfe
No doubt ſhall then, and till then governe well.
1. So ſtood the ſtate when *Henry* the ſixt
Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.
3. Stood the State ſo? No, no, good friends, God wot
For then this Land was famouſly enrich'd
With politike grave Counſell; then the King
Had vertuous Vnkles to protect his Grace.
1. Why ſo hath this, both by his Father and Mother.
3. Better it were they all came by his Father:
Or by his Father there were none at all:
For emulation, who ſhall now be neereſt,
Will touch us all too neere, if God prevent not.
O full of danger is the Duke of Gloſter,
And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This ſickly Land, might ſolace as before.
1. Come, come, we feare the worſt: all will be well.
3. When Clouds are ſeen, wiſemen put on their cloakes;
When great leaves fall, then Winter is at hand;
When the Sun ſets, who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely ſtormes, make men expect a Dearth:
All may be well; but if God ſort it ſo,
'Tis more then we deſerve, or I expect.
2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare:
You cannot reaſon (almoſt) with a man,
That lookes not heavily, and full of dread.
3. Before the dayes of Change, ſtill is it ſo,
By a divine inſtinct, mens mindes miſtruſt

Purſuing danger:as by proofe wee ſee
The Water ſwell before a boyſt'rous ſtorme:
But leave it all to God, Whither away?
2 Marry we were ſent for to the Iuſtices.
3 And ſo was I:Ile beare you company. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Arch-biſhop, yong Yorke, the Queene,
and the Dutcheſſe.

Arch. Laſt night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
And at Northampton they do reſt to night:
To morrow,or next day,they will be heere.
Dut. I long with all my heart to ſee the Prince:
I hope he is much growne ſince laſt I ſaw him.
Qu. But I heare no,they ſay my ſonne of Yorke
Ha's almoſt overtane him in his growth.
Yor. I Mother,but I would not have it ſo.
Dut. Why my good Coſin,it is good to grow.
Yor. Grandam,one night as we did ſit at Supper,
My Vnkle *Rivers* talk'd how I did grow
More then my Brother. I,quoth my Vnkle Glouſter,
Small Herbes have grace,great Weeds do grow apace.
And ſince,me thinkes I would not grow ſo faſt,
Becauſe ſweet Flowres are ſlow,and Weeds make haſt.
Dut. Good faith,good faith,the ſaying did not hold
In him that did obiect the ſame to thee.
He was the wretched'ſt thing when he was yong,
So long a growing,and ſo leiſurely,
That if his rule were true,he ſhould be gracious.
Yor. And ſo no doubt he is,my gracious Madam.
Dut. I hope he is,but yet let Mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth,if I had beene remembred,
I could have given my Vnckles Grace, a flout,
To touch his growth,neerer then he toucht mine.
Dut. How my yong Yorke,
I prythee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry (they ſay) my Vnkle grew ſo faſt,
That he could gnaw a cruſt at two houres old,
'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam,this would have beene a byting Ieſt.
Dut. I prythee pretty Yorke,who told thee this?
Yor. Grandam,his Nurſe.
Dut. His Nurſe?why ſhe was dead,ere yͧ waſt borne.
Yor. If'twere not ſhe,I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A parlous Boy:go to,you are too ſhrew'd.
Dut. Good Madam,be not angry with the Childe.
Qu. Pitchers have eares.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Arch. Heere comes a Meſſenger:What Newes?
Meſ. Such newes my Lord,as greeves me to report.
Qu. How doth the Prince?
Meſ. Well Madam,and in health.
Dut. What is thy Newes?
Meſ. Lord *Rivers*,and Lord *Grey*,
Are ſent to Pomfret,and with them,
Sir *Thomas Vaughan*,Priſoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Meſ. The mighty Dukes,*Glouſter* and *Buckingham.*
Arch. For what offence?
Meſ. The ſumme of all I can,I have diſclos'd:
Why,or for what,the Nobles were committed,
Is all unknowne to me,my gracious Lord.
Qu. Aye me!I ſee the ruine of my Houſe:
The Tyger now hath ſeiz'd the gentle Hinde,
Inſulting Tiranny beginnes to Iutt
Vpon the innocent and aweleſſe Throne:
Welcome Deſtruction,Blood, and Maſſacre,
I ſee(as in a Map)the end of all.
Dut. Accurſed,and unquiet wrangling dayes,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My Husband loſt his life,to get the Crowne,
And often up and downe my ſonnes were toſt,
For me to joy,and weepe,their gaine and loſſe.
And being ſeated,and Domeſticke broyles
Cleane over-blowne,themſelves(the Conquerors,)
Make warre upon themſelves, Brother to Brother;
Bloud to bloud,ſelfe againſt ſelfe:O prepoſterous
And franticke outrage,end thy damned ſpleene,
Or let me dye,to looke on earth no more.
Qu. Come,come my Boy,we will to Sanctuary.
Madam,farewell.
Dut. Stay,I will go with you.
Qu. You have no cauſe.
Arch. My gracious Lady go,
And thither beare your Treaſure and your Goods,
For my part,Ile reſigne unto your Grace
The Seale I keepe,and ſo betide it me,
As well I tender you,and all of yours.
Go,Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

The Trumpets ſound.
Enter yong Prince, the Dukes of Glocester, and Buckingham,
Lord Cardinall,with others.

Buc. Welcome ſweet Prince to London,
To your Chamber.
Rich. Welcome deere Coſin,my thoughts Soveraigne
The weary way hath made you Melancholly.
Prin. No Vnkle,but our croſſes on the way,
Have made it tedious, weariſome, and heavy.
I want more Vnkles heere to welcome me.
Rich. Sweet Prince,the untainted vertue of your yeers
Hath not yet div'd into the Worlds deceit:
No more can you diſtinguiſh of a man,
Then of his outward ſhew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or never jumpeth with the heart.
Thoſe Vnkles which you want,were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their Sugred words,
But look'd not on the poiſon of their hearts:
God keepe you from them,and from ſuch falſe Friends.
Prin. God keepe me from falſe Friends,
But they were none.
Rich. My Lord,the Major of London comes to greet
you.

Enter Lord Major.

Lo. Major. God bleſſe your Grace, with health and
happy dayes.
Prin. I thanke you, good my Lord,and thank you all:

I thought my Mother,and my Brother *Yorke*,
Would long,ere this,have met us on the way.
Fie,what a Slug is *Haſtings*,that he comes not
To tell us,whether they will come,or no.

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Buck. And in good time, heere comes the ſweating Lord.

Prince. Welcome,my Lord : what , will our Mother come?

Haſt. On what occaſion God he knowes,not I,
The Queeene your Mother,and your Brother *Yorke*,
Have taken Sanctuary:The tender Prince
Would faine have come with me,to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce with-held.

Buc. Fie,what an an indirect and peeviſh courſe
Is this of hers?Lord Cardinall will your Grace
Perſwade the Queene,to ſend the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his Princely Brother preſently?
If ſhe deny,Lord *Haſtings* you goe with him,
And from her jealous Armes pluck him perforce.

Car. My Lord of Buckingham,if my weake Oratory
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anon expect him here:but if ſhe be obdurate
To milde entreaties,God forbid
We ſhould infringe the holy Priviledge
Of bleſſed Sanctuary:not for all this Land,
Would I be guilty of ſo great a ſinne.

Buc. You are too ſenceleſſe obſtinate,my Lord,
Too ceremonious,and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the groſſeneſſe of this Age,
You breake not Sanctuary,in ſeizing him:
The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
To thoſe,whoſe dealings have deſerv'd the place,
And thoſe who have the wit to clayme the place:
This Prince hath neither claim'd it,nor deſerv'd it,
Therefore,in mine opinion,cannot have it.
Then taking him from thence,that is not there,
You breake no Priviledge,nor Charter there:
Oft have I heard of Sanctuary men,
But Sanctuary children,ne're till now.

Car. My Lord,you ſhall o're-rule my mind for once.
Come on,Lord *Haſtings*,will you goe with me?

Haſt. I goe,my Lord. *Exit Cardinall and Haſtings.*

Prin. Good Lords,make all the ſpeedy haſt you may.
Say, Vnckle *Glocester*,if our Brother come,
Where ſhall we ſojorne,till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it think'ſt beſt unto your Royall ſelfe.
If I may counſaile you,ſome day or two
Your Highneſſe ſhall repoſe you at the Tower:
Then where you pleaſe,and ſhall be thought moſt fit
For your beſt health,and recreation.

Prin. I doe not like the Tower,of any place:
Did *Iulius Cæſar* build that place,my Lord?

Buc. He did,my gracious Lord,begin that place,
Which ſince,ſucceeding Ages have re-edify'd.

Prin. Is it upon record?or elſe reported
Succeſſively from age to age,he built it?

Buc. Vpon record,my gracious Lord.

Prin. But ſay,my Lord,it were not regiſtred,
Methinkes the truth ſhould live from age to age,
As 'twere retayl'd to all poſterity,
Even to the generall ending day.

Glo. So wiſe,ſo young,they ſay doe never live long.

Prin. What ſay you,Vnckle?

Glo. I ſay,without Characters,Fame lives long.
Thus,like the formall Vice,Iniquity, *aſide.*
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prin. That *Iulius Cæſar* was a famous man;
With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,
His Wit ſet downe,to make his Valour live:
Death makes no Conqueſt of his Conqueror,
For now he lives in Fame,though not in Life.
Ile tell you what,my Couſin *Buckingham.*

Buc. What,my gracious Lord?

Prin. And if I live untill I be a man,
Ile win our ancient Right in France againe,
Or dye a Souldier,as I liv'd a King.

Glo. Short Summers lightly have a forward Spring.

Enter young Yorke,Haſtings,and Cardinall.

Buck. Now in good time , heere comes the Duke of Yorke.

Prince. *Richard* of Yorke , how fares our Noble Brother?

Yor. Well,my deare Lord,ſo muſt I call you now.

Prin. I, Brother,to our griefe as it is yours:
Too late he dy'd,that might have kept that Title,
Which by his death hath loſt much Majeſty.

Glo. How fares our Couſin,Noble Lord of Yorke?

Yor. I thanke you,gentle Vnckle.O my Lord,
You ſaid,that idle Weeds are faſt in growth:
The Prince,my Brother, hath out-growne me farre.

Glo. He hath,my Lord.

Yor. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire Couſin,I muſt not ſay ſo.

Yor. Then he is more beholding to you,then I.

Glo. He may command me as my Soveraigne,
But you have power in me,as in a Kinſman.

Yor. I pray you,Vnckle,give me this Dagger.

Glo. My Dagger,little Couſin? with all my heart.

Prin. A Begger,Brother?

Yor. Of my kind Vnckle,that I know will give,
And being a Toy,it is no griefe to give.

Glo. A greater gift then that,Ile give my Couſin.

Yor. A greater gift?O,that's the Sword to it.

Glo. I,gentle Couſin,were it light enough.

Yor. O then I ſee,you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things you'le ſay a Begger nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your Grace to weare.

Yor. I weigh it lightly,were it heavier.

Glo. What,would you have my Weapon,little Lord?

Yor. I would that I might thanke you, as you call me.

Glo. How?

Yor. Little.

Prin. My Lord of Yorke will ſtill be croſſe in talke:
Vnckle,your Grace knowes how to beare with him.

Yor. You meane to beare me,not to beare with me:
Vnckle,my Brother mockes both you and me,
Becauſe that I am little,like an Ape,
He thinkes that you ſhould beare me on your ſhoulders.

Buc. With what a ſharpe provided wit he reaſons:
To mitigate the ſcorne he gives his Vnckle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himſelfe:
So cunning,and ſo young,is wounderfull.

Glo. My Lord,wilt pleaſe you paſſe along?
Myſelfe, and my good Couſin *Buckingham*,
Will to your Mother,to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower,and welcome you.

Yor. What, will you goe unto the Tower, my Lord?
Prin. My Lord Protector will have it ſo.
Yor. I ſhall not ſleepe in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, what ſhould you feare?
Yor. Marry, my Vnckle *Clarence* angry Ghoſt:
My Grandam told me he was murther'd there.
Prin. I feare no Vnckles dead.
Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prin. And if they live, I hope I need not feare.
But come my Lord: and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, goe I unto the Tower.
Exeunt Prince, Yorke, Haſtings, and Dorſet.

Manent Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.

Buc. Thinke you, my Lord, this little prating *Yorke*
Was not incenſed by his ſubtile Mother,
To taunt and ſcorne you thus opprobriouſly?
Glo No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable:
Hee is all the Mothers, from the top to toe.
Buc. Well, let them reſt: Come hither *Catesby*,
Thou art ſworne as deepely to effect what we intend,
As cloſely to conceale what we impart:
Thou know'ſt our reaſons urg'd upon the way,
What think'ſt thou? is it not an eaſy matter,
To make *William* Lord *Haſtings* of our minde,
For the inſtallment of this Noble Duke
In the Seat Royall of this famous Ile?
Cates. He for his fathers ſake ſo loves the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought againſt him.
Buc. What think'ſt thou then of *Stanley*? Will not hee?
Cates: Hee will doe all in all as *Haſtings* doth.
Buc. Well then, no more but this:
Goe gentle *Catesby*, and as it were farre off,
Sound thou Lord *Haſtings*,
How he doth ſtand affected to our purpoſe,
And ſummon him to morrow to the Tower,
To ſit about the Coronation.
If thou do'ſt finde him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reaſons:
If he be leaden, ycie, cold, unwilling,
Be thou ſo too, and ſo breake off the talke,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold divided Councels,
Wherein thy ſelfe ſhalt highly be employ'd.
Rich. Commend me to Lord *William*: tell him (*Catesby*)
His ancient Knot of dangerous Adverſaries
To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Caſtle,
And bid my Lord, for joy of this good newes,
Give Miſtreſſe *Shore* one gentle Kiſſe the more.
Buc. Good *Catesby*, goe effect this buſineſſe ſoundly.
Cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.
Rich. Shall we heare from you, *Catesby*, ere we ſleepe?
Cates. You ſhall, my Lord.
Rich. At *Crosby* Houſe, there ſhall you find us both.
Exit Catesby.
Buc. Now, my Lord,
What ſhall wee doe, if wee perceive
Lord *Haſtings* will not yeeld to our Complots?
Rich. Chop off his Head:
Something wee will determine:
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earledome of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the King, my Brother, was poſſeſt.
Buc. Ile claime that promiſe at your Graces hand.
Rich. And looke to have it yeelded with all kindneſſe.
Come, let us ſuppe betimes, that afterwards
Wee may digeſt our complots in ſome forme.
Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter a Meſſenger to the Doore of Haſtings.

Meſ. My Lord, my Lord.
Haſt. Who knockes?
Meſ. One from the Lord *Stanley*.
Haſt. What is't a Clocke?
Meſ. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.

Enter Lords Haſtings,

Haſt. Cannot my Lord *Stanley* ſleepe theſe tedious Nights?
Meſ. So it appeares, by that I have to ſay:
Firſt, he commends him to your Noble ſelfe.
Haſt. What then?
Meſ. Then certifies your Lordſhip, that this Night
He dreamt, the Bore had raſed off his Helme:
Beſides, he ſayes there are two Councels kept;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th'other.
Therefore he ſends to know your Lordſhips pleaſure,
If you will preſently take Horſe with him,
And with all ſpeed poſt with him toward the North,
To ſhun the danger that his Soule divines.
Haſt. Goe fellow, goe returne unto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the ſeparated Councell:
His Honnor and my ſelfe are at the one,
And at the other, is my good friend *Catesby*;
Where nothing can proceede, that toucheth us,
Whereof I ſhall not have intelligence:
Tell him his Feares are ſhallow, without inſtance.
And for his Dreames, I wonder hee's ſo ſimple,
To truſt the mock'ry of unquiet ſlumbers.
To flye the Bore, before the Bore purſues,
Were to incenſe the Bore to follow us,
And make purſuit, where he did meane no chaſe.
Goe, bid thy Maſter riſe, and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he ſhall ſee the Bore will uſe us kindly.
Meſ. Ile goe, my Lord, and tell him what you ſay.
Exit.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord.
Haſt. Good morrow *Catesby*, you are early ſtirring:
What newes, what newes, in this our tott'ring State?
Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord:
And I beleeve will never ſtand upright,
Till *Richard* weare the Garland of the Realme.
Haſt. How weare the Garland?
Doeſt thou meane the Crowne?
Cates. I, my good Lord.
Ha. Ile have this Crown of mine cut fró my ſhoulders,
Before Ile ſee the Crowne ſo foule miſ-plac'd:
But canſt thou gueſſe, that he doth ayme at it?

Cates. I,on my life,and hopes to find you forward,
Vpon his party,for the gaine thereof:
And thereupon he ſends you this good newes,
That this ſame very day your enemies,
The Kindred of the Queene,muſt dye at Pomfret.
Haſt. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Becauſe they have beene ſtill my adverſaries:
But,that Ile give my voice on *Richards* ſide,
To barre my Maiſters Heires in true Deſcent,
God knowes I will not doe it,to the death.
Cates. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious minde.
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Maiſters hate,
I live to looke upon their Tragedy.
Well *Catesby*,ere a fort-night make me older,
Ile ſend ſome packing,that yet thinke not on't.
Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to dye,my gracious Lord,
When men are unprepar'd,and looke not for it.
Haſt. O monſtrous,monſtrous!and ſo falls it out
With *Rivers,Vaughan,Grey*:and ſo 'twill doe
With ſome men elſe,that thinke themſelves as ſafe
As thou and I,who(as thou know'ſt)are deare
To Princely *Richard*,and *Buckingham.*
Cates. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his Head upon the Bridge.
Haſt. I know they doe,and I have well deſerv'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on,come on,where is your Bore-ſpeare man?
Feare you the Bore,and goe ſo unprovided?
Stan. My Lord good morrow,good morrow *Catesby*:
You may jeaſt on,but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like theſe ſeverall Councels,I.
Haſt. My Lord,I hold my Life as deare as yours,
And never in my dayes,I doe proteſt,
Was it ſo precious to me,as 'tis now:
Thinke you,but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo triumphant as I am?
St. The Lords at Pomfret,when they rode from Londõ,
Were jocund,and ſuppos'd their ſtates were ſure,
And they indeed had no cauſe to miſtruſt:
But yet you ſee,how ſoone the Day o're-caſt.
This ſudden ſtab of Rancour I miſdoubt:
Pray God(I ſay)I prove a needleſſe Coward.
What,ſhall we toward the Tower?the day is ſpent.
Haſt. Come,come,have with you:
Wot you what,my Lord,
To day the Lords you talke of,are beheaded.
St. They,for their truth,might better wear their Heads,
Then ſome that have accus'd them, weare their Hats.
But come,my Lord,let's away.

Enter a Purſuivant.

Haſt. Goe on before,Ile talke with this good fellow.
Exit Lord Stanley,and Catesby.
How now,Sirrha?how goes the World with thee?
Purſ. The better,that your Lordſhip pleaſe to aske.
Haſt. I tell thee man,'tis better with me now,
Then when thou met'ſt me laſt,where now we meet:
Then was I going Priſoner to the Tower,
By the ſuggeſtion of the Queenes Allyes.
But now I tell thee(keepe it to thy ſelfe)
This day thoſe Enemies are put to death,
And I in better ſtate then ere I was.
Purſ. God hold it,to your Honors good content.
Haſt. Gramercy fellow:there drinke that for me.
Throwes him his Purſe.
Purſ. I thanke your Honor. *Exit Purſuivant.*

Enter a Prieſt.

Prieſt. Well met,my Lord,I am glad to ſee your Honor.
Haſt. I thanke thee,good Sir *Iohn*,with all my heart.
I am in your debt,for your laſt Exerciſe:
Come the next Sabboth,and I will content you.
Prieſt. Ile wait upon your Lordſhip.

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. What,talking with a Prieſt, Lord Chamberlaine?
Your friends at Pomfret,they doe need the Prieſt,
Your Honor hath no ſhriving worke in hand.
Haſt. Good faith,and when I met this holy man,
The men you talke of,came into my minde.
What,goe you toward the Tower?
Buc. I doe,my Lord,but long I cannot ſtay there:
I ſhall returne before your Lordſhip thence.
Haſt. Nay like enough,for I ſtay Dinner there.
Buc. And Supper too,although thou know'ſt it not.
Come,will you goe?
Haſt. Ile wait upon your Lordſhip. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe,with Halberds,carrying the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

Rivers. Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*,let me tell thee this,
To day ſhalt thou behold a Subject dy,
For truth,for Duty,and for Loyalty.
Grey. God bleſſe the Prince from all the Pack of you,
A Knot you are,of damned Blood-ſuckers.
Vaugh. You live, that ſhall cry woe for this heere-after.
Rat. Diſpatch,the limit of your Lives is out,
Riv. O Pomfret,Pomfret!O thou bloody Priſon!
Fatall and ominous to Noble Peeres:
Within the guilty Cloſure of thy Walls,
Richard the Second here was hackt to death:
And for more ſlander to thy diſmall Seat,
We give to thee our guiltleſſe blood to drinke.
Grey. Now *Margarets* Curſe is falne upon our Heads,
When ſhee exclaim'd on *Haſtings*,you,and I,
For ſtanding by,when *Richard* ſtab'd her Sonne.
Riv. Then curs'd ſhee *Richard*,
Then curs'd ſhee *Buckingham*,
Then cus'd ſhee *Haſtings*. Oh remember God,
To heare her prayer for them,as now for us:
And for my Siſter,and her Princely Sonnes,
Be ſatisfy'd,deare God,with our true blood,
Which,as thou know'ſt,unjuſtly muſt be ſpilt.
Rat. Make haſte,the houre of death is now expir'd.
Riv. Come *Grey*,come *Vaughan*, let us heere embrace,
Farewell,untill we meet againe in Heaven. *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Buckingham, Darby, Haſtings, Biſhop of Ely, Norfolke, Ratcliffe, Lovell, with others, at a Table.

Haſt. Now Noble Peeere, the cauſe why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation:
In Gods Name ſpeake, when is the Royall day?
Buc. Is all things ready for the Royall time?
Darb. It is, and wants but nomination.
Ely. To morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buc. Who knowes the Lord Protectors mind herein?
Who is moſt inward with the Noble Duke?
Ely. Your Grace, we thinke, ſhould ſooneſt know his minde.
Buc. We know each others Faces: for our Hearts,
He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours,
Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine:
Lord *Haſtings*, you and he are neere in love.
Haſt. I thanke his Grace, I know he loves me well:
But for his purpoſe in the Coronation,
I have not ſounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleaſure any way therein:
But you, my Honorable Lord, may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile give my Voice,
Which I preſume hee'le take in gentle part.

Enter Glouceſter.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the Duke himſelfe.
Rich. My Noble Lords, and Couſins all, good morrow:
I have beene long a ſleeper: but I truſt,
My abſence doth neglect no great deſigne,
Which by my preſence might have beene concluded.
Buc. Had you not come upon your Q my Lord,
William, Lord *Haſtings*, had pronounc'd your part;
I meane your Voice, for Crowning of the King.
Rich. Then my Lord *Haſtings*, no man might be bolder,
His Lordſhip knowes me well, and loves me well.
My Lord of Ely, when I was laſt in Holborne,
I ſaw good Strawberries in your Garden there,
I doe beſeech you, ſend for ſome of them.
Ely. Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.
Exit Biſhop.
Rich. Couſin of Buckingham, a word with you.
Catesby hath ſounded *Haſtings* in our buſineſſe,
And findes the teſty Gentleman ſo hot,
That he will loſe his Head, ere give conſent
His Maiſters Child, as worſhipfully he tearmes it,
Shall loſe the Royalty of Englands Throne.
Buc. Withdraw your ſelfe a while, Ile goe with you.
Exeunt.
Dar. We have not yet ſet downe this day of Triumph:
To morrow, in my judgement, is too ſudden,
For I my ſelfe am not ſo well provided,
As elſe I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Enter the Biſhop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloſter?
I have ſent for theſe Strawberries.
Ha. His Grace looks chearfully & ſmooth this morning,
There's ſome conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with ſuch ſpirit.
I thinke there's never a man in Chriſtendome
Can leſſer hide his love, or hate, then hee,
For by his Face ſtraight ſhall you know his Heart.
Darb. What of his Heart perceive you in his Face,
By any livelyhood he ſhew'd to day?
Haſt. Mary that with no man here he is offended:
For were he, he had ſhewne it in his Lookes.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they deſerve,
That doe conſpire my death with divelliſh Plots
Of damned Witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Vpon my Body with their Helliſh Charmes.
Haſt. The tender love I beare your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me moſt forward, in this Princely preſence,
To doome th'Offendors, whoſoe're they be:
I ſay, my Lord, they have deſerved death.
Rich. Then be your eyes the witneſſe of their evill,
Looke how I am bewitch'd: behold, mine Arme
Is like a blaſted Sapling, wither'd up:
And this is *Edwards* Wife, that monſtrous Witch,
Conſorted with that Harlot, Strumpet *Shore*,
That by their Witchcraft thus have marked me.
Haſt. If they have done this deed, my Noble Lord.
Rich. If? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,
Talk'ſt thou to me of Ifts. thou art a Traytor,
Off with his Head; now by Saint *Paul* I ſweare,
I will not dine, untill I ſee the ſame.
Lovell and *Ratcliffe*, looke that it be done: *Exeunt.*
The reſt that love me, riſe, and follow me.

Manent Lovell and Ratcliffe, with the Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me,
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dreame, the Bore did rowſe our Helmes,
And I did ſcorne it, and diſdaine to flye:
Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtarted, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to beare me to the ſlaughter-houſe.
O now I need the Prieſt, that ſpake to me:
I now repent I told the Purſuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
To day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I my ſelfe ſecure, in grace and favour.
Oh *Margaret*, *Margaret*, now thy heavy Curſe
Is lighted on poore *Haſtings* wretched Head.
Ra. Come, come, diſpatch, the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a ſhort Shrift, he longs to ſee your Head.
Haſt. O momentary grace of mortall men,
Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes,
Lives like a drunken Sayler on a Maſt,
Ready with every Nod to tumble downe,
Into the fatall Bowels of the Deepe.
Lov. Come, come, diſpatch, 'tis bootleſſe to exclaime.
Haſt. O bloody *Richard*: miſerable England,
I prophecy the fearefull'ſt time to thee,
That ever wretched Age hath look'd upon.
Come, leade me to the Block, beare him my Head,
They ſmile at me, who ſhortly ſhall be dead.
Exeunt.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armour, marvellous ill-favoured.

Richard. Come Couſin,
Canſt thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then againe begin, and ſtop againe,
As if thou were diſtraught, and mad with terror?
Buc. Tut, I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on every ſide,
Tremble and ſtart at wagging of a Straw:
Intending deepe ſuſpition, gaſtly Lookes:
Are at my ſervice, like enforced Smiles;
And both are ready in their Offices,
At any time to grace my Stratagemes.
But what, is *Catesby*, gone?
Rich. He is, and ſee he brings the Maior along.

Enter the Major, and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Major.
Rich. Looke to the Draw-Bridge there.
Buc. Hearke, a Drumme.
Rich. Catesby, o're-looke the Walls.
Buc. Lord Major, the reaſon we have ſent.
Rich. Looke back, defend three, here are Enemies.
Buc. God and our Innocency defend, and guard us.

Enter Lovell and Ratcliffe, with Haſtings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends: *Ratcliffe*, and *Lovell.*
Lov. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traitor,
The dangerous and unſuſpected *Haſtings.*
Rich. So deare I lov'd the man, that I muſt weepe:
I tooke him for the plaineſt harmeleſſe Creature,
That breath'd upon the Earth, a Chriſtian:
Made him my Booke, wherein my Soule recorded
The Hiſtory of all her ſecret thoughts.
So ſmooth he daw b'd his Vice with ſhew of Vertue,
That his apparant open Guilt omitted,
I meane his Converſation with *Shores* Wife,
He liv'd from all attainder of ſuſpects.
Buc. Well, well, he was the coverſt ſheltred Traitor
That ever liv'd.
Would you imagine, or almoſt beleeve,
Wert not, that by great preſervation
We live to tell it, that the ſubtill Traitor
This day had plotted, in the Councell-Houſe,
To murther me, and my good Lord of Gloſter.
Ma. Had he done ſo?
Rich. What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels?
Or that we would, againſt the forme of Law,
Proceed thus raſhly in the Villaines death,
But that the extreme perill of the caſe,
The Peace of England, and our Perſons ſafety,
Enforc'd us to this Execution.
Ma. Now faire befall you, he deſerv'd his death,
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warne falſe Traitors from the like Attempts.
Buc. I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Miſtreſſe *Shore*:
Yet had we not determin'd he ſhould dye,
Vntill your Lordſhip came to ſee his end,
Which now the loving haſte of theſe our friends,
Something againſt our meanings, have prevented;
Becauſe, my Lord, I would have had you heard
The Traitor ſpeake, and timorouſly confeſſe
The manner and the purpoſe of his Treaſons:
That you might well have ſignify'd the ſame
Vnto the Citizens, who haply may
Miſconſter us in him, and waile his death.
Ma. But, my good Lord, your Graces words ſhall ſerve,
As well as I had ſeene, and heard him ſpeake:
And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint our dutious Citizens
With all your juſt proceedings in this caſe.
Rich. And to that end we wiſh'd your Lordſhip here,
T'avoid the Cenſures of the carping World.
Bu. Which ſince you come too late of our intent,
Yet witneſſe what you heare we did intend:
And ſo, my good Lord Major, we bid farewell.
Exit Major.
Rich. Goe after, after, Couſin *Buckingham.*
The Major towards Guild-Hall hyes him in all poſte:
There, at your meeteſt vantage of the time,
Inferre the Baſtardy of *Edwards* Children:
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Onely for ſaying, he would make his Sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning indeed his Houſe,
Which, by the Signe thereof, was tearmed ſo.
Moreover, urge his hatefull Luxury,
And beaſtiall appetite in change of Luſt,
Which ſtretcht unto their Servants, Daughter, Wives,
Even where his raging eye, or ſavage heart,
Without controll, luſted to make a prey.
Nay for a need, thus farre come neere my Perſon:
Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child
Of that inſatiate *Edward*, Noble *Yorke*,
My Princely Father, then had Warres in France,
And by true computation of the time,
Found, that the Iſſue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his Lineaments,
Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:
Yet touch this ſparingly, as 'twere farre off,
Becauſe, my Lord, you know my Mother lives.
Buc. Doubt not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,
Were for my ſelfe: and ſo, my Lord, adue.
Rich. If you thrive wel, bring them to Baynards Caſtle,
Where you ſhall finde me well accompanied
With reverend Fathers, and well-learned Biſhops.
Buc. I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke
Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affords.
Exit Buckingham.
Rich. Goe Lovell with all ſpeed to Doctor *Shaw*,
Goe thou to Fryer *Peuker*, bid them both
Meet me within this houre at Baynards Caſtle. *Exit.*
Now will I goe to take ſome privy order,
To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of ſight,
And to give order, that no manner perſon
Have any time recourſe unto the Princes. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Scrivener.

Scr. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord *Haſtings*,
Which in a ſet Hand fairely is engroſs'd,
That it may be to day read o're in *Paules.*
And marke how well the ſequell hangs together:
Eleven houres I have ſpent to write it over,
For yeſter-night by *Catesby* was it ſent me,
The Precedent was full as long a doing,
And yet within theſe five houres *Haſtings* liv'd,
Vntainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good World the while; who is ſo groſſe,
That cannot ſee this palpable device?

Yet who ſo bold,but ſayes he ſees it not?
Bad is the World,and all will come to nought,
When ſuch ill dealing muſt be ſeene in thought. *Exit.*

Enter Richard and Buckingham at ſeverall Doores.

Rich. How now,how now,what ſay the Citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum,ſay not a word.
Rich. Toucht you the Baſtardy of *Edwards* Children?
Buc. I did,with his Contract with Lady *Lucy*,
And his Contract by Deputy in France,
Th'unſatiate greedineſſe of his deſire,
And his enforcement of the City Wives,
His Tyranny for Trifles, his owne Baſtardy,
As being got,your Father then in France,
And his reſemblance,being not like the Duke.
Withall,I did inferre your Lineaments,
Being the right *Idea* of your Father,
Both in your forme,and Nobleneſſe of Minde:
Layd open all your Victories in Scotland,
Your Diſcipline in Warre, Wiſdome in Peace,
Your Bounty,Vertue,faire Humility:
Indeed,left nothing fitting for your purpoſe,
Vntoucht, or ſleightly handled in diſcourſe.
And when my Oratory drew toward end,
I bid them that did love their Countries good,
Cry,God ſave *Richard*,Englands Royall King.
Rich. And did they ſo?
Buc. No,ſo God helpe me,they ſpake not a word,
But like dumbe Statues,or breathing Stones,
Star'd each on other,and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I ſaw,I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Major,what meant this wilfull ſilence?
His anſwer was,the people were not uſed
To be ſpoke to,but by the Recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my Tale againe:
Thus ſayth the Duke,thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
But nothing ſpoke,in warrant from himſelfe.
When he had done,ſome followers of mine owne,
At lower end of the Hall,hurld up their Caps,
And ſome tenne voyces cry'd,God ſave King *Richard*:
And thus I tooke the vantage of thoſe few.
Thankes gentle Citizens,and friends,quoth I,
This generall applauſe,and chearefull ſhowt,
Argues your wiſdome,and your love to *Richard*:
And even here brake off,and came away.
Rich. What tongue-leſſe Blockes were they,
Would they not ſpeake?
Will not the Major then,and his Brethren,come?
Buc. The Major is here at hand:intend ſome feare,
Be not you ſpoke with,but by mighty ſuit:
And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand,
And ſtand betweene two Church-men,good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile make a holy Deſcant:
And be not eaſily wonne to our requeſts,
Play the Maids part,ſtill anſwer nay,and take it.
Rich. I goe:and if you plead as well for them,
As I can ſay nay to thee for my ſelfe,
No doubt we bring it to a happy iſſue.
Buc. Go,go up to the Leads, the Lord Major knocks.

Enter the Major,and Citizens.

Welcome,my Lord,I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be ſpoke withall.

Enter Catesby.

Buc. Now *Catesby*,what ſayes your Lord to my requeſt?
Cates. He doth entreat your Grace,my Noble Lord,
To viſit him to morrow,or next day:
He is within,with two right reverend Fathers,
Divinely bent to Meditation,
And in no Worldly ſuites would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy Exerciſe.
Buc. Returne,good *Catesby*,to the gracious Duke,
Tell him,my ſelfe,the Major and Aldermen,
In deepe deſignes,in matter of great moment,
No leſſe importing then our generall good,
Are come to have ſome conference with his Grace.
Cates. Ile ſignifie ſo much unto him ſtraight. *Exit.*
Buc. Ah ha,my Lord,this Prince is not an *Edward*,
He is not lulling on a lewd Love-Bed:
But on his Knees,at Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Divines:
Not ſleeping,to engroſſe his idle Body,
But praying,to enrich his watchfull Soule.
Happy were England,would this vertuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Soveraignty thereof.
But ſure I feare we ſhall not winne him to it.
Major. Marry God defend his Grace ſhould ſay us nay.
Buc. I feare he will;here *Catesby* comes againe.

Enter Catesby.

Now *Catesby*,what ſayes his Grace?
Cates. He wonders to what end you have aſſembled
Such troopes of Citizens,to come to him.
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He feares,my Lord,you meane no good to him.
Buc. Sorry I am,my Noble Couſin ſhould
Suſpect me,that I meane no good to him:
By Heaven,we come to him in perfit love,
And ſo once more returne,and tell his Grace. *Exit.*
When holy and devout Religious men
Are at their Beades,'tis much to draw them thence,
So ſweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Richard aloft,betweene two Biſhops.

Ma. See where his Grace ſtands,tween two Clergy mē.
Buc. Two Props of Vertue,for a Chriſtian Prince,
To ſtay him from the fall of Vanity:
And ſee a Booke of Prayer in his hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous *Plantagenet*,moſt gracious Prince,
Lend favourable eare to our requeſts,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy Devotion,and right Chriſtian Zeale.
Rich. My Lord,there needes no ſuch Apology:
I doe beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earneſt in the ſervice of God,
Deferr'd the viſitation of my friends.
But leaving this,what is your Graces pleaſure?
Buc. Even that (I hope) which pleaſeth God above,
And all good men,of this ungovern'd Ile.
Rich. I doe ſuſpect I have done ſome offence,
That ſemes diſgracious in the Cities eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buc. You have,my Lord:
Would it might pleaſe your Grace,
On our entreaties,to amend your fault.
Rich. Elſe wherefore breathe I in a Chriſtian Land.
*Buc.*Know then,it is your fault,that you reſigne
The Supreme Seat,the Throne Majeſticall,
The Sceptred Office of your Anceſtors,
Your State of Fortune,and your Deaw of Birth,
The Lineall Glory of your Royall Houſe,
To the corruption of a blemiſht Stock:
Whiles in the mildneſſe of your ſleepie thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our Countries good,)
The Noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes:
His Face defac'd with ſkarres of Infamy,
His Royall Stock grafft with ignoble Plants,
And almoſt ſhouldred in the ſwallowing Gulfe
Of darke Forgetfulneſſe,and deepe Oblivion.
Which to recure,we heartily ſolicite
Your gracious ſelfe to take on you the charge
And Kingly Governement of this your Land:
Not as Protector,Steward,Subſtitute,
Or lowly Factor,for anothers gaine;
But as ſucceſſively,from Blood to Blood,
Your Right of Birth,,your Empyry,your owne.
For this,conſorted with the Citizens,
Your very Worſhipfull and loving friends,
And by their vehement inſtigation,
In this juſt Cauſe come I to move your Grace.
Rich. I cannot tell,if to depart in ſilence,
Or bitterly to ſpeake in your reproofe,
Beſt fitteth my Degree,or your Condition.
For not to anſwer,you might haply thinke,
Tongue-ty'd Ambition,not replying,yeelded
To beare the Golden Yoake of Soveraigntie,
Which fondly you would here impoſe on me.
If to reprove you for this ſuit of yours,
So ſeaſon'd with your faithfull love to me,
Then on the other ſide I check'd my friends.
Therefore to ſpeake,and to avoid the firſt,
And then in ſpeaking,not to incurre the laſt,
Definitively thus I anſwer you.
Your love deſerves my thankes,but my deſert
Vnmeritable,ſhunnes your high requeſt.
Firſt,if all Obſtacles were cut away,
And that my Path were even to the Crowne,
As the ripe Revenue,and due of Birth:
Yet ſo much is my poverty of ſpirit,
So mighty,and ſo many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatneſſe,
Being a Barke to brooke no mighty Sea;
Then in my Greatneſſe covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my Glory ſmother'd.
But God be thank'd,there is no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you,were there need:
The Royall Tree hath left us Royall Fruit,
Which mellow'd by the ſtealing howres of time,
Will well become the Seat of Majeſty,
And make us(no doubt)happy by his Reigne.
On him I lay that,you would lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happy Starres,
Which God defend that I ſhould wring from him.
Buc. My Lord, this argues Conſcience in your Grace,
But the reſpects thereof are nice,and triviall,
All circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay,that *Edward* is your Brothers Sonne,
So ſay we too,but not by *Edwards* Wife:
For firſt was he contract to Lady *Lucy*,
Your Mother lives a Witneſſe to his Vow;
And afterward by ſubſtitute betroth'd
To *Bona*,Siſter to the King of France.
Theſe both put off,a poore Petitioner,
A Care-craſ'd Mother to a many Sonnes,
A Beauty-waining,and diſtreſſed Widow,
Even in the after-noone of her beſt dayes,
Made prize and purchaſe of his wanton Eye,
Seduc'd the pitch,and height of his degree,
To baſe declenſion,and loath'd Bigamie.
By her,in his unlawfull Bed,he got
This *Edward*, whom our Manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expoſtulate,
Save that for reverence to ſome alive,
I give a ſparing limit to my Tongue.
Then good,my Lord,take to your Royall ſelfe
This proffer'd benefit of Dignity:
If not to bleſſe us and the Land withall,
Yet to draw forth your Noble Anceſtry
From the corruption of abuſing times,
Vnto a Lineall true derived courſe.
Maior. Do good my Lord,your Citizens entreat you.
Buc. Refuſe not,mighty Lord, this proffer'd love.
Cates. O make them joyfull,grant their lawfull ſuit.
Rich Alas,why would you heape this Care on me?
I am unfit for State,and Majeſty:
I doe beſeech you take it not amiſſe,
I cannot,nor I will not yeeld to you.
Buc. If you refuſe it,as in love and zeale,
Loth to depoſe the Child-your Brothers Sonne,
As well we know your tenderneſſe of heart,
And gentle,kinde,effeminate remorſe,
Which we have noted in you to your Kindred,
And equally indeede to all Eſtates:
Yet know,where you accept our ſuit,or no,
Your Brothers Sonne ſhall never reigne our King,
But we will plant ſome other in the Throne,
To the diſgrace and downe-fall of your Houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leave you.
Come Citizens,we will entreat no more. *Exeunt.*
Cates. Call him againe,ſweet Prince,accept their ſuit:
If you deny them, all the Land will rue it.
Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares?
Call them againe,I am not made of Stones,
But penetrable to your kinde entreaties,
Albeit againſt my Conſcience and my Soule.
Enter Buckingham,and the reſt.
Couſin of Buckingham,and ſage grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To beare her burthen,whether,I will or no,
I muſt have patience to endure the Load:
But if black Scandall,or foule-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the ſequell of your Impoſition,
Your meere enforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtaynes thereof,
For God doth know,and you may partly ſee,
How farre I am from the deſire of this.
Maior. God bleſſe your Grace,wee ſee it,and will ſay it.
Rich. In ſaying ſo,you ſhall but ſay the truth.
Buc. Then I ſalute you with this Royall Title,
Long live King *Richard*, Englands worthy King.
All. Amen.
Buc. To morrow may it pleaſe you to be Crown'd?
Rich. Even when you pleaſe,for you will have it ſo.

Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And ſo moſt joyfully we take our leave.
Rich. Come, let us to our holy Worke againe.
Farewell my Couſins, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the Queene, Anne Ducheſſe of Glouceſter, the Ducheſſe of Yorke, and Marqueſſe Dorſet.

Duch. Yorke. Who meetes us heere?
My Neece *Plantagenet*,
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloſter?
Now, for my Life, ſhee's wandring to the Tower,
On pure hearts love, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.
An. God give your Graces both a happy
And a joyfull time of day.
Qu. As much to you, good Siſter: whither away?
An. No farther then the Tower, and as I gueſſe,
Vpon the like devotion as your ſelves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.
Qu. Kind Siſter thankes, wee'le enter all together:

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
Maiſter Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of *Yorke*?
Lieu. Right well, deare Madame: by your patience,
I may not ſuffer you to viſit them,
The King hath ſtrictly charg'd the contrary.
Qu. The King? who's that?
Lieu. I meane, the Lord Protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
Hath be ſet bounds betweene their love, and me?
I am their Mother, who ſhall barre me from them?
Duch. Yorke. I am their Fathers Mother, I will ſee them.
An. Their Aunt I am in law, in love their Mother:
Then bring me to their ſights, Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my perill.
Lieu. No, Madame, no; I may not leave it ſo:
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.
Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,
And Ile ſalute your Grace of Yorke as Mother,
And reverend looker on of two faire Queenes.
Come Madame, you muſt ſtraight to Weſtminſter,
There to be crowned *Richards* Royall Queene.
Qu. Ah, cut my Lace aſunder,
That my pent heart may have ſome ſcope to beat,
Or elſe I ſwoone with this dead-killing newes.
An. Deſpightfull tidings, O unpleaſing newes.
Dorſ. Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your Grace?
Qu. O *Dorſet*, ſpeake not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Deſtruction dogges thee at thy heeles,
Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.
If thou wilt out-ſtrip Death, goe croſſe the Seas,
And live with *Richmond*, from the reach of Hell.
Goe hye thee, hye thee from this ſlaughter-houſe,
Leſt thou encreaſe the number of the dead,
And make me dye the thrall of *Margarets* Curſe,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stan. Full of wiſe care, is this your counſaile, Madame:
Take all the ſwift advantage of the howres:
You ſhall have Letters from me to my Sonne,
In your behalfe, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'ne tardy by unwiſe delay.
Duc. Yor. O ill diſperſing Winde of Miſery,
O my accurſed Wombe, the Bed of Death:
A Cockatrice haſt thou hatcht to the World,
Whoſe unavoided Eye is murtherous.
Stan. Come, Madame, come, I in all haſte was ſent.
An. And I with all unwillingneſſe will goe.
O would to God, that the incluſive Verge
Of Golden Mettall, that muſt round my Brow,
Were red hot Steele, to ſeare me to the Braines,
Anoynted let me be with deadly Venome,
And dye ere men can ſay, God ſave the Queene.
Qu. Goe, goe, poore ſoule, I envie not thy glory,
To feed my humor, wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
An. No: why? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henries* Corſe,
When ſcarce the blood was well waſht from his hands,
Which iſſued from my other Angell Husband,
And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O, when I ſay, I look'd on *Richards* Face,
This was my Wiſh: Be thou (quoth I) accurſt,
For making me, ſo young, ſo old a Widow:
And when thou wed'ſt, let ſorrow haunt thy Bed:
And be thy Wife, if any be ſo mad,
More miſerable, by the Life of thee,
Then thou haſt made me, by my deare Lords death.
Loe, ere I can repeat this Curſe againe,
Within ſo ſmall a time, my Womans heart
Groſſely grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the ſubject of mine owne Soules Curſe,
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from reſt:
For never yet one howre in his Bed
Did I enjoy the golden deaw of ſleepe,
But with his timorous Dreames was ſtill awak'd.
Beſides, he hates me for my Father *Warwicke*,
And will (no doubt) ſhortly be rid of me.
Qu. Poore heart adieu, I pitty thy complaining.
An. No more, then with my ſoule I mourne for yours.
Dorſ. Farewell, thou wofull welcommer of glory.
Anne. Adieu, poore ſoule, that tak'ſt thy leave of it,
Duc. Yorke. Go to *Richmond*, to *Dorſet*, to *Anne*, to the *Queene*, and good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels tend thee,
Go thou to Sanctuary, and good thoughts poſſeſſe thee;
I to my Grave, where peace and reſt lye with mee.
Eighty odde yeeres of ſorrow have I ſeene,
And each howres joy wrackt with a weeke of teene.
Qu. Stay, yet looke backe with me unto the Tower.
Pitty, you ancient Stones, thoſe tender Babes,
Whom Envie hath immur'd within your Walls,
Rough Cradle for ſuch little pretty ones,
Rude ragged Nurſe, old ſullen Play-fellow,
For tender Princes: uſe my Babies well;
So fooliſh Sorrowes bids your Stones farewell.
Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Sound a Sonnet. Enter Richard in pompe, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Lovel.

Rich. Stand all apart. Couſin of Buckingham.
Buck. My gracious Soveraigne.
Rich. Give me thy hand. *Sound.*
Thus high, by thy advice, and thy aſſiſtance,
Is King *Richard* ſeated:
But ſhall we weare theſe Glories for a day?
Or ſhall they laſt, and we rejoyce in them?
Buc. Still live they, and for ever let them laſt.
Rich. Ah *Buckingham*, now doe I play the Touch,
To try if thou be currant Gold indeed:
Young *Edward* lives, thinke now what I would ſpeake.
Buck. Say on my loving Lord.
Rich. Why *Buckingham*, I ſay I would be King.
Buc. Why ſo you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.
Rich. Ha? am I King? 'tis ſo: but *Edward* lives.
Buc. True, Noble Prince.
Rich. O bitter conſequence!
That *Edward* ſtill ſhould live true Noble Prince.
Couſin, thou waſt not wont to be ſo dull.
Shall I be plaine? I wiſh the Baſtards dead,
And I would have it ſuddenly perform'd.
What ſay'ſt thou now? ſpeake ſuddenly, be briefe.
Buc. Your Grace may doe your pleaſure.
Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindneſſe freezes:
Say, have I thy conſent, that they ſhall dye?
Bu. Give me ſome little breath, ſome pawſe, deare Lord,
Before I poſitively ſpeake in this:
I will reſolve you herein preſently. *Exit Buck.*
Cates. The King is angry, ſee he gnawes his Lippe.
Rich. I will converſe with Iron-witted Fooles,
And unreſpective Boyes: none are for me,
That looke into me with conſiderate eyes,
High-reaching *Buckingham* growes circumſpect.
Boy.
Page. My Lord.
Rich. Know'ſt thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt unto a cloſe exploit of Death?
Page. I know a diſcontented Gentleman,
Whoſe humble meanes match not his haughty ſpirit:
Gold were as good as twenty Orators,
And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.
Rich. What is his Name?
Pag. His Name, my Lord, is *Tirrell.*
Rich. I partly know the man: goe call him hither,
Boy. *Exit.*
The deepe revolving witty *Buckingham*,
No more ſhall be the neighbor to my counſailes.
Hath he ſo long held out with me, untyr'd,
And ſtops he now for breath? Well, be it ſo.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord *Stanley*, what's the newes?
Stanley. Know my loving Lord, the Marqueſſe *Dorſet*
As I heare, is fled to *Richmond*,
In the parts where he abides.
Rich. Come hither *Catesby*, rumor it abroad,
That *Anne* my Wife is very grievous ſicke,
I will take order for her keeping cloſe.
Inquire me out ſome meane poore Gentleman,
Whom I will marry ſtraight to *Clarence* Daughter:
The Boy is fooliſh, and I feare not him.
Looke how thou dream'ſt: I ſay agine, give out,
That *Anne*, my Queene, is ſicke, and like to dye.
About it, for it ſtands me much upon
To ſtop all hopes, whoſe growth may dammage me.
I muſt be married to my Brothers Daughter,
Or elſe my Kingdome ſtands on brittle Glaſſe:
Murther her Brothers, aud then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in
So farre in blood, that ſinne will pluck on ſinne,
Teare-falling Pitty dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name *Tyrrel*?
Tir. James Tyrrel, and your moſt obedient ſubject.
Rich. Art thou indeed?
Tyr. Prove me, my gracious Lord.
Rich. Dar'ſt thou reſolve to kill a friend of mine?
Tyr. Pleaſe you:
But I had rather kill two enemies.
Rich. Why then thou haſt it: two deepe enemies,
Foes to my Reſt, and my ſweet ſleepes diſturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deale upon:
Tyrrel, I meane thoſe Baſtards in the Tower.
Tyr. Let me have open meanes to come to them,
And ſoone Ile rid you from the feare of them.
Rich. Thou ſing'ſt ſweet Muſique:
Hearke, come hither *Tyrrel*,
Goe by this token: riſe, and lend thine Eare, *Whiſpers.*
There is no more but ſo: ſay it is done,
And I will love thee, and preferre thee for it.
Tyr. I will diſpatch it ſtraight. *Exit.*

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. My Lord, I have conſider'd in my minde,
The late requeſt that you did ſound me in.
Rich. Well, let that reſt: *Dorſet* is fled to *Richmond.*
Buc. I heare the newes, my Lord.
Rich. *Stanley*, hee is your Wives Sonne: well, looke unto it.
Buc. My Lord, I clayme the gift, my due by promiſe,
For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd
Th'Earledome of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promiſed I ſhall poſſeſſe.
Rich. *Stanley* looke to your Wife: if ſhe convey
Letters to *Richmond*, you ſhall anſwer it.
Buc. What ſayes your Highneſſe to my juſt requeſt?
Rich. I doe remember me, *Henry* the Sixt
Did prophecy, that *Richmond* ſhould be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peeviſh Boy.
A King perhaps.
Buc. May it pleaſe you to reſolve me in my ſuit.
Rich. Thou troubleſt me, I am not in the veine. *Exit.*
Buc. And is it thus? repayes he my deepe ſervice
With ſuch contempt? made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on *Haſtings*, and be gone
To Brecnock, while my fearefull Head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody Act is done,
The moſt arch deed of pittious maſſacre

That ever yet this Land was guilty of:
Dighton and *Forreſt*, whom I did ſuborne
To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery,
Albeit they were fleſht Villaines, bloudy Dogges,
Melted with tenderneſſe, and milde compaſſion,
Wept like to Children, in their deaths ſad Story.
O thus (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle Babes:
Thus, thus (quoth *Forreſt*) girdling one another
Within their Alablaſter innocent Armes:
Their lips were foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
And in their Summer Beauty kiſt each other.
A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,
Which one (quoth *Forreſt*) almoſt chang'd my minde:
But oh the Divell, there the Villaine ſtopt:
When *Dighton* thus told on, we ſmothered
The moſt repleniſhed ſweet worke of nature,
That from the prime Creation ere ſhe framed.
Hence both are gone with Conſcience and Remorſe,
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both,
To beare theſe tydings to the bloudy King.

Enter Richard.

And heere he comes. All health my Soveraigne Lord.
Ric. Kinde *Tirrell*, am I happy in thy Newes.
Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in charge,
Beget your happineſſe, be happy then,
For it is done.
Rich. But did'ſt thou ſee them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
Rich. And buried gentle *Tirrell*?
Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them,
But where (to ſay the truth) I do not know.
Rich. Come to me *Tirrell* ſoone, and after Supper,
When thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death.
Meane time, but thinke how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire.
Farewell till then.
Tir. I humbly take leave.
Rich. The Sonne of *Clarence* have I pent up cloſe,
His daughter meanly have I matcht in marriage,
The Sonnes of *Edward* ſleepe in *Abrahams* boſome,
And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now for I know the Britaine *Richmond* aymes
At yong *Elizabeth* my Brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly on the Crowne,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Good or bad newes, that thou com'ſt in ſo bluntly?
Rat. Bad news my Lord, *Mourton* is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welſhmen
Is in the field, and ſtill his power encreaſeth.
Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neere,
Then Buckingham and his raſh levied Strength.
Come, I have learn'd, that fearfull commenting
Is leaden ſervitor to dull delay.
Delay leades impotent and Snaile-pac'd Beggery:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Ioves Mercury, and Herald for a King:
Go muſter men: My counſaile is my Sheeld,
We muſt be breefe, when Traitors brave the Field.
Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. So now proſperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Heere in theſe Confines ſlily have I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire induction, am I witneſſe to,
And will to France, hoping the conſequence
Will prove as bitter, blacke, and Tragicall.
Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes heere?

Enter Dutcheſſe and Queene.

Qu. Ah my poore Princes! ah my tender Babes!
My unblowne Flowers, new appearing ſweets:
If yet your gentle ſoules flye in the Ayre,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Hover about me with your ayery wings,
And heare your mothers Lamentation.
Mar. Hover about her, ſay that right for right
Hath dim'd your Infant morne, to Aged night.
Dut. So many miſeries have craz'd my voyce,
That my woe-wearied tongue is ſtill and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Mar. Plantagenet doth quit *Plantagenet*,
Edward for *Edward*, payes a dying debt.
Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flye from ſuch gentle Lambs,
And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe?
Why didſt thou ſleepe, when ſuch a deed was done?
Mar. When holy *Henry* dyed, and my ſwee Sonne.
Dut. Dead life, blind ſight, poore mortall living ghoſt,
Woes Scene, Worlds ſhame, Graves due, by life uſurpt,
Breefe abſtract and record of tedious dayes,
Reſt thy unreſt on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke with innocent blood.
Qu. Ah that thou would'ſt aſſoone affoord a Grave,
As thou canſt yeeld a melancholly ſeate:
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them heere,
Ah who hath any cauſe to mourne but wee?
Mar. If ancient ſorrow be moſt reverent,
Give mine the benefit of ſigneury,
And let my greefes frowne on the upper hand
If ſorrow can admit Society.
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
I had a Huſband, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'ſt an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'ſt a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill'd him.
Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'ſt kill him;
I had a *Rutland* too, thou holp'ſt to kill him.
Mar. Thou had'ſt a *Clarence* too,
And *Richard* kill'd him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept
A Hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:
That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood:
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke:
That reignes in gauled eyes of weeping ſoules:
That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,
Thy wombe let looſe to chaſe us to our graves.
O upright, juſt, and true-diſpoſing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curre

Preyes on the iſſue of his Mothers body,
And makes her Pue-fellow with others mone.
Dut. Oh *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes:
God witneſſe with me, I have wept for thine.
Mar. Beare with me: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*,
The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*:
Yong Yorke, he is but boote, becauſe both they
Matcht not the high perfection of my loſſe.
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that ſtab'd my *Edward*,
And the beholders of this franticke play,
Th'adulterate *Haſtings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
Vntimely ſmother'd in their dusky Graves.
Richard yet lives, Hels blacke Intelligencer,
Onely reſerv'd their Factor, to buy ſoules,
And ſend then thither: But at hand, at hand
Inſues his pittious and unpittied end.
Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray,
To have him ſodainly convey'd from hence:
Cancell his bond of life, deere God I pray,
That I may live and ſay, The Dogge is dead.
Qu. O thou did'ſt propheſie the time would come,
That I ſhould wiſh for thee to helpe me curſe
That bottel'd Spider, that foule bunch-back'd Toad.
Mar. I call'd thee then, vaine flouriſh of my fortune:
I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queene,
The preſentation of but what I was;
The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant;
One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd downe below:
A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes;
A dreame of what thou waſt, a gariſh Flagge
To be the ayme of every dangerous Shot;
A ſigne of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble:
A Queene in leaſt, onely to fill the Scene.
Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers?
Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein doſt thou Ioy?
Who ſues, and kneeles, and ſayes, God ſave the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art.
For happy Wife, a moſt diſtreſſed Widdow:
For joyfull Mother, one that wailes the name:
For one being ſued to, one that humbly ſues:
For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care:
For ſhe that ſcorn'd at me, now ſcorn'd of me:
For ſhe being feared of all, now fearing one:
For ſhe commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the courſe of Iuſtice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Having no more but Thought of what thou waſt,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
Thou didſt uſurpe my place, and doſt thou not
Vſurpe the juſt proportion of my Sorrow?
Now thy proud Necke, beares halfe my burthen'd yoke,
From which, even heere I ſlip my wearied head,
And leave the burthen of it all, on thee.
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene of ſad miſchance,
Theſe Engliſh woes, ſhall make me ſmile in France.
Qu. O thou well skill'd in Curſes, ſtay a-while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.
Mar. Forbeare to ſleepe the night, and faſt the day:
Compare dead happineſſe, with living woe:
Thinke that thy Babes were ſweeter then they were,
And he that ſlew them fowler then he is:
Bett'ring thy loſſe, makes the bad cauſer worſe,
Revolving this, will teach thee how to Curſe.
Qu. My word are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Mar. Thy woes will make them ſharpe,
And pierce like mine. *Exit Margaret.*
Dut. Why ſhould calamity be full of words?
Qu. Windy Atturnies to their Cliens Woes,
Ayery ſucceeders of inteſtine joyes,
Poore breathing Orators of miſeries,
Let them have ſcope, though what they will impart,
Helpe nothing els, yet do they eaſe the hart.
Dut. If ſo then, be not Tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, let's ſmother
My damned Son, that thy two ſweet Sonnes ſmother'd.
The Trumpet ſounds, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter King Richard, and his Traine.

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?
Dut. O ſhe, that might have intercepted thee
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed wombe,
From all the ſlaughters (Wretch) that thou haſt done.
Qu. Hid'ſt thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne
Where't ſhould be branded, if that right were right?
The ſlaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne,
And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers.
Tell me thou Villaine-ſlave, where are my Children?
Dut. Thou Toad, thou Toade,
Where is thy Brother *Clarence*?
And little *Ned Plantagenet* his Sonne?
Qu. Where is the gentle *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*?
Dut. Where is kinde *Haſtings*?
Rich. A flouriſh Trumpets, ſtrike Alarum Drummes:
Let not the Heavens heare theſe Tell-tale women
Raile on the Lords Annointed. Strike I ſay.
Flouriſh. Alarums.
Either be patient, and intreat me ſayre,
Or with the clamorous report of Warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
Dut. Art thou my Sonne?
Rich. I, I thanke God, my Father, and your ſelfe.
Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.
Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Dut. O let me ſpeake.
Rich. Do then, but Ile not heare.
Dut. I will be milde, and gentle in my words.
Rich. And breefe (good Mother) for I am in haſt.
Dut. Art thou ſo haſty? I have ſtaid for thee
(God knowes) in torment and in agony.
Rich. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?
Dut. No by the holy Rood, thou know'ſt it well,
Thou cam'ſt on earth, to make the earth my Hell.
A greevous burthen was thy Birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancy.
Thy School-daies frightfull, deſp'rate, wilde, and furious,
Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous:
Thy Age confirm'd, proud, ſubtle, ſlye, and bloody,
More milde, but yet more harmfull; Kinde in hatred:
What comfortable houre canſt thou name,
That ever grac'd me with thy company?
Rich. Faith none, but *Humfrey Hower*,
That call'd your Grace
To Breakefaſt once, forth of my company.
If I be ſo diſgracious in your eye,
Let me martch on, and not offend you Madam.
Strike up the Drumme.
Dut. I prythee heare me ſpeake.

Rich. You ſpeake too bitterly.
Dut. Heare me a word:
For I ſhall never ſpeake to thee againe.
Rich. So.
Dut, Either thou wilt dye, by Gods juſt ordinance
Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror:
Or I with griefe and extreame Age ſhall periſh,
And never more behold thy face againe.
Therefore take with thee my moſt greivous Curſe,
Which in the day of Battell tyre thee more
Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear'ſt.
My Prayers on the adverſe party fight,
And there the little ſoules of *Edwards* Children,
Whiſper the Spirits of thine Enemies,
And promiſe them Succeſſe and Victory:
Bloudy thou art, bloudy will be thy end:
Shame ſerves thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Quee. Though far more cauſe, yet much leſſe ſpirit to
Abides in me, I ſay Amen to her. (curſe
Rich. Stay Madam, I muſt talke a word with you.
Que. I have no more ſonnes of the Royall blood
For thee to ſlaughter. For my Daughters (*Richard*)
They ſhall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes:
And therefore levell not to hit their lives.
Rich. You have a daughter call'd *Elizabeth,*
Vertuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious.
Quee. And muſt ſhe dye for this? O let her live,
And Ile corrupt her Manners, ſtaine her Beauty,
Slander my ſelfe, as falſe to *Edwards* bed:
Throw over her the vaile of infamy,
So ſhe may live unſcarr'd of bleeding ſlaughter,
I will confeſſe ſhe was not *Edwards* daughter.
Rich. Wrong not her Byrth, ſhe is a Royall Princeſſe.
Quee. To ſave her life, Ile ſay ſhe is not ſo.
Rich. Her life is ſafeſt onely in her byrth.
Quee. And onely in that ſafety, dyed her Brothers.
Rich. Loe at their Birth, good ſtarres were oppoſite.
Que. No, to their lives, ill friends were contrary.
Rich. All unavoyded is the doome of Deſtiny.
Que. True: when avoyded grace makes Deſtiny.
My Babes were deſtin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſt thee with a fairer life.
Rich. You ſpeake as if that I had ſlaine my Coſins?
Quee. Coſins indeed, and by their Vnckle couzend,
Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedome, Life,
Whoſe hand ſoever lanch'd their tender hearts,
Thy head (all indirectly) gave direction.
No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy ſtone-hard heart,
To revell in the Intrailes of my Lambes.
But that ſtill uſe of griefe, makes wilde griefe tame,
My tongue ſhould to thy eares not name my Boyes,
Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes:
And I in ſuch a deſp'rate Bay of death,
Like a poore Barke, of ſailes and tackling reft,
Ruſh all to peeces on thy Rocky boſome.
Rich. Madam, ſo thrive I in my enterprize
And dangerous ſucceſſe of bloody warres,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then ever you and yours by me were harm'd.
Quee. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be diſcovered, that can doe me good?
Rich. Th'advancement of your children, gentle Lady
Quee. Vp to ſome Scaffold, there to loſe their heads.
Rich. Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,
The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory.
Quee. Flatter my ſorrow with report of it:
Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,
Canſt thou deviſe to any child of mine.
Rich. Even all I have; I, and my ſelfe and all,
Will I withall indow a child of thine:
So in the Lethe of thy angry ſoule,
Thou drowne the ſad remembrance of thoſe wrongs,
Which thou ſuppoſeſt I have done to thee.
Quee. Be breife, leaſt that the proceſſe of thy kindneſſe
Laſt longer telling then thy kindneſſe date.
Rich. Then know,
That from my Soule, I love thy Daughter.
Quee. My daughters Mother thinkes it with her ſoule.
Rich. What doe you thinke?
Qu. That thou doſt love my daughter from thy ſoule
So from thy ſoules love didſt thou love her Brothers,
And from my hearts love, I doe thanke thee for it.
Rich. Be not ſo haſty to confound my meaning:
I meane that with my ſoule I love thy daughter,
And doe intend to make her Queene of *England*.
Qu. Well then, who doſt thou mean ſhallbe her King.
Rich. Even he that makes her Queene.
Who elſe ſhould be?
Quee. What, thou?
Rich. Even ſo: How thinke you of it?
Quee. How canſt thou wooe her?
Rich. That I would learne of you,
As one being beſt acquainted with her humour.
Quee. And wilt thou learne of me?
Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Quee. Send to her by the man that ſlew her brothers,
A paire of bleeding hearts: thereon ingrave
Edward and *Yorke*, then haply will ſhe weepe:
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometime *Margaret*
Did to thy father, ſteept in Rutlands blood,
A hand-kerchiefe, which ſay to her did dreyne
The purple ſappe from her ſweet brothers body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds:
Tell her, thou mad'ſt away her Vnckle *Clarence*,
Her Vnckle *Rivers*, I (and for her ſake)
Mad'ſt quicke conveyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.
Rich. You mocke me Madam, this is not the way
To win your daughter.
Quee. There is no other way,
Vnleſſe thou could'ſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.
Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.
Que. Nay then indeed ſhe cannot chooſe but hate thee,
Having bought love, with ſuch a bloody ſpoile.
Rich. Looke what is done, cannot be now amended:
Men ſhall deale unadviſedly ſometimes,
Which after-houres gives leyſure to repent.
If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,
To make amends, Ile give it to your daughter:
If I have kill'd the iſſue of your wombe,
To quicken your encreaſe, I will beget
Mine iſſue of your blood, upon your daughter:
A Grandams name is little leſſe in love,
Then is the doting Title of a Mother;
They are as Children but one ſtep below,
Even of your mettall, of your very blood:
Of all one paine, ſave for a night of groanes
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like ſorrow.
Your Children were vexation to your youth,

But mine ſhall be a comfort to your Age,
The loſſe you have, is but a Sonne being King,
And by that loſſe, your Daughter is made Queene.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept ſuch kindneſſe as I can.
Dorſet your Sonne, that with a fearefull ſoule
Leads diſcontented ſteppes in Forraine ſoyle,
This faire Alliance, quickly ſhall call home
To high Promotions, and great Dignity.
The King that calles your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly ſhall call thy *Dorſet*, brother :
Againe ſhall you be Mother to a King :
And all the Ruines of diſtreſſefull Times,
Repair'd with double Riches of Content.
What? we have many goodly dayes to ſee :
The liquid drops of Teares that you have ſhed,
Shall come againe, tranform'd to Orient Pearle,
Advantaging their Love, with intereſt
Often-times double gaine of happineſſe.
Goe then (my Mother) to thy Daughter goe,
Make bold her baſhfull yeares, with your experience,
Prepare her eares to heare a Wooers Tale.
Put in her tender heart, th'aſpiring Flame
Of Golden Soveraignty : Acquaint the Princeſſe
With the ſweet ſilent houres of Marriage joyes ;
And when this Arme of mine hath chaſtiſed
The petty Rebell, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come,
And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed :
To whom I will retaile my Conqueſt wonne,
And ſhe ſhall be ſole Victoreſſe, *Cæſars Cæſar*.
Que. What were I beſt to ſay, her Fathers brother
Would be her Lord? Or ſhall I ſay her Vnkle?
Or he that ſlew her Brothers, and her Vnkles?
Vnder what Title ſhall I wooe for thee,
That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Love,
Can make ſeeme pleaſing to her tender yeeres?
Rich. Inferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance.
Qu. Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtill laſting warre.
Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, intreats.
Qu. That at her hands, which the kings King forbids
Rich. Say ſhe ſhall be a high and mighty Queene.
Qu. To vaile the Title, as her Mother doth.
Rich. Say I will love her everlaſtingly.
Qu. But how long ſhall that title ever laſt?
Rich. Sweetly in force, unto her faire lives end.
Qu. But how long fairely ſhall her ſweet life laſt?
Rich. As long as heaven and Nature lengthens it.
Qu. As long as hell and *Richard* likes of it.
Rich. Say, I her Soveraigne, am her Subject low.
Qu. But ſhe your Subject, lothes ſuch Soveraignty.
Rich. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt, being plainly told.
Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my loving tale.
Qu. Plaine and not honeſt, is too harſh a ſtyle.
Rich. Your Reaſons are too ſhallow, and to quicke.
Qu. O no, my Reaſons are too deepe and dead,
Too deepe and dead (poore Infants) in their graves,
Harpe on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings breake.
Rich. Harpe not on that ſtring Madam, that is paſt.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.
Que. Prophan'd, diſhonor'd, and the third uſurpt.
Rich. I ſweare.
Que. By nothing, for this is no Oath:
Thy George prophan'd, hath loſt his Lordly honor ;
Thy Garter blemiſh'd, pawn'd his Kingly Vertue ;
Thy Crowne uſurp'd, diſgrac'd his Kingly Glory :
If ſomething thou would'ſt ſweare to be beleev'd,
Sweare then by ſomething, that thou haſt not wrong'd.
Rich. Then by my ſelfe.
Qu. Thy ſelfe, is ſelfe-miſus'd.
Rich. Now by the World.
Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.
Rich. My Fathers death.
Qu. Thy life hath it diſhonor'd.
Rich. Why then, by Heaven.
Que. Heavens wrong is moſt of all :
If thou didd'ſt feare to breake an Oath with him,
The vnity the King my husband made,
Thou had'ſt not broken, nor my brothers died.
If thou had'ſt fear'd to breake an oath by him,
Th'imperiall mettall, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child,
And both the Princes had beene breathing heere,
Which now two tender Bed-folowes for duſt,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.
What can'ſt thou ſweare by now?
Rich. The time to come.
Que. That thou haſt wronged in the time ore-paſt :
For I my ſelfe have many teares to waſh
Heereafter time, for time paſt, wrong'd by thee.
The Children live, whoſe Fathers thou haſt ſlaughter'd,
Vngovern'd youth, to waile it with their age :
The Parents live, whoſe Children thou haſt butcher'd,
Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou haſt
Miſus'd ere vs'd, by times ill-vs'd repaſt.
Rich. As I intend to proſper, and repent ;
So thrive I in my dangerous Affaires
Of hoſtile Armes : My ſelfe, my ſelfe confound :
Heaven, and Fortune barre me happy houres :
Day, yeeld me not thy light ? nor Night, thy reſt.
Be oppoſite all Planets of good lucke
To my proceeding, if with deere hearts love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beautious Princely daughter.
In her, conſiſts my happineſſe, and thine :
Without her, followes to my ſelfe, and thee,
Her ſelfe, the Land, and many a Chriſtian ſoule,
Death, Deſolation, Ruine, and Decay :
It cannot be avoyded, but by this :
It will not be avoyded, but by this.
Therefore deare Mother (I muſt call you ſo)
Be the Atturney of my love to her :
Pleade what I will be, not what I have beene ;
Not my deſerts, but what I will deſerve :
Vrge the Neceſſity and ſtate of times,
And be not peeviſh found, in great Deſignes.
Que. Shall I be tempted of the divell thus ?
Rich. I, if the Divell tempt you to doe good.
Que. Shall I forget my ſelfe, to be my ſelfe?
Rich. I, if your ſelfes remembrance wrong your ſelfe.
Que. Yet thou didſt kill my Children.
Rich. But in your daughters wombe I bury them.
Where in that Neſt of Spicery they will breed
Selves of themſelves, to your recomforture.
Que. Shall I goe win my daughter to thy will ?
Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed.
Que. I goe, write to me very ſhortly,
And you ſhall underſtand from me her mind. *Exit Qu.*
Rich. Beare her my true loves kiſſe, and ſo farewell.
Relenting Foole, and ſhallow-changing Woman.

How now, what newes?

Enter Ratcliffe.

Ratc. Moſt mighty Soveraigne, on the Weſterne Coaſt
Rideth a puiſſant Navy: to our Shores
Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends,
Vnarm'd, and unreſolv'd to beat them backe.
'Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their Admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the ayde
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them aſhore.
Ric. Some light-foot friend poſt to the Duke of *Norfolke*
Ratcliffe thy ſelfe, or *Catesby*, where is he?
Cat. Here, my good Lord.
Rich. *Catesby*, flye to the Duke.
Cat. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haſte,
Rich. *Catesby* come hither, poſte to Saliabury.
When thou com'ſt thither: Dull unmindfull Villaine.
Why ſtay'ſt thou here, and go'ſt not to the Duke?
Cat. Firſt, mighty Liege, tell me your highneſſe pleaſure
What from your Grace I ſhall deliver to him.
Rich. O true, good *Catesby*, bid him levy ſtraight
The greateſt ſtrength and power that he can make,
And meet me ſuddenly at Salisbury.
Cat. I goe. *Exit.*
Rat. What, may it pleſe you, ſhall I doe at Salisbury?
Rich. Why, what would'ſt thou doe there, before I goe?
Rat. Your highneſſe told me I ſhould poſte before.
Rich. My mind is chang'd:

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what newes with you?
Sta. None, good my Liege, to pleaſe you with the hearing,
Nor none ſo bad, but well may be reported.
Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:
What need'ſt thou runne ſo many miles about,
When thou mayeſt tell thy tale the neereſt way?
Once more, what newes?
Stan. *Richmond* is on the Seas.
Rich. There let him ſinke, and be the Seas on him,
White-liver'd Runnagate, what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mighty Soveraigne, but by gueſſe.
Rich. Well, as you gueſſe.
Stan. Stirr'd up by *Dorſet*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*.
He makes for England, here to clayme the Crowne.
Rich. Is the Chayre empty? is the Sword unſway'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire unpoſſeſt?
What heire of *Yorke* is there alive, but we?
And who is Englands King, but great *Yorkes* heire?
Then tell me, what makes he upon the Seas?
Stan. Vnleſſe for that, my Liege, I cannot gueſſe.
Rich. Vnleſſe for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot gueſſe wherefore the Welchman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and flye to him, I feare.
Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore miſtruſt me not.
Rich. Where is thy Power then, to beat him backe?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the Weſterne Shore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Shippes?
Stanley. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
Rich. Cold friends to me: what doe they in the North,
When they ſhould ſerve their Soveraigne in the Weſt?
Stan. They have not beene commanded, mighty King
Pleaſeth your Majeſty to give me leave,
Ile muſter up my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Majeſty ſhall pleaſe.
Rich. I, thou would'ſt be gone, to joyne with *Richmond*:
But Ile not truſt thee.
Stan. Moſt mighty Soveraigne,
You have no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtfull,
I never was, nor never will be falſe.
Rich. Goe then, and muſter men: but leave behind
Your Sonne *George Stanley*: looke your heart be firme,
Or elſe his heads aſſurance is but fraile.
Stan. So deale with him, as I prove true to you.
Exit Stanley.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My gracious Soveraigne, now in Devonſhire,
As I by friends am well advertiſed,
Sir *Edward Courtney*, and the haughty Prelate,
Biſhop of Exeter, his elder Brother,
With many more Confederates, are in armes.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. In Kent, my Liege, the *Guilfords* are in Armes,
And every houre more Competitors
Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes ſtrong.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, the Army of great *Buckingham*.
Rich. Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death,
He ſtriketh him.
There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes,
Meſſ. The newes I have to tell your Majeſty,
Is, that by ſudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckinghams Army is diſpers'd and ſcatter'd,
And he himſelfe wandred away alone,
No man knowes whither.
Rich. I cry thee mercy;
There is my Purſe, to cure that Blow of thine.
Hath any well-adviſed friend proclaym'd
Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?
Meſſ. Such Proclamation hath beene made, my Lord.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, and Lord Marqueſſe *Dorſet*,
'Tis ſaid, my Leige, in Yorkeſhire are in Armes:
But this good comfort bring I to your Highneſſe,
The Brittaine Navy is diſpers'd by Tempeſt.
Richmond in Dorſetſhire ſent out a Boat
Vnto the ſhore, to aske thoſe on the Bankes,
If they were his Aſſiſtants, yea, or no?
Who anſwer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*,
Vpon his party: he miſtruſting them,
Hoys'd ſayle, and made his courſe againe for Brittaine.
Rich. March on, march on, ſince we are up in Armes,
If not to fight with forraine Enemies,
Yet to beat downe theſe Rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
That is the beſt newes, that the Earle of *Richmond*

Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,
Is colder Newes, but yet they muſt be told.
Rich. Away towards Salsbury, while we reaſon here,
A Royall battell might be wonne and loſt:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salsbury, the reſt march on with me. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Chriſtopher.

Der. Sir *Chriſtopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the ſtye of the moſt deadly Bore,
My Sonne *George Stanley* is frankt up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes yong *Georges* head,
The feare of that, holds off my preſent ayde.
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Withall ſay, that the Queene hath heartily conſented
He ſhould eſpouſe *Elizabeth* her daughter.
But tell me, where is Princely *Richmond* now?
Chri. At Penbroke, or at Hertford Weſt in Wales.
Der. What men of Name reſort to him.
Chri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned Souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, Sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembroke*, Sir *Iames Blunt*,
And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London doe they bend their power,
If by the way they be not ſought withall.
Der. Well hye thee to thy Lord: I kiſſe his hand,
My Letter will reſolve him of my minde.
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led to Execution.

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me ſpeake with him?
Sher. No my good Lord, therefore be patient.
Buc. *Haſtings*, and *Edwards* children, *Gray* and *Rivers*,
Holy King *Henry*, and thy faire Sonne *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that have miſcarried
By under-hand corrupted foule injuſtice,
If that your moody diſcontented ſoules,
Doe through the clowds behold this preſent houre,
Euen for revenge mocke my deſtruction.
This is All-ſoules day (Fellow) is it not?
Sher. It is.
Buc. Why then All-ſoules day, is my bodies doomſday
This is the day, which in King *Edwards* time
I wiſh'd might fall on me, when I was found
Falſe to his Children, and his Wives Allies.
This is the day, wherein I wiſht to fall
By the falſe Faith of him whom moſt I truſted.
This, this All-ſoules day to my fearfull Soule,
Is the determin'd reſpit of my wrongs:
That high All-ſeer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head,
And given in earneſt, what I begg'd in jeſt.
Thus doth he force the ſwords of wicked men
To turne their owne points in their Maſters boſomes.
Thus *Margarets* curſe falles heavy on my necke:
When he (quoth ſhe) ſhall ſplit thy heart with ſorrow,
Remember *Margaret* was a Propheteſſe:
Come leade me Officers to the blocke of ſhame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.

Richm. Fellowes in Armes, and my moſt loving Frends
Bruis'd underneath the yoake of Tyranny,
Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,
Have we marcht on without impediment;
And here receive we from our Father *Stanley*
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:
The wretched, bloody, and uſurping Boare,
(That ſpoyl'd your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines)
Swilles your warm blood like waſh, & makes his trough
In your embowel'd boſomes: This foule Swine
Is now even in the Center of this Iſle,
Ne're to the Towne of Leiceſter, as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march.
In Gods name cheerely on, couragious Friends,
To reape the Harveſt of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloody tryall of ſharpe Warre.
Oxf. Every mans Conſcience is a thouſand men,
To fight againſt this guilty Homicide.
Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turne to us.
Blun. He hath no friends, but what are friends for feare
Which in his deereſt need will flye from him.
Richm. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is ſwift, aud flyes with Swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter King Richard in Armes with Norfolke, Ratcliffe, and the Earle of Surrey.

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, even here in Boſworth field;
My Lord of Surrey, why looke you ſo ſad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
Rich. My Lord of Norfolke.
Nor. Heere moſt gracious Liege.
Rich. Norfolke, we muſt have knockes:
Ha, muſt we not?
Nor. We muſt both give and take my loving Lord.
Rich. Vp with my Tent, here will I lye to night,
But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath deſcried the number of the Traitors?
Nor. Six or ſeven thouſand is their utmoſt power.
Rich. Why our Battalia trebbles that account:
Beſides, the Kings name is a Tower of ſtrength,
Which they upon the adverſe Faction want.
Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen,
Let us ſurvey the vantage of the ground.
Call for ſome men of ſound direction:

Let's lacke no Diſcipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a buſie day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorſet.

Rich. The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden ſet,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre,
Gives token of a goodly day to morrow.
Sir *William Brandon*, you ſhall beare my Standard:
Give me ſome Inke and Paper in my Tent:
Ile draw the Forme and Modell of our Battaile,
Limit each Leader to his ſeverall Charge,
And part in juſt proportion our ſmall Power.
My Lord of Oxford, you Sir *William Brandon*,
And you Sir *Walter Herbert* ſtay with me:
The Earle of Pembroke keepes his Regiment;
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my goodnight to him,
And by the ſecond houre in the Morning,
Deſire the Earle to ſee me in my Tent:
Yet one thing more (good Captaine) doe for me;
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarter'd, doe you know?
Blunt. Vnleſſe I have miſtane his Colours much,
(Which well I am aſſur'd I have not done)
His Regiment lyes halfe a Mile at leaſt
South, from the mighty Power of the King.
Rich. If without perill it be poſſible,
Sweet *Blunt*, make ſome good meanes to ſpeak with him
And give him from me, this moſt needfull Note.
Blunt. Vpon my ſelfe, my Lord, Ile undertake it,
And ſo God give you quiet reſt to night.
Rich. Good night good Captaine *Blunt*:
Come Gentlemen,
Let us conſult upon to morrowes Buſineſſe;
Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold.
They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolke, and Catesby.

Rich. What is't a Clocke?
Cat. It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a Clocke.
King, I will not ſup to night,
Give me ſome Inke and Paper:
What, is my Beaver eaſier then it was?
And all my Armour laid into my Tent?
Cat. It is my Liege: and all things are in readineſſe.
Rich. Good Norfolke, hye thee to thy charge,
Vſe carefull Watch, chooſe truſty Centinels.
Nor. I goe my Lord.
Rich. Stir with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolke.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord. *Exit.*
Rich. *Ratcliffe.*
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Send out a Purſuivant at Armes
To *Stanleys* Regiment: bid him bring his power
Before Sun-riſing, leaſt his Sonne *George* fall
Into the blind Cave of eternall night.
Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Give me a Watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morow:
Look that my ſtaves be ſound, & not too heavy. *Ratcliffe.*
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Saw'ſt the melancholly Lord Northumberland?
Rat. *Thomas* the Earle of Surrey, and himſelfe,
Much about Cockſhut time, from Troope to Troope
Went through the Army, chearing up the Souldiers.
King, So, I am ſatisfied: Give me a Bowle of Wine,
I have not that Alacrity of Spirit,
Nor cheere of Mind that I was wont to have.
Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leave me.
Ratcliffe, about the mid of night come to my Tent
And helpe to arme me. Leave me I ſay. *Exit Ratcliffe.*

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Derb. Fortune, and Victory ſit on thy Helme.
Richm. All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
Be to thy perſon, Noble Father in Law.
Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?
Der. I by Attourney, bleſſe thee from thy Mother,
Who prayes continually for Richmonds good:
So much for that. The ſilent houres ſteale on,
And flaky darkeneſſe breakes within the Eaſt.
In briefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids us be,
Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning,
And put thy Fortune to th'Arbitrement
Of bloody ſtroakes, and mortall ſtaring Warre:
I, as I may, that which I would, I cannot,
With beſt advantage will deceive the time,
And ayde thee in this doubtfull ſhocke of Armes.
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leaſt being ſeene, thy Brother, tender *George*
Be executed in his fathers ſight.
Farewell: the leyſure, and the fearefull time
Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Love,
And ample enterchange of ſweet Diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundred Friends ſhould dwell upon:
God give us leyſure for theſe rites of Love.
Once more Adieu, be valiant, and ſpeed well.
Richm. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:
Ile ſtrive with troubled noyſe, to take a Nap,
Leſt leaden ſlumber peize me downe to morrow,
When I ſhould mount with wings of Victory:
Once more, good night kinde Lords and Gentlemen.
Exeunt. Manet Richmond.
O thou, whoſe Captaine I account my ſelfe,
Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruiſing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh downe with a heavy fall,
Th'uſurping Helmets of our Adverſaries:
Make us thy miniſters of Chaſticement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy victory:
To thee I do commend my watchfull ſoule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me ſtill. *Sleepes.*
Enter the Ghoſt of Prince Edward, Sonne to Henry the ſixt.
Gh. to Ri. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoule to morrow:
Thinke how thou ſtab'ſt me in my prime of youth
At Teukesbury; Deſpaire therefore, and dye.
Ghoſt to Richm. Be chearefull Richmond,
For the wronged Soules
Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe:
King *Henries* iſſue Richmond comforts thee.
Enter the Ghoſt of Henry the ſixt.
Ghoſt. When I was mortall, my Annointed body
By thee was punched full of holes;
Thinke on the Tower, and me: Deſpaire, and dye,
Henry the ſixt, bids thee deſpaire and dye.
To Richm. Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror:
Harry that propheſied thou ſhould'ſt be King,
Doth comfort thee in ſleepe: Live, and flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Clarence.
Ghoſt. Let me ſit heavy in thy ſoule to morrow.
I that was waſh'd to death with Fulſome Wine:
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betray'd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe Sword, deſpaire and dye.
To Richm. Thou off-ſpring of the houſe of Lancaſter
The wronged heyres of Yorke doe pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, Live and Flouriſh.
Enter the Ghoſts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.
Riv. Let me ſit heavy in thy ſoule to morrow,
Rivers, that dy'de at Pomfret: deſpaire, and dye.
Grey. Thinke upon *Grey*, and let thy ſoule deſpaire.
Vaugh. Thinke upon *Vaughan*, and with guilty feare
Let fall thy Lance, deſpaire and dye.
All to Richm. Awake,
And thinke our wrongs in *Richards* Boſome,
Will conquer. Awake, and win the day.
Enter the Ghoſt of Lord Haſtings.
Ghoſt. Bloody and guilty: guilty awake,
And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord Haſtings; deſpaire, and dye.
Haſt. To Richm. Quiet untroubled ſoule,
Awake, awake:
Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands ſake.
Enter the Ghoſts of the two yong Princes.
Ghoſts. Dreame on thy Couſins
Smothered in the Tower:
Let us be laid within thy boſome *Richard*,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, ſhame, and death:
Thy Nephewes ſoule bids thee deſpaire and dye.
Ghoſts to Richm. Sleepe Richmond,
Sleepe in Peace, and wake in joy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Live, and beget a happy race of Kings.
Edwards unhappy Sonnes, doe bid thee flouriſh:
Enter the Ghoſt of Anne, his Wife.
Ghoſt to Rich. Richard, thy Wife,
That wretched *Anne* thy Wife,
That never ſlept a quiet houre with thee,
Now filles thy ſleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battaile, thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe Sword, deſpaire and dye.
Ghoſt to Richm. Thou quiet ſoule,
Sleepe thou a quiet ſleepe:
Dreame of Succeſſe, and happy Victory,
Thy Adverſaries Wife doth pray for thee.
Enter the Ghoſts of Buckingham.
Ghoſt to Rich. The firſt was I
That help'd thee to the Crowne:
The laſt was I that felt thy Tyranny.
O, in the bataile thinke on Buckingham,
And dye in terror of thy guiltineſſe.
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting deſpaire; deſpairing yeeld thy breath.
Ghoſt to Richm. I dyed for hope
Ere I could lend thee Ayde;
But cheere thy heart, and be thou not diſmayde:
God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds ſide,
And *Richard* fall in height of all his pride.
Richard ſtarts out of his dreame.
Rich. Give me another horſe, bind up my Wounds:
Have mercy Ieſu. Soft, I did but dreame.
O coward Conſcience! how doſt thou afflict me?
The Lights burne blew. It is not dead midnight,
Cold fearefull drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh.
What? doe I feare my Selfe? There's none elſe by,
Richard loves *Richard*, that is, I am I.
Is there a Murtherer heere? No; Yes, I am:
Then flye? What from my ſelfe? Great reaſon: why?
Leſt I Revenge. What? my ſelfe upon my ſelfe?
Alacke, I love my ſelfe. Wherefore? For any good
That I my ſelfe, have done unto my ſelfe?
O no. Alas, I rather hate my ſelfe,
For hatefull Deeds committed by my ſelfe.
I am a villaine: yet I Lye, I am not.
Foole, of thy ſelfe ſpeake well: Foole doe not flatter.
My Conſcience hath a thouſand ſeverall Tongues,
And every Tongue brings in a ſeverall Tale,
And every Tale condemnes me for a Villaine;
Perjury, in the high'ſt Degree,
Murther, ſterne murther, in the dyr'ſt degree,
All ſeverall ſinnes, all us'd in each degree,
Throng all to'th' Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty,
I ſhall deſpaire, there is no Creatuees loves me;
And if I dye, no ſoule ſhall pitty me.
Nay, wherefore ſhould they? Since that I my ſelfe,
Finde in my ſelfe, no pitty to my ſelfe.
Me thought, the ſoules of all that I had murther'd
Came to my Tent, and every one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard*.
Enter Ratcliffe.
Rat. My Lord.
King. Who's there?
Rat. Ratcliffe my Lord, 'tis I: the early Village Cocke
Hath twice done ſalutation to the Morne,
Your friends are up, and buckle on their Armour.
King. O *Ratcliffe*, I feare, I feare.
Ratc. Nay good my Lord, be not affraid of Shadows.
King. By the Apoſtle *Paul*, ſhadowes to night
Have ſtroke more terror to the ſoule of *Richard*.
Then can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand Souldiers
Armed in proofe, and led by ſhallow *Richmond*.
'Tis not yet neere day. Come goe with me,
Vnder our Tents; Ile play the Eaſe-dropper,
To heare if any meane to ſhrinke from me.
Exeunt Richard and Ratcliffe.

Enter the Lords to Richmond ſitting in his Tent.

Lords. Good morrow *Richmond*.
Rich. Cry you mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen
That you have tane a tardy ſluggard heere?
Lords. How have you ſlept my Lord?
Rich. The ſweeteſt ſleepe,
And faireſt boading Dreames,
That ever entred in a drowſie head,
Have I ſince your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their ſoules, whoſe bodies *Richard* murther'd
Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory:
I promiſe you my heart is very jocond,
In the remembrance of ſo faire a dreame,
How farre into the Morning is it Lords?
Lord. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Rich. Why then 'tis time to Arme, and give direction.
His Oration to his Souldiers.
More then I have ſaid, loving Countrymen,
The leyſure and inforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,

God, and our good cauſe, fight upon our ſide,
The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged ſoules,
Like high rear'd Bulwarkes, ſtand before our Faces,
(*Richard* except) thoſe whom we fight againſt,
Had rather have us winne, then him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloudy Tyrant, and a Homicide:
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood eſtabliſh'd;
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughter'd thoſe that were the meanes to help him:
A baſe foule Stone, made precious by the ſoyle
Of Englands Chaire, where he is falſely ſet:
One that hath ever beene Gods Enemy.
Then if you fight againſt Gods Enemy,
God will in juſtice ward you as his Souldiers.
If you doe ſweare to put a Tyrant downe,
You ſleepe in peace, the Tyrant being ſlaine:
If you doe fight againſt your Countries Foes,
Your Countries Fat ſhall pay your paines the hyre.
If you ſtoe fight in ſafegard of your wives,
Your wives ſhall welcome home the Conquerors.
If you doe free your Children from the Sword,
Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.
Then in the name of God and all theſe rights,
Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ranſome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corpes on the earth's cold face.
But if I thrive, the gaine of my attempt,
The leaſt of you ſhall ſhare his part thereof.
Sound Drummes and Trumpet boldly, and cheerefully,
God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

Kin. What ſaid Northumberland as touching *Richmond*?
Ratc. That he was never trained up in Armes.
King. He ſaid the truth: and what ſaid Surrey then?
Ratc. He ſmil'd and ſaid, the better for our purpoſe.
King. He was in the right, and ſo indeed it is.
Tell the clocke there. *Clockes strikes.*
Give me a Kalender: who ſaw the Sunne to day?
Ratc. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he diſdaines to ſhine: for by the Booke
He ſhould have brav'd the Eaſt an houre agoe,
A blacke day will it be to ſomebody. *Ratcliffe.*
Ratc. My Lord.
King. The Sun will not be ſeene to day,
The sky doth frowne, and lowre upon our Army.
I would theſe dewy teares were from the ground.
Not ſhine to day? Why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? For the ſelfe-ſame Heaven
That frownes on me, lookes ſadly upon him.

Enter Norfolke.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come, buſtle, buſtle. Capariſon my horſe.
Call up Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth my Souldiers to the plaine,
And thus my Battell ſhall be ordred.
My foreward ſhal be drawne in length,
Conſiſting equally of Horſe and Foot:
Our Archers ſhall be placed in the mid'ſt;
Iohn Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas* Earle of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the Foot and horſe.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the maine Battell, whoſe puiſſance on either ſide
Shall be well-wingd with our cheifeſt Horſe:
This, and Saint George to boote.
What think'ſt thou Norfolke?
Nor. A good direction warlike Soveraigne,
This found I on my Tent this Morning.

Iockey of Norfolke, be not ſo bold,
For Dickon thy maiſter is bought and ſold.

King. A thing deviſed by the Enemy.
Goe Gentlemen, every man to his Charge,
Let not our babling Dreames affright our ſoules:
For conſcience is a word that Cowards uſe,
Deviſ'd at firſt to keepe the ſtrong in awe,
Our ſtrong armes be our Conſcience, Swords our Law.
March on, joyne bravely, let us too't pell mell,
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.
What ſhall I ſay more then I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A ſort of Vagabonds, Raſcals, Run-awayes,
A ſcum of Brittaines, and baſe Lackey Pezants,
Whom their o're-cloyed Country vomits forth
To deſperate Adventures, and aſſur'd Deſtruction.
You ſleeping ſafe, they bring you to unreſt:
You having Lands, and bleſt with beauteous wives,
They would reſtraine the one, diſtaine the other.
And who doth leade them, but a paltry Fellow?
Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers coſt,
A Milke-ſop, one that never in his life
Felt ſo much cold, as over ſhooes in Snow:
Let's whip theſe ſtraglers o're the Seas againe,
Laſh hence theſe over-weening Ragges of France,
Theſe famiſh'd Beggers, weary of their lives,
Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
For want of meanes (poore Rats) had hang'd themſelves.
If we be conquered, let men conquer us,
And not theſe baſtard Brittaines, whom our Fathers
Have in their owne Land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the heires of ſhame.
Shall theſe enjoy our Lands? lye with our Wives?
Raviſh our daughters? *Drum afarre off.*
Hearke, I heare their Drumme,
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers, draw your Arrowes to the head,
Spurre your proud Horſes hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken ſtaves.

Enter a Meſſenger.

What ſayes Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his power?
Meſ. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
King. Off with his ſonne *Georges* head.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is paſt the Marſh:
After the battaile, let *George Stanley* dye.
King. A thouſand hearts are great within my boſome.
Advance our Standards, ſet upon our Foes,
Onr Ancient word of Courage, faire Saint *George*
Inſpire us with the ſpleene of fiery Dragons:
Vpon them, Victory ſits on our helpes.

Alarum, excurſions. Enter Catesby.

Cat. Reſcue my Lord of Norfolke,
Reſcue, Reſcue:
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an oppoſite to every danger:
His horſe is ſlaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Reſcue faire Lord, or elſe the day is loſt.

Alarums.

Enter Richard.

Rich. A horſe, a horſe, my Kingdome for a horſe.
Cate. Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to a horſe.
Rich. Slave, I have ſet my life upon a caſt,
And I will ſtand the hazard of the Dye:
I thinke there be ſixe Richmonds in the field,
Five have I ſlaine to day, in ſtead of him.
A horſe, a horſe, my Kingdome for a horſe.

Alarum. Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is ſlaine.

Retreat, and Flouriſh. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the Crowne, with divers other Lords.

Richm. God and your Armes
Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
The day is ours, the bloudy Dogge is dead.
Der. Couragious Richmond,
Well haſt thou acquit thee: Loe,
Heere theſe long uſurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloudy Wretch,
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
Weare it, and make much of it.
Richm. Great God of Heaven, ſay Amen to all.
But tell me, is yong *George Stanley* living?
Der. He is my Lord, and ſafe in Leiceſter Towne,
Whither (if you pleaſe) we may withdraw us.
Richm. What men of name are ſlaine on either ſide?
Der. *Iohn* Duke of *Norfolke*, *Walter* Lord *Ferris*,
Sir *Robert Brokenbury*, and Sir *William Brandon*.
Richm. Interre their Bodies, as become their Births,
Proclaime a pardon to the Souldiers fled,
That in ſubmiſſion will returne to us,
And then as we have tane the Sacrament,
We will unite the White Roſe, and the Red.
Smile Heaven upon this faire Conjunction,
That long have frown'd upon their Enmity:
What Traitor heares me, and ſayes not Amen?
England hath long beene mad, and ſcarr'd her ſelfe;
The brother blindly ſhed the Brothers blood;
The father, raſhly ſlaughtered his owne Sonne;
The Sonnes compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire:
All this divided *Yorke* and *Lancaſter*,
Divided, in their dire Diviſion.
O now, let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
The true Succeeders of each Royall houſe,
By Gods faire ordinance, conjoyne together:
And let thy Heires (God if thy will be ſo)
Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fac'd Peace,
With ſmiling Plenty, and faire Proſperous dayes.
Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,
That would reduce theſe bloody dayes againe,
And make poore England weepe in Streames of Blood;
Let them not live to taſte this Lands increaſe,
That would with Treaſon, wound this faire Lands peace
Now Civill wounds are ſtopp'd, Peace lives agen;
That ſhe may long live here, God ſay, Amen. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Famous Hiſtory of the Life of
King HENRY the Eight.

THE PROLOGVE.

I Come no more to make you laugh; Things now,
That beare a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of State and Woe:
Such Noble Scænes, as draw the Eye to flow
We now preſent. Thoſe that can Pitty, heere
May (if they thinke it well) let fall a Teare,
The Subject will deſerve it. Such as give
Their Money out of hope they may beleeve,
May heere ſind Truth too. Thoſe that come to ſee
Onely a ſhow or two, and ſo agree,
The Play may paſſe: If they be still, and willing,
Ile undertake may ſee away their ſhilling
Richly in two ſhort houres. Onely they
That come to heare a Merry, Bawdy Play,
A noyſe of Targets: Or to ſee a Fellow
In a long Motley Coate, garded with Yellow,
Will be deceiv'd. For gentle Hearers, know
To ranke our choſen Truth with ſuch a ſhow
As Foole, and Fight is, beſide forfeyting
Our owne Braines, and the Opinion that we bring
To make that onely true, we now intend,
Will leave us never an underſtanding Friend.
Therefore, for Goodneſſe ſake, and as you are knowne
The First and Happieſt Hearers of the Towne,
Be ſad, as we would make ye. Thinke ye ſee
The very Perſons of our Noble Story,
As they were Living: Thinke you ſee them Great,
And follow'd with the generall throng, and ſweat
Of thouſand Friends: then, in a moment, ſee
How ſoone this Mightineſſe, meets Miſery:
And if you can be merry then, Ile ſay,
A Man may weepe upon his Wedding day.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke at one doore. At the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Aburgavenny.

Buckingham.
GOod morrow, and well met. How have yee
Since laſt we ſaw in France? (done
Norf. I thanke your Grace:
Heathfull, and ever ſince a freſh Admirer
Of what I ſaw there.
Buck. An untimely Ague
Staid me a Priſoner in my Chamber, when
Thoſe Sunnes of Glory, thoſe two Lights of Men
Met in the vale of Arde.
Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde,
I was then preſent, ſaw them ſalute on Horſebacke,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their Embracement, as they grew together,
Which had they,
What foure Thron'd ones cold have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time
I was my Chambers Priſoner.
Nor. Then you loſt
The view of earthly glory: Men might ſay
Till this time Pompe was ſingle, but now married
To one above it ſelfe. Each following day
Became the next dayes maſter, till the laſt
Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,
All Clinquant all in Gold, like Heathens Gods
Shone downe the Engliſh; and to morrow, they
Made Britaine, India: Every man that ſtood,
Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfiſh Pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too,
Not us'd to toyle, did almoſt ſweat to beare
The Pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske
Was cry'de incompareable; and th'enſuing night
Made it a foole, and beggar. The two Kings
Equall in luſtre, were now beſt, now worſt
As preſence did preſent them: him in eye,
Still him in praiſe, and being preſent both,
'Twas ſaid they ſaw but one, and no Diſcerner
Durſt wagge his Tongue in cenſure, when theſe Sunnes
(For ſo they phraſe 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd
The Noble ſpirits to Armes, they did performe

Beyond thoughts Compaſſe, that former fabulous Story
Being now ſeene, poſſible enough, got credit
That *Bevis* was beleev'd.
Buc. Oh you goe farre.
Nor. As I beloug to worſhip, and affect
In honor, honeſty, the tract of ev'ry thing,
Would by a good Diſcourſer loſe ſome life,
Which Actions ſelfe, was tongue to.
Buc. All was Royall,
To the diſpoſing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view. The Office did
Diſtinctly his full Function: who did guide,
I meane who ſet the Body, and the Limbes
Of this great Sport together?
Nor. As you gueſſe:
Once certes, that promiſes no Element
In ſuch a buſineſſe.
Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?
Nor. Al this was ordred by the good Diſcretion
Of the right Reverend Cardinall of Yorke.
Buc. The divell ſpeed him: No mans Pye is freed
From his Ambitious finger. What had he
To doe in theſe fierce Vanities? I wonder,
That ſuch a Keech can with his very bulke
Take up the Rayes o'th'beneficiall Sun,
And keepe it from the Earth.
Nor. Surely Sir,
There's in him ſtuffe, that put's him to theſe ends:
For being not propt by Aunceſtry, whoſe grace
Chalkes Succeſſors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to'th'Crowne; neither Allied
To eminent Aſſiſtants; but Spider-like
Out of his ſelfe-drawing Web. O! gives us note,
The force of his owne merit makes his way
A guift that heaven gives for him, which buyes
A place next to the King.
Abur. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him: let ſome Graver eye
Pierce into that, but I can ſee his Pride
Peepe through each part of him: whence ha's he that,
If not from Hell? the divell is a Niggard,
Or ha's given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himſelfe.
Buc. Why the divell,
Vpon this French going out, tooke he upon him
(Without the privity o'th'King) t'appoint
Who ſhould attend on him? He makes up the File
Of all the Gentry; for the moſt part ſuch
To whom as grear a Charge, as little Honor
He meant to lay upon: and his owne Letter
The Honourable Boord of Councell, out
Muſt fetch him in, he Papers.
Abur. I doe know
Kinſmen of mine, three at the leaſt, that have
By this, ſo ſicken'd their Eſtates, that never
They ſhall abound as formerly.
Buc. O many
Have broke their backes with laying Mannors on 'em
For this great Iourney. What did this vanity
But miniſter communication of
A moſt poore iſſue.
Nor. Greevingly I thinke,
The Peace betweene the French and us, not valewes
The Coſt that did conclude it.
Buc. Every man,
After the hideous ſtorme that follow'd, was
A thing inſpir'd, and not conſulting, broke
Into a generall Propheſie; That this Tempeſt
Daſhing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded
The ſodaine breach on't.
Nor. Which is budded out,
For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at Burdeaux.
Abur. Is it therefore
Th'Ambaſſador is ſilenc'd?
Nor. Marry is't.
Abur. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd
At a ſuperfluous rate.
Buc. Why all this Buſineſſe
Our Reverend Cardinall carried.
Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I adviſe you
(And take it from a heart, that wiſhes towards you
Honor, and plenteous ſafety) that you reade
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together; To conſider further, that
What his high Hatred would effect, wants not
A Miniſter in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's Revengefull; and I know, his Sword
Hath a ſharpe edge: It's long, and't may be ſaid
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Boſome up my counſell,
You'll find it wholeſome. Loe, where comes that Rocke
That I adviſe your ſhunning.

Enter Cardinall Wolſey, the Purſe borne before him, certaine of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers: The Cardinall in his paſſage, fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of diſdaine.

Car. The Duke of *Buckinghams* Surveyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?
Secr. Here ſo pleaſe you.
Car. Is he in perſon, ready?
Secr. I, pleaſe your Grace.
Car. Well, we ſhall then know more, and *Buckingha*
Shall leſſen this bigge looke.
Exeunt Cardinall and his Traine.
Buc. This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him, therefore beſt
Not wake him in his ſlumber. A Beggers booke,
Out-worths a Nobles blood.
Nor. What are you chaff'd?
Aske God for Temp'rance, that's th'appliance onely
Which your diſeaſe requires.
Buc. I reade in's lookes
Matter againſt me, and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object, at this inſtant
He bores me with ſome tricke; He's gone to'th'King:
Ile follow, and out-ſtare him.
Nor. Stay my Lord,
And let your Reaſon with your Choller queſtion
What 'tis you goe about: to climbe ſteepe hilles
Requires ſlow pace at firſt. Anger is like
A full hot Horſe, who being allow'd his way
Selfe-mettle tyres him: Not a man in England
Can adviſe me like you: Be to your ſelfe,
As you would to your Friend.
Buc. Ile to the King,
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe

This *Ipſwich* fellowes inſolence; or proclaime,
There's difference in no perſons.
Norf. Be adviſ'd;
Heat not a Furnace for your foe ſo hot
That it doe ſindge your ſelfe. We may out-runne
By violent ſwiftneſſe that which we run at;
And loſe by over-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor til't run ore,
In ſeeming to augment it, waſts it: be adviſ'd;
I ſay againe, there is no Engliſh ſoule
More ſtronger to direct you then your ſelfe:
If with the ſap of reaſon you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of paſſion.
Buc. Sir,
I am thankfull to you, and Ile goe along
By your preſcription: but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From ſincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofes as cleere as Founts in *Iuly*, when
We ſee each graine of gravell; I doe know
To be corrupt and treaſonous.
Norf. Say not treaſonous.
Buc. To th'King Ile ſay't, and make my vouch as ſtrong
As ſhore of Rocke: attend. This holy Foxe,
Or Wolfe, or both (for he is equall rav'nous
As he is ſubtile, and as prone to miſchiefe,
As able to perform't) his minde, and place
Infecting one another, yea reciprocally,
Only to ſhew his pompe, as well in France,
As here at home, ſuggeſts the King our Maſter
To this laſt coſtly Treaty: Th'enterview,
That ſwallowed ſo much treaſure, and like a glaſſe
Did breake ith'wrenching.
Norf. Faith, and ſo it did.
Buc. Pray give me favour Sir: This cunning Cardinal
The Articles o'th'Combination drew
As himſelfe pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cride thus let be, to as much end,
As give a Crutch to th'dead. But our Count-Cardinall
Has done this, and 'tis well: for worthy *Wolſey*
(Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this followes,
(Which as I take it, is a kind of Puppy
To th'old dam Treaſon) *Charles* the Emperour,
Vnder pretence to ſee the Queene his Aunt,
(For twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whiſper *Wolſey*) here makes viſitation,
His feares were that the Interview betwixt
England and *France*, might through their amity
Breed him ſome prejudice; for from this League,
Peep'd harmes that menac'd him. He Privily
Deales with our Cardinall, and as I troa
Which I doe well; for I am ſure the Emperour
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made
And pav'd with gold: the Emperor thus deſir'd,
That he would pleaſe to alter the Kings courſe,
And breake the foreſaid peace. Let the King know
(As ſoone he ſhall by me) that thus the Cardinall
Does buy and ſell his honour as he pleaſes,
And for his owne advantage.
Nor. I am ſorry
To heare this of him; and could wiſh he were
Somthing miſtaken in't.
Buck. No, not a ſillable:
I doe pronounce him in that very ſhape
He ſhall appeare in proofe.

Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at Armes before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Brandon. Your Office Sergeant: execute it.
Sergeant. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earle
Of *Hertford*, *Stafford* and *Northumpton*, I
Arreſt thee of high Treaſon, in the name
Of our moſt Soveraigne King.
Buc. Loe you my Lord,
The net has falne upon me, I ſhall periſh
Vnder device, and practiſe.
Bran. I am ſorry,
To ſee you tane from liberty, to looke on
The buſines preſent. 'Tis his highneſſe pleaſure
You ſhall to th'Tower.
Buck. It will helpe me nothing
To plead mine Innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'ſt part, black. The will of Heav'n
Be done iu this and all things: I obey.
O my Lord *Aburgany*: Fare you well.
Bran. Nay, he muſt beare you company. The King
Is pleas'd you ſhall to th'Tower, till you know,
How he determines further.
Abur. As the Duke ſaid,
The will of heaven be done, and the Kings pleaſure
By me obey'd.
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach Lord *Mountacute*, and the bodies
Of the Dukes Confeſſor, *Iohn de la Car*,
One *Gilbert Pecke*, his Councellour.
Buck. So, ſo;
Theſe are the limbes o'th'Plot. no more I hope.
Bra. A Monke o'th'*Chartreux*.
Buck. O *Michaell Hopkins*.
Bra. He.
Buck. My Surveyor is falſe; The ore-great *Cardinall*
Hath ſhew'd him gold; my life is ſpand already:
I am the ſhadow of poore *Buckingham*,
Whoſe Figure even this inſtant Clowd puts on,
By Darkning my cleere Sunne. My Lords farewell. *Exe.*

Scæna Secunda.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinalls ſhoulder: the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovell: the Cardinall places himſelfe under the Kings feete on his right ſide.

King. My life it ſelfe, and the beſt heart of it,
Thankes you for this great care: I ſtood i'th'levell
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thankes
To you that choak'd it. Let be cal'd before us
That Gentleman of *Buckinghams*, in perſon,
Ile heare him his confeſſions juſtifie,
And point by point the Treaſons his Maiſter,
He ſhall againe relate.

A noyſe with crying roome for the Queene, uſher'd by the Duke of Norfolke. Enter the Queene, Norfolke and Suffolke: ſhe kneels. King riſeth from his State, takes her up, kiſſes and placeth her by him.

Quee. Nay, we muſt longer kneele; I am a Suitor.
King. Ariſe, and take place by us; halfe your Suit
Never name to us; you have halfe our power:

he

The other moity ere you aske is given,
Repeat your will, and take it.
Quee. Thanke your Majeſty
That you would love your ſelfe, and in that love
Not unconſidered leave your honor, nor
The dignity of your Office ; is the point
Of my Petition.
King. Lady mine proceed.
Quee. I am ſolicited not by a few,
And thoſe of true condition ; That your Subjects
Are in great grievance ; There have beene Commiſſions
Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their Loyalties ; wherein, although
My good Lord Cardinall, they vent reproches
Moſt bitterly on you, as putter on
Of theſe exactions : yet the King, our Maſter (not
Whoſe Honor heaven ſhield from ſoile ; even he eſcapes
Language unmannerly ; yea, ſuch which breakes
The ſides of loyalty, and almoſt appeares
In lowd Rebellion.
Norf. Not almoſt appeares,
It doth appeare ; for, upon theſe Taxations,
The Clothiers all not able to maintaine
The many to them longing, have put off
The Spinſters, Carders, Fullers, Weavers, who
Vnfit for other life, compeld by hunger
And lacke of other meanes, in deſperate manner
Daring th'event to th'teeth, are all in uprore,
And danger ſerves among them.
King. Taxation ?
Wherein ? and what Taxation ? My Lord Cardinall,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this Taxation ?
Card. Pleaſe you Sir,
I know but of a ſingle part in ought
Pertaines to th'State ; and front but in that file
Where othets tell ſteps with me.
Que. No, my Lord ?
You know no more then others ? But you frame
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholſome
To thoſe which would not know them, and yet muſt
Perforce be their acquaintance. Theſe exactions
(Whereof my Soveraigne would have note) they are
Moſt peſtilent to th'hearing, and to beare 'em,
The Backe is Sacrifice to th'load ; They ſay
They are deviſ'd by you, or elſe you ſuffer
Too hard an exclamation.
King. Still Exaction :
The nature of it, in what kind let's know,
Is this Exaction ?
Que. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am boldned
Vnder your promiſ'd pardon. The ſubjects griefe
Comes through Commiſſions, which compels from each
The ſixt part of his Subſtance, to be levied
Without delay ; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your warres in France : this makes bold mouths
Tongues ſpit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegeance in them ; their curſes now
Live where their prayers did : and it's come to paſſe,
This tractable obedience is a Slave
To each incenſed Will : I would your Highneſſe
Would give it quicke conſideration ; for
There is no primer baſeneſſe.
King. By my life,
This is againſt our pleaſure.
Card. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, then by
A ſingle voyce, and that not paſt me, but
By learned approbation of the Judges : if I am
Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor perſon, yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing : Let me ſay,
'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake
That Vertue muſt goe through : we muſt not ſtint
Our neceſſary actions, in the feare
To cope malicious Cenſurers, which ever,
As rau'nous Fiſhes doe a Veſſell follow
That is new trim'd ; but benefit no further
Then vainly longing. What we oft doe beſt,
By ſicke interpreters (once weake ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worſt, as oft
Hitting a groſſer quality, is cride up
For our beſt Act : if we ſhall ſtand ſtill,
In feare our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,
We ſhould take roote here, where we ſit ;
Or ſit State Statues onely.
King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themſelves from feare :
Things done without example, in their iſſue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a Preſident
Of this Commiſſion ? I beleeve, not any.
We muſt not rend our Subjects from our Lawes,
And ſticke them in our Will. Sixt part of each ?
A trembling Contribution ; why we take
From every Tree, lop, barke, and part o'th'Timber :
And though we leave it with a roote thus hackt,
The Ayre will drinke the Sap. To every County
Where this is queſtion'd, ſend our Letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'de
The force of this Commiſſion : pray looke too't ;
I put it to your care.
Card. A word with you.
Let there be Letters writ to every Shire,
Of the Kings grace and pardon : the greeved Commo
Hardly conceive of me. Let it be nois'd,
That through our Interceſſion, this Rovokement
And pardon comes : I ſhall anon adviſe you
Further in the proceeding. *Exit S*

Enter Surveyor.

Quee. I am ſorry, that the Duke of *Buckingham*
Is run in your diſpleaſure.
King. It grieves many :
The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a moſt rare Speaker,
To Nature none more bound, his trayning ſuch,
That he may furniſh and inſtruct great Teachers,
And never ſeeke for ayde out of himſelfe : yet ſee,
When theſe ſo Noble benefits ſhall prove
Not well diſpos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turne to vicious formes, ten times more vgly
Then ever they were faire. This man ſo compleat,
Who was enrold 'mongſt wonders ; and when we
Almoſt with raviſh'd liſtning, could not find
His houre of ſpeech, a minute : He, (my Lady)
Hath into monſtrous habits put the Graces
That once were his, and is become as blacke,
As if beſmear'd in hell. Sit by Vs, you ſhall heare
(This was his Gentleman in truſt) of him
Things to ſtrike Honour ſad. Bid him recount
The fote-recited practiſes, whereof
We cannot feele too little, heare too much.

Ca

Card. Stand forth,& with bold ſpirit relate what you
Moſt like a careful Subject have collected
Out of the Duke of *Buckingham*.
Kin. Speake freely.
Sur. Firſt, it was uſuall with him; every day
It would infect his Speech: That if the King
Should without iſſue dye; hee'l carry it ſo
To make the Scepter his. Theſe very words
I've heard him utter to his Sonne in Law,
Lord *Aburgany*,to whom by oth he menac'd
Revenge upon the *Cardinall*.
Card. Pleaſe your Highneſſe,note
This dangerous conception in this point,
Not friended by his wiſh to your High perſon;
His will is moſt malignant, and it ſtretches
Beyond you to your friends.
Queen. My learned Lord *Cardinall*,
Deliver all with Charity.
Kin. Speake on;
How grounded he his Title to the Crowne
Vpon our faile; to this poynt haſt thou heard him,
At any time ſpeake ought?
Sur. He was brought to this,
By a vaine Propheſie of *Nicholas Henton*.
Kin. What was that *Henton*?
Sur. Sir, a *Chartreux* Fryer,
His Confeſſor, who fed him every minute
With words of Soveraignty.
Kin. How know'ſt thou this?
Sur. Not long before your Highneſſe ſped to France,
The Duke being at the Roſe, within the Pariſh
Saint *Laurence Poultney*, did of me demand
What was the ſpeech among the Londoners,
Concerning the French Iourney. I replide,
Men feare the French would prove perfidious
To the Kings danger: preſently, the Duke
Said, 'twas the feare indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certaine words
Spoke by a holy Monke, that oft, ſayes he,
Hath ſent to me, wiſhing me to permit
Iohn de la Car, my Chaplaine, a choyce howre
To heare from him a matter of ſome moment:
Whom after under the Commiſſions Seale,
He ſollemnly had ſworne, that what he ſpoke
My Chaplaine to no Creature living, but
To me, ſhould utter, with demure Confidence,
This pauſingly enſu'de; neither the King nor's Heyres
(Tell you the Duke) ſhall proſper, bid him ſtrive
To the love o'th' Commonalty, the Duke
Shall governe England.
Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Dukes Surveyor, and loſt your Office
On the complaint o'th' Tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your ſpleene a Noble perſon,
And ſpoyle your Noble Soule; I ſay, take heed;
Yes, heartily beſeech you.
Kin. Let him on: Goe forward.
Sur. On my Soule, Ile ſpeake but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' Divels illuſions
The Monke might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dangerous
For this to ruminate on this ſo farre, untill
It forg'd him ſome deſigne, which being beleev'd
It was much like to doe: He anſwer'd, Tuſh,
It can doe me no damage; adding further,
That had the King in his laſt Sickneſſe faild,
The Cardinals and Sir *Thomas Lovels* heads
Should have gone off.
Kin. Ha? What, ſo rancke? Ah, ha,
There's miſchiefe in this man; canſt thou ſay further?
Sir. I can my Liedge.
Kin. Proceed.
Sur. Being at *Greenwich*,
After your Highneſſe had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir *William Blumer*. (vant,
Kin. I remember of ſuch a time, being my ſworn ſer-
The Duke retein'd him his. But on: what hence?
Sur. If (quoth he) I for this had beene committed,
As to the Tower, I thought; I would have plaid
The Part my Father meant to act upon
Th' Vſurper *Richard*, who being at *Salisbury*,
Made ſuit to come in's preſence; which if granted,
(As he made ſemblance of his duty) would
Have put his knife into him.
Kin. A Gyant Traytor,
Card. Now Madam, may his Highneſſe live in freedome,
And this man out of Priſon.
Queen. God mend all. (ſay'ſt?
Kin. Ther's ſomthing more would out of thee; what
Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the knife
He ſtretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another ſpread on's breaſt, mounting his eyes,
He did diſcharge a horrible Oath, whoſe tenor
Was, were he evill us'd, he would outgoe
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's an irreſolute purpoſe.
Kin. There's his period,
To ſheath his knife in us: he is attach'd,
Call him to preſent tryall: if he may
Finde mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not ſeek't of us: By day and night
Hee's Traytor to th' height. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter L. Chamberlaine and L. Sandys.

L.Ch. Is't poſſible the ſpels of France ſhould juggle
Men into ſuch ſtrange Myſteries?
L.San. New cuſtomes,
Though they be never ſo ridiculous,
(Nay let 'em be unmanly) yet are follow'd.
L.Ch. As farre as I ſee, all the good our Engliſh
Have got by the late Voyage, is but meerely
A fit or two o'th' face, (but they are ſhrewd ones)
For when they hold 'em, you would ſweare directly
Their very noſes had been Councellours
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keepe State ſo.
L.San. They have all new legs,
And lame ones; one would take it,
That never ſee 'em pace before, the Spaven
A Spring-halt reign'd among 'em.
L.Ch. Death my Lord,
Their cloathes are after ſuch a Pagan cut too't,
That ſure th' have worne out Chriſtendome: how now?
What newes, Sir *Thomas Lovell*?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lovell. Faith my Lord,
I heare of none but the new Proclamation,
That's clapt upon the Court Gate.

L.Cham. What is't for?
Lou. The reformation of our travel'd Gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talke, and Taylors.
L.Cham. I'm glad 'tis there;
Now I would pray our Monſieurs
To thinke an Engliſh Courtier may be wiſe,
And never ſee the *Louure.*
Lou. They muſt eyther
(For ſo run the Conditions) leave thoſe remnants
Of Foole and Feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto; as Fights and Fire-workes,
Abuſing better men then they can be
Out of a forreigne wiſedome, renouncing cleane
The faith they have in Tennis and tall Stockings,
Short bliſtred Breeches and thoſe types of Travell;
And underſtand againe like honeſt men,
Or pack to their old Playfellowes; there I take it,
They may *Cum Privilegio*, weare away
The Lag end of their lewdneſſe, and be laugh'd at.
L.San. 'Tis time to give him Phyſicke, their diſeaſes
Are growne ſo catching.
L.Cham. What a loſſe our Ladies
Will have of theſe trim vanities?
Lovell. I marry,
There will be woe indeed Lords, the ſlye whorſons
Have got a ſpeeding tricke to lay downe Ladies.
A French Song, and a Fiddle, ha's no Fellow.
L.San. The Divell fiddle 'em.
I am glad they are going,
For ſure there's no converting of 'em: now
An honeſt Country Lord as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plaine ſong,
And have an houre of hearing, and by'r Lady
Held currant Muſicke too.
L.Cham. Well ſaid Lord *Sands*,
Your Colts tooth is not caſt yet?
L.San. No my Lord,
Nor ſhall not while I have a ſtumpe.
L.Cham. Sir *Thomas*,
Whither were you a going?
Lou. To the Cardinals;
Your Lordſhip is a gueſt too.
L.Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a Supper and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdome Ile aſſure you.
Lou. That Churchman
Beares a bounteous minde indeed,
A hand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds us,
His dewes fall every where.
L.Cham. No doubt hee's Noble;
He had a blacke mouth that ſaid other of him.
L.San. He may my Lord,
Ha's wherewithall in him;
Sparing would ſhew a worſe ſinne, then ill Doctrine.
Men of his way, ſhould be moſt liberall,
They are ſet heere for examples.
L.Cham. True they are ſo;
But few now give ſo great ones:
My Barge ſtayes;
Your Lordſhip ſhall along: Come, good Sir *Thomas*,
We ſhall be late elſe, which I would not be,
For I was ſpoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*
This night to be Comptrollers.
L.San. I am your Lordſhips. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Hoboies. A ſmall Table under a State for the Cardinall, a longer Table for the Gueſts. Then Enter Anne Bullen, and divers other Ladies, & Gentlemen, as Gueſts at one Doore; at another Doore enter Sir Henry Guilford.

S.Hen.Guilf. Ladyes,
A generall welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all; This Night he dedicates
To faire content, and you: None heere he hopes
In all this Noble Bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry:
As firſt, good Company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter L. Chamberlaine, L. Sands, and Lovell.

O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thought of this faire Company,
Clapt wings to me.
Cham. You are young Sir *Harry Guilford.*
San. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, had the Cardinall
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, ſome of theſe
Should finde a running Banket, ere they reſted,
I thinke would better pleaſe 'em: by my life,
They are a ſweet ſociety of faire ones.
Lov. O that your Lordſhip were but now Confeſſor,
To one or two of theſe.
San. I would I were,
They ſhould find eaſie penance,
Lov. Faith how eaſie?
San. As eaſie as a downe Bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet Ladies will it pleaſe you ſit; Sir *Harry*
Place you that ſide, Ile take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring. Nay, you muſt not freeze,
Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather:
My Lord *Sands*, you are one will keepe 'em waking:
Pray ſit betweene theſe Ladies.
San. By my faith,
And thanke your Lordſhip: by your Leave ſweet Ladies
If I chance to talke a little wilde, forgive me:
I had it from my Father.
An.Bul. Was he mad Sir?
San. O very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none, juſt as I doe now,
He would Kiſſe you Twenty with a breath.
Cham. Well ſaid my Lord:
So now y'are fairely ſeated: Gentlemen,
The pennance lyes on you; if theſe faire Ladies
Paſſe away frowning.
San. For my little Cure,
Let me alone.

Hoboyes. Enter Cardinall Wolſey, and takes his State.

Card. Y'are welcome my faire Gueſts; that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Fiend. This to confirme my welcome,
And to you all good health.
San. Your Grace is Noble,
Let me have ſuch a Bowle may hold my thankes,
And ſave me ſo much talking,
Card. My Lord *Sands*,

I am beholding to you: cheere your neighbour:
Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen,
Whoſe fault is this?
San. The red wine firſt muſt riſe
In their faire cheekes my Lord, then we ſhall have 'em,
Talke us to ſilence.
An.Bu. You are a merry Gamſter
My Lord *Sands*.
San. Yes, if I make my play:
Heer's to your Ladiſhip, and pledge it Madam:
For 'tis to ſuch a thing.
An.B. You cannot ſhew me.

Drum and Trumpet, Chambers diſchargd.

San. I told your Grace, they would talke anon.
Card. What's that?
Cham. Looke out there, ſome of ye.
Card. What warlike voyce.
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, feare not;
By all the lawes of Warre y'are priviledg'd.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't?
Serv. A noble troupe of Strangers,
For ſo they ſeeme; th' have left their Barge and landed,
And hither make, as great Embaſſadors
From forraigne Princes.
Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can ſpeake the French tongue
And pray receive 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our preſence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall ſhine at full upon them. Some attend him.

All riſe, and Tables remov'd.

You have now a broken Banket, but wee'l mend it.
A good diſgeſtion to you all; and once more
I ſhowre a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Hoboyes. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like Shepheards, uſher'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They paſſe directly before the Cardinall, and gracefully ſalute him.

A noble Company: what are their pleaſures?
Cham. Becauſe they ſpeak no Engliſh, thus they praid
To tell your Grace: That having heard by fame
Of this ſo Noble and ſo faire aſſembly,
This night to meet heere, they could doe no leſſe,
(Out of the great reſpect they beare to beauty)
But leave their Flockes, and under your faire conduct
Crave leave to view theſe Ladies, and entreat
An houre of Revels with 'em.
Card. Say, Lord *Chamberlaine*,
They have done my poore houſe grace:
For which I pay 'em a thouſand thankes,
And pray 'em take their pleaſures.

Chooſe Ladies, King and Anne Bullen.

King. The faireſt hand I ever touch'd: O Beauty,
Till now I never knew thee.

Muſicke, Dance.

Card. My Lord.
Cham. Your Grace.
Card. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There ſhould be one amongſt 'em by his perſon
More worthy this place then my ſelfe, to whom
(If I but knew him) with my love and duty
I would ſurrender it. *Whiſper.*
Cham. I will my Lord.
Card. What ſay they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confeſſe
There is indeed, which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Card. Let me ſee then,
By all your good leaves Gentlemen; heere Ile make
My royall choyce.
Kin. Ye have found him Cardinall,
You hold a faire Aſſembly; you doe well Lord:
You are a Churchman, or Ile tell you Cardinall,
I ſhould judge now unhappily.
Card. I am glad
Your Grace is growne ſo pleaſant.
Kin. My Lord Chamberlaine,
prethee come hither, what faire Ladie's that?
Cham. An't pleaſe your Grace,
Sir *Thomas Bullens* Daughter, the Viſcount *Rochford*,
One of her Higheſſe women.
Kin. By Heaven ſhe is a dainty one. Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiſſe you. A health Gentlemen,
Let it goe round.
Card. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, is the Banket ready
I'th' Privy Chamber?
Lov. Yes, my Lord.
Card. Your Grace
I feare, with dancing is a little heated.
Kin. I feare too much.
Card. There's freſher ayre my Lord,
In the next Chamber.
Kin. Lead in your Ladies ev'ry one: Sweet Partner,
I muſt not yet forſake you: Let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinall: I have halfe a dozen healths,
To drinke to theſe faire Ladies, and a meaſure
To lead 'em once againe, and then let's dreame
Who's beſt in favour. Let the Muſicke knock it.

Exeunt with Trumpets.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen at ſeverall Doores.

1. Whither away ſo faſt?
2. O, God ſave ye:
Ev'n to the Hall, to heare what ſhall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.
1. Ile ſave you
That labour Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony
Of bringing backe the Priſoner.
2. Were you there?
1. Yes indeed was I.
2. Pray ſpeake what ha's happen'd.
1. You may gueſſe quickly what.
2. Is he found guilty?
1. Yes truely is he,
And condemn'd upon't.
2. I am ſorry fort.
1. So are a number more.
2. But pray how paſt it?
1. Ile tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar; where, to his accuſations
He pleaded ſtill not guilty, and alleadged
Many ſharpe reaſons to defeat the Law.
The Kings Atturney on the contrary,
Vrg'd on the Examinations, proofes, confeſſions

Of divers witneſſes, which the Duke deſir'd
To him brought *viva voce* to his face;
At which appear'd againſt him, his Surveyor,
Sir *Gilbert Pecke* his Chancellour, and *Iohn Car*,
Confeſſor to him, with that Divell Monke,
Hopkins, that made this miſchiefe.
2. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies.
1. The ſame,
All theſe accus'd him ſtrongly which he faine
Would have flung from him; but indeed he could not;
And ſo his Peeres upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high Treaſon. Much
He ſpoke, and learnedly for life: But all
Was either pittied in him, or forgotten.
2. After all this, how did he beare himſelfe?
1. When he was brought agen to th' Bar, to heare
His Knell rung out, his Iudgement, he was ſtir'd
With ſuch an Agony, he ſweat extreamly,
And ſomething ſpoke in choller, ill, and haſty:
But he fell to himſelfe againe, and ſweetly,
In all the reſt ſhew'd a moſt Noble patience.
2. I doe not thinke he feares death.
1. Sure he does not,
He never was ſo womaniſh, the cauſe
He may a little grieve at.
2. Certainly,
The Cardinall is the end of this.
1. Tis likely,
By all conjectures: Firſt *Kildares* Attendure;
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remov'd,
Earle *Surrey* was ſent thither, and in haſt too,
Leaſt he ſhould helpe his Father.
2. That tricke of State
Was a deepe envious one.
1. At his returne,
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted
(And generally) who ever the King favours,
The Cardinall inſtantly will finde imployment,
And farre enough from Court too.
2. All the Commons
Hate him perniciouſly, and o'my Conſcience
Wiſh him ten faddom deepe: This Duke as much
They love and doate on: call him bounteous *Buckingham*,
The Mirror of all courteſie.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment. Tipſtaves before him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halberds on each ſide, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell; Sir Nicholas Vaux, Walter Sands, and common people, &c.

1. Stay there Sir,
And ſee the noble ruin'd man you ſpeake of.
2. Let's ſtand cloſe and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus have come to pitty me;
Heare what I ſay, and then goe home and loſe me.
I have this day receiu'd a Traitors judgement,
And by that name muſt dye; yet Heaven beare witneſſe,
And if I have a Conſcience, let it ſinke me,
Even as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.
The Law I beare no mallice for my death,
T'has done upon the premiſes, but juſtice:
But thoſe that ſought it, I could wiſh more Chriſtians:
(Be what they will) I heartily forgive 'em;
Yet let 'em looke they glorie not in miſchiefe;
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then, my guiltleſſe blood muſt cry againſt 'em.
For further life in this world I ne're hope,
Nor will I ſue, although the King have mercies
More then I dare make faults.
You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weepe ſo *Buckingham*,
His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leave
Is onely bitter to him, only dying:
Goe with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long divorce of Steele fals on me,
Make of your Prayers one ſweet Sacrifice,
And lift my Soule to Heaven.
Leade on a Gods name.
Lovell. I doe beſeech your Grace, for charity
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid againſt me, now to forgive me frankly.
Buck. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgvien: I forgive all.
There cannot be thoſe numberleſſe offences
Gainſt me, that I cannot take peace with:
No blacke envy ſhall make my Grave.
Commend me to his Grace:
And if he ſpeake of *Buckingham*; pray tell him,
You met him halfe in Heaven: my vowes and prayers
Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forſake,
Shall cry for bleſſings on him. May he live
Longer then I have time to tell his yeares;
Ever belov'd and loving, may his Rule be;
And when old Time ſhal leade him to his end,
Goodneſſe and he, fill up one Monument.
Lov. To th' water ſide I muſt conduct your Grace;
Then give my Charge up to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who undertakes you to your end.
Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is comming: See the Barge be ready,
And fit it with ſuch furniture as ſuites
The Greatneſſe of his perſon.
Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone; my ſtate now will but mocke me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Conſtable,
And Duke of *Buckingham*: now, poore *Edward Bohun*;
Yet I am richer then my baſe Accuſers,
That never knew what Truth meant: I now ſeale it;
And with that bloud wil make 'em one day groane for't.
My noble Father *Henry* of *Buckingham*.
Who firſt rais'd head againſt Vſurping *Richard*,
Flying for ſuccour to his Servant *Baniſter*,
Being diſtreſt; was by that wretch betraid,
And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him.
Henry the Seaventh ſucceeding, truly pittying
My Fathers loſſe; like a moſt Royall Prince
Reſtor'd me to my Honours: and out of ruines
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,
Henry the Eight, Life, Honour, Name and all
That made me happy; at one ſtroke ha's taken
For ever from the World. I had my Tryall,
And muſt needs ſay a Noble one; which makes me
A little happier then my wretched Father:
Yet thus farre we are one in Fortunes, both
Fell by our Servants, by thoſe Men we lov'd moſt:
A moſt unnaturall and faithleſſe Service.
Heaven ha's an end in all: yet, you that heare me,
This from a dying man receive as certaine:
Where you are liberall of your loves and Counſels,
Be ſure you be not looſe; for thoſe you make friends,

And give your hearts to; when they once perceive
The leaſt rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found againe
But where they meane to ſinke ye: all good people
Pray for me, I muſt now forſake ye; the laſt houre
Of my long weary life is come upon me:
Farewell; and when you would ſay ſomething that is ſad,
Speake how I fell.
I have done; and God forgive me.
Exeunt Duke and Traine.
1. O, this is full of pitty; Sir, it cals
I feare, too many curſes on their heads
That were the Authors.
2. If the Duke be guiltleſſe,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inckling
Of an enſuing evill, if it fall,
Greater then this.
1. Good Angels keepe it from us:
What may it be? you doe not doubt my faith Sir?
2. This Secret is ſo weighty, 'twill require
A ſtrong faith to conceale it.
1. Let me have it;
I doe not talke much.
2. I am confident;
You ſhall Sir: Did you not of late dayes heare
A buzzing of a Separation
Betweene the King and *Katherine*?
1. Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He ſent command to the Lord Mayor ſtraight
To ſtop the rumor; and allay thoſe tongues
That durſt diſperſe it.
2. But that ſlander Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it growes agen
Freſher then e're it was; and held for certaine
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinall,
Or ſome about him neere, have out of malice
To the good Queene, poſſeſt him with a ſcruple
That will undoe her: To confirme this too,
Cardinall *Campeius* is arriv'd, and lately,
As all thinke for this buſineſſe.
1. 'Tis the Cardinall;
And meerely to revenge him on the Emperour,
For not beſtowing on him at his asking,
The Archbiſhopricke of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.
2. I thinke
You have hit the marke; but is't not cruell,
That ſhe ſhould feele the ſmart of this: the Cardinall
Will have his will, and ſhe muſt fall.
1. 'Tis wofull.
Wee are too open heere to argue this:
Let's thinke in private more. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.

My Lord, the Horſes your Lordſhip ſent for, with all the care I had, I ſaw well choſen, ridden, and furniſh'd. They were young and handſome, and of the beſt breed in the North. When they were ready to ſet out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinalls, by Commiſſion, and maine power tooke 'em from me, with this reaſon: his maſter would be ſerv'd before a Subject, if not before the King, which ſtop'd our mouthes Sir.

I feare he will indeede; well, let him have them; hee will have all I thinke.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke.

Norf. Well met my Lord *Chamberlaine.*
Cham. Good day to both your Graces.
Suff. How is the King imploy'd?
Cham. I left him Private,
Full of ſad thoughts and troubles.
Norf. What's the cauſe?
Cham. It ſeemes the Marriage with his Brothers Wife
Ha's crept too neere his Conſcience.
Suff. No, his Conſcience
Ha's crept too neere another Ladie.
Norf. Tis ſo;
This is the Cardinalls doing: The King-Cardinall,
That blinde Prieſt, like the eldeſt Sonne of Fortune,
Turnes what he liſt. The King will know him one day.
Suff. Pray God he doe,
Hee'l never know himſelfe elſe.
Norf. How holily he workes in all his buſineſſe,
And with what zeale? For now he has crackt the League
Between us & the Emperor (the Queens great Nephew)
He dives into the Kings Soule, and there ſcatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the Conſcience,
Feares, and deſpaires, and all theſe for his Marriage.
And out of all theſe, to reſtore the King,
He counſels a Divorce, a loſſe of her
That like a Iewell, ha's hung twenty yeares
About his necke, yet never loſt her luſtre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence,
That Angels love good men with: Even of her,
That when the greateſt ſtroke of Fortune falls
Will bleſſe the King: and is not this courſe pious?
Cham. Heaven keep me from ſuch counſel: tis moſt true,
Theſe newes are every where, every tongue ſpeakes 'em,
And every true heart weepes for't. All that dare
Looke into theſe affaires, ſee this maine end,
The French Kings Siſter. Heaven will one day open
The Kings eyes, that ſo long have ſlept upon
This bold bad man.
Suff. And free us from his ſlavery.
Norf. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will worke us all
From Princes into Pages: all mens honours
Lie like one lumpe before him, to be faſhion'd
Into what pitch he pleaſe.
Suff. For me, my Lords,
I love him not, nor feare him, there's my Creede:
As I am made without him, ſo Ile ſtand,
If the King pleaſe: his Curſes and his bleſſings
Touch me alike: th' are breath I not beleeve in.
I knew him, and I know him: ſo I leave him
To him that made him proud; the Pope.
Norf. Let's in;
And with ſome other buſineſſe, put the King
From theſe ſad thoughts, that work too much upon him:
My Lord, youle beare us company?
Cham. Excuſe me,
The King ha's ſent me otherwhere: Beſides
You'l finde a moſt unfit time to diſturbe him:
Health to your Lordſhips.

Norfolke. Thankes my Good Lord *Chamberlaine.*
Exit Lord Chamberlaine, and the King drawes the Curtaine and ſits reading penſively.
Suff. How ſad he lookes; ſure he is much afflicted.
Kin. Who's there? Ha?
Norff. Pray God he be not angry. (ſelves
Kin. Who's there I ſay? How dare you thruſt your
Into my private Meditations?
Who am I? Ha?
Norff. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne're meant: Our breach of Duty this way,
Is buſineſſe of Eſtate; in which, wee come
To know your Royall pleaſure.
Kin. Ye are too bold:
Go to; Ile make ye know your times of buſineſſe:
Is this an howre for temporall affaires? Ha?
Enter Wolſey and Campeius with a Commiſſion.
Who's there? my good Lord Cardinall? O my *Wolſey,*
The quiet of my wounded Conſcience;
Thou art a cure fit for the King; you'r welcome
Moſt learned Reverend Sir, into our Kingdome,
Vſe us, and it: my good Lord, have great care,
I be not found a Talker.
Wol. Sir, you cannot;
I would your Grace would give us but an houre
Of private conference.
Kin. We are buſie; goe.
Nor. This Prieſt ha's no pride in him?
Suff. Not to ſpeake of:
I would not be ſo ſicke though for his place:
But this cannot continue.
Norf. If it doe, Ile venture one heave at him.
Suf. I another.
Exeunt Norfolke, and Suffolke.
Wol. Your Grace ha's given a Preſident of wiſedome
Above all Princes, in committing freely
Your ſcruple to the voyce of Chriſtendome:
Who can be angry now? What Envy reach you?
The Spaniard tide by blood and favour to her,
Muſt now confeſſe, if they have any goodneſſe,
The Tryall, juſt and Noble. All the Clearkes,
(I meane the learned ones in Chriſtian Kingdomes)
Have their free voyces. Rome (the Nurſe of Iudgement,
Invited by your Noble ſelfe hath ſent
One generall Tongue unto us. This good man,
This juſt and learned Prieſt, Cardinall *Campeius*
Whom once more, I preſent unto your Highneſſe.
Kin. And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome,
And thanke the holy Conclave for their loves,
They have ſent me ſuch a Man, I would have wiſh'd for.
Cam. Your Grace muſt needs deſerve all ſtrangers loves
You are ſo Noble: To your Highneſſe hand
I tender my Commiſſion; by whoſe vertue,
The Court of Rome commanding: You my Lord
Cardinall of *Yorke*, are joyn'd with me their Servant,
In the unparciall judging of this Buſineſſe. (ted
Kin. Two equall men: The Queene ſhall be acquain-
Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner?*
Wol. I know your Majeſty, ha's alwayes lov'd her
So deere in heart, not to deny her that
A Woman of leſſe Place might aske by Law;
Schollers allow'd freely to argue for her.
Kin. I, and the beſt ſhe ſhall have; and my favour
To him that does beſt, God forbid elſe: Cardinall,
Prethee call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary,
I find him a fit fellow.
Enter Gardiner.
Wol. Give me your hand: much joy & favour to you;
You are the Kings now.
Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whoſe hand ha's rais'd me.
Kin. Come hither *Gardiner.*
Walkes and whiſpers.
Camp. My Lord of *Yorke,* was not one Doctor *Pace*
In this mans place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Camp. Was he not held a learned man?
Wol. Yes ſurely.
Camp. Beleeve me, there's an ill opinion ſpread then
Even of your ſelfe Lord Cardinall.
Wol. How? of me?
Camp. They will not ſticke to ſay, you envide him;
And fearing he would riſe (he was ſo vertuous)
Kept him a forraigne man ſtill, which ſo greev'd him;
That he ran mad, and dide.
Wol. Heav'ns peace be with him:
That's Chriſtian care enough: for living Murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Foole;
For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow,
If I command him followes my appointment,
I will have none ſo neere elſe. Learne this Brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner perſons.
Kin. Deliver this with modeſty to th' Queene.
Exit Gardiner.
The moſt convenient place, that I can thinke of
For ſuch receipt of Learning, is Blacke-Fryers:
There ye ſhall meete about this waighty buſineſſe.
My *Wolſey*, ſee it furniſh'd. O my Lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So ſweet a Bedfellow? But Conſcience, Conſcience;
O 'tis a tender place, and I muſte leave her. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

An. Not for that neither; here's the pang that pinches.
His Highneſſe, having liv'd ſo long with her, and ſhe
So good a Lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce diſhonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harme-doing: Oh, now after
So many courſes of the Sun enthroaned,
Still growing in a Majeſty and pompe, the which
To leave, a thouſand fold more bitter, then
'Tis ſweet at firſt t'acquire. After this Proceſſe,
To give her the avaunt, it is a pitty
Would move a Monſter.
Old La. Hearts of moſt hard temper
Melt and lament for her,
An. Oh Gods will, much better
She ne're had knowne pompe; though't be temporall,
Yet if that quarrell, Fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a ſufferance, panging
As ſoule and bodies ſevering.
Old La. Alas poore Lady,
Shee's ſtranger now againe.
An. So much the more
Muſt pitty drop upon her; verily
I ſweare, tis better to be lowly borne,

And range with humble livers in Content,
Then to be perk'd up in a gliſtring griefe,
And weare a golden ſorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our beſt having.
Anne. By my troth, and Maidenhead,
I would not be a Queene.
Old L. Beſhrew me, I would,
And venture Maidenhead for't, and ſo would you
For all this ſpice of your Hipocriſie;
You that have ſo faire parts of Woman on you,
Have (too) a Womans heart, which ever yet
Affected Eminence, Wealth, Soveraignty;
Which, to ſay ſooth, are Bleſſings; and which guifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your ſoft Chivereil Conſcience, would receive,
If you might pleaſe to ſtretch it.
An. Nay, good troth.
Old L. Yes troth, & troth: you would not be a Qneen?
An. No, not for all the riches under Heaven.
Old L. Tis ſtrange; a three pence bow'd now would hire
Old as I am, to Queene it: but I pray you, (me,
What thinke you of a Dutcheſſe? Have you limbs
To beare that load of Title?
An. No in truth.
Old. L. Then you are weakly made, plucke off a little,
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more then bluſhing comes to: If your backe
Cannot vouchſafe this burthen, 'tis too weake
Ever to get a Boy.
An. How you doe talke;
I ſweare againe, I would not be a Queene,
For all the world.
Old L, In faith for little England
You'l venture an emballing: I my ſelfe
Would for *Carnarvanſhire*, although there long'd
No more to th' Crowne but that: Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlaine. (know

L. Cham. Good morrow Ladies; what wer't worth to
The ſecret of your conference?
An. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it valewes not your asking:
Our Miſtris Sorrowes we were pittying.
Cham. It was a gentle buſineſſe and becomming
The action of good women, there is hope
All will be well.
An. Now I pray God, *Amen.*
Cham. You beare a gentle minde, & heav'nly bleſſings
Follow ſuch Creatures. That you may, faire Lady
Perceive I ſpeake ſincerely, and high notes
Tane of your many vertues; the Kings Majeſty
Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and
Doe's purpoſe honour to you no leſſe flowing,
Then Marchioneſſe of *Pembrooke*; to which Title,
A Thouſand pound a yeare, Annuall ſupport,
Out of his Grace, he addes.
An. I doe not know
What kinde of my obedience, I ſhould tender;
More then my All, is nothing: Nor my Prayers
Are not words duely hallowed; nor my Wiſhes
More worth then empty vanities: yet Prayers & Wiſhes
Are all I can returne. 'Beſeech your Lordſhip,
Vouchſafe to ſpeake my thankes, and my obedience,
As from a bluſhing Handmaid, to his Highneſſe;
Whoſe health and Royalty I pray for.
Cham. Lady;
I ſhall not faile t' approve the faire conceit
The King hath of you. I have perus'd her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are ſo mingled,
That they have caught the King: and who knowes yet
But from this Lady, may proceed a Iemme,
To lighten all this Ile? I'le to the King,
And ſay I ſpoke with you.
Exit Lord Chamberlaine.
An. My honour'd Lord.
Old L. Why this it is: See, ſee,
I have beene begging ſixteene yeares in Court
(Am yet a Courtier beggerly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early, and too late
For any ſuit of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very freſh Fiſh heere; fye, fye, fye upon
This compel'd fortune: have your mouth fild up,
Before you open it.
An. This is ſtrange to me.
Old L. How taſts it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no:
There was a Lady once (tis an old Story)
That would not be a Queene, that would ſhe not
For all the mud in Egypt; have you heard it?
An. Come you are pleaſant.
Old L. With your Theame, I could
O're-mount the Larke: The Marchioneſſe of *Pembrooke*?
A thouſand pounds a yeare, for pure reſpect?
No other obligation? by my Life,
That promiſes mo thouſands: Honours traine
Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time
I know your backe will beare a Dutcheſſe. Say,
Are you not ſtronger then you were?
An. Good Lady,
Make your ſelfe mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being
If this ſalute my blood a jot; it faints me
To thinke what followes.
The Queene is comfortleſſe, and we forgetfull
In our long abſence: pray doe not deliver,
What heere y' have heard to her.
Old L. What doe you thinke me —— *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Trumpets, Sonnet, and Cornets.

Enter two Vergers, with ſhort ſilver wands; next them two Scribes in the habite of Doctors: after them, the Biſhop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Biſhops of Lincolne, Ely, Rocheſter, and S. Aſaph: Next them, with ſome ſmall diſtance, followes a Gentleman bearing the Purſe, with the great Seale, and a Cardinals Hat: Then two Prieſts, bearing each a Silver Croſſe: Then a Gentleman Uſher bareheaded, accompanied with a Sergeant at Armes, bearing a Silver Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great Silver Pillers: After them, ſide by ſide, the two Cardinals, two Noble men, with the Sword and Mace. The King takes place under the Cloth of State. The two Cardinalls ſit under him as Iudges. The Queene takes place ſome diſtance from the King. The Biſhops place themſelves on each ſide the Court in manner of a Conſiſtory: Below them the Scribes. The Lords ſit next the Biſhops. The reſt of the Attendants ſtand in convenient order about the Stage.

Car. Whil'ſt our Commiſſion from Rome is read,
Let ſilence be commanded.
King. What's the need?
It hath already publiquely bene read,
And on all ſides th' Authority allow'd,
You may then ſpare that time.
Car. Bee't ſo, proceed.
Scri. Say, *Henry* K. of England, come into the Court.
Crier. *Henry* King of England, &c.
King. Heere.
Scribe. Say, *Katherine* Queene of England,
Come into the Court.
Cries. *Katherine* Queene of England, &c.
The Queene makes no anſwer, riſes out of her Chaire, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneeles at his Feete. Then ſpeakes.
Sir, I deſire you do me right and Iuſtice,
And to beſtow your pitty on me; for
I am a moſt poore Woman, and a ſtranger,
Borne out of your Dominions: having heere
No Iudge indifferent, nor no more aſſurance
Of equall Friendſhip and Proceeding. Alas Sir:
In what have I offended you? What cauſe
Hath my behaviour given to your diſpleaſure,
That thus you ſhould proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witneſſe,
I have bene to you a true and humble Wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in feare to kindle your Diſlike,
Yea, ſubject to your Countenance: Glad, or ſorry,
As I ſaw it inclin'd? when was the houre
I ever contradicted your Deſire?
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
Have I not ſtrove to love, although I knew
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your Anger, did I
Continue in my Liking? Nay, gave notice
He was from thence diſcharg'd? Sir, call to minde,
That I have beene your Wife, in this Obedience,
Vpward of twenty yeares, and have bene bleſt
With many Children by you. If in the courſe
And proceſſe of this time you can report,
And prove it too, againſt mine Honour aught;
My bond to Wedlocke, or my love and Duty
Againſt your Sacred Perſon; in Gods name
Turne me away: and let fowl'ſt Contempt
Shut doore upon me, and ſo give me up
To the ſharp'ſt kinde of Iuſtice. Pleaſe you, Sir,
The King your Father, was reputed for
A Prince moſt Prudent; and an excellent
And unmatch'd Wit, and Iudgement, *Ferdinand*
My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one
The wiſeſt Prince, that there had reign'd, by many
A yeare before. It is not to be queſtion'd,
That they had gather'd a wiſe Councell to them
Of every Realme, that did debate this Buſineſſe,
Who deem'd our Marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beſeech you Sir, to ſpare me, till I may
Be by my Friends in Spaine, advis'd; whoſe Counſaile
I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God
Your pleaſure be fulfill'd.
Wol. You have heere Lady,
(And of your choice) theſe reverend Fathers, men
Of ſingular Integrity, and Learning;
Yea, the elect o'th' Land, who are aſſembled
To pleade your Cauſe. It ſhall be therefore bootleſſe,
That longer you deſire the Court, as well
For your owne quiet, as to rectifie
What is unſetled in the King.
Camp. His Grace
Hath ſpoken well, and juſtly: Therefore Madam,
It's fit this Royall Seſſion do proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.
Qu. Lord Cardinall, to you I ſpeake.
Wol. Your pleaſure, Madam.
Qu. Sir, I am about to weepe; but thinking that
We are a Queene (or long have dream'd ſo) certaine
The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,
Ile turne to ſparkes of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Qu. I will, when you are humble; Nay before,
Or God will puniſh me. I do beleeve
(Induc'd by potent Circumſtances) that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge.
You ſhall not be my Iudge. For it is you
Have blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me;
(Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I ſay againe,
I utterly abhorre; yea, from my Soule
Refuſe you for my Iudge, whom yet once more
I hold my moſt malicious Foe, and thinke not
At all a Friend to truth.
Wol. I do profeſſe
You ſpeake not like your ſelfe: who ever yet
Have ſtood to Charity: and diſplayd th' effects
Of diſpoſition gentle, and of wiſdome,
Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong
I have no Spleene againſt you, nor injuſtice
For you, or any: how farre I have proceeded,
Or how farre further (Shall) is warranted
By a Commiſſion from the Conſiſtory;
Yea, the whole Conſiſtorie of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blowne this Coale: I do deny it,
The King is preſent: If it be knowne to him,
That I'gainſay my Deed, how may he wound,
And worthily my Falſehood, yea, as much
As you have done my Truth. If he know
That I am free of your Report, he knowes
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the cure is to
Remove theſe thoughts from you. The which before
His Highneſſe ſhall ſpeake in, I do beſeech
You (gracious Madam) to unthinke your ſpeaking,
And to ſay no more.
Quee. My Lord, my Lord,
I am a ſimple woman, much too weake
T'oppoſe your cunning. Y'are meek, & humble-mouth'd,
You ſigne your place, and Calling, in full ſeeming,
With Meekeneſſe and Humilitie: But your Heart
Is cramm'd with Arrogance, Spleene, and Pride.
You have by Fortune, and his Highneſſe favors,
Gone ſlightly o're lowe ſteppes, and now are mounted
Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words
(Domeſtickes to you) ſerve your will; as't pleaſe
Your ſelfe pronounce their Office. I muſt tell you,
You tender more your perſons Honor, then
Your high profeſſion Spirituall. That agen
I do refuſe you for my Iudge, and heere
Before you all, Appeale unto the Pope,
To bring my whole Cauſe 'fore his Holineſſe,
And to be judg'd by him.
She Curtſies to the King, and offers to depart.

Camp. The Queene is obſtinate,
Stubborne to Iuſtice, apt to accuſe it, and
Diſdainfull to be tride by't; tis not well.
Shee's going away.
Kin. Call her againe.
Crier. Katherine. Q. of England, come into the Court.
Gent. Vſh. Madam, you are cald backe.
Que. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,
When you are cald returne. Now the Lord helpe,
They vexe me paſt my patience, pray you paſſe on;
I will not tarry: no, nor ever more
Vpon this buſineſſe my appearance make,
In any of their Courts.
Exit Queene, and her Attendants.
Kin. Goe thy wayes *Kate*,
That man i'th' world, who ſhall report he ha's
A better Wife, let him in nought be truſted,
For ſpeaking falſe in that; Thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, ſweet gentleneſſe,
Thy meekneſſe Saint-like, Wife-like Government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Soveraigne and Pious, could ſpeake thee out)
The Queene of earthly Queenes: Shee's Noble borne:
And like her true Nobility, ſhe ha's
Carried her ſelfe towards me.
Wol. Moſt gracious Sir,
In humbleſt manner I require your Highneſſe,
That it ſhall pleaſe you to declare in hearing
Of all theſe eares (for where I am rob'd and bound,
There muſt I be unloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully ſatisfide) whether ever I
Did broach this buſines to your Highnes, or
Laid any ſcruple in your way which might
Induce you to the queſtion on't: or euer
Have to you, but with thankes to God for ſuch
A Royall Lady, ſpake one, the leaſt word that might
Be to the prejudice of her preſent State,
Or touch of her good Perſon?
Kin. My Lord Cardinall,
I doe excuſe you; yea, upon mine Honour,
I free you from't: You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are ſo, but like the Village Curres,
Barke when their fellowes doe. By ſome of theſe
The Queene is put in anger; y'are excus'd:
But will you be more juſtifi'de? You ever
Have wiſh'd the ſleeping of this buſines, never deſir'd
It to be ſtir'd; but oft have hindred, oft
The paſſages made toward it; on my Honour,
I ſpeake my good Lord Cardinall to this point;
And thus farre cleare him.
Now, what mov'd me too't,
I will be bold with time and your attention: (too't:
Then marke th' inducement. Thus it came; give heede
My Conſcience firſt receiv'd a tenderneſſe,
Scruple, and pricke, on certaine Speeches utter'd
By th' Biſhop of *Bayon*, then French Embaſſador,
Who had beene hither ſent on the debating
And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleance*, and
Our Daughter *Mary*: I'th' Progreſſe of this buſineſſe,
Ere a determinate reſolution, hee
(I meane the Biſhop) did require a reſpite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord advertiſe,
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Reſpecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,
Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This reſpite ſhooke
The boſome of my Conſcience, enter'd me;
Yea with a ſplitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my Breaſt, which forc'd ſuch way,
That many maz'd conſiderings, did throng
And preſt in with this Caution. Firſt, me thought
I ſtood not in the ſmile of Heaven, who had
Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe
If it conceiv'd a male-child by me, ſhould
Doe no more Offices of life too't; then
The Grave does to th' dead: For her Male Iſſue,
Or di'de where they were made, or ſhortly after
This world had ayr'd them. Hence I tooke a thought,
This was a Iudgement on me, that my Kingdome
(Well worthy the beſt Heyre o'th' World) ſhould not
Be glad in't by me. Then followes, that
I weigh'd the danger which my Realmes ſtood in
By this my Iſſues faile, and that gave to me
Many a groaning throw: thus hulling in
The wilde Sea of my Conſcience, I did ſteere
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now preſent heere together: that's to ſay,
I meant to rectifie my Conſcience, which
I then did feele full ſicke, and yet not well,
By all the reverend Fathers of the Land,
And Doctors learn'd. Firſt I began in private,
With you my Lord of *Lincolne*; you remember
How under my oppreſſion I did reeke
When I firſt mov'd you.
B. Lin. Very well my Liedge.
Kin. I have ſpoke long, be pleas'd your ſelfe to ſay
How farre you ſatisfide me.
Lin. So pleaſe your Highneſſe,
The queſtion did at firſt ſo ſtagger me,
Bearing a ſtate of mighty moment in't,
And conſequence of dread, that I committed
The daringſt Counſaile which I had to doubt,
And did intreat your Highneſſe in this courſe,
Which you are running heere.
Kin. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of *Canterbury*, and got your leave
To make this preſent Summons unſolicited.
I left no reverend perſon in this Court,
But by particular conſent proceeded
Vnder your hands and Seales: therefore goe on,
For no diſlike i'th' world againſt the perſon
Of our good Queene; but the ſharpe thorny points
Of my alleged reaſons, drives this forward:
Prove but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life
And Kingly Dignity, we are contented
To weare our mortall State to come, with her,
(*Katherine* our Queene) before the primeſt Creature
That's Parragon'd o'th' World
Camp. So pleaſe your Highneſſe,
The Queene being abſent, 'tis a needfull fitneſſe,
That we adiourne this Court further day;
Meane while muſt be an earneſt motion
Made to the Queene to call backe her Appeale
She intends unto his holineſſe.
Kin. I may perceive
Theſe Cardinals trifle with me: I abhorre
This dilatory ſloth, and trickes of Rome.
My learn'd and welbeloved Servant *Cranmer*,
Prethee returne, with thy approach: I know,
My comfort comes along: breake up the Court;
I ſay, ſet on.
Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Queene and her Women as at worke.

Queen. Take thy Lute wench,
My Soule growes ſad with troubles,
Sing, and diſperſe 'em if thou canſt: leave working:

SONG.

ORpheus with his Lute made Trees,
And the Mountaine tops that freeze,
Bow themſelves when he did ſing.
To his Muſicke, Plants and Flowers
Ever ſpring; as Sunne and Showres,
There had made a laſting Spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the Billowes of the Sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In ſweet Muſicke is ſuch Art,
Killing care, and griefe of heart,
Fall aſleepe, or hearing dye.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?
Gent. And't pleaſe your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the preſence.
Queen. Would they ſpeake with me?
Gent. They wil'd me ſay ſo Madam.
Queen. Pray their Graces.
To come neere: what can be their buſineſſe
With me, a poore weake woman, falne from favour,
I doe not like their comming; now I thinke on't,
They ſhould be good men, their affaires are righteous,
But all Hoods, make not Monkes.

Enter the two Cardinalls, Wolſey & Campian.

Wolſ. Peace to your Highneſſe.
Queen. Your Graces find me heere part of a Houſwife,
(I would be all) againſt the worſt may happen:
What are your pleaſures with me, reverend Lords?
Wol. May it pleaſe you Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private Chamber; we ſhall give you
The full cauſe of our comming.
Queen. Speake it heere.
There's nothing I have done yet o' my Conſcience
Deſerves a Corner: would all other Women
Could ſpeake this with as free a Soule as I doe,
My Lords, I care not (ſo much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were tri'de by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye ſaw 'em,
Envy and baſe opinon ſet againſt 'em,
I know my life ſo even. If your buſines
Seeke me out, and that way I am Wiſe in;
Out with it boldly: Truth loves open dealing.
Card. Tanta eſt erga te mentis integritas (Regina ſereniſſima.)
Queen. Good my Lord, no Latin;
I am not ſuch a Truant ſince my comming,
As not to know the Language I have liv'd in:
A ſtrange Tongue makes my cauſe more ſtrange, ſuſpitious:
Pray ſpeake in Engliſh; heere are ſome will thanke you,
If you ſpeake truth, for their poore Miſtris ſake;
Beleeve me ſhe ha's had much wrong. Lord Cardinall,
The willing'ſt ſinne I ever yet committed,
May be abſolv'd in Engliſh.
Card. Noble Lady,
I am ſorry my integrity ſhould breed,
(And ſervice to his Majeſty and you)
So deepe ſuſpition, where all faith was meant;
We come not by the way of Accuſation,
To taint that honour every good Tongue bleſſes;
Nor to betray you any way to ſorrow;
You have too much good Lady: But to know
How you ſtand minded in the waighty difference
Betweene the King and you, and to deliver
(Like free and honeſt men) our juſt opinions,
And comforts to your cauſe.
Camp. Moſt honour'd Madam,
My Lord of Yorke, out of his Noble nature,
Zeale and obedience he ſtill bore your Grace,
Forgetting (like a good man) your late Cenſure
Both of his truth and him (which was too farre)
Offers, as I doe, in a ſigne of peace,
His Service, and his Counſell.
Queen. To betray me.
My Lords, I thanke you both for your good wills,
Ye ſpeake like honeſt men, (pray God ye prove ſo)
But how to make ye ſodainly an Anſwere
In ſuch a point of weight, ſo neere mine Honour,
(More neere my Life I feare) with my weake wit;
And to ſuch men of gravity and learning;
In truth I know not. I was ſet at worke,
Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) looking
Either for ſuch men, or ſuch buſineſſe;
For her ſake that I have beene, for I feele
The laſt fit of my Greatneſſe; good your Graces
Let me have time and Councell for my Cauſe:
Alas, I am a Woman friendleſſe, hopeleſſe.
Wol. Madam,
You wrong the Kings love with theſe feares,
Your hopes and friends are infinite.
Queen. In England,
But little for my profit: can you thinke Lords,
That any Engliſh man dare give me Councell?
Or be a knowne friend 'gainſt Highneſſe pleaſure,
(Though he be growne ſo deſperate to be honeſt)
And live a Subject? Nay forſooth my friends,
They that muſt weigh out my afflictions,
They that my truſt muſt grow to, live not heere,
They are (as all my other comforts) far hence
In mine owne Country Lords.
Camp. I would your Grace
Would leave your greefes, and take my Counſell.
Queen. How Sir?
Camp. Put your maine cauſe into the Kings protection,
Hee's loving and moſt gracious. 'Twill be much,
Both for your Honour better, and your Cauſe:
For if the tryall of the Law o'retake ye,
You'l part away diſgrac'd.
Wol. He tels you rightly.
Queen. Ye tell me what ye wiſh for both, my ruine:
Is this your Chriſtian Councell? Out upon ye.
Heaven is above all yet; there ſits a Iudge,
That no King can corrupt.
Camp. Your rage miſtakes us.
Queen. The more ſhame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Vpon my Soule two reverend Cardinall Vertues:
But Cardinall Sins, and hollow hearts I feare ye:
Mend 'em for ſhame my Lords: Is this your comfort?
The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady?
A woman loſt among ye, laugh't at, ſcornd?
I will not wiſh ye halfe my miſeries,

I have more Charity. But ſay I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heavens ſake take heed, leaſt at once
The burthen of my ſorrowes, fall upon ye.
Car. Madam, this is a meere diſtraction,
You turne the good we offer, into envy.
Quee. Ye turne me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all ſuch falſe profeſſors. Would you have me
(If you have any Iuſtice, any Pitty,
If ye be any thing but Churchmens habits)
Put my ſicke cauſe into his hands, that hates me?
Alas, ha's baniſht me his bed already,
His Love, too long ago. I am old my Lords,
And all the fellowſhip I hold now with him
Is onely by Obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedneſſe? All your Studies
Make me a Curſe, like this:
Camp. Your feares are worſe.
Qu. Have I liv'd thus long (let me ſpeake my ſelfe,
Since Vertue findes no friends) a Wife a true one?
A Woman (I dare ſay without Vainglory)
Never yet branded with ſuſpition?
Have I, with all my full Affections
Still met the King? Lov'd him next Heav'n? Obey'd him?
Bin (out of fondneſſe) ſuperſtitious to him?
Almoſt forgot my Prayres to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well Lords.
Bring me a conſtant woman to her husband,
One that ne're dream'd a Ioy, beyond his pleaſure;
And to that Woman (when ſhe has done moſt)
Yet will I adde an honor; a great Patience.
Car. Madam, you wander from the good
We ayme at.
Quee. My Lord,
I dare not make my ſelfe ſo guilty,
To give up willingly that Noble Title
Your Maſter wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e're divorce my Dignities.
Card. Pray heare me.
Qu. Would I had never trod this Engliſh Earth,
Or felt the Flatteries that grow upon it:
Ye have Angels Faces; but Heaven knowes your hearts.
What ſhall become of me now, wretched Lady?
I am the moſt unhappy Woman living.
Alas (poore Wenches) where are now your Fortunes?
Shipwrack'd upon a Kingdome, where no Pitty,
No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weepe for me?
Almoſt no Grave allow'd me? Like the Lilly
That once was Miſtris of the Field, and flouriſh'd,
Ile hang my head, and periſh.
Car. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know, our ends are honeſt,
You'ld feele more comfort. Why ſhold we (good Lady)
Vpon what cauſe wrong you? Alas, our Places,
The way of our Profeſſion is againſt it;
We are to Cure ſuch ſorrowes, not to ſowe 'em.
For goodneſſe ſake, conſider what you doe,
How you may hurt your ſelfe: I, utterly
Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage.
The hearts of Princes kiſſe Obedience,
So much they love it. But to ſtubborne Spirits,
They ſwell and grow, as terrible as ſtormes.
I know you have a Gentle, Noble temper,
A Soule as even as a Calme; Pray thinke us,
Thoſe we profeſſe, Peace-makers, Friends, and Servants.
Camp. Madam, you'l finde it ſo:
You wrong your Vertues
With theſe weake Womens feares. A Noble Spirit
As yours was, put into you, ever caſts
Such doubts as falſe Coine from it. The King loves you,
Beware you looſe it not: For us (if you pleaſe
To truſt us in your buſineſſe) we are ready
To uſe our utmoſt Studies, in your ſervice.
Qu. Do what ye will, my Lords:
And pray forgive me;
If I have us'd my ſelfe unmannerly,
You know I am a Woman lacking wit
To make a ſeemely anſwer to ſuch perſons.
Pray do my ſervice to his Majeſtie,
He ha's my heart yet, and ſhall have my Prayers
While I ſhall have my life. Come reverend Fathers,
Beſtow your Councels on me. She now begges
That little thought when ſhe ſet footing heere,
She ſhould have bought her Dignities ſo deere *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke, Duke of Suffolke, Lord Surrey, and Lord Chamberlaine.

Norf. If you will now unite in your Complaints,
And force them with a Conſtancy, the Cardinall
Cannot ſtand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promiſe,
But that you ſhall ſuſtaine moe new diſgraces,
With theſe you beare already.
Sur. I am joyfull
To meete the leaſt occaſion, that may give me
Remembrance of my Father-in-Law the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the Peeres
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at leaſt
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The ſtampe of Nobleneſſe in any perſon
Out of himſelfe?
Cham. My Lords, you ſpeake your pleaſures:
What he deſerves of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him (though now the time
Gives way to us) I much feare. If you cannot
Barre his acceſſe to'th' King, never attempt
Any thing on him: for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in's Tongue.
Nor. O feare him not,
His ſpell in that is out: the King hath found
Matter againſt him, that for ever marres
The Hony of his Language. No, he's ſetled
(Not to come off) in his diſpleaſure.
Sur. Sir,
I ſhould be glad to heare ſuch Newes as this
Once every houre.
Nor. Beleeve it, this is true.
In the Divorce, his contrarie proceedings
Are all unfolded: wherein he appeares,
As I would wiſh mine Enemy.
Sur. How came
His practiſes to light?
Suf. Moſt ſtrangely.
Sur. O how? how?
Suf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miſcarried,

And come to th' eye o'th' King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinall did intreat his Holineſſe
To ſtay the Iudgement o'th' Divorce; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceive
My King is tangled in affection, to
A Creature of the Queenes, Lady *Anne Bullen*.
Sur. Ha's the King this?
Suf. Beleeve it.
Sur. Will this worke?
Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coaſts
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his trickes founder, and he brings his Phyſicke
After his patients death; the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.
Sur. Would he had.
Suf. May you be happy in your wiſh my Lord,
For I profeſſe you have it.
Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the Conjunction.
Suf. My Amen too't.
Nor. All mens.
Suf. There's order given for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but yong, and may be left
To ſome eares unrecounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleate
In minde and feature, I perſwade me, from her
Will fall ſome bleſſing to this Land, which ſhall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But will the King
Digeſt this Letter of the Cardinals?
The Lord forbid.
Nor. Marry Amen.
Suf. No, no:
There be moe Waſpes that buz about his Noſe,
Will make this ſting the ſooner. Cardinall *Campeius*,
Is ſtolne away to Rome, hath 'tane no leave,
Ha's left the cauſe to'th' King unhandled, and
Is poſted as the Agent of our Cardinall,
To ſecond all his plot. I do aſſure you,
The King cry'de Ha, at this.
Cham. Now God incenſe him,
And let him cry Ha, lowder.
Norf. But my Lord
When returnes *Cranmer*?
Suf. He is return'd in his opinions, which
Have ſatisfied the King for his Divorce,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almoſt in Chriſtendome: ſhortly (I beleeve)
His ſecond Marriage ſhall be publiſhd, and
Her Coronation. *Katherine* no more
Shall be call'd Queene, but Princeſſe Dowager,
And Widdow to Prince *Arthur*.
Nor. This ſame *Cranmer's*
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine
In the Kings buſineſſe.
Suf. He ha's, and we ſhall ſee him
For it, an Arch-byſhop.
Nor. So I heare.
Suf. 'Tis ſo.

Enter Wolſey and Cromwell.

The Cardinall.
Nor. Obſerve, obſerve, hee's moody.
Car. The Packet Cromwell,
Gav't you the King?
Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.
Card. Look'd he o'th' inſide of the Paper?
Crom. Preſently
He did unſeale them, and the firſt he view'd,
He did it with a Serious minde: a heede
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him heere this Morning.
Card. Is he ready to come abroad?
Crom. I thinke by this he is.
Card. Leave me a while. *Exit Cromwell.*
It ſhall be to the Dutches of Alanſon,
The French Kings Siſter; He ſhall marry her.
Anne Bullen? No: Ile no *Anne Bullens* for him,
There's more in't then faire Viſage. *Bullen*?
No, wee'l no *Bullens*: Speedily I wiſh
To heare from Rome. The Marchioneſſe of Penbroke?
Nor. He's diſcontented.
Suf. May be he heares the King
Does whet his Anger to him.
Sur. Sharpe enough,
Lord for thy Iuſtice.
Car. The late Queenes Gentlewoman?
A Knights Daughter
To be her Miſtris Miſtris? The Queenes, Queene?
This Candle burnes not cleere, 'tis I muſt ſnuffe it,
Then out it goes. What though I know her vertuous
And well deſerving? yet I know her for
A ſpleeny Lutheran, and not wholſome to
Our cauſe, that ſhe ſhould lye i'th' boſome of
Our hard rul'd King. Againe, there is ſprung up
An Heretique, an Arch-one; *Cranmer*, one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his Oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at ſomething.

Enter King, reading of a Scedule.

Sur. I would 'twer ſomething ẏ would fret the ſtring,
The Maſter-cord on's heart.
Suf. The King, the King.
King. What piles of Wealth hath he accumulated
To his owne portion? And what expence by 'th' houre
Seemes to flow from him? How, i'th' name of Thrift
Does he rake this together? Now my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinall?
Nor. My Lord, we have
Stood heere obſerving him. Some ſtrange Commotion
Is in his braine: He bites his lip and ſtarts,
Stops on a ſodaine, lookes upon the ground,
Then layes his finger on his Temple: ſtraight
Springs out into faſt gate, then ſtops againe,
Strikes his breſt hard, and anon, he caſts
His eye againſt the Moone: in moſt ſtrange Poſtures
We have ſeene him ſet himſelfe.
King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning,
Papers of State he ſent me, to peruſe
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There (on my Conſcience put unwittingly)
Forſooth an inventorie, thus importing
The ſeverall parcels of his Plate, his Treaſure,
Rich ſtuffes and Ornaments of Houſhold, which
I finde at ſuch proud Rate, that it out-ſpeakes
Poſſeſſion of a Subject.
Nor. It's heavens will,
Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet,
To bleſſe your eye withall.
King. If we did thinke

His Contemplations were above the earth,
And fixt on ſpirituall object, he ſhould ſtill
Dwell in his Muſings, but I am affraid
His Thinkings are below the Moone, not worth
His ſerious conſidering.

King takes his Seat, whiſpers Lovell, who goes to the Cardinall.

Car. Heaven forgive me,
Ever God bleſſe your Highneſſe.
King. Good my Lord,
You are full of Heavenly ſtuffe, and beare the Inventory,
Of your beſt Graces, in your minde; the which
You were now running o're: you have ſcarſe time
To ſteale from Spirituall leyſure, a briefe ſpan
To keepe your earthly Audit, ſure in that
I deeme you an ill Husband, and am glad
To have you therein my Companion.
Car. Sir,
For Holy Offices I have a time; a time
To thinke upon the part of buſineſſe, which
I beare i'th' State: and Nature does require
Her times of preſervation, which perforce
I her fraile ſonne, among'ſt my Brethren mortall,
Muſt give my tendance to.
King. You have ſaid well.
Car. And ever may your Highneſſe yoake together,
(As I will lend you cauſe) my doing well,
With my well ſaying.
King. 'Tis well ſaid agen,
And 'tis a kinde of good deede to ſay well,
And yet words are no deeds. My Father lov'd you,
He ſaid he did, and with his deed did Crowne
His word upon you. Since I had my Office,
I have kept you next my Heart, have not alone
Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home,
But par'd my preſent Havings, to beſtow
My Bounties upon you.
Car. What ſhould this meane?
Sur. The Lord increaſe this buſineſſe.
King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And if you may confeſſe it, ſay withall
If you are bound to us, or no. What ſay you?
Car. My Soveraigne, I confeſſe your Royall graces
Showr'd on me daily, have bene more then could
My ſtudied purpoſes require, which went
Beyond all mans endeavors. My endeavors,
Have ever come too ſhort of my Deſires,
Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine owne ends
Have beene ſo, that evermore they pointed
To 'th' good of your moſt Sacred Perſon, and
The profit of the State. For your great Graces
Heap'd upon me (poore Vndeſerver) I
Can nothing render but Allegiant thankes,
My Prayres to heaven for you; my Loyalty
Which ever ha's, and ever ſhall be growing,
Till death (that Winter) kill it.
King. Fairely anſwer'd:
A Loyall, and obedient Subject is
Therein illuſtrated, the Honor of it
Does pay the Act of it, as i'th' contrary
The fowleneſſe is the puniſhment. I preſume,
That as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you,
My heart drop'd Love, my powre rain'd Honor, more
On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart,
Your Braine, and every Function of your power,
Should, notwithſtanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twer in Loves particular, be more
To me your Friend, then any.
Car. I do profeſſe,
That for your Highneſſe good, I ever labour'd
More then mine owne: that am, have, and will be
(Though all the world ſhould cracke their duty to you,
And throw it from their Soule, though perils did
Abound, as thicke as thought could make 'em, and
Appeare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty,
As doth a Rocke againſt the chiding Flood,
Should the approach of this wilde River breake,
And ſtand unſhaken yours.
King. 'Tis Nobly ſpoken;
Take notice Lords, he ha's a Loyall breſt,
For you have ſeene him open't. Read o're this,
And after this, and then to Breakfaſt with
What appetite you have.

Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinall, the Nobles throng after him ſmiling, and whiſpering.

Car. What ſhould this meane?
What ſodaine Anger's this? How have I reap'd it?
He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruine
Leap'd from his Eyes. So lookes the chafed Lyon
Vpon the daring Huntſman that has gall'd him:
Then makes him nothing. I muſt reade this paper:
I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis ſo:
This paper ha's undone me: 'Tis th' Accompt
Of all that world of Wealth I have drawne together
For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedome
And fee my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!
Fit for a Foole to fall by: What croſſe Divell
Made me put this maine Secret in the Packet
I ſent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beate this from his Braines?
I know 'twill ſtirre him ſtrongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in ſpight of Fortune
Will bring me off againe. What's this? *To th' Pope?*
The Letter (as I live) with all the Buſineſſe
I writ to's Holineſſe. Nay then, farewell:
I have touch'd the higheſt point of all my Greatneſſe,
And from that full Meridian of my Glory,
I haſte now to my Setting. I ſhall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the Evening,
And no man ſee me more.

Enter to Woolſey, the Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke, the Earle of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.

Nor. Heare the Kings pleaſure Cardinall,
Who commands you
To render up the Great Seale preſently
Into our hands, and to Confine your ſelfe
To Aſher-houſe, my Lord of Wincheſters,
Till you heare further from his Highneſſe.
Car. Stay:
Where's your Commiſſion? Lords, words cannot carry
Authority ſo weighty.
Suf. Who dare croſſe 'em,
Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expreſſely?
Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,
(I meane your malice) know, Officious Lords,
I dare, and muſt deny it. Now I feele
Of what courſe Mettle ye are molded, Envy;
How eagerly ye follow my Diſgraces

As if it fed ye, and how ſleeke and wanton
Ye appeare in every thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your envious courſes, men of Malice;
You have Chriſtian warrant for'em, and no doubt
In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale
You aske with ſuch a Violence, the King
(Mine, and your Maiſter) with his owne hand, gave me:
Bad me enjoy it, with the Place, and Honors
During my life; and to confirme his Goodneſſe,
Ti'de it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?
Sur. The King that gave it.
Car. It muſt be himſelfe then.
Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Prieſt.
Car. Proud Lord, thou lyeſt:
Within theſe forty houres, Surrey durſt better
Have burnt that Tongue, then ſaide ſo.
Sur. Thy Ambition
(Thou Scarler ſinne) robb'd this bewailing Land
Of Noble Buckingham, my Father in-Law,
The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy beſt parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a haire of his. Plague of your policy,
You ſent me Deputy for Ireland,
Farre from his ſuccour; from the King, from all
That might have mercy on the fault, thou gav'ſt him:
Whil'ſt your great Goodneſſe, out of holy pitty,
Abſolv'd him with an Axe.
Wol. This, and all elſe
This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,
I anſwer, is moſt falſe. The Duke by Law
Found his deſerts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His Noble Iury, and foule Cauſe can witneſſe.
If I lov'd many words, Lord, I ſhould tell you,
You have as little Honeſty, as Honor,
That in the way of Loyalty, and Truth,
Toward the King, my ever Royall Maiſter,
Dare mate a ſounder man then Surry can be,
And all that love his follies.
Sur. By my Soule,
Your long Coat (Prieſt) protects you,
Thou ſhould'ſt feele
My Sword i'th'life blood of thee elſe. My Lords,
Can ye endure to heare this Arrogance?
And from this Fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus Iaded by a peece of Scarlet,
Farewell Nobility: let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his Cap, like Larkes.
Car. All Goodneſſe
Is poiſon to thy Stomacke.
Sur. Yes, that goodneſſe
Of gleaning all the Lands wealth into one,
Into your owne hands (Card'nall) by Extortion:
The goodneſſe of your intercepted Packets
You writ to'th Pope, againſt the King: your goodneſſe
Since you provoke me, ſhall be moſt notorious.
My Lord of Norfolke, as you are truly Noble,
As you reſpect the common good, the State
Of our deſpis'd Nobility, our Iſſues,
(Who if he live, will ſcarſe be Gentlemen)
Produce the grand ſumme of his ſinnes, the Articles
Collected from his life. Ile ſtartle you
Worſe then the Sacring Bell, when the browne Wench
Lay kiſſing in your Armes, Lord Cardinall.
Car. How much me thinkes, I could deſpiſe this man,
But that I am bound in Charity againſt it.
Nor. Thoſe Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand:
But thus much, they are foule ones.
Wol. So much fairer
And ſpotleſſe, ſhall mine Innocence ariſe,
When the King knowes my Truth.
Sur. This cannot ſave you:
I thanke my Memory, I yet remember
Some of thoſe Articles, and out they ſhall.
Now, if you can bluſh, and cry guilty Cardinall,
You'l ſhew a little Honeſty.
Wol. Speake on Sir,
I dare your worſt Objections: If I bluſh,
It is to ſee a Nobleman want manners.
Sur. I had rather want thoſe, then my head;
Have at you.
Firſt, that without the Kings aſſent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legate, by which power
You maim'd the Iuriſdiction of all Biſhops.
Nor. Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or elſe
To Forraigne Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*,
Was ſtill inſcrib'd: in which you brought the King
To be your Servant.
Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Councell, when you went
Ambaſſador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders, the Great Seale.
Sur. Item, You ſent a large Commiſſion
To *Gregory de Caſſado*, to conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
A League betweene hie Highneſſe, and *Ferrara*.
Suf. That out of meere Ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy-Hat to be ſtampt on the Kings Coine.
Sur. Then, that you have ſent innumerable ſubſtance,
(by what meanes got, I leave to your owne conſcience)
To furniſh Rome, and to prepare the wayes
You have for Dignities, to the meere undooing
Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are,
Which ſince they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my Lord,
Preſſe not a falling man too farre: 'tis Vertue:
His faults lye open to the Lawes, let them
(Not you) correct him. My heart weepes to ſee him
So little, of his great Selfe.
Sur. I forgive him.
Suf. Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleaſure is,
Becauſe all thoſe things you haue done of late
By your power Legantive within this Kingdome,
Fall into'th'compaſſe of a Premunire;
That therefore ſuch a Writ be ſued againſt you,
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Caſtles, and whatſoever, and to be
Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge.
Nor. And ſo wee'l leave you to your Meditations
How to live better. For your ſtubborne anſwer
Abount the giuing backe the Great Seale to us,
The King ſhall know it, and (no doubt) ſhall thanke you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.
Exeunt all but Wolſey.
Wol. So farewell, to the little good you beare me.
Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatneſſe.
This is the ſtate of Man; to day he puts forth
The tender Leaves of hopes, to morrow Bloſſomes,
And beares his bluſhing Honors thicke upon him:
The third day, comes a Froſt; a killing Froſt,
And when he thinkes, good eaſie man, full ſurely

His Greatneſſe is a ripening, nippes his roote,
And then he fals as I do. I have ventur'd
Like little wanton Boyes that ſwim on bladders:
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride
At length broke under me, and now ha's left me
Weary, and old with Service, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtreame, that muſt for ever hide me.
Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes favours?
There is betwixt that ſmile we would aſpire to,
That ſweet Aſpect of Princes, and their ruine,
More pangs, and feares then warres, or women have;
And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer,
Never to hope againe.

Enter Cromwell, ſtanding amazed.

Why how now *Cromwell*?
Crom. I have no power to ſpeake Sir.
Car. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? Can the Spirit wonder
A great man ſhould decline. Nay, and you weep
I am falne indeed.
Crom. How does your Grace.
Card. Why well:
Never ſo truly happy, my good *Cromwell*,
I know my ſelfe now, and I feele within me,
A peace above all earthly Dignities,
A ſtill, and quiet Conſcience. The King ha's cur'd me,
I humbly thanke his Grace: and from theſe ſhoulders
Theſe ruin'd Pillers, out of pitty, taken
A loade, would ſinke a Navy, (too much Honor.)
O 'tis a burden *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man, that hopes for Heaven.
Crom. I am glad your Grace,
Ha's made that right uſe of it.
Card. I hope I have:
I am able now (me thinkes)
(Out of a Fortitude of Soule, I feele)
To endure more Miſeries, and greater farre
Then my Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer.
What Newes abroad?
Crom. The heavieſt, and the worſt,
Is your diſpleaſure with the King.
Card. God bleſſe him.
Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moore* is choſen
Lord Chancellor, in your place.
Card. That's ſomewhat ſodain.
But he's a Learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highneſſe favour, and do Iuſtice
For Truths-ſake, and his Conſcience; that his bones,
When he ha's run his courſe, and ſleepes in Bleſſings,
May have a Tombe of Orphants teares wept on him.
What more?
Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;
Inſtall'd Lord Arch-byſhop of Canterbury.
Card. That's Newes indeed.
Crom. Laſt, that the Lady *Anne*,
Whom the King hath in ſecrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queene,
Going to Chappell: and the voice is now
Onely about her Coronation.
Card. There was the waight that pull'd me downe.
O *Cromwell*,
The King ha's gone beyond me: All my Glories
In that one woman, I have loſt for ever.
No Sun, ſhall ever uſher forth mine Honors,
Or gilde againe the Noble Troopes that waighted
Vpon my ſmiles. Go get thee from me *Cromwel*,
I am a poore falne man, unworthy now
To be thy Lord, and Maiſter. Seeke the King
(That Sun, I pray may never ſet) I have told him,
What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me, will ſtirre him
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let
Thy hopefull ſervice periſh too. Good *Cromwell*
Neglect him not; make uſe now, and prouide
For thine owne future ſafety.
Crom. O my Lord,
Muſt I then leave you? Muſt I needes forgo
So good, ſo Noble, and ſo true a Maiſter?
Beare witneſſe, all that have not hearts of Iron,
With what a ſorrow *Cromwel* leaves his Lord.
The King ſhall have my ſervice; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever ſhall be yours.
Card. Cromwel, I did not thinke to ſhed a teare
In all my Miſeries: But thou haſt forc'd me
(Out of thy honeſt truth) to play the Woman.
Let's dry our eyes: And thus farre heare me *Cromwel*,
And when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be,
And ſleepe in dull cold Marble, where no mention
Of me, more muſt be heard of: Say I taught thee;
Say *Wolſey*, that once trod the wayes of Glory,
And ſounded all the Depths, and Shoales of Honor,
Found thee a way (out of his wracke) to riſe in:
A ſure, and ſafe one, though thy Maiſter miſt it.
Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me:
Cromwel, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
By that ſinne fell the Angels: how can man then
(The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it?
Love thy ſelfe laſt, cheriſh thoſe hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more then Honeſty.
Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace
To ſilence envious Tongues. Be juſt, and feare not;
Let all the ends thou aym'ſt at, be thy Countries,
Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall'ſt (O *Cromwell*)
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed Martyr.
Serve the King: And prythee leade me in:
There take an Inventory of all I have,
To the laſt peny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,
And my Integrity to Heaven, is all,
I dare now call mine owne. O *Cromwel*, *Cromwel*
Had I but ſerv'd my God, with halfe the Zeale
I ſerv'd my King: he would not in mine Age
Have left me naked to mine Enemies.
Crom. Good Sir, have patience.
Card. So I have. Farewell
The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heaven do dwell.
Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 Y'are well met once againe.
2 So are you.
1 You come to take your ſtand heere, and behold
The Lady *Anne*, paſſe from her Coronation.

2 'Tis all my buſineſſe. At our laſt encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his Triall.
1 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd ſorrow,
This generall joy.
2 'Tis well: The Citizens
I am ſure have ſhewne at full their Royall minds,
As let'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In Celebration of this day with Shewes,
Pageants, and Sights of Honor.
1 Never greater,
Nor Ile aſſure you better taken Sir.
2 May I be bold to aske what that containes,
That Paper in your hands.
1 Yes, 'tis the Liſt
Of thoſe that claime their Offices this day,
By cuſtome of the Coronation.
The Duke of Suffolke is the firſt, and claimes
To be high Steward; Next the Duke of Norfolke,
He to be Earle Marſhall: you may reade the reſt.
1 I thanke you Sir: Had I not knowne thoſe cuſtomes,
I ſhould have beene beholding to your Paper:
But I beſeech you, what's become of *Katherine*
The Princeſſe Dowager? How goes her buſineſſe?
1 That I can tell you too. The Archbiſhop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned, and Reverend Fathers of his Order,
Held a late Court at Dunſtable; ſixe miles off
From Ampthill, where the Princeſſe lay, to which
She was often cyted by them, but appear'd not:
And to be ſhort, for not Appearance, and
The Kings late Scruple, by the maine aſſent
Of all theſe Learned men, ſhe was divorc'd,
And the late Marriage made of none effect:
Since which, ſhe was remov'd to Kymmalton,
Where ſhe remaines now ſicke.
2 Alas good Lady.
The Trumpets ſound: Stand cloſe,
The Queene is comming. *Ho-boyes.*

The Order of the Coronation.

1 *A lively Flouriſh of Trumpets.*
2 *Then two Iudges.*
3 *Lord* Chancelor, *with Purſe and Mace before him.*
4 Quirriſters *ſinging.* Muſicke
5 Maior of London, *bearing the Mace. Then* Garter, *in his Coate of Armes, and on his head he wore a Gilt Copper Crowne.*
6 Marqueſſe Dorſet, *bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head, a Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earle of* Surrey *bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dove, Crowned with an Earles Coronet. Collars of Eſſes.*
7 Duke of Suffolke, *in his Robe of Eſtate, his Coronet on his head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of* Norfolke, *with the Rod of Marſhalſhip, a Coronet on his head. Collars of Eſſes.*
8 *A Canopy, borne by foure of the* Cinque-Ports, *under it the Queene in her Robe, in her haire, richly adorned with Pearle, Crowned. On each ſide her, the Biſhops of* London *and* Wincheſter.
9 *The* Old Dutcheſſe of Norfolke, *in a Coronall of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queenes Traine.*
10 *Certaine* Ladies *or* Counteſſes, *with plaine Circles of Gold, without Flowers.*

Exeunt, *firſt paſſing over the Stage in Order and State, and then, A great Flouriſh of Trumpets.*

2 A Royall Traine beleeve me: Theſe I know:
Who's that that beares the Scepter?
1 Marqueſſe Dorſet,
And that the Earle of Surrey, with the Rod.
2 A bold brave Gentleman. That ſhould be
The Duke of Suffolke.
1 'Tis the ſame: high Steward.
2 And that my Lord of Norfolke?
1 Yes.
2 Heaven bleſſe thee,
Thou haſt the ſweeteſt face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a Soule, ſhe is an Angell;
Our King ha's all the Indies in his Armes,
And more, and richer, when he ſtraines that Lady,
I cannot blame his Conſcience.
1 They that beare
The Cloath of Honor over her, are foure Barons
Of the Cinque-Ports.
2 Thoſe men are happy,
And ſo are all, are neere her.
I take it, ſhe that carries up the Traine,
Is that old Noble Lady, Dutcheſſe of Norfolke.
1 It is, and all the reſt are Counteſſes.
2 Their Coronets ſay ſo. Theſe are Starres indeed,
And ſometimes falling ones.
2 No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

1 God ſave you Sir. Where have you bin broiling?
3 Among the crow'd i'th'Abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am ſtifled
With the meere rankneſſe of their joy.
2 You ſaw the Ceremony?
3 That I did.
1 How was it?
3 Well worth the ſeeing.
2 Good Sir, ſpeake it to us?
3 As well as I am able. The rich ſtreame
Of Lords, and Ladies, having brought the Queene
To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off
A diſtance from her; while her Grace ſate downe
To reſt a while, ſome halfe an houre, or ſo,
In a rich Chaire of State, oppoſing freely
The Beauty of her Perſon to the People.
Beleeve me Sir, ſhe is the goodlieſt Woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, ſuch a noyſe aroſe,
As the ſhrowdes make at Sea, in a ſtiffe Tempeſt,
As lowd, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes,
(Doublets, I thinke) flew up, and had their Faces
Bin looſe, this day they had beene loſt. Such joy
I never ſaw before. Great belly'd women,
That had not halfe a weeke to go, like Rammes
In the old time of Warre, would ſhake the preaſe
And make'em reele before'em. No man living
Could ſay this is my wife there, all were woven
So ſtrangely in one peece.
2 But what follow'd?
3 At length, her Grace roſe, and with modeſt paces
Came to the Altar, where ſhe kneel'd, and Saint-like
Caſt her faire eyes to Heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then roſe againe, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Arch-byſhop of Canterbury,
She had all the Royall makings of a Queene;
As holy Oyle, *Edward* Confeſſors Crowne,
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all ſuch Emblemes
Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire

With all the choyſeſt Muſicke of the Kingdome,
Together ſung *Te Deum*. So ſhe parted,
And with the ſame full State pac'd backe againe
To Yorke-Place, where the Feaſt is held.
1 Sir.
You muſt no more call it Yorke-place, that's paſt:
For ſince the Cardinall fell, that Titles loſt,
'Tis now the Kings, and call'd White-Hall.
3 I know it:
But 'tis ſo lately alter'd, that the old name
Is freſh about me.
2 What two Reverend Byſhops
Were thoſe that went on each ſide of the Queene?
3 *Stokeley* and *Gardiner*, the one of Wincheſter,
Newly preferr'd from the Kings Secretary:
The other London.
2 He of Winceſter
Is held no great good lover of the Archbiſhop,
The vertuous *Cranmer*.
3 All the Land knowes that:
How ever, yet there is no great breach, when it comes
Cranmer will finde a Friend will not ſhrinke from him.
2 Who may that be, I pray you.
3 *Thomas Cromwell*,
A man in much eſteeme with th'King, and truly
A worthy Friend. The King ha's made him
Maiſter o'th' Iewell Houſe,
And one already of the Privy Councell.
2 He will deſerve more.
3 Yes without all doubt.
Come Gentlemen ye ſhall go my way,
Which is to'th Court, and there ye ſhall be my Gueſts:
Something I can command. As I walke thither,
Ile tell ye more.
Both. You may command us Sir. *Exeunt*.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Katherine Dowager, ſicke, lead betweene Griffith,
her Gentleman Vſher, and Patience
her Woman.

Grif. How do's your Grace?
Kath. O *Griffith*, ſicke to death:
My Legges like loaded Branches bow to'th' Earth,
Willing to leave their burthen: Reach a Chaire,
So now (me thinkes) I feele a little eaſe.
Did'ſt thou not tell me *Griffith*, as thou lead'ſt me,
That the great Childe of Honor, Cardinall *Wolſey*
Was dead?
Grif. Yes Madam: but I thinke your Grace
Out of the paine you ſuffer'd, gave no eare too't.
Kath. Pre'thee good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'de.
If well, he ſtept before me happily
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes Madam,
For after the ſtout Earle Northumberland
Arreſted him at Yorke, and brought him forward
As a man ſorely tainted, to his Anſwer,
He fell ſicke ſodainly, and grew ſo ill
He could not ſit his Mule.
Kath. Alas poore man.
Grif. At laſt, with eaſie Rodes he came to Leiceſter,
Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reverend Abbot
With all his Covent, honorably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave theſe words. O Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the ſtormes of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Give him a little earth for Charity.
So went to bed; where eagerly his ſickneſſe
Purſu'd him ſtill, and three nights after this,
About the houre of eight, which he himſelfe
Foretold ſhould be his laſt, full Repentance,
Continuall Meditations, Teares, and Sorrowes,
He give his Honors to the world agen,
His bleſſed part to Heaven, and ſlept in peace.
Kath. So may he reſt,
His faults lye on him:
Yet thus farre *Griffith*, give me leave to ſpeake him,
And yet with Charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded ſtomacke, ever ranking
Himſelfe with Princes. One that by ſuggeſtion
Ty'de all the Kingdome. Symony, was faire play,
His owne Opinion was his Law. I'th' preſence
He would ſay untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words, and meaning. He was never
(But where he meant to Ruine) pittifull.
His Promiſes, were as he then was, Mighty:
But his performance, as he is now, Nothing:
Of his owne body he was ill, and gave
The Clergy ill example.
Grif. Noble Madam:
Mens evill manners, live in Braſſe, their Vertues
We write in Water. May it pleaſe your Highneſſe
To heare me ſpeake his good now?
Kath. Yes good *Griffith*,
I were malicious elſe.
Grif. This Cardinall.
Though from an humble Stocke, undoubtedly
Was faſhion'd to much Honor. From his Cradle
He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one:
Exceeding wiſe, faire ſpoken, and perſwading:
Lofty, and ſowre to them that lov'd him not:
But to thoſe men that ſought him, ſweet as Summer.
And though he were unſatisfied in getting,
(Which was a ſinne) yet in beſtowing, Madam,
He was moſt Princely: Ever witneſſe for him
Thoſe twinnes of Learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipſwich and Oxford: one of which, fell with him,
Vnwilling to out-live the good that did it.
The other (though unfiniſh'd) yet ſo famous,
So excellent in Art, and ſtill ſo riſing,
That Chriſtendome ſhall ever ſpeake his Vertue.
His Overthrow, heap'd Happineſſe upon him:
For then, and not till then, he felt himſelfe,
And found the Bleſſedneſſe of being little.
And to adde greater Honors to his Age
Then man could give him; he dy'de, fearing God.
Kath. After my death, I wiſh no other Herald,
No other ſpeaker of my living Actions,
To keepe mine Honor, from Corruption,
But ſuch an honeſt Chronicler as *Griffith*.
Whom I moſt hated Living, thou haſt made me
With thy Religious Truth, and Modeſty,
(Now in his Aſhes) Honor: Peace be with him.
Patience, be neere me ſtill, and ſet me lower.
I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,
Cauſe the Muſitians play me that ſad note
I nam'd my Knell; whil'ſt I ſit meditating

On that Cœleſtiall Harmony I go too.

Sad and ſolemne Muſicke.

Grif. She is aſleepe: Good wench, let's ſit down quiet,
For feare we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience.*

The Viſion.

Enter ſolemnely tripping one after another, ſixe Perſonages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their heades Garlands of Bayes, and golden Vizards on their faces, Branches of Bayes or Palme in their hands. They firſt Conge unto her, then Dance: and at certaine Changes, the firſt two hold a ſpare Garland over her Head, at which the other foure make reverend Curtſies. Then the two that held the Garland, deliver the ſame to the other next two, who obſerue the ſame order in their Charges, and holding the Garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the ſame Garland to the laſt two: who likewiſe obſerve the ſame Order. At which (as it were by inſpiration) ſhe makes (in her ſleepe) ſignes of rejoycing, & holdeth up her hands to heaven. And ſo, in their Dancing vaniſh, carrying the Garland with them. The Muſicke continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me heere in wretchedneſſe, behinde ye?
Grif. Madam, we are heere.
Kath. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter ſince I ſlept?
Grif. None, Madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not even now a bleſſed Troope
Invite me to a Banquet, whoſe bright faces
Caſt a thouſand beames upon me, like the Sun?
They promis'd me eternall Happineſſe,
And brought me Garlands (*Griffith*) which I feele
I am not worthy yet to weare: I ſhall aſſuredly.
Grif. I am moſt joyfull Madam, ſuch good dreames
Poſſeſſe your Fancy.
Kath. Bid the Muſicke leave,
They are harſh and heavy to me. *Muſicke ceaſes.*
Pati. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the ſodaine?
How long her face is drawne? How pale ſhe lookes,
And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes?
Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. And't like your Grace——
Kat. You are a ſawcy Fellow,
Deſerve we no more Reverence?
Grif. You are too blame,
Knowing ſhe will not looſe her wonted Greatneſſe
To uſe ſo rude behaviour. Go to, kneele.
Meſ. I humbly do entreat your Highneſſe pardon,
My haſt made me unmannerly. There is ſtaying
A Gentleman ſent from the King, to ſee you.
Kath. Admit him entrance *Griffith.* But this Fellow
Let me ne're ſee againe. *Exit Meſſeng.*

Enter Lord Capuchius.

If my ſight faile not,
You ſhould be Lord Ambaſſador from the Emperor,
My Royall Nephew, and your name *Capuchius.*
Cap. Madam the ſame. Your Servant.
Kath. O my Lord,
The Times and Titles now are alter'd ſtrangely
With me, ſince firſt you knew me.
But I pray you,
What is your pleaſure with me?
Cap. Noble Lady,
Firſt mine owne ſervice to your Grace, the next
The Kings requeſt, that I would viſit you,
Who greeves much for your weakneſſe, and by me
Sends you his Princely Commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;
That gentle Phyſicke given in time, had cur'd me:
But now I am paſt all Comforts heere, but Prayers.
How does his Highneſſe?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he ever do, and ever flouriſh,
When I ſhall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name
Baniſh'd the Kingdome. *Patience,* is that Letter
I caus'd you write, yet ſent away?
Pat. No Madam.
Kath. Sir, I moſt humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.
Cap. Moſt willingly Madam.
Kath. In which I have commended to his goodneſſe
The Modell of our chaſte loves: his yong daughter,
The dewes of Heaven fall thicke in Bleſſings on her,
Beſeeching him to give her vertuous breeding.
She is yong, and of a Noble modeſt Nature,
I hope ſhe will deſerve well; and a little
To love her for her Mothers ſake: that lov'd him:
Heaven knowes how deerely.
My next poore Petition
Is, that his Noble Grace would have ſome pittie
Vpon my wretched women, that ſo long
Have follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare avow
(And now I ſhould not lye) but will deſerve
For Vertue, and true Beauty of the Soule,
For honeſty, and decent Carriage
A right good Huſband (let him be a Noble)
And ſure thoſe men are happy that ſhall have'em.
The laſt is for my men, they are the pooreſt,
(But poverty could never draw'em from me)
That they may have their wages, duly paid'em,
And ſomething over to remember me by.
If Heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life
And able meanes, we had not parted thus.
Theſe are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
By that you love the deereſt in this world,
As you wiſh Chriſtian peace to ſoules departed,
Stand theſe poore peoples Friend, and urge the King
To do me this laſt right.
Cap. By Heaven I will.
Or let me looſe the faſhion of a man.
Kath. I thanke you honeſt Lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highneſſe:
Say his long trouble now is paſſing
Out of this world. Tell him in death I bleſt him
(For ſo I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell
My Lord. *Griffith* farewell. Nay *Patience,*
You muſt not leave me yet. I muſt to bed,
Call in more women. When I am dead, good Wench,
Let me be us'd with Honor; ſtrew me over
With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaſte Wife, to my Grave: Embalme me,
Then lay me forth (although unqueen'd) yet like
A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterre me.
I can no more.

Exeunt leading Katherine.

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Gardiner Biſhop of Wincheſter, a Page with a Torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, is't not.
Boy. It hath ſtrooke.
Gard. Theſe ſhould be houres ſor neceſſities,
Not for delights: Times to repayre our Nature
With comforting repoſe, and not for us
To waſte theſe times. Good houre of night Sir *Thomas*:
Whether ſo late?
Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?
Gar. I did Sir *Thomas*, and left him at Primero
With the Duke of Suffolke.
Lov. I muſt to him too
Before he go to bed. Ile take my leave.
Gar. Not yet Sir *Thomas Lovell*: what's the matter?
It ſeemes you are in haſt: and if there be
No great offence belongs too't, give your Friend
Some touch of your late buſineſſe: Affaires that walke
(As they ſay Spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder Nature, then the buſineſſe
That ſeekes diſpatch by day.
Lou. My Lord, I love you;
And durſt commend a ſecret to your eare
Much waightier then this worke. The Queens in Labor
They ſay in great Extremity, and fear'd
Shee'l with the Labour, end.
Gar. The fruite ſhe goe with
I pray for heartily, that it may finde
Good time, and live: but for the Stocke Sir *Thomas*,
I wiſh it grubb'd up now.
Lov. Me thinkes I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Conſcience ſayes
Shee's a good Creature, and ſweet-Lady do's
Deſerve our better wiſhes.
Gar. But Sir, Sir.
Heare me Sir *Thomas*, y'are a Gentleman
Of mine owne way. I know you Wiſe, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne're be well,
'Twill not Sir *Thomas Lovell*, tak't of me,
Till *Cranmer Cromwell*, her two hands, and ſhee
Sleepe in their Graves.
Lov. Now Sir, you ſpeake of two
The moſt remark'd ith' Kingdome: as for *Cromwel*,
Beſide that of the Iewell-Houſe, is made Maiſter
O'th' Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir,
Stands in the gap and Trade of moe Preferments,
With which the Lime will loade him. Th'Archbyſhop
Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare ſpeake
One ſyllable againſt him?
Gar. Yes, yes. Sir *Thomas*,
There are that Dare, and I my ſelfe have ventur'd
To ſpeake my minde of him: and indeed this day,
Sir (I may tell it you) I thinke I have
Incenſt the Lords o'th' Councell, that he is
(For ſo I know he is, they know he is)
A moſt Arch-Heretique, a Peſtilence
That does infect the Land: with which, they moved
Have broken with the King, who hath ſo farre
Given eare to our Complaint, of his great Grace.
And Princely Care, fore-ſeeing thoſe fell Miſchiefes,
Our Reaſons layd before him, hath commanded
To morrow Morning to the Councell Boord
He be convented. He's a ranke weed Sir *Thomas*,
And we muſt root him out. From your Affaires
I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir *Thomas*.

Exit Gardiner and Page.

Lov. Many good nights, my Lord, I reſt your ſervant.

Enter King and Suffolke.

King. *Charles*, I will play no more to night,
My mindes not on't, you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
King. But litle *Charles*,
Nor ſhall not when my Fancies on my play.
Now *Lovel*, from the Queene what is the Newes,
Lov. I could not perſonally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman,
I ſent your Meſſage, who return'd her thankes
In the great'ſt humbleneſſe, and deſir'd your Highneſſe
Moſt hartily to pray for her.
King. What ſay'ſt thou? Ha?
To pray for her? What, is ſhe crying out?
Lov. So ſaid her woman. and that her ſuffrance made
Almoſt each pang, a death.
King. Alas good Lady.
Suf. God ſafely quit her of her Burthen, and
With gentle Travaile, to the gladding of
Your Higneſſe with an Heire.
King. 'Tis midnight *Charles*,
Prythee to bed, and in thy Prayers remember
Th'eſtate of my poore Queene. Leave me alone,
For I muſt thinke of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wiſh your Higneſſe
A quiet night, and my good Miſtris will
Remember in my Prayers.
King. *Charles* good night. *Exit Suffolke.*
Well Sir, what followes?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Den. Sir, I haue brought my Lord the Arch-byſhop,
As you commanded me.
Kin. Ha? Canterbury?
Den. I my good Lord
Kin. Tis true: where is he *Denny*?
Den. He attends your Highneſſe pleaſure.
Kin. Bring him to Vs.
Lou. This is about that, which the Byſhop ſpake,
I am happily come hither.

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Avoid the Gallery. *Lovel ſeemeth to ſtay.*
Ha? I have ſaid. Be gone.

Exeunt Lovell and Denny.

Cran. I am fearefull: Wherefore frownes he thus?
Tis his Aſpect of Terror. All's not well.
Kin. How now my Lord?
You do deſire to know wherefore
I ſent for you.
Cran. It is my duty
T'attend your Highneſſe pleaſure.
Kin. Pray you ariſe
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury:
Come, you and I muſt walke a turne together:
I have Newes to tell you.
Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah my good Lord, I greeve at what I ſpeake,
And am right ſorry to repeat what followes.
I have, and moſt unwillingly of late

Heard many greevous. I do ſay my Lord
Greevous complaints of you; which being conſider'd,
Have mov'd Vs, and our Councell, that you ſhall
This Morning come before us, where I know
You cannot with ſuch freedome purge your ſelfe,
But that till further Triall, in thoſe Charges
Which will require your Anſwer, you muſt take
Your patience to you, and be well-contented
To make your houſe our Towre: you, a Brother of us
It fits we thus proceed, or elſe no witneſſe
Would come againſt you.
Cran. I humbly thanke your Highneſſe,
And am right glad to catch this good occaſion
Moſt throughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe
And Corne ſhall flye aſunder. For I know
There's none ſtands under more calumnious tongues,
Then I my ſelfe, poore man.
Kin. Stand up, good Canterbury,
Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted
In us thy Friend. Give me thy hand, ſtand up,
Prythee let's walke. Now by my Holydame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would have given me your Petition, that
I ſhould have tane ſome paines, to bring together
Your ſelfe, and your Accuſers, and to have heard you
Without indurance further.
Cran. Moſt dread Liege,
The good I ſtand on, is my Truth and Honeſty:
If they ſhall faile, I with mine Enemies
Will triumph o're my perſon, which I waigh not,
Being of thoſe Vertues vacant. I feare nothing
What can be ſaid againſt me.
Kin. Know you not
How your ſtate ſtands i'th'world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not ſmall; their practiſes
Muſt beare the ſame proportion, and not ever
The Iuſtice and the Truth o'th'queſtion carries
The dew o'th'Verdict with it; at what eaſe
Might corrupt mindes procure, Knaves as corrupt
To ſweare againſt you: Such things have bene done.
You are Potently oppos'd, and with a Malice
Of as great Size. Weene you of better lucke,
I meane in periur'd Witneſſe, then your Maiſter,
Whoſe Miniſter you are, whiles heere he liv'd
Vpon this naughty Earth? Go to, go to,
You take a Precipice for no leape of danger,
Ane wooe your owne deſtruction.
Cran. God, and your Majeſty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.
Kin. Be of good cheere,
They ſhall no more prevaile, then we give way to:
Keepe comfort to you, and this Morning ſee
You do appeare before them. If they ſhall chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you:
The beſt perſwaſions to the contrary
Faile not to uſe; and with what vehemency
Th'occaſion ſhall inſtruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliver them, and your Appeale to us
There make before them. Looke, the goodman weeps:
He's honeſt on mine Honor. Gods bleſt Mother,
I ſweare he is true-hearted, and a ſoule
None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. *Exit Cranmer.*
He ha's ſtrangled all his Language in his teares.

Enter Olde Lady.

Gent. within. Come backe: what meane you?
Lady. Ile not come backe, the tydings that I bring
Will make my boldneſſe, manners. Now good Angels
Fly o're thy Royall head, and ſhade thy perſon
Vnder their bleſſed wings.
Kin. Now by thy lookes
I geſſe thy Meſſage. Is the Queene deliver'd?
Say I, and of a boy.
Lady. I, I my Liege;
And of a lovely Boy: the God of heaven
Both now, and ever bleſſe her: 'Tis a Gyrle
Promiſes Boyes heereafter. Sir, your Queene
Deſires your Viſitation, and to be
Acquainted with this ſtranger; 'tis as like you,
As Cherry, is to Cherry.
King. Lovell.
Lov. Sir.
King. Give her an hundred Markes.
Ile to the Queene. *Exit King.*
Lad. An hundred Markes? By this light, Ile ha more.
An ordinary Groome is for ſuch payment.
I will have more, or ſcold it out of him.
Said I for this, the Gyrle was like to him? Ile
Have more, or elſe unſay't: and now, while 'tis hot,
Ile put it to the iſſue. *Exit Lady.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Cranmer, Archbyſhop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was ſent to me from the Councell, pray'd me
To make great haſt. All faſt? What meanes this? Hoa?
Who waites there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes; my Lord:
But yet I cannot helpe you.
Cran. Why?
Keep. Your Grace muſt waight till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Buts.

Cran. So.
Buts. This is a Peice of Malice: I am glad
I came this way ſo happily. The King
Shall underſtand it preſently. *Exit Buts.*
Cran. 'Tis *Buts.*
The Kings Phyſitian, as he paſt along
How earneſtly he caſt his eyes upon me:
Pray heaven he ſound not my diſgrace: for certaine
This is of purpoſe laid by ſome that hate me,
(God turne their hearts, I never ſought their malice)
To quench mine Honor; they would ſhame to make me
Wait elſe at doore: a follow Councellor
'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes. But their pleaſures
Muſt be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King, and Buts, at a Windowe above.

Buts. Ile ſhew your Grace the ſtrangeſt ſight.
King. What's that *Buts?*

Buts

Butts. I thinke your Highneſſe ſaw this many a day.
Kin. Body a me: where is it?
But. There my Lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
Who holds his State at dore 'mongſt Purſevants,
Pages, and Foot-boyes.
Kin. Ha? 'Tis he indeed.
Is this the Honour they doe one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet; I had thought
They had parted ſo much honeſty among'em,
At leaſt good manners; as not thus to ſuffer
A man of his Place, and ſo neere our favour
To dance attendance on their Lordſhips pleaſures,
And at the dore too, like a Poſt with Packets:
By holy *Mary* (*Butts*) there's knavery;
Let'em alone, and draw the Curtaine cloſe:
We ſhall heare more anon.

A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed under the State. Enter Lord Chancellour, places himſelfe at the upper end of the Table, on the left hand: A Seate being left void above him, as for Canterburies Seate. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolke, Surrey, Lord Chamberlaine, Gardiner, ſeat themſelves in Order on each ſide. Cromwell at lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speake to the buſineſſe, M. Secretary;
Why are we met in Councell?
Crom. Pleaſe your Honours,
The chiefe cauſe concernes his Grace of *Canterbury*.
Gard. Ha's he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Norf. Who waits there?
Keep. Without my Noble Lords?
Gard. Yes.
Keep. My Lord Arſhibiſhop:
And ha's done halfe an houre to know your pleaſures.
Chan. Let him come in.
Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

Cranmer approches the Councell Table.

Chan. My good Lord Archbiſhop, I'm very ſorry
To ſit heere at this preſent, and behold
That Chayre ſtand empty: But we all are men
In our owne natures fraile, and capable
Of our fleſh, few are Angels; out of which frailty
And want of wiſedome, you that beſt ſhould teach us,
Have miſdemean'd your ſelfe, and not a little:
Toward the King firſt, then his Lawes, in filling
The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines
(For ſo we are inform'd) with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are Hereſies;
And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gard. Which Reformation muſt be ſodaine too
My Noble Lords, for thoſe that tame wild Horſes,
Pace'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But ſtop their mouthes with ſtubborn Bits & ſpurre'em,
Till they obey the mannage. If wee ſuffer
Out of our eaſineſſe and childiſh pitty
To one mans Honour, this contagious ſickneſſe;
Farewell all Phyſicke: and what followes then?
Commotions, uprores, with a generall Taint
Of the whole State: as of late dayes our neighbours,
The upper *Germany* can deerely witneſſe:
Yet freſhly pittied in our memories.
Cran. My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progreſſe
Both of my Life and Office, I have labour'd,
And with no little ſtudy, that my teaching
And the ſtrong courſe of my Authority,
Might goe one way, and ſafely; and the end
Was ever to doe well: nor is there living,
(I ſpeake it with a ſingle heart, my Lords)
A man that more deteſts, more ſtirres againſt,
Both in his private Conſcience, and his place,
Defacers of a publique peace then I doe:
Pray Heaven the King may never find a heart
With leſſe Allegeance in it. Men that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nouriſhment;
Dare bite the beſt. I doe beſeech your Lordſhips,
That in this caſe of Iuſtice, my Accuſers,
Be what they will, may ſtand forth face to face,
And freely urge againſt me.
Suff. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a Counſellor,
And by that vertue no man dare accuſe you.
Gard. My Lord, becauſe we have buſines of more moment,
We will be ſhort with you. 'Tis his Highneſſe pleaſure
And our conſent, for better tryall of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where being but a private man againe,
You ſhall know many dare accuſe you boldly,
More then (I feare) you are provided for.
Cran. Ah my good Lord of *Wincheſter*: I thanke you,
You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will paſſe,
I ſhall both finde your Lordſhip, Iudge and Iuror,
You are ſo mercifull. I ſee your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekeneſſe, Lord
Become a Churchman, better then Ambition:
Win ſtraying Soules with modeſty againe,
Caſt none away. That I ſhall clere my ſelfe,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you doe conſcience,
In doing dayly wrongs. I could ſay more,
But reverence to your calling, makes me modeſt.
Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,
That's the plaine truth; your painted gloſſe diſcovers
To men that underſtand you, words and weakneſſe.
Crom. My Lord of *Wincheſter*, y'are a little,
By your good favour, too ſharpe; Men ſo Noble,
How ever faulty, yet ſhould finde reſpect
For what they have beene: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.
Gard. Good M. Secretary,
I cry your Honour mercy; you may worſt
Of all this Table ſay ſo.
Crom. Why my Lord?
Gard. Doe not I know you for a Favourer
Of this new Sect? ye are not ſound.
Crom. Not ſound?
Gard. Not ſound I ſay.
Crom. Would you were halfe ſo honeſt:
Mens prayers then would ſeeke you, not their feares.
Gard. I ſhall remember this bold Language.
Crom. Doe.
Remember your bold life too.
Cham. This is too much;
Forbeare for ſhame my Lords.
Gard. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Cham. Then thus for you my Lord, it ſtands agreed
I take it, by all voyces: That forthwith,
You be convaid to th' Tower a Priſoner;
There to remaine till the Kings further pleaſure
Be knowne unto us: are you all agreed Lords.

All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I muſt needs to th'Tower my Lords?
Gard. What other,
Would you expect? You are ſtrangely troubleſome:
Let ſome o'th'Guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
Muſt I goe like a Traitor thither?
Gard. Receive him,
And ſee him ſafe i'th'Tower.
Cran. Stay good my Lords,
I have a little yet to ſay. Looke there my Lords,
By vertue of that Ring, I take my cauſe
Out of the gripes of cruell men, and give it
To a moſt Noble Iudge, the King my Maiſter.
Cham. This is the Kings Ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suff. 'Tis the right Ring, by Heav'n: I told ye all,
When we firſt put this dangerous ſtone a rowling,
'Twold fall upon our ſelves.
Norf. Doe you thinke my Lords
The King will ſuffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. Tis now too certaine,
How much more is his Life in valve with him?
Would I were fairely out on't.
Crom. My mind gave me,
In ſeeking tales and Informations
Againſt this man, whoſe honeſty the Divell
And his diciples onely envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burnes ye: now have at ye.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seate.

Gard. Dread Soveraigne:
How much are we bound to Heaven,
In dayly thankes, that gave us ſuch a Prince;
Not onely good and wiſe, but moſt religious:
One that in all obedience, makes the Church
The cheefe ayme of his Honour, and to ſtrengthen
That holy duty out of deare reſpect,
His Royall ſelfe in Iudgement comes to heare
The cauſe betwixt her, and this great offender.
Kin. You were ever good at ſodaine Commendations
Biſhop of *Winchester.* But know I come not
To heare ſuch flattery now, and in my preſence,
They are too thin, and baſe to hide offences,
To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell,
And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me:
But whatſoere thou tak'ſt me for; I'm ſure
Thou haſt a cruell Nature and a bloody.
Good man ſit downe: Now let me ſee the proudeſt
Hee, that dares moſt, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better ſtarve,
Then but once thinke his place becomes thee not.
Sur. May it pleaſe your Grace; ——
Kin. No Sir, it doe's not pleaſe me,
I had thought, I had had men of ſome underſtanding,
And wiſedome of my Councell; but I finde none:
Was it diſcretion Lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deſerue that Title)
This honeſt man, wait like a lowſie Foot-boy
At Chamberdore? and one, as great as you are?
Why, what a ſhame was this? Did my Commiſſion
Bid ye ſo farre forget your ſelves? I gave ye
Power, as he was a Counſellour to try him,
Not as a Groome: There's ſome of ye, I ſee,
More out of Malice then Integrity,
Would trye him to the utmoſt, had ye meane,
Which ye ſhall never have while I live.
Chan. Thus farre
My moſt dread Soveraigne, may it like your Grace,
To let my tongue excuſe all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his Impriſonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall,
And faire purgation to the world then malice,
I'm ſure in me.
Kin. Well, well my Lords reſpect him.
Take him, and uſe him well; hee's worthy of it.
I will ſay thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholding to a Subject; I
Am for his love and ſervice, ſo to him.
Make me no more adoe, but all embrace him;
Be friends for ſhame my Lords: My Lord of *Canterbury*
I have a Suite which you muſt not deny mee.
That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptiſme,
You muſt be Godfather, and anſwere for her.
Cran. The greateſt Monarch now alive may glory
In ſuch an honour: how may I deſerve it,
That am a poore and humble Subject to you?
Kin. Come, come my Lord, you'd ſpare your ſpoones;
You ſhall have two noble Partners with you: the olde
Ducheſſe of *Norfolke*, and Lady Marqueſſe *Dorset*? will
theſe pleaſe you?
Once more my Lord of *Winchester*, I charge you
Embrace, and love this man.
Gard. With a true heart,
And Brothers love I doe it.
Cran. And let Heaven
Witneſſe how deare, I hold this Confirmation.
Kin. Good Man, thoſe joyfull teares ſhew thy true (heart,
The common voice I ſee is verified
Of thee, which ſayes thus: Doe my Lord of *Canterbury*
A ſhrewd turne, and hee's your friend for ever:
Come Lords, we trifle time away: I long
To have this young one made a Chriſtian.
As I have made ye one Lords, one remaine:
So I grow ſtronger, you more Honour gaine. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Noyſe and Tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'l leave your noiſe anon ye Raſcals: doe you take the Court for Pariſh Garden: ye rude Slaves, leave your gaping.

Within. Good M. Porter I belong to th'Larder.

Por. Belong to th'Gallowes, and be hang'd ye Rogue, Is this a place to roare in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree ſtaves, and ſtrong ones; theſe are but ſwitches to 'em: Ile ſcratch your heads; you muſt be ſeeing Chriſtenings? Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes heere, you rude Raskalls?

Man. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impoſſible,
Vnleſſe wee ſweepe'em from the dore with Cannons,
To ſcatter'em, as 'tis to make'em ſleepe
On May-day Morning, which will never be:
We may is well puſh againſt Powles as ſtirre'em.
Por. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in?
As much as one ſound Cudgell of foure foote,
(You ſee the poore remainder) could diſtribute,
I made no ſpare Sir.
Port. You did nothing Sir.
Man. I am not *Sampſon*, nor Sir *Guy*, nor *Colebrand*,
To mow'em downe before me: but if I ſpar'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or ſhe, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker;
Let me ne're hope to ſee a Chine againe,
And that I would not for a Cow, God ſave her.
With. Do you heare M, Porter?
Port. I ſhall be with you preſently, good M. *Puppy.*
Keepe the dore cloſe Sirha.
Man. What would you have me doe?
Por. What ſhould you doe,

But knock'em downe by th'dozens? Is this More fields to muſter in? Or have wee ſome ſtrange Indian with the great *Toole*, come to Court, the women ſo beſiege us? Bleſſe me, what a fry of Fornication is at dore? On my Chriſtian Conſcience this one Chriſtening will beget a thouſand, here will be Father, God-father, and all together.

Man. The Spoones will be the bigger Sir: There is a fellow ſomewhat neere the doore, he ſhould be a Braſier by his face, for o' my conſcience twenty of the Dog-dayes now reigne in's Noſe; all that ſtand about him are under the Line, they need no other pennance: that Fire-Drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his Noſe diſcharged againſt mee; hee ſtands there like a Morter-piece to blow us. There was a Habberdaſhers Wife of ſmall wit, neere him, that rail'd upon me, till her pinck'd porrenger ſell off her head, for kindling ſuch a combuſtion in the State. I miſt the Meteor once, and hit that Woman, who cryed out Clubbes, when I migth ſee from farre, ſome forty Truncheoners draw to her ſuccour, which were the hope o'th'Strond where ſhe was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at length they came to th'broome ſtaffe to me, I defide'em ſtill, when ſodainly a File of Boyes behind'em, looſe ſhot, deliver'd ſuch a ſhowre of Pibbles, that I was faine to draw mine Honour in, and let'em win the Worke, the Divell was amongſt'em I thinke ſurely.

Por. Theſe are the youths that thunder at a Playhouſe, and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limehouſe, their deare Brothers are able to endure. I have ſome of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance theſe three dayes; beſides the running Banquet of two Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Mercy o'me: what a Multitude are heere?
They grow ſtill too; from all Parts they are comming,
As if we kept a Faire heere? Where are theſe Porters?
Theſe lazy knaves? Y'have made fine hand fellowes?
Theres a trim rabble let in: are all theſe
Your faithfull friends o'th'Suburbs? We ſhall have
Great ſtore of roome no doubt, left for the Ladies,
When they paſſe backe from the Chriſtening?
Por. And't pleaſe your Honour,
We are but men, and what ſo many may doe,
Not being torne a pieces, we have done:
An Army cannot rule'em.
Cha. As I live,
If the King blame me for't; Ile lay ye all
By th'heeles, and ſodainly: and on your heads
Clap round Fines for neglect. y'are lazy knaves,
And heere ye lye baiting of Bombards, when
Ye ſhould doe Service. Harke the Trumpets ſound,
Th'are come already from the Chriſtening,
Go breake among the preaſſe, and finde a way out
To let the Troope paſſe fairely; or Ile finde
A Marſhallſey, ſhall hold ye play theſe two Monthes.
Por. Make way there, for the Princeſſe.
Man. You great fellow,
Stand cloſe up, or Ile make your head ake.
Por. You i'th'Chamblet, get up o'th'raile,
Ile pecke you o're the pales elſe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Trumpets ſounding: Then two Aldermen, L. Maior, Garter, Crammer, Duke of Norfolke with his Marſhals Staffe, Duke of Suffolke, two Noblemen, bearing great ſtanding Bowles for the Chriſtening Guifts: Then foure Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the Dutcheſſe of Norfolke, Godmother, bearing the Childe rickly habited in a Mantle, &c. Traine borne by a Lady: Then followes the Marchioneſſe Dorſet, the other Godmother, and Ladies. The Troope paſſe once about the Stage, and Garter ſpeakes.

Gart. Heaven
From thy endleſſe goodneſſe, ſend proſperous life,
Long, and ever happy, to the high and Mighty
Princeſſe of England *Elizabeth.*

Flouriſh. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your Royall Grace, & the good Queene,
My Noble Partners, and my ſelfe thus pray
All comfort, joy in this moſt gracious Lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make Parents happy,
May hourely fall upon ye.
King. Thanke you good Lord Archbiſhop:
What is her Name?
Cran. Elizabeth.
Kin. Standup Lord,
With this Kiſſe, take my Bleſſing: God protect thee,
Into whoſe hand, I give thy Life.
Cran. Amen.
Kin. My Noble Goſſips, y'have beene too Prodigall;
I thanke ye heartily: So ſhall this Lady,
When ſhe ha's ſo much Engliſh.
Cran. Let me ſpeake Sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter,
Let none thinke Flattery; for they'l finde'em Truth.
This Royall Infant, Heaven ſtill move about her;
Though in her Cradle; yet now promiſes
Vpon this Land a thouſand thouſand Bleſſings,
Which Time ſhall bring to ripeneſſe: She ſhall be,
(But few now living can behold that goodneſſe)
A Patterne to all Princes living with her,
And all that ſhall ſucceed: *Saba* was never
More covetous of Wiſedome, and faire Vertue
Then this pure Soule ſhall be. All Princely Graces
That mould up a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Vertues that attend the good,
Shall ſtill be doubled on her. Truth ſhall Nurſe her,

Holy and Heavenly thoughts ſtill Counſell her:
She ſhall be lov'd and fear'd. Her owne ſhall bleſſe her;
Her Foes ſhake like a Field of beaten Corne,
And hang their heads with ſorrow:
Good growes with her.
In her dayes, Every Man ſhall eate in ſafety,
Vnder his owne Vine what he plants; and ſing
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
God ſhall be truly knowne, and thoſe about her,
From her ſhall read the perfect way of Honour,
And by thoſe claime their greatneſſe, not by Blood.
Nor ſhall this peace ſleepe with her: But as when
The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phœnix,
Her Aſhes new create another Heyre,
As great in admiration as her ſelfe.
So ſhall ſhe leave her Bleſſedneſſe to One,
(When Heaven ſhal cal her from this clowd of darknes)
Who, from the ſacred Aſhes of her Honour
Shall Star-like riſe, as great in fame as ſhe was,
And ſo ſtand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth, Terror,
That were the Servants to this choſen Infant,
Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;
Where ever the bright Sunne of Heaven ſhall ſhine,
His Honor, and the greatneſſe of his name,
Shall be, and make new Nations. He ſhall flouriſh,
And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches,
To all the Plaines about him: Our Childrens Children
Shall ſee this, and bleſſe Heaven.

Kin. Thou ſpeakeſt wonders.

Cran. She ſhall be to the happineſſe of England,
An aged Princeſſe; many dayes ſhall ſee her,
And yet no day without a deed to Crowne it.
Would I had knowne no more: But ſhe muſt dye,
She muſt, the Saints muſt have her; yet a Virgin,
A moſt unſpotted Lilly ſhall ſhe paſſe
To th'ground, and all the World ſhall mourne her.

Kin. O Lord Archbiſhop
Thou haſt made me now a man, never before
This happy Child, did I get any thing.
This Oracle of comfort, ha's ſo pleas'd me,
That when I am in Heaven, I ſhall deſire
To ſee what this Child does, and praiſe my Maker.
I thanke ye all. To you my good Lord Maior,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
I have receiv'd much Honour by your preſence,
And ye ſhall find me thankfull. Leade the way Lords,
Ye muſt all ſee the Queene, and ſhe muſt thanke ye,
She will be ſicke els. This day, no man thinke
'Has buſineſſe at his houſe; for all ſhall ſtay:
This little-One ſhall make it Holy-day. *Exeunt.*

THE EPILOGVE.

Tis ten to one, this Play can never pleaſe
All that are heere: Some come to take their eaſe,
And ſleepe an Act or two; but thoſe we feare
W'have frighted with our Trumpets: ſo 'tis cleare,
They'l ſay it's naught. Others to heare the City
Abus'd extreamly, and to cry that's witty,
Which we have not done neither; that I feare
All the expected good w'are like to heare,
For this Play at this time, is onely in
The mercifull conſtruction of good women,
For ſuch a one we ſhew'd 'em: If they ſmile,
And ſay 'twill doe; I know within a while,
All the beſt men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.

FINIS.

The Prologue.

IN Troy there lyes the Scæne: from Jles of Greece
The Princes Orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the Port of Athens ſent their ſhippes
Fraught with the miniſters and inſtruments
Of cruell Warre: Sixty and nine that wore
Their Crownets Regall, from th'Athenian Bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ranſacke Troy, within whoſe ſtrong Jmmures
The raviſh'd Helen, Menelaus Queene,
With wanton Paris ſleepes, and that's the Quarrell.
To Tenedos they come,
And the deepe-drawing Barkes doe there diſgorge
Their Warlike frautage: now on Dardan Plaines
The freſh and yet unbruiſed Greekes doe pitch
Their brave Pavillions. Priams ſix-gated City,
Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenonidus with maſſy Staples
And correſponſiue and fulfilling Bolts
Stirre up the Sonnes of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittiſh ſpirits,
On one and other ſide, Troian and Greeke,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am J come,
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Authors pen, or Actors voyce; but ſuited
Jn like conditions, as our Argument;
To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play
Leapes ore the vaunt and firſtlings of thoſe broyles,
Beginning in the middle: ſtarting thence away,
To what may be digeſted in a Play:
Like, or find fault, doe as your pleaſures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.

THE TRAGEDIE OF
Troylus and Creſsida.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus.

Troylus.

CAll here my Varlet, Ile unarme againe.
Why ſhould I warre without the wals of Troy
That finde ſuch cruell battell here within?
Each Troian that is maſter of his heart,
Let him to field, *Troylus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geere ne're be mended?

Troy. The Greekes are ſtrong, and ſkilfull to their ſtrength,
Fierce to their ſkill, and to their fierceneſſe Valiant:
But I am weaker then a womans teare:
Tamer then ſleepe, fonder then ignorance;
Leſſe valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And skilleſſe as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: For my part, Ile not meddle nor make no farther. He that will have a Cake out of the Wheate, muſt needes tarry the grinding.

Troy. Have I not tarried?

Pan. I the grinding; but you muſt tarry the boulting.

Troy. Have I not tarried?

Pan. I the boulting; but you muſt tarry the leav'ning.

Troy. Still have I tarried.

Pan. I, to the leavening: but heeres yet in the word hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the heating of the Oven, and the Baking; nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.

Troy. Patience her ſelfe, what Godddeſſe ere ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance, then I doe:
At *Priams* Royall Table I ſit;
And when faire *Creſſid* comes into my thoughts,
So (Traitor) then ſhe comes, when ſhe is thence.

Pan. Well:
She look'd yeſternight fairer, then ever I ſaw her looke,
Or any woman elſe.

Troy. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a ſigh, would rive in twaine,
Leaſt *Hector*, or my father ſhould perceive me:
I have (as when the Sunne doth light a-ſcorne)
Buried this ſigh, in wrinkle of a ſmile:
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſſe,
Is like that mirth, Fate turnes to ſudden ſadneſſe.

Pan. And her haire were not ſomewhat darker then *Helens*, well goe to, there were no more compariſon betweene the Women. But for my part ſhe is my Kinſwoman, I would not (as they tearme it) praiſe it, but I would ſome-body had heard her talke yeſterday as I did: I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter *Caſſandra's* wit, but——

Troy. Oh *Pandarus*! I tell thee *Pandarus*;
When I doe tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd:
Reply not in how many Fadomes deepe
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Creſſids* love. Thou anſwer'ſt ſhe is Faire,
Powr'ſt in the open Vlcer of my heart,
Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheeke, her Gate, her Voyce,
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe. O that her Hand
(In whoſe compariſon, all whites are Inke)
Writing their owne reproach; to whoſe ſoft ſeizure,
The Cignets Downe is harſh, and ſpirit of Senſe
Hard as the palme of Ploughman. This thou tel'ſt me;
As true thou tel'ſt me, when I ſay I love her:
But ſaying thus, inſtead of Oyle and Balme,
Thou lai'ſt in every gaſh that love hath given me,
The Knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeake no more then truth.

Troy. Thou do'ſt not ſpeake ſo much.

Pan. Faith, Ile not meddle in't. Let her be as ſhe is, if ſhe be faire, 'tis the better for her: and ſhe be not, ſhe ha's the mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good *Pandarus*; How now *Pandarus*?

Pan. I have had my Labour for my travell, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: Gone betweene and betweene, but ſmall thankes for my labour.

Troy. What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe's Kinne to me, therefore ſhe's not ſo faire as *Helen*, and ſhe were not kin to me, ſhe would be as faire on Friday, as *Helen* is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not and ſhe were a Blacke-a-Moore, 'tis all one to me.

Troy. Say I ſhe is not faire?

Pan. I doe not care whether you doe or no. She's a Foole to ſtay behind her Father: Let her to the Greekes, and ſo Ile tell her the next time I ſee her: for my part, Ile meddle nor make no more i'th' matter.

Troy. *Pandarus*?

Pan. Not I.

Troy. Sweet *Pandarus*.

Pan. Pray you ſpeake no more to me, I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. *Exit Pand.*

Sound Alarum.

Tro. Peace you ungracious Clamors, peace rude ſounds,
Fooles on both ſides, *Helen* muſt needs be faire,
When with your bloud you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this Argument:
It is too ſtarv'd a ſubject for my Sword,
But *Pandarus*: O gods! How doe you plague me?
I cannot come to *Creſſid* but by *Pandar*,
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,
As ſhe is ſtubborne, chaſt, againſt all ſuite.
Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* Love
What *Creſſid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her bed is *India*, there ſhe lyes, a Pearle,
Betweene our Ilium, and where ſhe reſides
Let it be cald the mild and wandring flood,
Our ſelfe the Merchant, and this ſayling *Pandar*,
Our doubtfull hope, our convoy and our Barke.

Alarum. *Enter Æneas.*

Æne. How now Prince *Troylus*?
Wherefore not afield?

Troy. Becauſe not there; this womans anſwer ſorts,
For womaniſh it is to be from thence:
What newes *Æneas* from the field to day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troy. By whom *Æneas*?

Æne. *Troylus* by *Menelaus*.

Troy. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorne.
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus* horne. *Alarum.*

Æne. Hearke what good ſport is out of Towne to day.

Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may;
But to the ſport abroad, are you bound thither?

Æne. In all ſwift haſt.

Troy. Come goe we then together. *Exeunt.*

Enter Creſſid and her man.

Cre. Who were thoſe went by?

Man. Queene *Hecuba*, and *Hellen*.

Cre. And whither goe they?

Man. Vp to the Eaſterne Tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubject all the vale,
To ſee the battell; *Hector* whoſe patience,
Is as a Vertue fixt, to day was mov'd:
He chides *Andromache*, and ſtrooke his Armorer,
And like as there were husbandry in Warre
Before the Sunne roſe, he was harneſt light,
And to the field goe's he; where every flower
Did as a Prophet weepe what it foreſaw,
In *Hectors* wrath.

Cre. What was his cauſe of anger?

Man. The noiſe goe's this;
There is among the Greekes,
A Lord of Troyan blood, Nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Ajax*.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Man. They ſay he is a very man *per ſe* and ſtands alone.

Cre. So doe all men, unleſſe they are drunke, ſicke, or have no legges.

Man. This man Lady, hath rob'b many beaſts of their particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churliſh as the Beare, ſlow as the Elephant: a man into whom nature hath ſo crowded humors, that his valour is cruſht into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion: there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpſe of, nor any man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtaine of it. He is melancholy without cauſe and merry againſt the haire, he hath the joynts of every thing, but every thing ſo out of joynt, that he is a gowty *Briareus*, many hands and no uſe; or purblinded *Argus*, all eyes and no ſight.

Cre. But how ſhould this man that makes me ſmile, make *Hector* angry?

Man. They ſay he yeſterday cop'd *Hector* in the battell and ſtrooke him down, the diſdaine & ſhame whereof, hath ever ſince kept *Hector* faſting and walcing.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Man. Madam, your Vncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hectors* a gallant man.

Man. As may be in the world Lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow Vnckle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow Cozen *Creſſid*: what doe you talke of? good morrow *Alexander*: how doe you Cozen? when were you at Illium?

Cre. This morning Vncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was *Hector* arm'd and gone ere ye came to Illium? *Helen* was not up? was ſhe?

Cre. *Hector* was gone, but *Hellen* was not up.

Pan. E'ene ſo; *Hector* was ſtirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he ſayes here.

Pan. True he was ſo; I know the cauſe too, heele lay about him to day I can tell them that, and there's *Troylus* will not come farre behind him, let them take heede of *Troylus*; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who *Troylus*?
Troylus is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh *Iupiter*; there's no compariſon.

Pan. What not betweene *Troylus* and *Hector*? doe you know a man if you ſee him?

Cre. I, if I ever ſaw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well I ſay *Troylus* is *Troylus*.

Cre. Then you ſay as I ſay,
For I am ſure he is not *Hector*.

Pan. No nor *Hector* is not *Troylus* in ſome degrees.

Cre. 'Tis juſt, to each of them he is himſelfe.

Pan. Himſelfe? alas poore *Troylus* I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foote to India.

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himſelfe? no? he's not himſelfe, would a were himſelfe; well, the gods are above, time muſt friend or end: well *Troylus* well, I would my heart were in her body; no, *Hector* is not a better man then *Troylus*.

Cre. Excuſe me,

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th'others not come too't, you ſhall tell me another tale when th'others come too't: *Hector* ſhall not have his will this yeere.

Cre. He ſhall not neede it if he have his owne.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgement Neece; *Hellen* her ſelfe ſwore th'other day, that *Troylus* for a browne favour (for ſo 'tis I muſt confeſſe) not browne neither.

Cre. No, but browne.

Pan. Faith to ſay truth, browne and not browne.

Cre. To ſay the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above *Paris*.

Cre. Why *Paris* hath colour inough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troylus* ſhould have too much, if ſhe prais'd him above, his complexion is higher then his, he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion. I had as lieve *Hellens* golden tongue had commended *Troylus* for a copper noſe.

Pan. I ſweare to you.
I thinke *Hellen* loves him better then *Paris.*

Cre. Then ſhe's a merry Greeke indeed.

Pan. Nay I am ſure ſhe does, ſhe came to him th'other day into the compaſt window, and you know he has not paſt three or foure haires on his chinne.

Cre. Indeed a Tapſters Arithmetique may ſoone bring his particulars therein, to a totall.

Pand. Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector.*

Cre. Is he ſo young a man, and ſo old a lifter?

Pan. But to proove to you that *Hellen* loves him, ſhe came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. *Iuno* have mercy, how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled,
I thinke his ſmyling becomes him better then any man in all Phrigia.

Cre. Oh he ſmiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in *Autumne.*

Pan. Why goe to then, but to prove to you that *Hellen* loves *Troylus.*

Cre. *Troylus* will ſtand to the
Proofe, if youle proove it ſo.

Pan. *Troylus?* why he eſteemes her no more then I eſteeme an addle egge.

Cre. If you love an addle egge as well as you love an idle head, you would eate chickens i'th'ſhell.

Pan. I cannot chuſe but laugh to thinke how ſhe tickled his chin, indeed ſhe has a marvel's white hand I muſt needs confeſſe.

Cre. Without the racke.

Pan. And ſhe takes upon her to ſpye a white haire on his chinne.

Cre. Alas poore chin? many a wart is richer.

Pand. But there was ſuch laughing, Queene *Hecuba* laught that her eyes ran ore.

Cre. With Milſtones.

Pan. And *Caſſandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pand. Marry at the white haire that *Hellen* ſpied on *Troylus* chin.

Cre. And t'had beene a greene haire, I ſhould have laught too.

Pand. They laught not ſo much at the haire, as at his pretty anſwer.

Cer. What was his anſwer?

Pan. Quoth ſhe, here's but two and fifty haires on your chinne; and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her queſtion.

Pand. That's true, make no queſtion of that: two and fifty haires quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is my Father, and all the reſt are his Sonnes. *Iupiter* quoth ſhe, which of theſe haires is *Paris* my husband? The forked one quoth he, pluckt out and give it him: but there was ſuch laughing, and *Hellen* ſo bluſht, and *Paris* ſo chaft, and all the reſt ſo laught, that it paſt.

Cre. So let it now,
For is has beene a great wile going by.

Pan. Well Cozen,
I told you a thing yeſterday, thinke on't.

Cre. So I doe.

Pand. Ile be ſworne 'tis true, he will weepe you an 'twere a man borne in Aprill. *Sound a retreate.*

Cre. And Ile ſpring up in his teares, an 'twere a nettle againſt May.

Pan. Harke they are comming from the field, ſhall we ſtand up here and ſee them, as they paſſe toward Illium? good Neece doe, ſweet Neece *Creſſida.*

Cre. At your pleaſure.

Pan. Heere, heere, here's an excellent place, here we may ſee moſt bravely, Ile tell you them all by their names, as they paſſe by, but marke *Troylus* above the reſt.

Enter Æneas.

Cre. Speake not ſo low'd.

Pan. That's *Æneas*, is not that a brave man, he's one of the flowers of Troy I can tell you, but marke *Troylus*, you ſhall ſee anon.

Cre. Who's that? *Enter Antenor.*

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a ſhrew'd wit I can tell you, and he's a man good inough, he's one o'th ſoundeſt judgement in Troy whoſoever, and a proper man of perſon: when comes *Troylus*? Ile ſhew you *Troylus* anon, if he ſee me, you ſhall ſee him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You ſhall ſee.

Cre. If he doe, the rich ſhall have more.

Enter Hector.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, looke you, that there's a fellow. Goe thy way *Hector*, there's a brave man Neece, O brave *Hector*! Looke how he lookes? there's a countenance; iſt not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is a not? It does a mans heart good, looke you what hackes are on his Helmet, looke you yonder, doe you ſee? Looke you there? There's no jeſting, laying on, tak't off, who will, as they ſay, there be hackes.

Cre. Be thoſe with ſwords?

Enter Paris.

Pan. Swords, any thing he cares not, and the divell, come to him, it's all one, by Godslid it does ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: looke yee yonder Neece, iſt not a gallant man too, iſt not? Why this is brave now: who ſaid he came hurt home to day? He's not hurt, why this will doe *Hellens* heart good now, ha? Would I could ſee *Troylus* now, you ſhall *Troylus* anon.

Cre. Whoſe that?

Enter Hellenus.

Pan. That's *Hellenus*, I marvell where *Troylus* is, that's *Hellenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day: that's *Hellenus.*

Cre. Can *Hellenus* fight Vncle?

Pan. *Hellenus* no: yes heele fight indifferent well, I marvell where *Troylus*; harke, doe you not heare the people cry *Troylus*? *Hellenus* is a Prieſt.

Cre. What ſneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Troylus.

Pan. Where? Yonder? That's *Diæphobus.* 'Tis *Troylus*! There's a man Neece, hem; Brave *Troylus* the Prince of Chivalry.

Cre. Peace, for ſhame peace.

Pand. Marke him, note him: O brave *Troylus*: looke well upon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is bloudied, and his Helme more hackt then *Hectors*, and how he lookes, and how he goes, O admirable youth! he ne're ſaw three and twenty. Goe thy way *Troylus*, goe thy way, had I a ſiſter were a *Grace*, or a daughter a Goddeſſe, he ſhould take his choyce. O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is durt to him, and I warrant, *Hellen* to change, would give money to boot.

Enter common Souldiers.

Cre. Heere come more.

Pan. Aſſes, fooles, dolts, chaffe and bran, chaffe and bran; porredge after meat. I could live and dye i'th'eyes of *Troylus*. Ne're looke, ne're looke; the Eagles are gone, Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be ſuch a man as *Troylus*, then *Agamemnon*, and all Greece.

Creſ. There is among the Greekes *Achilles*, a better man then *Troylus*.

Pan. *Achilles*? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camell.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well? Why have you any diſcretion? have you any eyes? Doe you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, genteneſſe, vertue, youth, liberality, and ſo forth: the Spice, and ſalt that ſeaſons a man?

Cre. I, a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no Date in the pye, for then the mans dates out.

Pan. You are ſuch another woman, one knowes not at what ward you lye.

Creſ. Vpon my backe, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my ſecrecy, to defend mine honeſty; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all theſe: and at all theſe wards I lye, at a thouſand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay Ile watch you for that, and that's one of the cheefeſt of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I tooke the blow, unleſſe it ſwell paſt hiding, and then is paſt watching.

Enter Boy.

Pan. Your are ſuch another.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would inſtantly ſpeake with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your owne houſe.

Pan. Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well good Neece.

Creſ. Adieu Vnkle.

Pan. Ile be with you Neece by and by.

Creſ. To bring Vnkle.

Pan. I, a token from *Troylus*.

Creſ. By the ſame token, you are a Bawd. *Exit Pand.*

Words, vowes, gifts, teares, and loves full ſacrifice,
He offers in anothers enterpriſe:
But more in *Troylus* thouſand fold I ſee,
Then in the glaſſe of *Pandar's* praiſe may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing,
Things won are done, the ſoules joy lyes in dooing:
That ſhe belov'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this:
Men prize the thing ungain'd, more then it is.
That ſhe was never yet, that ever knew
Love goe ſo ſweet, as when deſire did ſue:
Therefore this maxime out of love I teach;
Atchievement, is command: ungain'd, beſeech.
That though my hearts Contents firme love doth beare,
Nothing of that ſhall from mine eyes appeare. *Exit.*

Sonet. Enter Agamemnon, Neſtor, Vlyſſes, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. Princes:
What griefe hath ſet the Iaundies on your cheekes?
The ample propoſition that hopes makes
In all deſignes, begun on earth below
Fayles in the promiſt largeneſſe: checkes and diſaſters
Grow in the veines of actions higheſt rear'd.
As knots by the conflux of meeting ſap,
Infect the ſound Pine, and diverts his Graine
Tortive and errant from his courſe of growth.
Nor Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come ſhort of our ſuppoſe ſo farre,
That after ſeven yeares ſiege, yet *Troy* walles ſtand,
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have Record, triall did draw
Bias and thwart, not anſwering the ayme.
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why then (you Princes)
Doe you with cheekes abaſh'd, behold our workes,
And thinke them ſhame, which are (indeed) nought elſe
But the protractive trials of great Iove,
To finde perſiſtive conſtancy in men?
The fineneſſe of which Mettall is not ſound
In Fortunes love: for then, the Bold and Coward,
The Wiſe and foole, the Artiſt, and un-read,
The hard and ſoft, ſeeme all affin'd, and kin.
But in the Wind and Tempeſt of her frowne,
Diſtinction with a lowd and powrefull fan,
Puffing at all, winnowes the light away;
And what hath maſſe, or matter by it ſelfe,
Lies rich in Vertue, and unmingled.

Neſt. With due Obſervance of thy godly ſeat,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Neſtor* ſhall apply
Thy lateſt words.
In the reproofe of Chance,
Lies the true proofe of men: The Sea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble Boates dare ſaile
Vpon her patient breſt, making their way
With thoſe of Noble bulke?
But let the Ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon behold
The ſtrong ribb'd Barke through liquid mountains cut's
Bounding betweene the two moyſt Elements
Like *Perſeus* Horſe. Where's then the ſawcy Boate,
Whoſe weake untimber'd ſides but even now
Co-rival'd Greatneſſe? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a Toſte for Neptune. Even ſo,
Doth valours ſhew, and valours worth divide
In ſtormes of Fortune.
For, in her ray and brightneſſe,
The Heard hath more annoyance by the Brize
Then by the Tyger: But, when the ſplitting winde
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes,
And flyes fled under ſhade, why then
The thing of Courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in ſelfe-ſame key,
Retyres to chiding Fortune.

Vliſ. *Agamemnon.*
Thou great Commander, Nerve, and Bone of Greece,
Heart of our Numbers, ſoule, and onely ſpirit,
In whom the tempers, and the mindes of all
Should be ſhut up; Heare what *Vliſſes* ſpeakes,
Beſides th'applauſe and approbation
The which (moſt mighty) for thy place and may,

And thou moſt reverend for thy ſtretcht-out life,
I give to both your ſpeeches: which were ſuch,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in Braſſe: and ſuch againe
As venerable *Neſtor* (hatch'd in Silver)
Should with a bond of ayre, ſtrong as the Axletree
On which the Heavens ride, knit all Greekes eares
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it pleaſe both
(Thou Great, and Wiſe) to heare *Vliſſes* ſpeake.
Aga. Speake Prince of *Ithaca*, and be't of leſſe expect;
That matter needleſſe of importleſſe burthren
Divide thy lips: then we are confident
When ranke *Therſites* opes his Maſticke jawes,
We ſhall heare Muſicke, Wit, and Oracle.
Vliſ. Troy yet upon his baſis had beene downe,
And the great *Hectors* ſword had lack'd a Maſter
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpecialty of Rule hath beene neglected;
And looke how many Grecian Tents do ſtand
Hollow upon this Plaine, ſo many hollow Factions.
When that the Generall is not like the Hive,
To whom the Forragers ſhall all repaire,
What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th'unworthieſt ſhewes as fairely in the Maske.
The Heavens themſelves, the Planets, and this Center,
Obſerve degree, priority, and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, forme,
Office, and cuſtome, in all line of Order:
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
In noble eminence, enthron'd and ſphear'd
Amid ſt the other, whoſe med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill Aſpects of Planets evill,
And poſts like the Command'ment of a King,
Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In evill mixture to diſorder wander,
What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? ſhaking of Earth?
Commotion in the Windes? Frights, changes, horrors,
Divert, and cracke, rend and deracinate
The unity, and married calme of States
Quite from their fixure? O, when degree is ſhak'd,
(Which is the Ladder to all high deſignes)
The enterprize is ſicke. How could Communities,
Degrees in Schooles, and brother-hoods in Cities,
Peacefull Commerce from dividable ſhores,
The primogenitive, and due of Byrth,
Prerogative of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels,
(But by degree) ſtand in Authentique place?
Take but degree away, un-tune that ſtring,
And hearke what Diſcord followes: each thing meets
In meere oppugnancy. The bounded Waters,
Should lift their boſomes higher then the Shores,
And make a ſoppe of all this ſolid Globe:
Strength ſhould be Lord of imbecility,
And the rude Sonne ſhould ſtrike his father dead:
Force ſhould be right, or rather, right and wrong,
(Betweene whoſe endleſſe jarre, juſtice reſides)
Should looſe their names, and ſo ſhould juſtice too.
Then every thing includes it ſelfe in Power,
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
And Appetite (an univerſall Wolfe,
So doubly ſeconded with Will, and Power)
Mnſt make perforce an univerſall prey,
And laſt, eate up himſelfe.
Great *Agamemnon*;
This Chaos, when degree is ſuffocate,
Followes the choaking:
And this neglection of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a purpoſe
It hath to climbe. The Generall's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he, by the next,
That next, by him beneath: ſo every ſtep
Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſicke
Of his Superiour, growes to an envious Feaver
Of pale, and bloodleſſe Emulation.
And 'tis this Feaver that keepes Troy on foote,
Not her owne ſinewes. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakeneſſe lives, not in her ſtrength.
Neſt. Moſt wiſely hath *Vlyſſes* here diſcover'd
The Feaver, whereof all our power is ſicke.
Aga. The Nature of the ſickeneſſe found (*Vlyſſes*)
What is the remedy?
Vlyſſ. The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crownes,
The ſinew, and the fore-hand of our Hoſte,
Having his eare full of his ayery Fame,
Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our deſignes. With him, *Patroclus*,
Vpon a lazy Bed, the live-long day
Breakes ſcurrill Ieſts,
And with ridiculous and aukward action,
(Which Slanderer, he imitation call's)
He Pageants us. Sometime great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topleſſe deputation he puts on;
And like a ſtrutting Player, whoſe conceit
Lies in his Ham-ſtring, and doth thinke it rich
To heare the wooden Dialogue and ſound
'Twixt his ſtretcht footing, and the Scaffolage,
(Such to-be-pitted, and ore-reſted ſeeming
He acts thy Greatneſſe in:) and when he ſpeakes,
'Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearmes unſquar'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Wound ſeeme Hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuffe,
The large *Achilles* (on his preſt-bed lolling)
From his deepe Cheſt, laughes out a lowd applauſe,
Cries excellent, 'tis *Agamemnon* juſt.
Now play me *Neſtor*; hum, and ſtroke thy beard
As he, being dreſt to ſome Oration,
That's done, as neere as the extreameſt ends
Of paralels; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife,
Yet good *Achilles* ſtill cryes excellent,
'Tis *Neſtor* right. Now play him (me) *Patroclus*,
Arming to anſwer in a night-Alarme,
And then (forſooth) the faint defects of Age
Muſt be the Scene of myrth, to cough, and ſpit,
And with a palſie fumbling on his Gorget,
Shake in and out the Rivet: and at this ſport
Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough *Patroclus*,
Or, give me ribs of Steele, I ſhall ſplit all
In pleaſure of my ſpleene. And in this faſhion,
All our abilityes, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Severalls and generalls of grace exact,
Atchievments, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,
Succeſſe or loſſe, what is, or is not, ſerves
As ſtuffe for theſe two, to make paradoxes.
Neſt. And in the imitation of theſe twaine,
Who (as *Vlyſſes* ſayes) Opinion crownes
With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect:
Ajax is growne ſelfe-will'd, and beares his head
In ſuch a reyne, in full as proud a place
As broad *Achilles*, and keepes his Tent like him;
Makes factious Feaſts, railes on our ſtate of Warre

Bold as an Oracle, and ſets *Therſites*
A ſlave (whoſe Gall coines ſlanders like a Mint,)
To match us in compariſons with durt,
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
How ranke ſoever rounded in with danger.
Vlyſ. They taxe our Policy, and call it Cowardice,
Count Wiſedome as no member of the Warre,
Fore-ſtall preſcience, and eſteeme no acte
But that of hand: The ſtill and mentall parts,
That doe contrive how many hands ſhall ſtrike
When fitneſſe calls them on, and know by meaſure
Of their obſervant toyle, the Enemies waight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignity:
They call this Bed-worke, Mapp'ry, Cloſſet-Warre:
So that the Ramme that batters downe the wall,
For the great ſwing and rudeneſſe of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Or thoſe that with the fineneſſe of their ſoules,
By Reaſon guide his execution.
Neſt. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horſe
Makes many *Thetis* ſonnes. *Tucket*
Aga. What Trumpet? Looke *Menelaus.*
Men. From Troy. *Enter Æneas.*
Aga. What would you 'fore our Tent?
Æne. Is this great *Agamemnons* Tent, I pray you?
Aga. Even this.
Æne. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,
Doe a faire meſſage to his Kingly eares?
Aga. With ſurety ſtronger then *Achilles* arme,
'Fore all the Greekiſh heads, which with one voyce
Call *Agamemnon* Head and Generall.
Æne. Faire leave, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt Imperiall lookes,
Know them from eyes of other Mortals?
Aga. How?
Æne. I: I aske, that I might waken reverence,
And on the cheeke be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning, when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthfull Phœbus:
Which is that God in office guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon.*
Aga. This Troyan ſcornes us, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious Courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonnaire; unarm'd,
As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace:
But when they would ſeeme Souldiers, they have galles,
Good armes, ſtrong joynts, true ſwords, and *Ioves* accord
Nothing ſo full of heart. But peace *Æneas,*
Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthineſſe of praiſe diſtaines his worth:
If that he prais'd himſelfe, bring the praiſe forth,
What the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blowes, that praiſe ſole pure tranſcends
Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you your ſelfe *Æneas?*
Æne. I Greeke, that is my name.
Aga. What's your affayre I pray you?
Æne. Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnons* eares.
Aga. He heares nought privatly
That comes from Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whiſper him,
I bring a Trumpet to awake his eare,
To ſet his ſence on the attentive bent,
And then to ſpeake.
Aga. Speake frankely as the winde,
It is not *Agamemnons* ſleeping houre;
That thou ſhalt know Troyan he is awake,
He tels thee ſo himſelfe.
Æne. Trumpet blow loud.
Send thy braſſe voyce through all theſe lazy Tents;
And every Greeke of mettle, let him know,
What Troy meanes fairely, ſhall be ſpoke alowd.
The Trumpets ſound.
We have great *Agamemnon,* heere in Troy,
A Prince call'd *Hector, Priam* is his Father:
Who in this dull and long-continew'd Truce
Is ruſty growne, He bad me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpoſe ſpeake: Kings, Princes, Lords;
If there be one among'ſt the fayr'ſt of Greece,
That holds his Honor higher then his eaſe,
That ſeekes his praiſe, more then he feares his perill,
That knowes his Valour, and knowes not his feare,
That loves his Miſtris more then in confeſſion,
(With truant vowes to her owne lips he loves)
And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth,
In other armes then hers: to him this Challenge.
Hector, in view of Troyans, and of Greekes,
Shall make it good, or doe his beſt to doe it.
He hath a Lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Then ever Greeke did compaſſe in his armes,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway betweene your Tents, and walles of Troy,
To rowze a Grecian that is true in love.
If any come, *Hector* ſhall honour him:
If none, he'll ſay in Troy when he retyres,
The Grecian Dames are ſun-burnt, and not worth
The ſplinter of a Lance: Even ſo much.
Aga. This ſhall be told our Lovers, Lord *Æneas.*
If none of them have ſoule in ſuch a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a meere recreant prove,
That meanes not, hath not, or is not in love:
If then one is, or hath, or meanes to be,
That one meets *Hector,* if none, Ile be he.
Neſ. Tell him of *Neſtor,* one that was a man
When *Hectors* Grandſire ſuckt; he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian mould,
One Noble man, that hath one ſparke of fire
To anſwer for his Love; tell him from me,
Ile hide my Silver beard in a Gold Beaver,
And in my Vantbrace put this wither'd brawne,
And meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady
Was fayrer then his Grandame, and as chaſte
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
Ile pawne this truth with my three drops of blood.
Æne. Now heavens forbid ſuch ſcarſity of youth.
Vliſ. Amen.
Aga. Faire Lord *Æneas,*
Let me touch your hand:
To our Pavillion ſhall I leade you firſt:
Achilles ſhall have word of this intent,
So ſhall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent;
Your ſelfe ſhall Feaſt with us before you goe,
And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe. *Exeunt.*
Manent Vliſſes, and Neſtor.
Vliſ. Neſtor.
Neſ. What ſayes *Vlyſſes?*
Vliſ. I have a young conception in my braine,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.
Neſt. What is't?
Vliſ. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the ſeeded Pride
That hath to this maturity blowne up

In ranke *Achilles*, muſt or now be cropt,
Or (ſhedding) breed a Nurſery of like evill
To over-bulke us all.
Neſt. Well, and how?
Vliſ. This challenge that the gallant *Hector* ſends,
How ever it is ſpred in generall name,
Relates in purpoſe onely to *Achilles*.
Neſt. The purpoſe is perſpicuous even as ſubſtance,
Whoſe groſſeneſſe little charracters ſumme up,
And in the publication make no ſtraine,
But that *Achilles*, were his braine as barren
As bankes of Lybia, though (*Apollo* knowes)
'Tis dry enough, will with great ſpeede of judgement,
I, with celerity, finde *Hectors* purpoſe
Pointing on him.
Vliſ. And wake him to the anſwer, thinke you?
Neſt. Yes, 'tis moſt meet; whom may you elſe oppoſe
That can from *Hector* bring his Honor off,
If not *Achilles*; though't be a ſportfull Combate,
Yet in this triall, much opinion dwels.
For heere the *Troyans* taſte our deer'ſt repute
With their fin'ſt Pallate: and truſt to me *Vlyſſes*,
Our imputation ſhall be oddely poiz'd
In this wilde action. For the ſucceſſe
(Although particular) ſhall give a ſcantling
Of good or bad, unto the Generall:
And in ſuch Indexes, although ſmall prickes
To their ſubſeqvent Volumes, there is ſeene
The baby figure of the Gyant-maſſe
Of things to come at large. It is ſuppos'd,
He that meets *Hector*, iſſues from our choyſe;
And choyſe being mutuall acte of all our ſoules,
Makes Merit her election, and doth boyle
As 'twere, from forth us all: a man diſtill'd
Out of our Vertues; who miſcarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conq'ring part
To ſteele a ſtrong opinion to themſelves
Which entertain'd, Limbes are his inſtruments,
In no leſſe working, then are Swords and Bowes
Directive by the Limbes.
Vliſ. Give pardon to my ſpeech:
Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector*:
Let us (like Merchants) ſhew our fowleſt Wares,
And thinke perchance they'll ſell: if not,
The luſter of the better yet to ſhew,
Shall ſhew the better. Doe not conſent,
That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meete:
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,
Are dogg'd with two ſtrange Followers.
Neſt. I ſee them not with my old eyes: what are they?
Vliſ. What glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Hector*,
(Were he not proud) we all ſhould weare with him:
But he already is too inſolent,
And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,
Then in the pride and ſalt ſcorne of his eyes,
Should he ſcape *Hector* faire. If he were foyld,
Why then we did our maine opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a Lott'ry,
And by device let blockiſh *Ajax* draw
The ſort to fight with *Hector*: Among our ſelves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will phyſicke the great Myrmidon
Who broyles in lowd applauſe, and make him fall
His Creſt, that prouder then blew Iris bends.
If the dull brainleſſe *Ajax* come ſafe off,
Wee'll dreſſe him up in voyces, if he faile,
Yet goe we under our opinion ſtill,
That we have better men. But hit or miſſe,
Our projects life this ſhape of ſence aſſumes,
Ajax imploy'd, pluckes downe *Achilles* Plumes.
Neſt. Now *Vlyſſes*, I begin to relliſh thy advice,
And I will give a taſte of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*, goe we to him ſtraight;
Two Curres ſhall tame each other, Pride alone
Muſt tarre the Maſtiffes on, as 'twere their bone. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ajax, and Therſites.

Aja. Therſites?

Ther. *Agamemnon*, how if he had Biles (full) all over generally.

Aja. Therſites?

Ther. And thoſe Byles did runne, ſay ſo; did not the Generall run, were not that a botchy core?

Aja. Dogge.

Ther. Then there would come ſome matter from him: I ſee none now.

Aja. Thou Bitch-Wolfes-Sonne, canſt thou not heare? Feele then. *Strikes him.*

Ther, The plague of Greece upon thee thou Mungrell beefe-witted Lord.

Aja. Speake then you whinid'ſt leavenſpeake, I will beate thee into handſomneſſe.

Ther. I ſhall ſooner raile thee into wit and holineſſe: but I thinke thy horſe will ſooner con an Oration, then thou learne a prayer without booke: Thou canſt ſtrike, canſt thou? A red Murren o'th thy Iades trickes.

Ajv. Toads ſtoole, learne me the Proclamation.

Ther. Doeſt thou thinke I have no ſence thou ſtrik'ſt me thus?

Aja. The Proclamation.

Ther. Thou art proclam'd a foole, I thinke.

Aja. Doe not Porpentine, doe not: my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didſt itch from head to foot, and I had the ſcratching of thee, I would make thee the lothſom'ſt ſcab in Greece.

Aja. I ſay the Proclamation.

Ther. Thou grumbleſt and raileſt every houre on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of envy at his greatneſſe, as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpina's* beauty. I, that thou bark'ſt at him.

Aja. Miſtreſſe *Therſites*.

Ther. Thou ſhould'ſt ſtrike him.

Aja. Cobloſe.

Ther. He would pun thee into ſhivers with his fiſt, as a Sailor breakes a bisket.

Aja. You horſon Curre. *Ther*. Doe, doe.

Aja. Thou ſtoole for a Witch.

Ther. I, doe, doe, thou ſodden-witted Lord: thou haſt no more braine then I have iu mine elbowes: An Aſinico may tutor thee. Thou ſcurvey valiant Aſſe, thou art here but to threſh *Troyans*, and thou art bought and ſold among thoſe of any wit, like a Barbarian ſlave. If thou uſe to beat me, I will begin at thy heele, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou.

Aja. You dogge.

Ther. You ſcurvy Lord.

Aja. You Curre.

Ther. *Mars* his Ideot: do rudeneſſe, doe Camell, do, do.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now *Ajax*? wherefore do you this? How now *Therſites*? what's the matter man?

Ther. You ſee him there, doe you?

Achil. I, what's the matter.

Ther. Nay looke upon him.

Achil. So I doe: what's the matter?

Ther. Nay but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I doe ſo.

Ther. But yet you looke not well upon him: for who ſome ever you take him to be, he is *Ajax*.

Achil. I know that foole.

Ther. I, but that foole knowes not himſelfe.

Ajax. Therefore I beate thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what ***modicums*** of wit he utters: his evaſions have eares thus long. I have bobb'd his Braine more then he has beate my bones: I will buy nine Sparrowes for a peny, and his *Piamater* is not worth the ninth part of a Sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax* who weares his wit in his belly, and his guttes in his head, Ile tell you what I ſay of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I ſay this *Ajax*——

Achil. Nay good *Ajax*.

Ther. Has not ſo much wit.——

Achil. Nay I muſt hold you.

Ther. As will ſtop the eye of ***Helens*** Needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace foole.

Ther. I would have peace and quietneſſe, but the foole will not: he there, that he, looke you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd Curre, I ſhall——

Achil. Will you ſet you wit to a Fooles?

Ther. No I warrant you, for a fooles will ſhame it.

Pat. Good words *Therſites*.

Achil. What's the quarrell?

Ajax. I bad thee vile Owle, goe learne me the tenure of the Proclamation, and he railes upon me.

Ther. I ſerve thee not.

Ajax. Well, goe to, goe to.

Ther. I ſerve heere voluntary.

Achil, Your laſt ſervice was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary: *Ajax* was heere the voluntary, and you as under an Impreſſe.

Ther. E'ne ſo, a great deale of your wit too lyes in your ſinnewes, or elſe there be Liars: *Hector* ſhall have a great catch, if he knocke out either of your braines, he were as good cracke a fuſty nut with no kernell.

Achil. What with me too *Therſites*?

Ther. There's *Ulyſſes*, and old *Neſtor*, whoſe Wit was mouldy ere their Grandſirs had nailes on their toes, yoke you like draft-Oxen, and make you plough up the waire.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes good ſooth, to *Achilles*, to *Ajax*, to——

Ajax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I ſhall ſpeake as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words *Therſites*.

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles* Brooch bids me, ſhall I?

Achil. There's for you *Patroclus*.

Ther. I will ſee you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come any more to your Tents; I will keepe where there is wit ſtirring, and leave the faction of fooles. *Exit.*

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this Sir is proclaim'd through al our hoſt,
That *Hector* by the fift houre of the Sunne,
Will with a Trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and Troy
To morrow morning call ſome Knight to Armes,
That hath a ſtomacke, and ſuch a one that dare
Maintaine I know not what: 'tis traſh. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell? who ſhall anſwer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to Lottry: otherwiſe
He knew his man.

Aja. O meaning you, I will goe learne more of it. *Exit.*

Enter Priam, Hector, Troylus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After ſo many houres, lives, ſpeeches ſpent,
Thus once againe ſayes *Neſtor* from the Greekes,
Deliver *Helen*, and all damage elſe
(As honour, loſſe of time, travaile, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what elſe deere that is conſum'd
In not diſgeſtion of this cormorant Warre)
Shall be ſtroke off. *Hector*, what ſay you too't.

Hect. Though no man leſſer feares the Greekes then I,
As farre as touches my particular: yet dread *Priam*,
There is no Lady of more ſofter bowels,
More ſpungy, to ſucke in the ſenſe of feare,
More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes
Then *Hector* is: the wound of peace is ſurety,
Surety ſecure: but modeſt doubt is cal'd
The Beacon of the wiſe: the tent that ſearches
To'th'bottome of the worſt. Let *Helen* goe.
Since the firſt ſword was drawne about this queſtion,
Every tythe ſoule 'mongſt many thouſand diſmes,
Hath beene as deere as *Hellen*: I meane of ours:
If we have loſt ſo many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us
(Had it our name) the valew of one ten;
What merit's in that reaſon which denies
The yeelding of her up?

Troy. Fye, fie, my Brother;
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
(So great as our dread Father) in a Scale
Of common Ounces? Will you with Counters ſumme
The paſt proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waſte moſt fathomleſſe,
With ſpannes and inches ſo diminutive,
As feares and reaſons? Fye for godly ſhame?

Hel. No marvell though you bite ſo ſharpe at reaſons,
You are empty of them, ſhould not our father
Beare the great ſway of his affaires with reaſons,
Becauſe your ſpeech hath none that tells him ſo?

Troy. You are for dreames and ſlumbers brother Prieſt,
You furre your gloves with reaſon: here are your reaſons
You know an enemy intends you harme.
You know, a ſword imploy'd is perillous,
And reaſon flyes the object of all harme,
Who marvels then when *Helenus* beholds
A Grecian and his ſword, if he doe ſet
The very wings of reaſon to his heeles:
Or like a Starre diſorb'd. Nay, if we talke of reaſon,
And flye like chidden Mercury from Iove,
Let's ſhut our gates and ſleepe: Manhood and Honor
Shold have hard hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reaſon: reaſon and reſpect,
Makes Lovers pale, and luſty hood deject.

Hect. Brother, ſhe is not worth
What ſhe doth coſt the holding.

Troy. What's aught, but as 'tis valew'd?

Hect. But value dwels not in particular will,
It holds his eſtimate and dignity
As well, wherein 'tis precious of it ſelfe,
As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatry,
To make the ſervice greater then the god,
And the will dotes that is inclineable
To what infectiouſly it ſelfe affects,
Without ſome image of th'affected merit.

Troy. I take to day a Wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;

My will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,
Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous ſhores
Of Will, and Iudgement. How may I avoyde
(Although my will diſtaſte what it elected)
The Wife I choſe, there can be no evaſion
To blench from this, and to ſtand firme by honour.
We turne not backe the Silkes upon the Merchant
When we have ſpoyl'd them; nor the remainder Viands
We doe not throw in unreſpective place,
Becauſe we now ate full. It was thought meete
Paris ſhould doe ſome vengeance on the Greekes;
Your breath of full conſent bellied his Sailes,
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) tooke a Truce,
And did him ſervice; he touch'd the Ports deſir'd,
And for an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captive,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whoſe youth & freſhneſſe
Wrinkles *Apolloes*, and makes ſtale the morning.
Why keepe we her? the Grecians keepe our Aunt:
Is ſhe worth keeping? Why ſhe is a Pearle,
Whoſe price hath launch'd above a thouſand Ships,
And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.
If you'll avouch, twas wiſedome *Paris* went,
(As you muſt needs, for you all cride, Go, goe:)
If you'll confeſſe, he brought home Noble prize,
(As you muſt needs, for you all clapt your hands)
And cride ineſtimable; why doe you now
The iſſue of your proper Wiſedomes rate,
And doea deed that Fortune never did?
Begger the eſtimation which you priz'd,
Richer then Sea and Land? O Theft moſt baſe!
That we have ſtolne what we doe feare to keepe.
But Theeves unworthy of a thing ſo ſtolne,
That in their Country did them that diſgrace,
We feare to warrant in our Native place.

Enter Caſſandra with her haire about her eares.

Caſ. Cry *Troyans*, cry.
Priam. What noyſe? what ſhreeke is this?
Troy. 'Tis our mad ſiſter, I doe know her voyce.
Caſ. Cry Troyans.
Hec. It is *Caſſandra*.
Caſ. Cry Troyans cry; lend me ten thouſand eyes;
And I will fill them with Propheticke teares.
Hec. Peace ſiſter, peace.
Caſ. Virgins, and Boyes; mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Adde to my clamour: let us pay betimes
A moity of that maſſe of moane to come.
Cry Troyans cry, practiſe your eyes with teares,
Troy muſt not be, nor goodly Illion ſtand,
Our fire-brand Brother *Paris* burnes us all.
Cry Troyans cry, a *Helen* and a woe;
Cry, cry, Troy burnes, or elſe let *Helen* goe. *Exit.*
Hec. Now youthfull *Troylus*, doe not theſe hie ſtrains
Of divination in our Siſter, worke
Some touches of remorſe? Or is your bloud
So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
Nor feare of bad ſucceſſe in a bad cauſe,
Can qualifie the ſame?
Troy. Why brother *Hector*,
We may not thinke the juſtneſſe of each acte
Such, and no other then event doth forme it,
Nor once deject the courage of our minds;
Becauſe *Caſſandra's* mad, her brainſicke raptures
Cannot diſtaſte the goodneſſe of a quarrell,
Which hath our ſeverall Honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd, then all *Priams* ſonnes,
And Iove forbid there ſhould be done among'ſt us
Such things as might offend the weakeſt ſpleene,
To fight for, and maintaine.
Par. Elſe might the world convince of levity,
As well my under-takings as your counſels:
But I atteſt the gods, your full conſent
Gave wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All feares attending on ſo dire a project.
For what (alas) can theſe my ſingle armes?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To ſtand the puſh aud enmity of thoſe
This quarrell would excite? Yet I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſſe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I have will,
Paris ſhould ne're retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuite.
Pri. *Paris*, you ſpeake
Like one be-ſotted on your ſweet delights;
You have the Hony ſtill, but theſe the Gall,
So to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.
Par. Sir, I propoſe not meerely to my ſelfe,
The pleaſures ſuch a beauty brings with it:
But I would have the ſoyle of her faire Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What Treaſon were it to the ranſack'd Queene,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliver her poſſeſſion up
On termes of baſe compulſion? Can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtraine as this,
Should once ſet foot in your generous boſomes?
There not the meaneſt ſpirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: nor none ſo Noble,
Whoſe life were ill beſtow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the ſubject. Then (I ſay)
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large ſpaces cannot paralell;
Hect. *Paris* and *Troylus*, you have both ſaid well;
And on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand,
Have gloz'd, but ſuperficially; not much
Vnlike young men, whom *Ariſtotle* thought
Vnfit to heare Morall Philoſophy,
The Reaſons you alledge, doe more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtemp'red blood,
Then to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: For pleaſure, and revenge,
Have eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce
Of any true deciſion. Nature craves
All dues be rendred to their Owners; now
What neerer debt in all humanity,
Then Wife is to the Husband? If this law
Of Nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,
To their benummed wills reſiſt the ſame,
There is a Law in each well-ordred Nation,
To curbe thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refractory.
If *Helen* then be wife to Sparta's King
(As it is knowne ſhe is) theſe Morall Lawes
Of Nature, and of Nation, ſpeake alowd
To haue her backe return'd. Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. *Hectors* opinion

Is this in way of truth: yet nere the leſſe,
My ſpritely brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keepe *Helen* ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no meane dependance,
Vpon our joynt and ſeverall dignities.

Troy. Why? there you toucht the life of our deſigne:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heaving ſpleenes,
I would not wiſh a drop of *Troian* blood,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Hector*,
She is a theame of honor and renowne,
A ſpurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whoſe preſent courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize us.
For I preſume brave *Hector* would not loſe
So rich advantage of a promiſ'd glory,
As ſmiles upon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide worlds revenew.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant off-ſpring of great *Priamus*,
I have a roiſting challenge ſent among'ſt
The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowſie ſpirits,
I was advertiz'd, their Great generall ſlept,
Whil'ſt emulation in the army crept:
This I preſume will wake him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therſites ſolus.

Now now *Therſites*? what loſt in the Labyrinth of thy fury? ſhall the Elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beates me, and I raile at him: O worthy ſatisfaction, would it were otherwiſe: that I could beate him, whil'ſt he rail'd at me: Sfoote, Ile learne to conjure and raiſe Divels, but Ile ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpitefull execrations. Then ther's *Achilles*, a rare Enginer. If *Troy* be not taken till theſe two undermine it, the wals will ſtand till they fall of themſelves, O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art *Iove* the King of gods: and *Mercury*, looſe all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not that little little leſſe then little wit from them that they have, which ſhort-arm'd ignorance it ſelfe knowes, is ſo abundant ſcarſe, it will not in circumvention deliver a Fly from a Spider, without drawing the maſſie Irons and cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinkes is the curſe dependant on thoſe that warre for a placket. I have ſaid my prayers and divell, envy, ſay Amen: What ho? my Lord *Achilles*?

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Therſites*. Good *Therſites* come in and raile.

Ther. If I could have remembred a guilt counterfeit, thou would'ſt not have ſlipt out of my contemplation, but it is no matter, thy ſelfe upon thy ſelfe. The common curſe of mankind, folly and ignorance be thine in great revenew; heaven bleſſe thee from a Tutor, and Diſcipline come not neere thee. Let thy blod be thy direction till thy death, then if ſhe that layes thee out ſayes thou art a faire coarſe, Ile be ſworne and ſworne upon't ſhe never ſhrowded any but Lazars, Amen. Wher's *Achilles*?

Patr. What art thou devout? waſt thou in a prayer?

Ther. I, the heavens heare me.

Enter Achilles.

Achiel. Who's there?

Patr. *Therſites*, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheeſe, my digeſtion, why haſt thou not ſerv'd thy ſelfe into my Table, ſo many meales? Come, what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy Commander *Achilles*; then tell me *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*?

Patr, Thy Lord *Therſites*: then tell me I pray thee, what's thy ſelfe?

Ther. Thy knower *Patroclus*: then tell me *Patroclus* what art thou?

Patr. Thou maiſt tell that know'ſt.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. Ile decline the whole queſtion: *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* knower, and *Patroclus* is a foole.

Patro. You raſcall.

Ther. Peace foole, I have not done.

Achil. He is a priviledg'd man, proceede *Therſites*.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole, *Achilles* is a foole, *Therſites* is a foole, and as aforeſaid, *Patroclus* is a foole.

Achil. Derive this: come?

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Therſites* is a foole to ſerve ſuch a foole: and *Patrolus* is a foole poſitiue.

Patr. Why am I a foole?

Enter Agamemnon, Vliſſes, Neſtor, Diomedes, Ajax, and Chalcas.

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator, it ſuffiſes me thou art. Looke you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, Ile ſpeake with no body: come in with me *Therſites*. *Exit.*

Ther. Heere is ſuch patchery, ſuch jugling, and ſuch knavery: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a good quarrell to draw emulations factions, and bleed to death upon: Now the dry Sarpego on the ſubject, and Warre and Lechery confound all.

Agam. Where is *Achilles*?

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill diſpoſ'd my Lord.

Agam. Let it be knowne to him that we are here:
He ſent our Meſſengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, viſiting of him:
Let him be told of, leaſt perchance he thinke
We dare not move the queſtion of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Pat. I ſhall ſo ſay to him.

Vliſ. We ſaw him at the opening of his Tent,
He is not ſicke.

Aia. Yes, Lyon ſicke, ſicke of a proud heart: you may call it Melancholly if you will favour the man, but by my head, 'tis pride; but why, why, let him ſhow us the cauſe? A word my Lord.

Neſ. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Vliſ. *Achilles* hath inveigled his Foole from him.

Neſ. Who, *Therſites*.

Vliſ. He.

Neſ. Then will *Ajax* lacke matter, if he have loſt his Argument.

Vliſ. No, you ſee he is his argument that has his argument *Achilles*,

Neſ. All the better, their fraction is more our wiſh then their faction; but it was a ſtrong counſell that a Foole could diſunite.

Vliſ. The amity that wiſedome knits not, folly may eaſily vntie. *Enter Patroclus.*

Heere

Here comes *Patroclus*.
Neſ. No *Achilles* with him?
Vliſ. The Elephant hath joynts, but none for curteſie;
His legges are legges for neceſſity, not for flight.
Patro. *Achilles* bids me ſay, he is much ſorry:
If any thing more then your ſport and pleaſure,
Did move your greatneſſe, and this noble State,
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health, and your diſgeſtion ſake;
An after Dinners breath.
Aga. Heare you *Patroclus*:
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers:
But his evaſion wing'd thus ſwift with ſcorne,
Cannot outflye our apprehenſions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reaſon,
Why we aſcribe it to him, yet all his vertues,
(Not vertuouſly of his owne part beheld)
Doe in our eyes, begin to loſe their gloſſe;
And like faire Fruit in an unholſome diſh,
Are like to rot untaſted; goe and tell him,
We come to ſpeake with him; and you ſhall not ſinne,
If you doe ſay, we thinke him over proud,
And under honeſt: in ſelfe aſſumption greater (ſelfe.
Then in the note of iudgement: and worthier then him-
Here tends the ſavage ſtrangeneſſe he puts on,
Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command:
And under write in an obſerving kind
His humorous predominance, yea watch
His pettiſh lines, his ebs, his flowes, as if
The paſſage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde,
That if he over-hold his price ſo much,
Wee'll none of him; but let him, like an Engin
Not portable, lye under this report.
Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre:
A ſtirring Dwarfe, we doe allowance give,
Before a ſleeping Gyant: tell him ſo.
Pat. I ſhall, and bring his anſwer preſently.
Aga. In ſecond voyce wee'll not be ſatisfied,
We come to ſpeake with him, *Vliſſes* enter you.
Exit Vliſſes.
Ajax. What is he more then another?
Aga. No more then what he thinkes he is.
Ajax. Is he ſo much, doe you not thinke, he thinkes himſelfe a better man then I am?
Aga. No queſtion.
Ajax. Will you ſubſcribe his thought, and ſay he is?
Aga. No, Noble *Ajax*, you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no leſſe noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.
Ajax. Why ſhould a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what it is.
Aga. Your mind is the cleerer *Ajax*, and your vertues the fairer; he that is proud, eates up himſelfe; Pride is his owne Glaſſe, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and what ever praiſes it ſelfe but in the deed, devoures the deede in the praiſe,
Enter Vlyſſes.
Ajax. I doe hate a proud man, as I hate the ingendring of Toades.
Neſt. Yet he loves himſelfe: is't not ſtrange?
Vliſ. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow,
Aga. What's his excuſe?
Vliſ. He doth relye on none,
But carries on the ſtreame of his diſpoſe,
Without obſervance or reſpect of any,
In will peculiar, and in ſelfe admiſſion.
Aga. Why, will he not upon our faire requeſt,
Vntent his perſon, and ſhare the ayre with us?
Vliſ. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſts ſake onely
He makes important: poſſeſt he is with greatneſſe,
And ſpeakes not to himſelfe, but with a pride
That quarrels at ſelfe-breath. Imagin'd wroth
Holds in his bloud ſuch ſwolne and hot diſcourſe,
That twixt his mentall and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters gainſt it ſelfe; what ſhould I ſay?
He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it,
Cry no recovery.
Aga. Let *Ajax* goe to him.
Deare Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tent;
'Tis ſaid he holds you well, and will be led
At your requeſt a little from himſelfe.
Vliſ. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo.
Wee'le conſecrate the ſteps that *Ajax* makes,
When they goe from *Achilles*; ſhall the proud Lord,
That baſtes his arrogance with his owne ſeame,
And never ſuffers matter of the world,
Enter his thoughts: ſave ſuch as doe revolue
And ruminate himſelfe. Shall he be worſhipt,
Of that we hold an Idoll, more then he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,
Muſt not ſo ſtaule his Palme, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my will aſſubiugate his merit,
As amply titled as *Achilles* is: by going to *Achilles*,
That were to enlard his fat already, pride,
And adde more Coleſto Cancer, when he burnes
With entertaining great *Hiperion*.
This L. goe to him? *Iupiter* forbid,
And ſay in thunder, *Achilles* goe to him.
Neſt. O this is well, he rubs the veine of him.
Dio. And how his ſilence drinkes up this applauſe.
Aja. If I goe to him, with my armed fiſt, Ile paſh him ore the face.
Aga. O no, you ſhall not goe.
Aja. And a be proud with me, ile pheſe his pride: let me goe to him.
Vliſ. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrell.
Aja. A paultry inſolent fellow.
Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelfe.
Aja. Can he not be ſociable?
Vliſ. The Raven chides blackneſſe.
Aja. Ile let his humors blood.
Aga. He will be the Phyſitian that ſhould be the patient.
Aja. And all men were a my minde.
Vliſ. Wit would be out of faſhion.
Aja. A ſhould not beare it ſo, a ſhould eate Swords firſt: ſhall pride carry it?
Neſt. And 'twould, you'ld carry halfe.
Vliſ. A would, have ten ſharres.
Aja. I will knede him, Ile make him ſupple, he's not yet through warme.
Neſt. Force him with praiſes, poure in, poure in: his ambition is dry.
Vliſ. My L. you feede too much on this diſlike.
Neſt. Our noble Generall, doe not doe ſo.
Dio. You muſt prepare to fight without *Achilles*.
Vliſ. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme.
Heere is a man, but 'tis before his face,
I will be ſilent.
Neſt. Wherefore ſhould you ſo?

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Vliſ. 'Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Aia. A horſon dog, that ſhall palter thus with us, would he were a *Troian.*

Neſt. What a vice were it in *Aiax* now——

Vliſ. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praiſe.

Vliſ. I, or ſurly borne.

Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelfe affected.

Vl. Thank the heavens L, thou art of ſweet compoſure;
Prayſe him that got thee, ſhe that gave thee ſucke:
Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that diſciplin'd thy armes to fight,
Let *Mars* devide Eternity in twaine,
And give him halfe, and for thy vigor,
Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yeelde
To ſinnowie *Aiax*: I will not praiſe thy wiſedome,
Which like a bourne, a pale, a ſhore confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts; here's *Neſtor*
Inſtructed by the Antiquary times:
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe.
But pardon Father *Neſtor*, were your dayes
As greene as *Aiax*, and your braine ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not have the eminence of him,
But he as *Aiax.*

Aia. Shall I call you Father?

Vliſ. I my good Sonne.

Dio. Be rul'd by him Lord *Aiax.*

Vliſ. There is no tarrying here, the Hart *Achilles*
Keepes thicker: pleaſe it our Generall:
To call together all this ſtate of warre,
Freſh Kings are come to *Troy*; to morrow
We muſt with all our maine of power ſtand faſt:
And here's a Lord, (come Knights from Eaſt to Weſt,
And cull their flowre,) *Aiax* ſhall cope the beſt.

Ag. Goe we to Counſaile, let *Achilles* ſleepe;
Light Botes may ſaile ſwift, though greater bulkes draw deepe. *Exeunt.* *Muſicke ſounds within.*

Enter Pandarus and a Servant.

Pan. Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you follow the yong Lord *Paris?*

Ser. I ſir, When he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him I meane?

Ser. Sir, I doe depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble Gentleman: I muſt needes praiſe him.

Ser. The Lord be praiſed.

Pa. You know me, doe you not?

Ser. Faith ſir, ſuperficially.

Pa. Friend know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus.*

Ser. I hope I ſhall know your honour better.

Pa. I doe deſire it.

Ser. You are in the ſtate of Grace?

Pa. Grace, not ſo friend, honour and Lordſhip are my title: What Muſique is this?

Ser. I doe but partly know ſir: it is Muſicke in parts.

Pa. Know you the Muſitians.

Ser. Wholly ſir.

Pa. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers ſir.

Pa. At whoſe pleaſure friend?

Ser. At mine ſir, and theirs that love Muſicke.

Pa. Command, I meane friend.

Ser. Who ſhall I command ſir?

Pa. Friend, we underſtand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whoſe requeſt doe theſe men play?

Ser. That's too't indeede ſir: marry ſir, at the requeſt of *Paris* my L. who's there in perſon; with him the mortall *Venus*, the heart blood of beauty, loves inviſible ſoule.

Pa. Who? my Coſin *Creſſida.*

Ser. No, ſir, *Helen*, could you not finde out that by her attributes?

Pa. It ſhould ſeeme fellow, that thou haſt not ſeen the Lady *Creſſida.* I come to ſpeake with *Paris* from the Prince *Troylus*: I will make a complementall aſſault upon him, for my buſineſſe ſeethes.

Ser. Sodden buſineſſe, there's a ſtewed phraſe indeede.

Enter Paris and Helena.

Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire conpany: faire deſires in all faire meaſure fairely guide them, eſpecially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts bee your faire pillow.

Hel. Deere L. you are full of faire words.

Pan. You ſpeake your faire pleaſure ſweet Queene: faire Prince, here is good broken Muſicke.

Par. You have broken it cozen: and by my life you ſhall make it whole againe, you ſhall peece it out with a peece of your performance. *Nel.* he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truely Lady no.

Hel. O ſir.

Pan. Rude in ſooth, in good ſooth very rude.

Paris. Well ſaid my Lord: well, you ſay ſo in fits,

Pan. I have buſineſſe to my Lord, deere Queene: my Lord will you vouchſafe me a word?

Hel. Nay, this ſhall not hedge us out, weele heare you ſing certainely.

Pan. Well ſweete Queene you are pleaſant with mee, but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and moſt eſteemed friend your brother *Troylus.*

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*, hony ſweete Lord,

Pan. Go to ſweete Queene, goe to.
Commends himſelfe moſt affectionately to you.

Hel. You ſhall not bob us out of our melody:
If you doe, our melancholly upon your head.

Pan. Sweete Queene, ſweete Queene, that's a ſweete Queene I faith——

Hel. And to make a ſweet Lady ſad, is a ſowre offence.

Pan. Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turne, that ſhall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words, no, no. And my Lord he deſires you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make this excuſe.

Hel, My Lord *Pandarus*?

Pan. What ſayes my ſweete Queene, my very, very ſweete Queene?

Par. What exploit's in hand, were ſups he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Pan. What ſayes my ſweete Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.

Hel. You muſt not know where he ſups.

Pan. With my diſpoſer *Creſſida.*

Pan. No, no; no ſuch matter, you are wide, come your diſpoſer is ſicke.

Par. Well, Ile make excuſe.

Pan. I good my Lord: why ſhould you ſay *Creſſida*? no, your poore diſpoſer's ſicke.

Par. I ſpie.

Pan. You ſpie, what doe you ſpie? come, give me an Inſtrument now ſweete Queene.

Hel. Why this is kindly done?

Pan. My Neece is horrible in love with a thing you have ſweet Queene.

Hel. She ſhall have it my Lord, if it be not my Lord *Paris.*

Pand. Hee? no ſh eele none of him, they two are twaine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile ſing you a ſong now.

Hel. I, I, prethee now: by my troth ſweet Lord thou haſt a fine fore-head.

Pan. I you may, you may.

Hel. Let thy ſong be love: this love will undoe us all. Oh *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.*

Pan. Love? I that it ſhall yfaith.

Par. I, good now love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth it begins ſo.

Love, love, nothing but love, ſtill more:
For O loves Bow,
Shootes both Bucke and Doe:
The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,
But tickles ſtill the ſore:
Theſe Lovers cry, oh ho they dye;
Yet that which ſeemes they wound to kill,
Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he:
So dying love lives ſtill,
O ho a while, but ha ha ha;
O ho grones out for ha ha ha—hey ho.

Hel. In love yfaith to the very tip of the noſe.

Par. He eates nothing but doves love, and that breeds hot bloud, and hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? Hot bloud, hot thoughts, and hot deedes, why they are Vipers, is Love a generation of Vipers?
Sweete Lord whoſe a field to day?

Par. *Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Anthenor,* and all the gallantry of *Troy.* I would faine have arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not have it ſo.
How chance my brother *Troylus* went not?

Hel. He hangs the lippe at ſomething; you know all Lord *Pandarus?*

Pan. Not I hony ſweete Queene: I long to heare how they ſped to day:
Youle remember your brothers excuſe?

Par. To a hayre.

Pan. Farewell ſweete Queene.

Hel. Commend me to your Neece.

Pan. I will ſweete Queene. *Sound a retreat.*

Par. They're come from fielde: let us to *Priams* Hall
To greete the warriors. Sweet *Hellen,* I muſt wooe you,
To helpe unarme our *Hector:* his ſtubborne buckles,
With theſe your white enchanting fingers toucht,
Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,
Or force of Greekiſh ſinewes, you ſhall doe more
Then all the Iland Kings, diſarme great *Hector.*

Hel. 'Twill make us proud to be your ſervant *Paris:*
Yea what he ſhall receive of us in duetie,
Gives us more palme in beauty then we have:
Yea overſhines our ſelfe.
Sweete above thought I love thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Troylus Man.

Pan. How now, where's thy Maſter, at my Couzen *Creſſidas?*

Man. No ſir, he ſtayes for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troylus.

Pan. O here he comes: How now, how now?

Troy. Sirra walke off.

Pan. Have you ſeene my Couſin?

Troy. No *Pandarus:* I ſtalke about her doore
Like a ſtrange ſoule upon the Stigian bankes
Staying for waftage. O be thou my *Charon,*
And give me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds
Propos'd for the deſerver. O gentle *Pandarus,*
From *Cupids* ſhoulder plucke his painted wings,
And flye with me to *Creſſid.*

Pan. Walke here ith' Orchard, Ile bring her ſtraight.

Exit Pandarus.

Troy. I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,
Th' imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweete,
That it inchants my ſence: what will it be
When that the watry pallats taſte indeede
Loves thrice reputed Nectar? Death I feare me
Sounding deſtruction, or ſome joy too fine,
Too ſubtile, potent, and too ſharpe in ſweetneſſe,
For the capacitie of my ruder powers;
I feare it much, and I doe feare beſides,
That I ſhall looſe diſtinction in my joyes,
As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes
The enemy flying. *Enter Pandarus.*

Pan. Shee's making her ready, ſheele come ſtraight; you muſt be witty now, ſhe does ſo bluſh & fetches her winde ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were fraid with a ſprite: Ile fetch her; it is the pretrieſt villaine, ſhe fetches her breath ſo ſhort as a new tane Sparrow. *Exit Pand.*

Troy. Even ſuch a paſſion doth embrace my boſome:
My heart beates thicker then a feavorous pulſe,
And all my powers doe their beſtowing looſe,
Like vaſſalage at unawarres encountring
The eye of Majeſty.

Enter Pandarus and Creſſida.

Pan. Come, come, what neede you bluſh?
Shames a babie; here ſhe is now, ſweare the oathes now to her, that you have ſworne to me. What are you gone againe, you muſt be watcht ere you be made tame, muſt you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw backward weele put you i'th fiels: why do you not ſpeak to her? Come draw this curtaine, & let's ſee your picture. Alaſſe the day, how loath you are to offend day light? and 'twere darke you'ld cloſe ſooner. So, ſo, rub on, and kiſſe the miſtreſſe; how now, a kiſſe in fee-farme? build there Carpenter; the ayre is ſweete. Nay, you ſhall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Tercell, for all the Ducks ith River: go to, go to.

Troy. You have bereft me of all words Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts; give her deedes: but ſheele bereave you 'oth' deeds too, if ſhee call your activity in queſtion: what billing againe? here's in witneſſe whereof the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go get a fire. *Exit Pand.*

Creſ. Will you walke in my Lord?

Troy. O *Creſſida,* how often have I wiſht me thus?

Creſ. Wiſht my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord.

Troy. What ſhould they grant? what makes this pretty abruption: what too curious dreg eſpies my ſweet Lady in the fountaine of our love?

Creſ. More dregs then water, if my teares have eyes.

Troy. Feares make divels of Cherubins, they never ſee truely.

Creſ. Blind feare, that ſeeing reaſon leads, findes ſafer footing, then blinde reaſon, ſtumbling without feare: to feare the worſt, oft cures the worſe.

Troy. Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare,
In all *Cupids* Pageant there is preſented no monſter.

Creſ. Nor nothing monſtrous neither?

Troy. Nothing but their undertakings, when we vow to weepe ſeas, live in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers, thinking it harder for our Miſtreſſe to deviſe impoſition inough, then for us to undergoe any difficultie impoſed. This is the monſtruoſitie in love (Lady,) that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the deſire is boundleſſe, and the act a ſlave to limit.

Creſ. They ſay all lovers ſweare more performance then they are able, and yet reſerve a[illegible] ability that they never performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten; and diſcharging leſſe then the tenth part of one. They that have the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares: are they not monſters?

Troy. Are there ſuch? ſuch are not we: Praiſe us as we are taſted, allow us as we prove: our head ſhall goe bare till merit crowne it: no perfection in reverſion ſhall have a praiſe in preſent: wee will not name deſert before his birth, and being borne his addition ſhall be humble: few words to faire faith. *Troylus* ſhall be ſuch to *Creſſid*, as what envy can ſay worſt, ſhall be a mocke for his truth; and what truth can ſpeake trueſt, not truer then *Troylus*.

Creſ. Will you walke in my Lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What bluſhing ſtill? have you not done talking yet?

Creſ. Well Vnckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thanke you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, youle give him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troy. You know now your hoſtages: your Vnckles word and my firme faith.

Pan. Nay, Ile give my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they are wooed, they are conſtant being wonne: they are Burres I can tell you, they'le ſticke where they are throwne.

Creſ. Boldneſſe comes to me now, and brings mee heart: Prince *Troylus*, I have lov'd you night and day, for many weary moneths.

Troy. Why was my *Creſſid* then ſo hard to win?

Creſ. Hard to ſeeme won: but I was won my Lord
With the firſt glance that ever: pardon me,
If I confeſſe much you will play the tyrant:
I love you now, but not till now ſo much
But I might maſter it; in faith I lye:
My thoughts were like unbrideled children, growne
Too head-ſtrong for their mother: ſee we fooles,
Why have I blab'd? who ſhall be true to us
When we are ſo unſecret to our ſelves?
But though I lov'd you well, I wooed you not,
And yet good faith I wiſht my ſelfe a man;
Or that the women had mens priviledge
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I ſhall ſurely ſpeake
The thing I ſhall repent: ſee, ſee, your ſilence
Comming in dumbneſſe, from my weakeneſſe drawes
My ſoule of counſell from me. Stop my mouth.

Troy. And ſhall, albeit ſweete Muſicke iſſues thence.

Pan. Pretty yfaith.

Creſ. My Lord I doe beſeech you pardon me,
'Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a kiſſe:
I am aſham'd; O Heavens, what have I done!
For this time will I take my leave my Lord.

Troy. Your leave ſweet *Creſſid*?

Pan. Leave! and you take leave till to morrow morning.

Creſ. Pray you content you.

Troy. What offends you Lady?

Creſ. Sir mine owne company.

Troy. You cannot ſhun your ſelfe.

Creſ. Let me goe and try:
I have a kinde of ſelfe reſides with you:
But an unkinde ſelfe, that it ſelfe will leave,
To be anothers foole. Where is my wit?
I would be gone: I ſpeake I know not what.

Troy. Well know they what they ſpeake, that ſpeake ſo wiſely.

Creſ. Perchance my Lord, I ſhew more craft then love,
And fell ſo roundly to a large confeſſion,
To Angle for your thoughts: but you are wiſe,
Or elſe you love not: for to be wiſe and love,
Exceedes mans might, that dwels with gods above.

Troy. O that I thought it could be in a woman:
And if it can, I will preſume in you,
To feede for aye her lampe and flames of love,
To keepe her conſtancie in plight and youth,
Out-living beauties outward, with a minde
That doth renew ſwifter then blood decaies:
Or that perſwaſion could but thus convince me,
That my integritie and truth to you,
Might be affronted with the match and waight
Of ſuch a winnowed puritie in love:
How were I then up-lifted! but alas,
I am as true, as truths ſimplicitie,
And ſimpler then the infancie of truth.

Creſ. In that Ile warre with you.

Troy. O vertuous fight,
When right with right wars, who ſhall be moſt right?
True ſwaines in love, ſhall in the world to come
Approve their truths by *Troylus*: when their rimes,
Full of proteſt, of oath and big compare
Want ſmiles: truth tir'd with iteration,
As true as ſteele, as plantage to the Moone:
As Sunne to day, as Turtle to her mate:
As Iron to Adamant: as Earth to th' Center:
Yet after all compariſons of truth,
(As truths authenticke author to be cited)
As true as *Troylus*, ſhall crowne up the Verſe,
And ſanctifie the numbers.

Creſ. Prophet may you be:
If I be falſe, or ſwerve a haire from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot it ſelfe:
When water-drops have worne the ſtones of *Troy*;
And blinde oblivion ſwallow'd Cities up;
And mightie States characterleſſe are grated
To duſtie nothing; yet let memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe Maides in love,
Vpbraid my falſehood, when they'ave ſaid as falſe,
As Aire, as Water, as Winde, as ſandie earth;
As Foxe to Lambe; as Wolfe to Heifers Calfe;
Pard to the Hinde, or Stepdame to her Sonne;
Yea, let them ſay, to ſticke the heart of falſehood,

As falſe as *Creſſid.*

Pand. Go to, a bargaine made: ſeale it, ſeale it, Ile be the witneſſe, here I hold your hand: here my Couſins, if ever you prove falſe one to another, ſince I have taken ſuch paines to bring you together, let all pittifull goers betweene be cal'd to the worlds end after my name: call them all Panders; let all conſtant men be *Troyluſſes*, all falſe women *Creſſids*, and all brokers betweene, Panders: ſay, Amen.

Troy. Amen.

Creſſ. Amen.

Pan. Amen.

Whereupon I will ſhew you a Chamber, which bed, becauſe it ſhall not ſpeake of your prettie encounters, preſſe it to death: away.

And *Cupid* grant all tong-tide Maidens heere,
Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to provide this geere. *Exeunt.*

Enterr Vlyſſes, Diomedes, Neſtor, Agamemnon,
Menelaus and Calcas.

Cal. Now Princes for the ſervice I have done you,
Th'advantage of the time prompts me aloud,
To call for recompence: appeare it to your minde,
That through the ſight I beare in things to love,
I have abandon'd Troy, left my poſſeſſion,
Incur'd a Traytors name, expos'd my ſelfe,
From certaine and poſſeſt conveniences,
To doubtfull fortunes, ſequeſtring from me all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtome and condition,
Made tame, and moſt familiar to my nature:
And here to doe you ſervice am become,
As new into the world, ſtrange, unacquainted.
I doe beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To give me now a little benefit:
Out of thoſe many regiſtred in promiſe,
Which you ſay, live to come in my behalfe.

Agam. What would'ſt thou of us Troyan? make demand?

Cal. You have a Troian priſoner, cal'd *Anthenor*,
Yeſterday tooke: Troy holds him very deere.
Oft have you (often have you, thankes therefore)
Deſir'd my *Creſſid* in right great exchange.
Whom Troy hath ſtill deni'd: but this *Anthenor*,
I know is ſuch a wreſt in their affaires,
That their negotiations all muſt ſlacke,
Wanting his mannage: and they will almoſt,
Give us a Prince of blood, a Sonne of *Priam*,
In change of him. Let him be ſent great Princes,
And he ſhall buy my Daughter: and her preſence,
Shall quite ſtrike off all ſervice I have done,
In moſt accepted paine.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* beare him,
And bring us *Creſſid* hither: *Calcas* ſhall have
What he requeſts of us: good *Diomed*
Furniſh you fairely for this enterchange;
Withall bring word, if *Hector* will to morrow
Be anſwer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This ſhall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to beare. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent.

Vliſ. Achilles ſtands i'th entrance of his Tent;
Pleaſe it our Generall to paſſe ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot: and Princes all,
Lay negligent and looſe regard upon him;
I will come laſt, 'tis like hee'l queſtion me,
Why ſuch unplauſive eyes are bent? why turn'd on him?
If ſo, I have deriſion medicinable,
To uſe betweene your ſtrangeneſſe and his pride,
Which his owne will ſhall have deſire to drinke;
It may doe good, pride hath no other glaſſe
To ſhow it ſelfe, but pride: for ſupple knees,
Feede arrogance, and are the proud mans fees.

Agam. Weele execute your purpoſe, and put on
A forme of ſtrangeneſſe as we paſſe along,
So doe each Lord, and either greete him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall ſhake him more,
Then if not lookt on. I will leade the way.

Achil. What comes the Generall to ſpeake with me?
You know my minde, Ile fight no more 'gainſt Troy.

Aga. What ſayes *Achilles*, would he ought with us?

Neſ. Would you my Lord ought with the Generall?

Achil. No.

Neſ. Nothing my Lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How doe you? how doe you?

Achi. What does the Cuckold ſcorne me?

Ajax. How now *Patroclus?*

Achil. Good morrow *Ajax*?

Ajax. Ha.

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. I, and good next day too. *Exeunt.*

Achil. What meane theſe fellowes? know they not *Achilles*?

Patr. They paſſe ſtrangely: they were us'd to bend,
To ſend their ſmiles before them to *Achilles*:
To come as humbly as they us'd to creepe to holy Altars.

Achil. What am I poore of late?
'Tis certaine, greatneſſe once falne out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoone reade in the eyes of others,
As feele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies,
Shew not their mealie wings, but to the Summer;
And not a man for being ſimple man,
Hath any honor; but honor'd by thoſe honours
That are without him; as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident, as oft as merit:
Which when they fall (as being ſlippery ſtanders)
The love that leand on them as ſlippery too,
Doth on plucke downe another, and together
Dye in the fall, But 'tis not ſo with me;
Fortune and I are friends, I doe enjoy
At ample point all that I did poſſeſſe,
Save theſe mens lookes: who do me thinkes finde out
Something not worth in me ſuch rich beholding,
As they have often given. Here is *Vliſſes*,
Ile interrupt his reading: how now *Vliſſes*?

Vliſ. Now great *Thetis* Sonne.

Achil. What are you reading?

Vliſ. A ſtrange fellow here
Writes me, that man, how dearely ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boaſt to have that which he hath;
Nor feeles not what he owes, but by reflection:
As when his vertues ſhining upon others,
Heate them, and they retort that heate againe
To the firſt giver.

Achil. This is not ſtrange *Vliſſes*:
The beautie that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knowes not, but commends it ſelfe,
Not going from it ſelfe: but eye to eye oppos'd,

Salutes each other with each others forme.
For ſpeculation turnes not to it ſelfe,
Till it hath travail'd and is married there
Where it may ſee it ſelfe; this is not ſtrange at all.
Vliſ. I doe not ſtraine it at the poſition,
It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,
Who in his circumſtance, expreſſy proves
That no man is the Lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much conſiſting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himſelfe know them for ought,
Till he behold them formed in th' applauſe,
Where they are extended: who like an arch reverb'rates
The voice againe; or like a gate of ſteele,
Fronting the Sunne, receives and renders backe
His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately
The unknowne *Ajax*;
Heavens what a man is there? a very Horſe, (are
That has he knowes not what Nature, what things there
Moſt abject in regard, and deare in uſe.
What things againe moſt deere in the eſteeme,
And poore in worth: now ſhall we ſee to morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him?
Ajax renown'd? O heavens, what ſome men doe,
While ſome men leave to doe!
How ſome men creepe in skittiſh fortunes hall,
Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes:
How one man eates into anothers pride,
While pride is feaſting in his wantonneſſe
To ſee theſe Grecian Lords; why, even already,
They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the ſhoulder,
As if his foote were on brave *Hectors* breſt,
And great *Troy* ſhrinking.
Achil. I doe beleeve it:
For they paſt by me, as miſers doe by beggars,
Neither gave to me good word, nor good looke:
What are my deedes forgot?
Vliſ. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe,
Wherein he puts almes for oblivion:
A great ſiz'd monſter of ingratitudes:
Thoſe ſcraps are good deedes paſt,
Which are devour'd as faſt as they are made,
Forgot as ſoone as done: perſeverance, deere my Lord,
Keepes honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of faſhion, like a ruſtie male,
In monumentall mockrie: take the inſtant way,
For honor travels in a ſtraight ſo narrow,
Where one but goes a breaſt, keepe then the path:
For emulation hath a thouſand Sonnes,
That one by one purſue; if you give way,
Or hedge aſide from the direct forth right;
Like to an entred Tyde, they all ruſh by,
And leave you hindmoſt;
Or like a gallant Horſe falne in firſt ranke,
Lye there for pavement to the abject, neere
Ore-run and trampled on: then what they doe in preſent,
Though leſſe then yours in paſt, muſt ore-top yours:
For time is like a faſhionable Hoſte,
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting Gueſt by th' hand;
And with his armes out-ſtretcht, as he would flye,
Graſpes in the commer: the welcome ever ſmiles,
And farewels goes out ſighing: O let not vertue ſeeke
Remuneration for the thing it was: for beautie, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, deſert in ſervice,
Love, friendſhip, charity, are ſubjects all
To envious and calumniating time:
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin:
That all with one conſent praiſe new borne gaudes,
Though they are made and moulded of things paſt,
And goe to duſt, that is a little gilt,
More laud then gilt oreduſted.
The preſent eye praiſes the preſent object:
Then marveile not thou great and compleat man,
That all the Greeees begin to worſhip *Ajax*;
Since things in motion 'gin to catch the eye,
Then what not ſtirs: the cry went out on thee,
And ſtill it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou wouldſt not entombe thy ſelfe alive,
And caſe thy reputation in thy Tent;
Whoſe glorious deedes, but in theſe fields of late,
Made emulous miſſions 'mongſt the gods themſelves,
And drave great *Mars* to faction.
Achil. Of this my privacie,
I have ſtrong reaſons.
Vliſ. But 'gainſt your privacie.
The reaſons are more potent and heroycall:
'Tis knowne *Achilles*, that you are in love
With one of *Priams* daughters.
Achil. Ha? knowne?
Vliſ. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchfull State,
Knowes almoſt every graine of Plutoes gold;
Findes bottome in th' uncomprehenſive deepes;
Keepes place with thought; and almoſt like the gods,
Does thoughts unvaile in their dumbe cradles:
There is a myſterie (with whom relation
Durſt never meddle) in the ſoule of ſtate;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Then breath or pen can give expreſſure to:
All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw downe *Hector* then *Polixena*.
But it muſt grieve young *Pirrhus* now at home,
When fame ſhall in her Iland ſound her trumpe;
And all the Greekiſh Girles ſhall tripping ſing,
Great *Hectors* ſiſter did *Achilles* winne;
But our great *Ajax* bravely beate downe him.
Farewell my Lord: I as your lover ſpeake;
The foole ſlides ore the Ice that you ſhould breake.
Patr. To this effect *Achilles* have I mov'd you;
A woman impudent and manniſh growne,
Is not more loth'd, then an effeminate man,
In time of action: I ſtand condemn'd for this;
They thinke my little ſtomacke to the warre,
And your great love to me, reſtraines you thus:
Sweete, rouſe your ſelfe; and the weake wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your necke unlooſe his amorous fould,
And like a dew-drop from the Lyons mane,
Be ſhooke to ayrie ayre.
Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*?
Patr. I, and perhaps receive much honor by him.
Achil. I ſee my reputation is at ſtake,
My fame is ſhrewdly gored.
Patr. O then beware:
Thoſe wounds heale ill, that men doe give themſelves:
Omiſſion to doe what is neceſſary,
Seales a commiſſion to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an ague ſubtly taints
Even then when we ſit idely in the ſunne.
Achil. Goe call *Therſites* hither ſweet *Patroclus*,

Ile ſend the foole to *Ajax*, and deſire him
T'invite the Troyan Lords after the Combat
To ſee us here unarm'd: I have a womans longing,
An appetite that I am ſicke withall,
To ſee great *Hector* in the weedes of peace; *Enter Therſi.*
To talke with him, and to behold his viſage,
Even to my full of view. A labour-ſav'd.

Ther. A wonder.

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes up and downe the field, asking for himſelfe.

Achll. How ſo?

Ther. Hee muſt fight ſingly to morrow with *Hector*, and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling, that he raves in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why he ſtalkes up and downe like a Peacock, a ſtride and a ſtand: ruminates like an hoſteſſe, that hath no Arithmetique but her braine to ſet downe her reckoning: bites his lip with a politique regard, as who ſhould ſay, there were wit in his head and twoo'd out; and ſo there is: but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not ſhew without knocking. The mans undone for ever; for if *Hector* breake not his necke i'th' combat, heele break't himſelfe in vaine-glory. Hee knowes not me: I ſaid, good morrow *Ajax*; And hee replyes, thankes *Agamemnon*. What thinke you of this man, that takes me for the Generall? Hee's growne a very land-fiſh, languageleſſe, a monſter: a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both ſides like a leather Ierkin.

Achil. Thou muſt be my Ambaſſador to him *Therſites*.

Ther. Who, I: why, heele anſwer no body: he profeſſes not anſwering; ſpeaking is for beggers: he weares his tongue in's armes: I will put on his preſence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you ſhall ſee the Pageant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him *Patroclus*; tell him, I humbly deſire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the moſt valorous *Hector*, to come unarm'd to my Tent, and to procure ſafe conduct for his perſon, of the magnauimious and moſt illuſtrious, ſixe or Seaven times honour'd Captaine, Generall of the Grecian Armie *Agamemnon*, &c. doe this.

Patro. *Iove* bleſſe great *Ajax*.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. I come fom the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. Who moſt humbly deſires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. And to procure ſafe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. *Agamemnon*?

Patr. I my Lord.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. What ſay you too't.

Ther. God buy you with all my heart.

Patr. Your anſwer ſir.

Ther. If to morrow be a faire day, by eleven a clocke it will goe one way or other; howſoever, he ſhall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your anſwer ſir.

Ther. Fare you well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out a tune thus: what muſicke will be in when *Hector* has knockt out his braines, I know not: but I am ſure none, unleſſe the Fidler *Apollo* get his ſinewes to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou ſhalt beare a Letter to him ſtraight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his Horſe; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My minde is troubled like a Fountaine ſtir'd,
And I my ſelfe ſee not the bottome of it.

Ther. Would the Fountaine of your minde were cleere againe, that I might water an Aſſe at it: I had rather be a Ticke in a Sheepe, then ſuch a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one doore Æneas with a Torch, at another
Paris, Deiphobus, Anthenor, Diomed the
Grecian, with Torches.

Patr. See hoa, who is that there?

Deiph. It is the Lord *Æneas*.

Æne. Is the Prince there in perſon?
Had I ſo good occaſion to lye long
As you Prince *Paris*, nothing but heavenly buſineſſe,
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Diom. That's my minde too: good morrow Lord *Æneas*.

Par. A valiant Greeke *Æneas*, take his hand,
Witneſſe the proceſſe of your ſpeech within;
You told how *Diomed*, in a whole weeke by dayes
Did haunt you in the Field.

Æne. Health to you valiant ſir;
During all queſtion of the gentle truce:
But when I meete you arm'd, as blacke defiance,
As heart can thinke, or courage execute.

Diom. The one and other *Diomed* embraces,
Our blouds are now in calme; and ſo long health:
But when contention, and occaſion meete,
By *Iove*, Ile play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuite and pollicy.

Æne. And thou ſhalt hunt a Lyon that will flye
With his face backward, in humaine gentleneſſe:
Welcome to Troy; now by *Anchiſes* life,
Welcome indeede: by *Venus* hand I ſweare,
No man alive can love in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.

Diom. We ſimpathize. *Iove* let *Æneas* live
(If to my ſword his fate be not the glory)
A thouſand compleat courſes of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him dye:
With every joynt a wound, and that to morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We doe, and long to know each other worſe.

Par. This is the moſt, deſpightful'ſt gentle greeting;
The nobleſt hatefull love, that ere I heard of.
What buſineſſe Lord ſo early?

Æue. I was ſent for to the King; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpoſe meets you; it was to bring this Greek
To *Calcha's* houſe: and there to render him,
For the enfreed *Anthenor*, the faire *Creſſid*:
Lets have your company; or if you pleaſe,
Haſte there before us, I conſtantly doe thinke
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother *Troylus* lodges there to night.
Rouſe him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof, I feare
We ſhall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I aſſure you:
Troylus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Then *Creſſid* borne from Troy.

Par. There is no helpe:
The bitter diſpoſition of the time will have it ſo
On Lord, weele follow you.
Æne. Good morrow all. *Exit Æneas*
Par. And tell me noble *Diomed*; faith tell me true,
Even in the ſoule of ſound good fellowſhip,
Who in your thoughts merits faire *Helen* moſt?
My ſelfe, or *Menelaus*?
Diom. Both alike.
He merits well to have her, that doth ſeeke her,
Not making any ſcruple of her ſoylure,
With ſuch a hell of paine, and world of charge.
And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,
Not pallating the taſte of her diſhonour,
With ſuch a coſtly loſſe of wealth and friends:
He like a puling Cuckold, would drinke up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece:
You like a letcher, out of whoriſh loynes,
Are pleaſ'd to breede out your inheritors:
Both merits poyz'd, each weighs no leſſe nor more,
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.
Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.
Dio. Shee's bitter to her country: heare me *Paris*,
For every falſe drop in her baudy veines,
A Grecians life hath ſunke: for every ſcruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Troian hath beene ſlaine. Since ſhe could ſpeake,
She hath not given ſo many good words breath,
As for her Greekes and Troians ſuffred death.
Par. Faire *Diomed*, you doe as chapmen doe,
Diſpraiſe the thing that you deſire to buy:
But we in ſilence hold this vertue well;
Weele not commend, what we intend to ſell.
Here lyes our way. *Exeunt.*

Enter Troylus and Creſſida.

Troy. Deere, trouble not your ſelfe: the morne is cold.
Creſ. Then ſweet my Lord, Ile call my Vnckle down;
He ſhall unbolt the Gates.
Troy. Trouble him not:
To bed, to bed; ſleepe kill thoſe pretty eyes,
And give as ſoft attachment to thy ſences,
As Infants empty of all thought.
Creſ. Good morrow then.
Troy. I prithee now to bed.
Creſ. Are you a weary of me?
Troy. O *Creſſida*! but that the buſie day
Wak't by the Larke, hath rouz'd the ribald Crowes,
And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer:
I would not from thee.
Creſ. Night hath beene too briefe. (ſtayes,
Troy. Beſhrew the witch! with venemous wights ſhe
As hidiouſly as hell; but flies the graſpes of love,
With wings more momentary, ſwifter then thought:
You will catch colde and curſe me.
Creſ. Prithee tarry, you men will never tarry;
O fooliſh *Creſſid*, I might have ſtill held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hearke ther's one up.
Pand. within. What's all the doores open here?
Troy. It is your Vnckle. *Enter Pandarus.*
Creſ. A peſtilence on him: now will he be mocking:
I ſhall have ſuch a life
Pan. How now, how now? how goe maiden-heads?
Heare you Maide: wher's my cozin *Creſſid*?
Creſ. Go hang your ſelf, you naughty mocking Vnckle:
You bring me to doe—and then you floute me too.
Pan. To do what? to do what? let her ſay what:
What have I brought you to doe?
Creſ. Come, come, beſhrew your heart: youle nere be good, nor ſuffer others.
Pan. Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore *Chipochia*, haſt not ſlept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it ſleepe: a bug-beare take him. *One knocks.*
Creſ. Did not I tell you? would he were knockt ith' head. Who's that at doore? good Vncke goe and ſee.
My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber:
You ſmile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.
Troy. Ha, ha.
Cre. Come you are deceiv'd, I thinke of no ſuch thing.
How earneſtly they knocke: pray you come in. *Knocke.*
I would not for halfe *Troy* have you ſeene here. *Exeunt.*
Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?
Æne. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.
Pan. Who's there, my Lord *Æneas*? by my troth I know you not: what newes with you ſo early?
Æne. Is not Prince *Troylus* here?
Pan. Here? what ſhould he doe here?
Æne. Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him:
It doth import him much to ſpeake with me.
Pan. Is he here ſay you? 'tis more than I know, Ile be ſworne: For my owne part I came in late: what ſhould he doe here?
Æne. Who, nay then: Come, come, youle doe him wrong, ere y'are ware: youle be ſo true to him, to bee falſe to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch him hither, goe.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. How now, what's the matter?
Æne. My Lord, I ſcarce have leiſure to ſalute you,
My matter is ſo raſh: there is at hand,
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The Grecian *Diomed*, and our *Anthenor*
Deliver'd to us, and for him forth-with,
Ere the firſt ſacrifice, within this houre,
We muſt give up to *Diomedes* hand
The Lady *Creſſida*.
Troy. Is it concluded ſo?
Æne. By *Priam*, an the generall ſtate of *Troy*,
They are at hand, and ready to affect it,
Troy. How may atchievements mocke me;
I will goe meete them: and my Lord *Æneas*,
We met by chance: you did not find me here.
Æne. Good, good, my Lord, the ſecrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Creſſid.

Pan. Is't poſſible? no ſooner got but loſt: the divell take *Anthenor*; the yong Prince will goe mad: a plague upon *Anthenor*; I would they had brok's necke.
Creſ. How now? what's the matter? who was heere?
Pan. Ah, ha!
Creſ. Why ſigh you ſo profoundly? where's my Lord? gone? tell me ſweet Vnckle, what's the matter?
Pan. Would I were as deepe under the earth as I am above.
Creſ. O the gods! what's the matter?
Pan. Prethee get thee in: would thou hadſt ne're been borne; I knew thou would'ſt be his death. O poore Gentleman: a plague upon *Anthenor*.

Creſ. Good Vnckle I beſeech you, on my knees, I beſeech you what's the matter?
Pan. Thou muſt be gone wench, thou muſt be gone; thou art chang'd for *Anthenor*: thou muſt to thy Father, and be gone from *Troylus*: 'twill be his death: 'twill be his baine, he cannot beare it.
Creſ. O you immortall gods! I will not goe.
Pan. Thou muſt.
Creſ. I will not Vnckle: I have forgot my Father:
I know no touch of conſanguinitie:
No kin, no love, no bloud, no ſoule, ſo neere me,
As the ſweet *Troylus*: O you gods divine!
Make *Creſſids* name the very crowne of falſhood!
If ever ſhe leave *Troylus*: time, and death,
Do to this body what extremitie you can;
But the ſtrong baſe and building of my love,
Is as the very Center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weepe.
Pan. Doe, doe.
Creſ. Teare my bright haire, and ſcratch my praiſed cheekes,
Cracke my cleere voyce with ſobs, and breake my heart
With ſounding *Troylus*. I will not goe from *Troy*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Paris, Troylus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Anthenor and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt
Of her deliverie to this valiant Greeke
Comes faſt upon: good my brother *Troylus*,
Tell you the Lady what ſhe is to doe,
And haſt her to the purpoſe.
Troy. Walke in to her houſe:
Ile bring her to the Grecian preſently;
And to his hand, when I deliver her,
Thinke it an Altar, and thy brother *Troylus*
A Prieſt, there offring to it his heart.
Par. I know what 'tis to love,
And would, as I ſhall pitty, I could helpe.
Pleaſe you walke in, my Lords. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Creſſid.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Creſ. Why tell you me of moderation?
The griefe is fine, full perfect that I taſte,
And no leſſe in a ſenſe as ſtrong
As that which cauſeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporiſe with my affection,
Or brew it to a weake and colder pallat,
The like alaiment could I give my griefe:
My love admits no qualifying croſſe: *Enter Troylus.*
No more my griefe, in ſuch a precious loſſe.
Pan. Here, here, here, he comes, a ſweet ducke.
Creſ. O *Troylus, Troylus*!
Pan. What a paire of ſpectacles is here? let me embrace too: oh heart, as the goodly ſaying is; O heart, heavie heart, why ſitteſt thou without breaking? where he anſwers againe; becauſe thou canſt not eaſe thy ſmart by friendſhip, nor by ſpeaking: there was never a truer rime; let us caſt away nothing, for we may live to have neede of ſuch a Verſe: we ſee it, we ſee it: how now Lambs?
Troy. Creſſid: I love thee in ſo ſtrange a puritie;
That the bleſt gods, as angry with my fancie,
More bright in zeale, then the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.
Creſ. Have the gods envie?
Pan. I, I, I, I, 'tis too plaine a caſe.
Creſ. And is it true, that I muſt goe from Troy?
Troy. A hatefull truth.
Creſ. What, and from *Troylus* too?
Troy. From Troy, and *Troylus*.
Creſ. Iſt poſſible?
Troy. And ſodainely, where injurie of chance
Puts backe leave-taking, juſtles roughly by
All time of pauſe; rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoyndure: forcibly prevents
Our lockt embraſures; ſtrangles our deere vowes,
Even in the birth of our owne laboring breath.
We two that with ſo many thouſand ſighes
Did buy each other, muſt poorely ſell our ſelves,
With the rude brevitie and diſcharge of our
Injurious time; now with a robbers haſte
Crams his rich theeverie up, he knowes not how.
As many farewels as be ſtars in heaven,
With diſtinct breath, and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles up a looſe adiew:
And ſcants us with a ſingle famiſht kiſſe,
Diſtaſting with the ſalt of broken teares, *Enter Æneas.*
Æneas within. My Lord, is the Lady ready?
Troy. Hearke, you are call'd: ſome ſay the genius ſo
Cries, come to him that inſtantly muſt dye.
Bid them have patience: ſhe ſhall come anon.
Pan. Where are my teares? raine, to lay this winde, or my heart will be blowne up by the root.
Creſ. I muſt then to the Grecians?
Troy. No remedy.
Creſ. A wofull *Creſſid* 'mong'ſt the merry Greekes.
Troy. When ſhall we ſee againe?
Heare me my love: be thou but true of heart.
Creſ. I true? how now? what wicked deeme is this?
Troy. Nay, we muſt uſe expoſtulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:
I ſpeake not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my Glove to death himſelfe,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But be thou true, ſay I, to faſhion in
My ſequent proteſtation: be thou true,
And I will ſee thee.
Creſ. O you ſhall be expos'd, my Lord to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: but Ile be true.
Troy. And Ile grow friend with danger;
Weare this Sleeve.
Creſ. And you this Glove.
When ſhall I ſee you?
Troy. I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels,
To give thee nightly viſitation.
But yet be true.
Creſ. O heavens: be true againe?
Troy. Heare why I ſpeake it; Love:
The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,
Their loving well compos'd, with guift of nature,
Flowing and ſwelling ore with Arts and exerciſe:
How novelties may move, and parts with perſon.
Alas, a kinde of godly jealouſie;
Which I beſeech you call a vertuous ſinne:
Makes me affraid.
Creſ. O heavens, you loue me not!
Troy. Dye I a villaine then:
In this I doe not call your faith in queſtion
So mainely as my merit: I cannot ſing,
Nor heele the high Lavolt; nor ſweeten talke:
Nor play at ſubtill games; faire vertues all;

To which the Grecians are moſt prompt and pregnant :
But I can tell that in each grace of theſe,
There lurkes a ſtill and dumb-diſcourſive divell,
That tempts moſt cunningly : but be not tempted.
Creſ. Doe not thinke I will :
Troy. No, but ſomething may be done that we will not:
And ſometimes we are divels to our ſelves,
When we wil tempt the frailtie of our powers,
Preſuming on their changefull potencie.
Æneas within. Nay, good my Lord?
Troy. Come kiſſe, and let us part.
Paris within. Brother *Troylus*?
Troy. Good brother come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the Grecian with you.
Creſ. My Lord, will you be true? *Exit.*
Troy. Who I? alas it is my vice, thy fault :
Whiles other fiſh with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch meere ſimplicitie;
Whil'ſt ſome with cunning guild their copper crownes,
With truth and plainneſſe I doe weare mine bare.

Enter the Greekes.

Feare not my truth; the morrall of my wit
Is plaine and true, ther's all the reach of it.
Welcome ſir *Diomed*, here is the Lady
Which for *Antenor*, we deliver you.
At the port (Lord) Ile give her to thy hand,
And by the way poſſeſſe thee what ſhe is.
Entreate her faire; and by my ſoule, faire Greeke,
If ere thou ſtand at mercy of my Sword,
Name *Creſſid*, and thy life ſhall be as ſafe
As *Priam* is in Illion?
Diom. Faire Lady *Creſsid*,
So pleaſe you, ſave the thankes this Prince expects :
The luſtre in your eye, heaven in your cheeke,
Pleades your faire viſage, and to *Diomed*
You ſhall be miſtreſſe, and command him wholly.
Troy. Grecian, thou doſt not uſe me courteouſly,
To ſhame the ſeale of my petition towards,
I praiſing her. I tell thee Lord of Greece:
She is as farre high ſoaring o're thy praiſes,
As thou unworthy to be cal'd her ſervant :
I charge thee uſe her well, even for my charge :
For by the dreadfull *Pluto*, if thou doeſt not,
(Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard)
Ile cut thy thy throate.
Diom. Oh be not mov'd Prince *Troylus*;
Let me be priviledg'd by my place and meſſage,
To be a ſpeaker free; when I am hence,
Ile anſwer to my luſt : and know my Lord;
Ile nothing doe on charge: to her owne worth
She ſhall be priz'd : but that you ſay be't ſo;
Ile ſpeake it in my ſpirit and honor, no.
Troy. Come to the Port. Ile tell thee *Diomed*,
This brave, ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head :
Lady, give me your hand, and as we walke,
To our owne ſelves bend we our needefull talke.

Sound Trumpet.

Par. Harke, *Hectors* Trumpet.
Æne. How have we ſpent this morning
The Prince muſt thinke me tardy and remiſſe,
That ſwore to ride before him in the field.
Par. 'Tis *Troylus* fault : come, come, to field with him.
Exeunt.
Dio. Let us make ready ſtraight.
Æne. Yea, with a bridegroomes freſh alacritie
Let us addreſſe to tend on *Hectors* heeles :
The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his faire worth, and ſingle Chivalry.

Enter Ajax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Vliſſes, Neſtor, Calcas, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in apointment freſh and faire
Anticipating time. With ſtarting courage,
Give with thy Trumpet a lowd note to Troy
Thou dreadfull *Ajax*, that the appauled aire
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him hither.
Aja. Thou, Trumpet, ther's my purſe;
Now cracke thy lungs and ſplit thy braſen pipe :
Blow villaine, till thy ſphered Bias cheeke
Out-ſwell the collicke of puſt *Aquilon* :
Come, ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout bloud :
Thou bloweſt for *Hector*.
Vliſ. No Trumpet anſwers.
Achil. 'Tis but early dayes, *Enter Dio. Creſ.*
Aga. Is not young *Diomed* with *Calcas* daughter?
Vliſ. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
He riſes on the toe : that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.
Aga. Is this the Lady *Creſsid*?
Dio. Even ſhe.
Aga. Moſt deerely welcome to the Greekes, ſweete Lady.
Neſt. Our Generall doth ſalute you with a kiſſe.
Vliſ. Yet is your kindeneſſe but particular; 'twere better ſhe were kiſt in generall.
Neſt. And very courtly counſell : Ile begin. So much for *Neſtor*.
Achil. Ile take that winter from you lips : faire Lady *Achilles* bids you welcome.
Mene. I had good argument for kiſſing once.
Patro. But that's no argument for kiſſing now;
For thus pop't *Paris* in his hardiment.
Vliſ. Oh deadly gall, and theame of all our ſcornes,
For which we looſe our heads, to gild his hornes.
Patro. The firſt was *Menelaus* kiſſe, this mine :
Patroclus kiſſes you.
Mene. Oh this is trim.
Patr. *Paris* and I kiſſe evermore for him.
Mene. Ile have my kiſſe ſir : Lady by your leave.
Creſ. In kiſſing doe you render, or receive.
Patr. Both take and give.
Creſ. Ile make my match to live,
The kiſſe you take is better then you give : therefore no kiſſe.
Mene. Ile give you boote, Ile give you three for one.
Creſ. You are an odde man, give even, or give none.
Mene. An odde man Lady, every man is odde.
Creſ. No, *Paris* is not; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odde, and he is even with you.
Mene You fillip me a'th' head.
Creſ. No, Ile be ſworne.
Vliſ. It were no match, your naile againſt his horne :
May I ſweet Lady beg a kiſſe of you?
Creſ. You may.
Vliſ. I doe deſire it.
Creſ. Why begge then?
Vliſ. Why then for *Venus* ſake, give me a kiſſe;
When *Hellen* is a maid againe, and his———
Creſ. I am your debtor, claime it when 'tis due.

Vliſ. Never's

Vlyſ. Never's my day, and then a kiſſe of you.
Diom. Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father.
Neſt. A woman of quicke ſence.
Vlyſ. Fie, fie, upon her:
Ther's language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip;
Nay, her foote ſpeakes, her wanton ſpirites looke out
At every joynt, and motive of her body:
Oh theſe encounters ſo glib of tongue,
That give a coaſting welcome ere it comes;
And wide unclaſpe the tables of their thoughts,
To every tickling reader: ſet them downe,
For ſluttiſh ſpoyles of opportunitie;
And daughters of the game. *Exeunt.*

Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Æneas, Helenus, and Attendants.

All. The Troians Trumpet.
Aga. Yonder comes the troope.
Æne. Haile all you ſtate of Greece: what ſhall be done
To him that victorie commands? or doe you purpoſe,
A victor ſhall be knowne: will you the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremitie
Purſue each other; or ſhall be devided
By any voice, or order of the field: *Hector* bad aske?
Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?
Æne. He cares not, hee'le obey conditions.
Aga. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but ſecurely done,
A little proudly, and great deale diſpriſing
The Knight oppos'd.
Æne. If not *Achilles* ſir, what is your name?
Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.
Æne. Therefore *Achilles*: but what ere, know this,
In the extremity of great and little:
Valour and pride excell themſelves in *Hector*;
The one almoſt as infinite as all;
The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well:
And that which lookes like pride, is curteſie:
This *Ajax* is halfe made of *Hectors* bloud,
In love whereof, halfe *Hector* ſtayes at home:
Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector*, comes to ſeeke
This blended Knight, halfe Troian, and halfe Greeke.
Achil. A maiden battaile then? O I perceive you.
Aga. Here is ſir, *Diomed*: goe gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*: as you and Lord *Æneas*
Conſent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermoſt,
Or elſe a breach: the Combatants being kin,
Halfe ſtints their ſtrife, before their ſtrokes begin.
Vlyſ. They are oppos'd already,
Aga. What Troian is that ſame that lookes ſo heavy?
Vliſ. The youngeſt Sonne of *Priam*;
And a true Knight; they call him *Troylus*;
Not yet mature, yet matchleſſe, firme of word,
Speaking in deedes, and deedeleſſe in his tongue;
Not ſoone provok't, nor being provok't, ſoone calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free
For what he has, he gives; what thinkes, he ſhewes;
Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath ſubſcribes
To tender objects; but he, in heate of action
Is more vindicative then jealous love.
They call him *Troylus*; and on him erect,
A ſecond hope, as fairely built as *Hector*.
Thus ſaies *Æneas*, one that knowes the youth,
Even to his inches: and with private ſoule,
Did in great Illion thus tranſlate him to me. *Alarum.*
Aga. They are in action.
Neſt. Now *Ajax* hold thine owne.
Troy. *Hector*, thou ſleep'ſt, awake thee.
Aga. His blowes are wel diſpos'd there *Ajax*. *trũpets*
Diom. You muſt no more. *ceaſe.*
Æne. Princes enough, ſo pleaſe you.
Aja. I am not warme yet, let us fight againe.
Diom. As *Hector* pleaſes.
Hect. Why then will I no more:
Thou art great Lord, my Fathers ſiſters Sonne;
A couſen german to great *Priams* ſeede:
The obligation of our bloud forbids
A gorie emulation 'twixt us twaine:
Were thy commixion, Greeke and Troian ſo,
That thou could'ſt ſay, this hand is Grecian all,
And this is Troian: the ſinewes of this Legge,
All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers bloud
Runs on the dexter cheeke, and this ſiniſter
Bounds in my fathers: by *Iove* multipotent,
Thou ſhould'ſt not beare from me a Greekiſh member
Wherein my ſword had not impreſſure made
Of our ranke feud: but the juſt gods gainſay,
That any drop thou borrwd'ſt from thy mother,
My ſacred Aunt, ſhould by my mortall Sword
Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Ajax*:
By him that thunders, thou haſt luſty armes;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus,
Cozen, all honor to thee.
Aja. I thanke thee *Hector*:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee Cozen, and beare hence
A great addition, earned in thy death.
Hect. Not *Neoptolemus* ſo mirable,
On whoſe bright creſt, fame with her lowd'ſt (O yes)
Cries, This is he; could promiſe to himſelfe,
A thought of added honor, torne from *Hector*.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the ſides,
What further you will doe?
Hect. Wee'le anſwere it:
The iſſue is embracement: *Ajax*, farewell,
Ajax. If I might in entreaties finde ſucceſſe,
As ſeld I have the chance; I would deſire
My famous Couſin to our Grecian Tents.
Diom. 'Tis *Agamemnons* wiſh, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to ſee unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.
Hec. *Æneas*, call my brother *Troylus* to me:
And ſignifie this loving enterview
To the expectors of our Troian part:
Deſire them home. Give me thy hand, my Couſin:
I will goe eate with thee, and ſee your Knights.

Enter Agamemnon and the reſt.

Aja. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meete us here.
Hec. The worthieſt of them, tell me name by name:
But for *Achilles*, mine owne ſerching eyes
Shall finde him by his large and portly ſize.
Aga. Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one,
That would be rid of ſuch an enemy.
But that's no welcome: underſtand more cleere
What's paſt and what's to come, is ſtrew'd with huskes
And formeleſſe ruine of oblivion:
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing:
Bids thee with moſt divine integritie,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.
Hec. I thanke thee moſt imperious *Agamemnon*.

Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no leſſe to you.
Men. Let me confirme my Princely brothers greeting,
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom muſt we anſwer?
Æne. The Noble *Menelaus.*
Hect. O, you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thanks,
Mocke not, that I affect th' untraded Oath,
Your *quondam* wife ſweares ſtill by *Venus* Glove
Shee's well, but bad me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now ſir, ſhe's a deadly Theame.
Hec. O pardon, I offend.
Neſt. I have (thou gallant Troyan) ſeene thee oft
Labouring for deſtiny, make cruell way
Through rankes of Greekiſh youth: and I have ſeen thee
As hot as *Perſeus*, ſpurre thy Phrygian Steed,
And ſeene thee ſcorning forfeits and ſubduments,
When thou haſt hung thy advanced ſword i'th' ayre,
Not letting it decline on the declined:
That I haue ſaid unto my ſtanders by,
Loe Iupiter is yonder, dealing life.
And I have ſeene thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greekes have hem'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wreſtling. This have I ſeene,
But this thy countenance (ſtill lockt in ſteele)
I never ſaw till now. I knew thy Grandſire,
And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,
But by great Mars (the captaine of us all,)
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
And (worthy Warrior) welcome to our Tents.
Æne. 'Tis the old *Neſtor.*
Hect. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That haſt ſo long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Moſt reverend *Neſtor*, I am glad to claſpe thee.
Ne. I would my armes could match thee in contention
As they contend with thee in courteſie.
Hec. I would they could.
Neſt. Ha? by this white beard I'ld fight with thee to morrow. Well, welcom, welcome: I have ſeen the time.
Vlyſ. I wonder now, how yonder City ſtands,
When we have here her Baſe and pillar by us.
Hec. I know your fevour Lord *Vlyſſes* well.
Ah ſir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead;
Since firſt I ſaw your ſelfe, and *Diomed*
In Illion, on your Greekiſh Embaſſie.
Vlyſ. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue,
My propheſie is but halfe his journey yet;
For yonder wals that partly front your towne,
Yond Towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſſe the clouds,
Muſt kiſſe their owne feet.
Hec. I muſt not beleeve you:
There they ſtand yet: and modeſtly I thinke,
The fall of every Prygian ſtone will coſt
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
Vlyſ. So to him we leave it.
Moſt gentle, and moſt valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the Generall, I beſeech you next
To feaſt with me, and ſee me at my Tent.
Achil. I ſhall foreſtall thee Lord *Vlyſſes*, thou:
Now *Hector* I have fed mine eyes on thee,
I have with exact view perus'd thee *Hector*,
And quoted joynt by joynt.
Hec. Is this *Achilles*?
Achil. I am *Achilles.*
Hec. Stand faire I prythee, let me looke on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hec. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou are too breefe, I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limbe by limbe.
Hec. O like a booke of ſport thou'lt reade me ore:
But there's more in me then thou underſtand'ſt.
Why doeſt thou ſo oppreſſe me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me you Heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,
That I may give the locall wound a name,
And make diſtinct the very breach, where-out
Hectors great ſpirit flew. Anſwer me heavens.
Hec. It would diſcredit the bleſt gods, proud man,
To anſwer ſuch a qneſtion: Stand again:
Think'ſt thou to catch my life ſo pleaſantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee yea.
Hec. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me ſo,
I'ld not beleeve thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the forge that ſtythied Mars his helme,
Ile kill thee every where, yea, ore and ore.
You wiſeſt Grecians, pardon me this bragge,
His inſolence drawes folly from my lips,
But Ile endevour deeds to match theſe words,
Or may I never ——
Aiax. Do not chafe thee Coſin:
And you *Achilles*, let theſe threats alone
Till accident, or purpoſe bring you too't.
You may have every day enough of *Hector*
If you have ſtomacke. The generall ſtate I feare,
Can ſcarſe intreat you to be odde with him.
Hec. I pray you let us ſee you in the field;
We have had pelting Warres ſince you refus'd
The Grecians cauſe.
Achil. Doſt thon intreat me *Hector*?
To morrow do I meete thee fell as death,
To night, all Friends.
Hec. Thy hands upon that match.
Aga. Firſt, all you Peeres of Greece go to my Tent,
There in the full convive you: Afterwards,
As *Hectors* leaſure, and your bounties ſhall
Concurre together, ſeverally intreat him.
Beate lowd the Taborines, let the Trumpets blow.
That this great Souldier may his welcome know. *Exeunt.*
Troy. My Lord *Vlyſſes*, tell me I beſeech you,
In what place of the Field doth *Calcas* keepe?
Vlyſ. At *Menelaus* Tent, moſt princely *Troylus*,
There *Diomed* doth feaſt with him to night,
Who neither lookes on heaven, nor on earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the faire *Creſſid.*
Troy. Shall I (ſweet Lord) be bound to thee ſo much,
After we part from *Agamemnons* Tent,
To bring me thither?
Vlyſ. You ſhall command me ſir:
As gentle tell me, of what Honour was
This *Creſſida* in Troy, had ſhee no Lover there
That walles her abſence?
Troy. O ſir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhew their ſcarres,
A mocke is due: will you walke on my Lord?
She was belov'd, ſhe lov'd; ſhe is, and dooth.
But ſtill ſweet Love is food for Fortunes tooth. *Exeunt.*

Enter Acilles, and Partroclus.

Achil. Ile heat his blood with Greekiſh wine to night,

Which with my Semitar Ile coole to morrow:
Patroclus, let us Feaſt him to the hight.

Pat. Heere comes *Therſites*. *Enter Therſites.*

Achil. How now, thou core of Envy?
Thou cruſty batch of Nature, what's the newes?

Ther. Why thou picture of what thou ſeem'ſt, & Idoll of Ideot-worſhippers, here's a Letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, Fragment?

Ther. Why thou full diſh of Foole, from Troy.

Pat. Who keepes the Tent now?

Ther. The Surgeons box, or the patients wound.

Patr. Well ſaid adverſity, and what need theſe tricks?

Ther. Prythee be ſilent boy, I profit not by thy talke, thou art thoug[illegible]t to be *Achilles* male Varlot.

Patro. Male Varlot you Rogue? What's that?

Ther. Why his maſculine Whore. Now the rotten diſeaſes of the South, guts-griping Ruptures, Catarres, Loades a gravell i'th' backs, Lethargies, cold Palſies, and the like, take and take againe, ſuch prepoſterous diſcoveries.

Pat. Why thou damnable box of envy thou, what mean'ſt thou to curſe thus?

Ther. Do I curſe thee?

Patr. Why no, you ruinous But, you whorſon indiſtinguiſhable Curre.

Ther. No? why art thou then exaſperate, thou idle, immateriall skeine of Sleyd ſilke; thou greene Sarcenet flap for a ſore eye, thou toſſell of a Prodigals purſe thou: Ah how the poore world is peſtred with ſuch water-flies, diminutiues of Nature.

Pat. Out gall.

Ther. Finch Egge.

Ach. My ſweet *Patroclus*, I am th' warted quite
From my great purpoſe in to morrowes battell:
Heere is a Letter from Queene *Hecuba*,
A token from her daughter, my faire Love,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe
An Oath that I have ſworne. I will not breake it,
Fall Greeke, faile Fame, Honor or go, or ſtay,
My maior vow lyes heere; this Ile obay:
Come, come *Therſites*, helpe to trim my Tent,
This night in banquetting muſt all be ſpent.
Away *Patroclus*. *Exit.*

Ther. With to much bloud, and too little Brain, theſe two may run mad: but if with too much braine, and too little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Heere's *Agamemnon*, an honeſt fellow enough, and one that loves Quailes, but he has not ſo much Braine as eare-wax; and the goodly transformation of Iupiter there his Brother, the Bull, the primative Statue, and oblique memoriall of Cuckolds, a thrifty ſhooing-horne in a chaine, hanging at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, ſhould wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne him to: to an Aſſe were nothing, hee is both Aſſe and Oxe; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Aſſe: to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Lizard, an Owle, a Puttocke, or a Herring without a Roe, I would not care: but to be *Menelaus*, I would conſpire againſt Deſtiny. Aske me not what I would be, if I were not *Therſites*: for I care not to bee the lowſe of a Lazar, so I were not *Menelaus*. Hoy-day ſpirits and fires.

Enter Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Vlyſſes, Neſtor, Diomed, with Lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No yonder 'tis, there where we ſee the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Vlyſ. Heere comes himſelfe to guide you?

Achil. Welcome brave *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

Agam. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight,
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks generall.

Men. Good night my Lord.

Hect. Goodnight ſweet Lord *Menelaus*.

Ther. Sweet draught: ſweet quoth-a? ſweet ſinke, ſweet ſure.

Achil. Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to thoſe that go, or tarry.

Aga. Goodnight.

Achil. Old *Neſtor* tarries, and you too *Diomed*,
Keepe *Hector* company an houre, or two.

Dio. I cannot Lord, I have important buſineſſe,
The tide whereof is now, goodnight great *Hector*.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Vlyſ. Follow his Torch, he goes to *Chalcas* Tent,
Ile keepe you company.

Troy. Sweet ſir, you honour me.

Hect. And ſo good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent. *Exeunt.*

Ther. That ſame *Diomed's* a falſe-hearted Rogue, a moſt unjuſt Knave; I will no more truſt him when hee leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hiſſes: he will ſpend his mouth & promiſe, like Brabler the Hound; but when he performes, Aſtronomers foretell it, that it is prodigious, there will come ſome change: the Sunne borrowes of the Moone when *Diomed* keepes his word. I will rather leave to ſee *Hector*, then not to dogge him: they ſay, he keepes a Troyan Drab, and uſes the Traitour *Chalcas* his tent. Ile after —— Nothing but Letcherie? All incontinent Varlets. *Exeunt.*

Enter Diomed.

Dio. What are you up here ho? ſpeake?

Chal. Who cals?

Dio. *Diomed, Chalcas* (I thinke wher's you Daughter?

Chal. She comes to you.

Enter Troylus and Vliſſes.

Vliſ. Stand where the Torch may not diſcover us.

Enter Creſſid.

Troy. *Creſſid* come forth to him.

Dio. How now my charge?

Creſ. Now my ſweet gardian: hearke a word with you.

Troy. Yea, ſo familiar?

Vliſ. She will ſing any man at firſt ſight.

Ther. And any man may finde her, if he can take her life: ſhe's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Creſ. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be coupled with your words.

Troy. What ſhould ſhe remember?

Vliſ. Liſt?

Creſ. Sweet hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery.

Dio. Nay then.

Creſ. Ile tell you what.

Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forſworne—

Creſ. In faith I cannot: what would you have me do?

Ther. A jugling tricke, to be ſecretly open.

Dio. What did you ſweare you would beſtow on me?

Creſ. I prethee doe not hold me to mine oath.
Bid me doe any thing but that ſweet Greeke.

Dio. Good night.
Troy. Hold patience.
Vliſ. How now Troian?
Creſ. *Diomed.*
Dio. No,no,good night: Ile be your foole no more.
Troy. Thy better muſt.
Creſ. Hearke one word in your eare.
Troy. O plague and madneſſe!
Vliſ. You are moved Prince,let us depart I pray you,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge it ſelfe
To wrathfull tearmes:this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beſeech you goe.
Troy. Behold,I pray you.
Vliſ. Nay, good my Lord goe off:
You flow to great diſtraction: come my Lord?
Troy. I pray thee ſtay?
Vliſ. You have not patience,come.
Troy. I pray you ſtay? by hell and all hells torments,
I will not ſpeake a word.
Dio. And ſo good night.
Creſ. Nay,but you part in anger.
Troy. Doth that grieve thee? O withered truth!
Vliſ. Why,how now Lord?
Troy. By *Iove* I will be patient.
Creſ. Gardian? why Greeke?
Dio. Fo,fo,adew,you palter.
Creſ. In faith I doe not:come hither once againe.
Vliſ. You ſhake my Lord at ſomething; will you goe?
You will breake out.
Troy. She ſtroakes his cheeke.
Vliſ. Come,come.
Troy. Nay ſtay,by *Iove* I will not ſpeake a word.
There is betweene my will,and all offences,
A guard of patience; ſtay a little while.
Ther. How the divell Luxury with his fat rumpe and
Potato finger,tickles theſe together: frye lechery,frye,
Dio. But will you then?
Creſ. In faith I will goe;never truſt me elſe.
Dio. Give me ſome token for the ſurety of it.
Creſ. Ile fetch you one.
Vliſ. You have ſworne patience.
Troy. Feare me not ſweete Lord:
I will not be my ſelfe,nor have cognition
Of what I feele:I am all patience. *Enter Creſſid.*
Ther. Now the pledge,now,now,now.
Creſ. Here *Diomed*,keepe this Sleeve.
Troy. O beauty! where is thy Faith?
Vliſ. My Lord.
Troy. I will be patient,outwardly I will.
Creſ. You looke upon that Sleeve? behold it well:
He lov'd me:O falſe wench: give't me againe.
Dio. Whoſe was't?
Creſ. It is no matter now I have't againe.
I will not meete with you to morrow night:
I prythee *Diomed* viſite me no more.
Ther. Now ſhe ſharpens: well ſaid Whetſtone.
Dio. I ſhall have it.
Creſ. What,this?
Dio. I that.
Creſ. O all you gods! O pretty,pretty pledge;
Thy Maiſter now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me,and ſighes,and takes my Glove,
And gives memoriall dainty kiſſes to it;
As I kiſſe thee.
Dio. Nay,doe not ſnatch it from me.
Creſ. He that takes that,takes my heart withall.
Dio. I had your heart before,this followes it.
Troy. I did ſweare patience.
Creſ. You ſhall not have it *Diomed*: faith you ſhall not
Ile giue you ſomething elſe.
Dio. I will have this: whoſe was it?
Creſ. It is no matter.
Dio. Come tell me whoſe it was?
Creſ. Twas one that lov'd me better then you will,
But now you have it,take it.
Dio. Whoſe was it?
Creſ. By all *Dianas* waiting women yonder,
And by her ſelfe,I will not tell you whoſe.
Dio. To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,
And grieve his ſpirit that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the divell,and wor'ſt it on thy horne,
It ſhould be challeng'd.
Creſ. Well,well,tis done,tis paſt;and yet it is not:
I will not keepe my word.
Dio. Why then farewell,
Thou never ſhalt mocke *Diomed* againe.
Creſ. You ſhalt not goe:one cannot ſpeake a word,
But it ſtrait ſtarts you.
Dio. I doe not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I by *Pluto*: but that that likes not me, pleaſes me beſt.
Dio. What ſhall I come? the houre.
Creſ. I, come:O *Iove*! doe,come:I ſhall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewell till then. *Exit.*
Creſ. Good night? I prythee come:
Troylus farewell? one eye yet lookes on thee,
But with my heart,the other eye,doth ſee.
Ah poore our ſexe;this fault in us I finde:
The errour of our eye,directs our minde.
What errour leads,muſt erre:O then conclude,
Mindes ſwai'd by eyes,are full of turpitude. *Exit.*
Ther. A proofe of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more;
Vnleſſe ſhe ſay,my minde is now turn'd whore.
Vliſ. Al's done my Lord.
Troy. It is.
Vliſ. Why ſtay we then?
Troy. To make a recordation to my ſoule
Of every ſyllable that here was ſpoke:
But if I tell how theſe two did coact;
Shall I not lie, in publiſhing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart:
An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,
That doth invert that reſt of eyes and eares;
As if thoſe organs had deceptious functions,
Created onely to calumniate.
Was *Creſſid* here?
Vliſ. I cannot conjure Trojan,
Troy. She was not ſure.
Vliſ. Moſt ſure ſhe was.
Troy. Why my negation hath no taſte of madneſſe?
Vliſ. Nor mine my Lord: *Creſſid* was here but now.
Troy. Let it not be beleev'd for womanhood:
Thinke we had mothers; doe not give advantage
To ſtubborne Criticks,apt without a theame
For depravation,to ſquare the generall ſex
By *Creſſids* rule. Rather thinke this not *Creſſid.*
Vliſ. What hath ſhe done Prince,that can ſoyle our mothers?
Troy. Nothing at all, unleſſe that this were ſhe.
Ther. Will he ſwagger himſelfe out on's owne eyes?
Troy. This ſhe? no,this is *Diomeds Creſsida:*
If beauty have a ſoule,this is not ſhe:

If ſoules guide vowes; if vowes are ſanctimony;
If ſanctimony be the gods delight:
If there be rule in unity it ſelfe,
This is not ſhe: O madneſſe of diſcourſe!
That cauſe ſets up, with; and againſt thy ſelfe,
By foule authority: where reaſon can revolt
Without perdition, and loſſe aſſume all reaſon,
Without revolt. This is, and is not *Creſſid*:
Within my ſoule, there doth conduce a fight
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeparate,
Divides more wider then the skie and earth:
And yet the ſpacious bredth of this diviſion,
Admits no Orifece for a point as ſubtle,
As *Ariachnes* broken woofe to enter:
Inſtance, O inſtance! ſtrong as *Plutoes* gates:
Creſſid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven;
Inſtance O inſtance, ſtrong as heaven it ſelfe:
The bonds of heaven are ſlipt, diſſolv'd, and loos'd:
And with another knot five finger tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love:
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greacy reliques,
Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed*.

Vliſ. May worthy *Troylus* be halfe attached
With that which here his paſſion doth expreſſe?

Troy. I Greeke, and that ſhall be divulged well
In Characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*; never did yong man fancy
With ſo eternall, and ſo fixt a ſoule.
Hearke Greek: as much as I doe *Creſſida* love;
So much by weight, hate I her *Diomed*,
That Sleeve is mine, that heele beare in his Helme:
Were it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill,
My Sword ſhould bite it: Not the dreadfull ſpout,
Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſſe by the almighty Fenne,
Shall dizzie with more clamour Neptunes eare
In his diſcent; then ſhall my prompted ſword,
Falling on *Diomed*.

Ther. Heele tickle it for his concupy.

Troy. O *Creſſid*! O falſe *Creſſid*! falſe, falſe, falſe:
Let all untruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And theyle ſeeme glorious.

Vliſ. O containe your ſelfe:
Your paſſion drawes eares hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æn. I have beene ſeeking you this houre my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in Troy.
Aiax your Guard, ſtales to conduct yon home.

Troy. Have with you Prince: my curteous Lord adew:
Farewell revolted faire: and *Diomed*,
Stand faſt, and weare a Caſtle on thy head.

Vli. Ile bring you to the Gates.

Troy. Accept diſtracted thankes.

Exeunt Troylus, Æneas, and Vlyſſes.

Ther. Would I could meete that roague *Diomed*, I would croke like a Raven: I would bode, I would bode: *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the Parrot will not do more for an Almond, then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, ſtill warres and lechery, nothing elſe holds faſhion. A burning divell take them. *Exit.*

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my Lord ſo much ungently temper'd,
To ſtop his eares againſt admoniſhment?
Vnarme, unarme, and doe not fight to day.

Hect. You traine me to offend you: get you gone.
By the everlaſting gods, Ile goe.

And. My dreames will ſure prove ominous to the day.

Hect. No more I ſay. *Enter Caſſandra.*

Caſ. Where is my brother *Hector*?

And. Here ſiſter, arm'd, and bloudy in intent:
Comfort with me in loud and deere petition:
Purſue we him on knees: for I have dreampt
Of bloudy turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing beene but ſhapes, and formes of ſlaughter.

Caſ. O, tis true.

Hect. Ho? bid my Trumpet ſound.

Caſ. No notes of ſally, for the heavens, ſweet brother.

Hect. Begon I ſay: the gods have heard me ſweare.

Caſ. The gods are deafe to hot, and peeviſh vowes;
They are polluted offrings, more abhord
Then ſpotted Livers in the ſacrifice.

And. O be perſwaded, doe not count it holy,
To hurt by being juſt; it is as lawfull:
For we would count give much to as violent thefts,
And rob in the behalfe of charity.

Caſ. It is the purpoſe that makes ſtrong the vowe;
But vowes to every purpoſe muſt not hold:
Vnarme ſweete *Hector*.

Hect. Hold you ſtill I ſay;
Mine honour keepes the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds deere, but the deere man
Holds honor farre more precious-deere, then life.

Enter Troylus.

How now yong man? mean'ſt thou to fight to day?

And. *Caſſandra*, call my father to perſwade.

Exit Caſſandra.

Hect. No faith yong *Troylus*; doffe thy harneſſe youth:
I am to day ith' vaine of Chivalry?
Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be ſtrong;
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the warre.
Vnarme thee, goe, and doubt thou not brave boy,
Ile ſtand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troy. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a Lyon, then a man.

Hect. What vice is that? good *Troylus* chide me for it.

Troy. When many times the captive Grecian fals,
Even in the fanne and winde of your faire Sword:
You bid them riſe, and live.

Hect. O tis faire play.

Troy. Fooles play, by heaven *Hector*.

Hec. How now? how now?

Troy. For th'love of all the gods
Let's leave the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers;
And when we have our Armors buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our ſwords,
Spur them to ruefull worke, reine them from ruth.

Hect. Fie ſavage, fie.

Troy. *Hector*, then tis warres.

Hec. *Troylus*, I would not have you fight to day.

Troy. Who ſhould with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,
Beckning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not *Priamus*, and *Hecuba* on knees;
Their eyes ore-galled with recourſe of teares;
Nor you my brother, with your true ſword drawne
Oppos'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way:
But by my ruine.

Enter Priam and Caſſandra.

Caſ. Lay hold upon him *Priam*, hold him faſt:
He is thy crutch; now if thou looſe thy ſtay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,

Fall all together.
Priam. Come *Hector*, come, goe backe:
Thy wife hath dreampt: thy mother hath had viſions;
Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I my ſelfe,
Am like a Prophet ſuddenly enrapt,
to tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come backe.
Hect. *Æneas* is a field,
And I do ſtand engag'd to many Greekes,
Even in the faith of valour, to appeare
This morning to them.
Priam. I, but thou ſhalt not goe,
Hect. I muſt not breake my faith:
You know me dutifull, therefore deare ſir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but give me leave
To take that courſe by yonr conſent and voice,
Which you doe here forbid me, Royall *Priam.*
Caſ. O *Priam*, yeelde not to him.
And. Doe not deere father.
Hect. *Andromache* I am offended with you:
Vpon the love you beare me, get you in.
Exit Andromache.
Troy. This fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious girle,
Makes all theſe bodements.
Caſſ. O farewell, deere *Hector*:
Looke how thou dieſt; looke how thy eye turnes pale:
Looke how thy wounds doe bleede at many vents:
Hearke how Troy roares; ho *Hecuba* cries out;
How poore *Andromache* ſhrils her dolour forth;
Behold diſtraction, frency, and amazement,
Like witleſſe Antickes one another meete,
And all cry *Hector, Hectors* dead: O *Hector*!
Troy. Away.
Caſ. Farewell: yes, ſoft: *Hector* I take my leave;
Thou do'ſt thy ſelfe, and all our Troy deceive. *Exit.*
Hec. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaime:
Goe in and cheere the Towne, weele forth and fight:
Doe deedes of praiſe, and tell you them at night.
Priam. Farewell: the gods with ſafety ſtand about thee.
Alarum.
Troy. They are at it, hearke: proud *Diomed*, beleeve
I come to looſe my arme, or winne my ſleeve.

Enter Pandar.

Pad. Doe you heare my Lord? do you heare?
Troy. What now?
Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.
Troy. Let me reade.

Pand. A whorſon tiſicke, a whorſon raſcally tiſicke, ſo troubles me: and the fooliſh fortune of this girle, and what one thing, what another, that I ſhall leave you one o'th's dayes; and I have a rheume in mine eyes too; and ſuch an ache in my bones: that unleſſe a man were curſt, I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What ſayes ſhe there?

Troy. Words, words, meere words, no matter from the heart:
Th'effect doth operate another way.
Goe winde to winde, there turne and change together:
My love with words and errors ſtill ſhe feedes;
But edifies another with her deedes.
Pand. Why, but heare you?
Troy. Hence brother lacky; ignomy and ſhame
Perſue thy life, and live aye with thy name.
Alarum.
Exeunt.

Enter Therſites in excurſion.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, Ile goe looke on: that diſſembling abhominable varlet *Diomede*, has got that ſame ſcurvy, doting, fooliſh yong knaves Sleeve of Troy, there in his Helme: I would faine ſee them meet; that, that ſame yong Troian aſſe, that loves the whore there, might ſend that Greekiſh whore-maiſterly villaine, with the Sleeve, backe to the diſſembling luxurious drabbe, of a ſleeveleſſe errant. O'th'tother ſide, the pollicy of thoſe crafty ſwearing raſcals; that ſtole old Mouſe-eaten dry cheeſe, *Neſtor*: and that ſame dog-foxe *Vliſſes* is not prov'd worth a Black-berry. They ſet me up in pollicy, that mungrill curre *Aiax*, againſt that dogge of as bad a kinde, *Achilles.* And now is the curre *Aiax* prouder then the curre *Achilles*, and will not arme to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to proclaime barbariſme; and pollicy growes into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomed and Troylus.

Soft, heere comes Sleeve, and th'other.
Troy. Flye not: for ſhould'ſt thou take the River Stix,
I would ſwim after.
Diom. Thou do'ſt miſcall retire:
I doe not flye; but advantagious care
Withdrew me from the oddes of multitude:
Haye at thee?
Ther: Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore
Troian: Now the Sleeve, now the Sleeve.
Enter Hector.
Hect. What art thou Greek? art thou for *Hectors* match?
Art thou of bloud, and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a raſcall: a ſcurvy railing knave: a very filthy roague.

Hec. I doe beleeve thee, live.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleeve me; but a plagve breake thy necke---for frighting me: what's become of the wenching rogues? I thinke they have ſwallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle---yet in a ſort, lechery eates it ſelfe: Ile ſeeke them.
Exit.

Enter Diomed and Servant.

Dia. Goe, goe, my ſervant, take thou *Troylus* Horſe;
Preſent the faire Steede to my Lady *Creſſid*:
Fellow, commend my ſervice to her beauty:
Tell her, I have chaſtis'd the amourous Troyan.
And am her Knight by proofe.
Ser. I goe my Lord. *Enter Agamemnon.*
Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamus*
Hath beare downe *Menon*: baſtard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* priſoner.
And ſtands Coloſſus-wiſe waving his beame,
Vpon the paſhed courſes of the Kings:
Epiſtropus and *Cedus*, *Polixines* is ſlaine:
Amphimacus, and *Thoas* deadly hurt:
Patroclus tane or ſlaine, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruiſed; the dreadfull Sagittary
Appauls our numbers, haſte we *Diomed*
To re-enforcement, or we periſh all.
Enter Neſtor.
Neſt, Goe beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the ſnaile-pac'd *Aiax* arme for ſhame,
There is a thouſand *Hectors* in the field:
Now here he fights on *Galathe* his Horſe,
And there lacks worke: anon he's there a foote,
And there they flye or dye, like ſcaled ſculs,

Before the belching Whale;then is he yonder,
And there the ſtraying Greekes,ripe for his edge,
Fall downe before him,like the mowers ſwath;
Here,there,and every where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity ſo obaying appetite,
That what he will he does,and does ſo much,
That proofe is call'd impoſsibility.

Enter Vlyſſes.

Vliſ. Oh,courage,courage Princes:great *Achilles*
Is arming,weeping,curſing,vowing vengeance;
Patroclus wounds have rouz'd his drowzie bloud,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noſeleſſe,handleſſe,hackt and chipt, come to him;
Crying on *Hector*. *Aiax* hath loſt a friend,
And foames at mouth,and he is arm'd,and at it:
Roaring for *Troylus*; who hath done to day,
Mad and fantaſticke execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himſelfe,
With ſuch a careleſſe force,and forceleſſe care,
As if that luck in very ſpight of cunning,bad him win al.

Enter Aiax.

Aia Troylus,thou coward *Troylus*. *Exit.*

Dio. I,there,there.

Neſt. So,ſo,we draw together. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?
Come,come,thou boy-queller, ſhew thy face:
Know what it is to meete *Achilles* angry.
Hector,wher's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*. *Exit.*

Enter Aiax.

Aia. Troylus,thou coward *Troylus*,ſhew thy head.

Enter Diomed.

Diom. Troylus,I ſay, wher's *Troylus*?

Aia. What would'ſt thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Aia. Were I the Generall,
Thou ſhould'ſt have my office,
Ere that correction:*Troylus* I ſay,what *Troylus*?

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Oh tritour *Diomed*!
Turne thy falſe face thou traytor,
And pay thy life thou oweſt me for my horſe.

Dio. Ha,art thou there?

Aia. Ile fight with him alone,ſtand *Diomed*.

Dio. He is my prize,I will not looke upon.

Troy. Come both you cogging Greekes, have at you
both. *Exit Troylus.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea *Troylus*? O well fought my yongeſt Brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now doe I ſee thee;have at thee *Hector*.

Hect. Pauſe if thou wilt.

Achil. I doe diſdaine thy curteſie,proud Troian;
Be happy that my armes are out of uſe:
My reſt and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt heare of me againe:
Till when,goe ſeeke thy fortune.

Hect. Fare thee well:
I would have beene much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee:how now my Brother?

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Aiax hath tane *Æneas*;ſhall it be?
No,by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He ſhall not carray him:Ile be tane too,
Or bring him off:Fate heare me what I ſay;
I wreake not,though thou end my life to day. *Exit.*

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand,ſtand,thou Greeke,
Thou art a goodly marke:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
Ile fruſh it,and unlocke the rivets all,
But Ile be maiſter of it:wilt thou not beaſt abide?
Why then flye on,Ile hunt thee for thy hide. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me you my *Myrmidons*:
Marke what I ſay;attend me where I wheele:
Strike not a ſtroake,but kepe your ſelves in breath;
And when I have the bloudy *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about:
In felleſt manner execute your armes
Follow me ſirs,and my proceeding eye;
It is decree, *Hector* the great muſt dye. *Exit.*

Enter Therſites,Menelaus,and Paris

Ther. The Cuckold and the Cuckold-maker are at it: now bull,now dogge,lowe; *Paris* lowe; now my double hen'd ſparrow; low *Paris*, lowe; the bull has the game: ware hornes ho?

Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Turne ſlave and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Baſt. A Baſtard Sonne of *Priams*.

Ther. I am a Baſtard too, I love Baſtards, I am a Baſtard begot,Baſtard inſtructed, Baſtard in minde, Baſtard in valour,in every thing illegitimate, one Beare will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one Baſtard? take heede, the quarrel's moſt ominous to us:if the Sonne of a whore fight for a whore,he tempts judgement: farewell Baſtard:

Baſt. The divell take the coward. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hector.

Hec. Moſt putrified core ſo faire without:
Thy goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.
Now is my dares worke done;Ile take good breath:
Reſt Sword,thou haſt thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Looke *Hector* how the Sunne begins to ſet:
How ugly night comes breathing at his heeles,
Even with the vaile and darking of the Sunne.
To cloſe the day up, *Hectors* life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd,for goe this vantage Greeke.

Achil. Strike fellowes ſtrike,this is the man I ſeeke.
So Illion fall thou:now Troy ſinke downe:
Here lyes thy heart,thy ſinewes,and thy bone.
On *Myrmidons*,cry you all a maine,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* ſlaine. *Retreat.*
Hearke,a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Gree. The Troian Trumpets ſounds the like my Lord.

Achi. The dragon wing of night ore-ſpreds the earth
And ſtickler-like the Armies ſeperates
My halfe ſupt Sword,that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bitt:thus goes to bed.
Come,tye his body to my horſes tayle:
Along the field,I will the Troian traile. *Exeunt.*

Sound Retreat. Shout.

Enter Agamemnon, Aiax, Menelaus,Neſter,
Diomed,and the reſt marching.

Aga. Hearke,hearke,what ſhout is that?

Neſt. Peace Drums.

Sold. Achilles, Achilles, Hector's ſlaine, Achilles.
Dio. The bruite is *Hector's* ſlaine, and by *Achilles.*
Aia. If it be ſo, yet bragleſſe let it be:
Great *Hector* was a man as good as he.
Agam. Martch patiently along; let one be ſent
To pray *Achilles* ſee us at our Tent.
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our ſharpe wars are ended.
Exeunt.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Anthenor and Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand hoe, yet are we maiſters of the field,
Never goe home; here ſtarve we out the night.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Hector is ſlaine.
All Hector? the gods forbid.
Tory. Hee's dead: and at the murtherers Horſes taile,
In beaſtly ſort, drag'd through the ſhamefull Field,
Frowne on you heavens, effect your rage with ſpeede:
Sit gods upon your throanes: and ſmile at Troy.
I ſay at once, let your briefe plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on,
Æne. My Lord, you doe diſcomfort all the Hoſte.
Troy. You underſtand me not, that tell me ſo:
I doe not ſpeake of flight, of feare, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men,
Addreſſe their dangers in. *Hector* is gone:
Who ſhall tell *Priam* ſo? or *Hecuba's*
Let him that will a ſcreechoule aye be call'd,
Goe in to Troy, and ſay there, *Hector's* dead:
There is a word will *Priam* turne to ſtone;
Make wels, and *Niobes* of the maides and wives;
Coole ſtatues of the youth: and in a word,
Scarre Troy out of it ſelfe. But martch away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to ſay.
Stay yet: you vile abhominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plaines:
Let Titan riſe as early as he dare,
Ile through, and through you; & thou great ſiz'd coward:
No ſpace of Earth ſhall ſunder our two hates,
Ile haunt thee, like a wicked conſcience ſtill,
That mouldeth goblins ſwift as frenſies thoughts.
Strike a free martch to Troy, with comfort goe:
Hope of revenge, ſhall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. But heare you? heare you?
Troy. Hence brother, lacky, ignomy, and ſhame
Perſue thy life, and live aye with thy name. *Exeunt.*

Pa. A goodly medcine for mine a kingbones: oh world, world, world! thus is the poore agent diſpiſde: Oh traitours and bawdes; how earneſtly are you ſet aworke, and how ill requited? why ſhould our indevour be ſo deſir'd, and the performance ſo loath'd? What Verſe for it? what inſtance for it? let me ſee

Full merrily the humble Bee doth ſing,
Till he hath loſt his hony, and his ſting.
And being once ſubdu'd in armed taile,
Sweete hony, and ſweete notes together faile.
Good traders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloathes
As many as be heere of Panders hall,
Your eyes halfe out, weepe out at *Pandar's* fall:
Or if you cannot weepe, yet give ſome grones;
Though not for me, yet for your akingbones:
Brethren and ſiſters of the hold-dore trade,
Some two months hence, my will ſhall here be made:
It ſhould be now, but that my feare is this:
Some galled Gooſe of Wincheſter would hiſſe:
Till then, Ile ſweare, and ſeeke about for eaſes;
And at that time bequeath you my diſeaſes. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Fnter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other weapons.

1. *Citizen.*

BEfore we proceed any further, heare me ſpeake.

All. Speake, ſpeake.

1. *Cit.* You are all reſolv'd rather to dy then to famiſh?

All. reſolv'd, reſolv'd.

1. *Cit.* Firſt you know, *Caius Martius* is chiefe enemy to the people.

All. We know't.

1. *Cit.* Let us kill him, and wee'l have Corne at our owne price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't, Let it be done, away, away

2. *Cit.* One word, good Citizens

1. *Cit.* We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patricians good: what Authority ſurfets one, would releeve us, If they would yeelde us but the ſuperfluity while it were wholſome, we might gueſſe they releeved us humanely: But they thinke we are too deere, the leannes that afflicts us, the obiect of our miſery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance, our ſufferance is againe to them. Let us revenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Raks. For the Gods know, I ſpeake this in hunger for Bread, not in thirſt for Revenge.

2. *Cit.* Would you proceede eſpecially againſt *Caius Martius.*

All. Againſt him firſt: He's a very dog to the Commonalty.

2. *Cit.* Conſider you what Services he ha's done for his Country?

1. *Cit.* Very well, and could be content to give him good report for't, but that hee payes himſelfe with beeing proud.

All. Nay, but ſpeake not maliciouſly.

1. *Cit.* I ſay unto you, what he hath done Famouſly, he didit to that end: though ſoft conſcienc'd men can be content to ſay it was for his Countrey, he did it to pleaſe his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his vertue.

2. *Cit.* What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you account a Vice in him: You muſt in no way ſay he is couetous.

1. *Cit.* If I muſt not, I neede not be barren of Accuſations he hath faults (with ſurplus) to tyre in repitition.

Showts within.

What ſhowts are thoſe? The other ſide a'th City is riſen: why ſtay we prating heere? To th'Capitoll.

All, Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*, one that hath alwayes lov'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honeſt enough, would al the reſt were ſo.

Men. What workes my Countrimen in hand?
Where go you with your Bats and Clubs? The matter
Speake I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our buſines is not unknowne to th'Senat, they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, w^{ch} now wee'l ſhew em in deeds: they ſay poore Suiters have ſtrong breaths, they ſhal know we have ſtrong arms too.

Men. Why Maiſters, my good Friends, mine honeſt
Neigbours, will you undo your ſelves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you Friends, moſt charitable care
Have the Patricians of you for your wants.
Your ſuffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the Heaven with your ſtaves, as lift them
Againſt the Roman State, whoſe courſe will on
The way it takes: cracking ten thouſand Curbes
Of more ſtrong linkd aſunder, then can ever
Appeare in your impediment. For the Dearth,
The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and
Your knees to them (not armes) muſt helpe. Alacke,
You are tranſported by Calamity
Thether, where more attends you, and you ſlander
The Helmes o'th State; who care for you like Fathers,
When you curſe them, as Enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us? True indeed, they nere car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famiſh, and their Store-houſes cramm'd with Graine: Make Edicts for Vſury, to ſupport Vſurers; repeale daily any wholſome Act eſtabliſhed againſt the rich, and provide more piercing Statutes daily, to chaine up and reſtraine the poore. If the Warres eate us not uppe, they will, and ther's all the love they beare us.

Men. Either you muſt
Confeſſe your ſelves wondrous Malicious,
Or be accus'd of Folly. I ſhall tell you
A pretty Tale, it may be you have heard it,
But ſince it ſerves my purpoſe, I will venture
To ſcale't a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well,
Ile heare it Sir: yet you muſt not thinke
To fobbe off our diſgrace with a tale:
But and't pleaſe you deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the bodies members
Rebell'd againſt the Belly; thus accus'd it:
That onely like a Gulfe it did remaine

I'th midd'ſt a th'body, idle and unactive,
Still cubbording the Viand, never bearing
Like labour with the reſt, where th'other Inſtruments
Did ſee, and heare, deviſe, inſtruct, walke, feele,
And mutually participate, did miniſter
Vnto the appetite; and affection common
Of the whole body, the Belly anſwer.

2 *Cit.* Well ſir, what anſwer made the Belly.

Men. Sir, I ſhall tell you with a kinde of Smile,
Which ne're came from the Lungs, but even thus:
For looke you I may make the belly Smile,
As well as ſpeake, it tantingly replyed
To'th'diſcontented Members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receite: even ſo moſt fitly,
As you maligne our Senators, for that
They are not ſuch as you.

2 *Cit.* Your Bellies anſwer: What
The Kingly crown'd head the vigilant eye,
The Counſailor Heart, the Arme our Souldier,
Our Steed the Legge, the Tongue our Trumpeter;
With other Muniments and petty helpes
In this our Fabricke, if that they————

Men. What then? Foreme, this Fellow ſpeakes.
What then? What then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the Cormorant belly be reſtrain'd,
Who is the ſinke a th'body.

Men. Well, what then?

2 *Cit.* The former Agent, if they did complaine,
What could the Belly anſwer?

Men. I will tell you,
If you'l beſtow a ſmall (of what you have little)
Patience awhile; you'ſt heare the Bellies anſwer.

2 *Cit.* Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this good Friend;
Your moſt grave Belly was deliberate,
Not raſh like his Accuſers and thus anſwered
True is it my Incorporate Friends (quoth he)
That I receive the generall Food at firſt
Which you do live upon: and fit it is,
Becauſe I am the Store-houſe, and the Shop
Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember,
I ſend it through the Rivers of your blood
Even to the Court, the Heart, to th'ſeate o'th'Braine,
And through the Crankes and Offices of man,
The ſtrongeſt Nerves, and ſmall inferiour Veines
From me receive that naturall competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once
(You my good Friends, this ſayes the Belly) marke me.

2 *Cit.* I ſir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my Awdit up, that all
From me do backe receive the Flowre of all,
And leave me but the Bran. What ſay you toot?

2 *Cit.* It was an anſwer, how apply you this?

Men. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members: For examine
Their Counſailes, and their Care; diſgeſt things rightly,
Touching the Weale a'th Common, you ſhall finde
No publique benefit which you receive
But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,
And no way from your ſelves. What do you thinke?
You, the great Toe of this Aſſembly?

2 *Cit.* I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?

Men. For that being one o'th loweſt, baſeſt, pooreſt
Of this moſt wiſe Rebellion, thou goeſt formoſt:
Thou Raſcall, that art worſt in blood to run,
Lead'ſt firſt to win ſome vantage.
But make you ready your ſtiffe bats and clubs,
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battell,
The one ſide muſt have baile.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayle, Noble *Martius.*

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you diſſentious rogues
That rubbing the poore Itch of your Opinion,
Make your ſelves Scabs.

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you Curres,
That like nor Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,
Where he ſhould finde you Lyons, findes you Hares:
Where Foxes, Geeſe you are: No ſurer, no,
Then is the coale of fire upon the Ice,
Or Hailſtone in the Sun. Your Vertue is,
To make him worthy, whoſe offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that Iuſtice did it. Who deſerves Greatneſſe,
Deſerves your Hate: and your Affections are
A ſickmans Appetite; who deſires moſt that
Which would encreaſe his evill. He that depends
Vpon your favours, ſwimmes with finnes of Leade,
And hewes downe Oakes, with ruſhes. Hang ye: truſt ye?
With every Minute you do change a Minde,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:
Him vilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in theſe ſeverall places of the City,
You cry againſt the Noble Senate, who
(Vnder the Gods) keepe you in awe, which elſe
Would feede on one another? What's their ſeeking?

Men. For Corne at their owne rates, whereof they ſay
The City is well ſtor'd.

Men. Hang'em: They ſay?
They'l ſit by th'fire, and preſume to know
Whats done i'th Capitoll: Who's like to riſe,
Who thrives, and who declines: Side factions, & give out
Conjecturall Marriages, making parties ſtrong,
And feebling ſuch as ſtand not in their liking,
Below their cobled Shooes. They ſay thers grain enough?
Would the Nobility lay aſide their ruth,
And let me uſe my Sword, I'de make a Quarry
With thouſands of theſe quarter'd ſlaves, as high
As I could picke my Lance.

Men. Nay theſe are almoſt thoroughly perſwaded:
For though abundantly they lacke diſcretion
Yet are they paſſing Cowardly. But I beſeech you,
What ſayes the other Troope?

Mar. They are diſſolv'd: Hang em;
They ſaid they were an hungry, ſigh'd forth Proverbes
That Hunger-broke ſtone wals: that dogges muſt eate
That meate was made for mouths. That the gods ſent not
Corne for the Richmen onely: With theſe ſhreds
They vented their Complainings, which being anſwer'd
And a petition granted them, a ſtrange one,
To breake the heart of generoſity,
And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the hornes a'th Moone,
Shooting their Emulation.

Men. What is graunted them?

Mar. Five Tributes to defend their vulgar wiſdoms
Of their owne choice. One's *Iunius Brutus,*
Sicinius velutus, and I know not. Sdeath,

The able ſhould have firſt unroo'ſt the City
Ere ſo prevail'd with me;it will in time
Win upon power,and throw forth greater Theames
For Inſurrections arguing.
Menen. This is ſtrange.
Mar. Go get you home you Fragments:

Enter a Meſſenger haſtily.

Meſ. Where's *Caius Martius*?
Mar. Heere:whats the matter?
Meſ. The newes is ſir,the Volcies are in Armes.
Mar. I am glad on't,then we ſhall ha meanes to vent
Our muſty ſuperfluity. See our beſt Elders.

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Annius Brutus Cominius,Titus Lartius,with other Senatours.

1. *Sen*. *Martius* tis true,that you have lately told us,
The Volces are in Armes.
Mar. They have a Leader,
Tullus Auffidius that will put you toot:
I ſinne in ennying his Nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wiſh me onely he.
Com. You have fought together?
Mar. Were halfe to halfe the world by the'ares,& he
Vpon my party,Ide revolt to make
Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.
1. *Sen*. Then worthy *Martius*,
Attend upon *Cominius* to theſe Warres.
Com. It is your former promiſe.
Mar. Sir it is,
And I am conſtant:*Titus Lucius*, thou
Shalt ſee me once more ſtrike at *Tullus* face.
What art thou ſtiffe? Stand'ſt out?
Tit. No *Caius Martius*,
Ile leane upon one Crutch,and fight with tother;
Ere ſtay behinde this Buſineſſe.
Men. Oh true-bred.
Sen. Your company to'th'Capitoll,where I know
Our greateſt Friends attend us.
Tit. Lead you on:Follow *Cominius*, we muſt followe
you,right worthy you Priority.
Com. Noble *Martius*.
Sen. Hence to your homes,be gone.
Mar. Nay let them follow,
The Volces have much Corne:take theſe Rats thither,
To gnaw their Garners. Worſhipfull Mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth:Pray follow. *Exeunt.*
Citizens ſteale away. Manent Sicin,& Brutus.
Sicin. Was ever man ſo proud as is this *Martius*?
Bru. He has no equall.
Sic. When we were choſen Tribunes for the people.
Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.
Sic. Nay,but his taunts.
Bru. Being mov'd,he will not ſpare to gird the Gods.
Sic. Bemocke the modeſt Moone.
Bru. The preſent Warres devoure him,he is growne
Too proud to be ſo valiant.
Sicin. Such a Nature,tickled with good ſucceſſe,diſdaines the ſhadow which he treads on at noone, but I do wonder, his inſolence can brooke to be commanded under *Cominius*?
Bru. Fame,at the which he aymes,
In whom already he is well grac'd,cannot
Better he held,nor more attain'd then by
A place below the firſt:for what miſcarries
Shall be the Generals fault,though he performe
To th'vtmoſt of a man,and giddy cenſure
Will then cry out of *Martius*:Oh,if he
Had borne the buſineſſe.
Sic. Beſides, if things go well,
Opinion that ſo ſtickes on *Martius*,ſhall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.
Bru. Come:halfe all *Cominius* Honors are to *Martius*
Though *Martius* earn'd them not:and all his faults
To *Martius* ſhall be Honors,though indeed
In ought he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence,and heare
How the diſpatch is made,and in what faſhion
More then his ſingularity,he goes
Vpon this preſent Action.
Bru. Let's along. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tullus Auffidius with Senators of Coriolus.

1. *Sen*. So,your opinion is *Auffidius*.
That they of Rome are entred in our Counſailes,
And know how we proceede,
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever haw bin thought one in this State
That could be brought to bodily act,ere Rome
Had circumuention:tis notfoure dayes gone
Since I heard thence,theſe are the words,I thinke
I have the Letter heere:yes,heere it is;
They have preſt a power,but it is not knowne
Whether for Eaſt or Weſt:the Death is great,
The people Mutinous:And it is rumour'd
Cominius, Martius your old Enemy
(Who is of Rome worſe hated then of you)
And *Titus Lartius*,a moſt valiant Roman,
Theſe three leade on this Preparation
Whether tis bent:moſt likely,tis for you:
Conſider of it.
1. *Sen* Our Armie's in the Field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To anſwer us.
Auf. Nor did you thinke it folly,
To keepe your great pretences vayl'd, till when
They needs muſt ſhew themſelves,which in the hatching
It ſeem'd appear'd to Rome. By the diſcovery,
We ſhall be ſhortned in our ayme, which was
To take in many Townes,ere (almoſt)Rome
Should know we were a-foot.
2. *Sen*. Noble *Auffidius*,
Take your commiſſion,hye you to your Bands,
Let us alone to guard *Coriolus*
If they ſet downe before's:for the remove
Bring up your Army:but(I thinke)you'l finde
Th'have not prepar'd for us.
Auf. O doubt not that,
I ſpeake from Certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their Power are forth already,
And onely hitherward. I leave your Honors.
If we, and *Caius Martius* chance to meete,
Tis ſworne betweene us,we ſhall ever ſtrike
Till one can do no more.
All. The Gods aſsiſt you.
Auf. And keepe your Honors ſafe.
1. *Sen*. Farewell.
2. *Sen*. Farewell.
All. Farewell. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius: They ſet them downe on two lowe ſtooles and ſowe.

Volu. I pray you daughter ſing, or expreſſe your ſelfe in a more comfortable ſort: If my Sonne were my Huſband, I ſhould freelier rejoyce in that abſence wherein he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed, where he would ſhew moſt love. When yet hee was but tender-bodied, and the onely Sonne of my womb; when youth with comelineſſe pluck'd all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother ſhould not ſel him an houre from her beholding; I conſidering how Honour would become ſuch a perſon, that it was no better then Picture-like to hang by th'wall, if renowne made it not ſtirre, was pleas'd to let him ſeeke danger, where he was like to finde fame: To a cruell Warre I ſent him, from whence he return'd, his browes bound with Oake. I tell thee Daughter, I ſprang not more in joy at firſt hearing he was a Man-child, then now in firſt ſeeing he had proved himſelfe a man.

Virg. But had he died in the Buſineſſe Madame, how then?

Volum Then his good report ſhould have beene my Sonne, I therein would have found iſſue. Heare me profeſſe ſincerily, had I a dozen ſons each in my love alike, and none leſſe deere then thine, and my good *Martius*, I had rather had eleven dye Nobly for their Countrey, then one voluptuouſly ſurfet out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to viſit you.
Virg. Beſeech you give me leave to retire my ſelfe.
Volum. Indeed you ſhall not:
Me thinkes, I heare hither your Husbands Drumme:
See him plucke *Auffidius* downe by th'haire:
(As children from a Beare) the *Voices* ſhunning him:
Me thinke, I ſee him ſtampe thus, and call thus,
Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare
Though you were borne in Rome; his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a Harveſt man, whats task'd to mote
Or all, or looſe his hyre.
Virg. His bloody Brow? Oh Iupiter, no blood.
Volum. Away you Foole; it more becomes a man
Then gilt his Trophy. The breſts of *Hecuba*
When ſhe did ſuckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier
Then *Hectors* forhead, when it ſpit forth blood
At Grecian ſwordes *Contending*: tell *Valeria*
We are fit to bid her welcome. *Exit Gent.*
Vir. Heavens bleſſe my Lord from fell *Auffidius.*
Vol. Hee'l beat *Auffidius* head below his knee,
And treade upon his necke.

Enter Valeria with an Vſher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you.
Vol. Sweet Madam.
Vir. I am glad to ſee your Ladyſhip.
Val. How do you both? You are manifeſt houſe-keepers. What are you ſowing heere? A fine ſpotte in good faith. How does your little Sonne?
Vir. I thanke your Lady-ſhip: Well good Madam.
Vol. He had rather ſee the ſwords, and heare a Drum, then looke upon his Schoolmaſter.
Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne: Ile ſweare tis a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd upon him a Wenſday halfe an houre together: ha's ſuch a confirm'd countenance. I ſaw him run after a gilded Butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go againe, and after it againe, and over and over he comes, and up againe: catcht it againe: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how twas, he did ſo ſet his teeth, and teare it. Oh, I warrant how he mammockt it.
Vol. One on's Fathers moods.
Val. Indeed la, tis a Noble childe.
Virg. A Cracke Madam.
Val. Come, lay aſide your ſtitchery, I muſt have you play the idle Huſwife with me this after noone.
Virg. No (good Madam)
I will not out of doores.
Val. Not out of doores?
Volum. She ſhall, the ſhall.
Vir. Indeed no, by your patience; Ile not over the threſhold, till my Lord returne from the Warres.
Val. Fye, you confine your ſelfe moſt unreaſonably: Come, you muſt go viſit the good Lady that lyes in.
Virg. I will wiſh her ſpeedy ſtrength, and viſite her with my prayers: but I cannot go thither.
Volum. Why I pray you.
Vlug. Tis not to ſave labour, nor that I want love.
Val. You would be another *Penelope*: yet they ſay, all the yearne ſhe ſpun in *Vlyſſes* abſence, did but fill *Athica* full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were ſenſible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pitty. Come you ſhall go with us.
Virg. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not foorth.
Val. In truth la go with me, and Ile tell you excellent uewes of your Husband.
Vir. Oh good Madam, there can be none yet.
Val. Verily I do not ieſt with you: there came newes from him laſt night.
Vir. Indeed Madam.
Val. In earneſt it's true; I heard a Senatour ſpeake it. Thus it is: the Volcies have an Army forth, againſt whom *Cominius* the Generall is gone, with one part of our Romane power. Your Lord, and *Titus Lartius*, are ſet down before their City *Cariolus*, they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it breefe Warres. This is true on mine Honor, and ſo I pray go with us.
Vir. Give me excuſe good Madame, I will obey you in every thing heereafter.
Vol. Let her alone Lady, as ſhe is now:
She will but diſeaſe our better mirth.
Val. In troth I thinke ſhe would:
Fare you well then. Come good ſweet Lady.
Prythee *Virgilia* turne thy ſolemneſſe out a doore,
And go along with us.
Virg. No
At a word Madam; Indeed I muſt not,
I wiſh you much mirth.
Val. Well, then farewell. *Exeunt Ladies.*

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, with Drumme and Colours, with Captaines and Souldiers, as before the City Coriolus: to them a Meſſenger.

Mart. Yonder comes Newes:
A Wager they have met.
Lar. My horſe to yours, no.
Mar. Tis done.
Lar. Agreed.

Mar. Say, ha's our Generall met the Enemy?
Meſſ. They lye in view, but have not ſpoke as yet.
Lart. So, the good Horſe is mine.
Mart. Ile buy him of you.
Lart. No, Ile not ſel, nor give him: Lend you him I wil
For halfe a hundred yeares: Summon the Towne.
Mar. How farre off lie theſe Armies?
Meſſ. Within this mile and halfe.
Mar. Then ſhall we heare their Larum, & they Ours.
Now Mars, I prythee make us quicke in worke,
That we with ſmoaking ſwords may march from hence
To helpe our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blaſt.

They Sound a Parley: Enter two Senators with others on the Walles of Corialus.

Tullus Auffidius, is he within your Walles?
1. Senat. No, nor a man that feares you leſſe then he,
That's leſſer then a little: *Drum a farre off.*
Hearke, our Drummes
Are bringing forth our youth: Wee'l breake our Walles
Rather then they ſhall pound us up our Gates,
Which yet ſeeme ſhut, we have but pin'd with Ruſhes,
They'le open of themſelves. Harke you, farre off
Alarum farre off.
There is *Auffidius*. Liſt what worke he makes
Among'ſt your cloven Army.
Mar. Oh they are at it
Lar. Their noiſe be our inſtruction. Ladders hoa.

Enter the Army of the Volces.

Mar. They feare us not, but iſſue for'h their City.
Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proofe then Shields.
Advance brave *Titus*,
They do diſdaine us much beyond our Thoughts,
Which maks me ſweat with wrath. Come on my follows
He that retires, Ile take him for a *Volce*,
And he ſhall feele mine edge.
Alarum, the Romans are beat back to their Trenches
Enter Martius Curſing.
Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,
You ſhames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues
Plaiſter you o're, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther then ſeene, and one infect another
Againſt the Winde a mile: you ſoules of Geeſe,
That beare the ſhapes of men, how have you run
From Slaves, that Apes would beate; *Pluto* and Hell,
All hurt behinde, backes red, and faces pale
With flight and agued feare, mend and charge home,
Or by the fires of heaven, Ile leave the Foe,
And make my Warres on you: Looke too't: Come on,
If you'l ſtand faſt, wee'l beate them to their Wives,
As they us to our Trenches followed.
Another Alarum, and Martius followes them to gates, and is ſhut in.
So, now the gates are ope: now prove good Seconds,
Tis for the followers, Fortune widens them,
Not for the flyers: Marke me, and do the like.
Enter the Gates.
1. Sol. Foole-hardineſſe, not I.
2. Sol. Nor I.
1. Sol. See they have ſhut him in. *Alarum continues*
All. To th'pot I warrant him. *Enter Titus Lartius.*
Tit. What is become of *Martius*?
All. Slaine (Sir) doubtleſſe.
1. Sol. Following the Flyers at the very heeles,
With them he enters: who upon the ſodaine
Clapt to their Gates, he is himſelfe alone,
To anſwer all the City.
Lar. Oh Noble Fellow!
Who ſenſibly out-dares his ſenceleſſe Sword,
And when it bowes, ſtand'ſt up: Thou art left *Martius*,
A Carbuncle intire: as big as thou art
Weare not ſo rich a Iewell. Thou was't a Souldier
Even to *Calves* wiſh, not fierce and terrible
Onely in ſtrokes, but with thy grim lookes, and
The Thunder-like percuſſion of thy ſounds
Thou mad'ſt thine enemies ſhake, as if the World
Were feavourous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding, aſſaulted by the Enemy.

1. Sol. Looke Sir.
Lar. O tis *Martius*.
Let's fetch him off, or make remaine alike.
They fight, and all enter the City.
Enter certaine Romanes with ſpoiles.
1. Rom. This will I carry to *Rome*.
2. Rom. And I this.
3. Rom. A Murrain on't, I tooke this for Silver. *Exeunt.*
Alarum continues ſtill a-farre off.
Enter Martius, and Titus with a Trumpet.
Mar. See heere theſe movers, that do prize their hours
At a crak'd Drachme: Cuſhions, Leaden Spoones,
Irons of a Doit, Dublets that Hangmen would
Bury with thoſe that wore them. Theſe baſe ſlaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, packe up, downe with them.
And harke, what noiſe the Generall makes: To him
There is the man of my ſoules hate, *Auffidius*,
Piercing our Romanes: Then Valiant *Titus* take
Convenient Numbers to make good the City,
Whil'ſt I with thoſe that have the ſpirit, will haſte
To helpe *Cominius*.
Lar. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'ſt,
Thy exerciſe hath bin too violent,
For a ſecond courſe of Fight.
Mar. Sir, praiſe me not:
My worke hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood I drop, is rather Phyſicall
Then dangerous to me. To *Auffidius* thus, I will appeare
Lar. Now the faire Goddeſſe Fortune, (and fight.
Fall deepe in love with thee, and her great charmes
Miſguide thy Oppoſers ſwords, Bold Gentleman:
Proſperity be thy Page.
Mar. Thy Friend no leſſe.
Then thoſe ſhe placeth higheſt: So farewell.
Lar. Thou worthieſt *Martius*,
Go ſound thy Trumpet in the Market place,
Call thither all the Officers a'th' Towne,
Where they ſhall know our minde. Away. *Exeunt.*
Enter Cominius as it were in retire, with ſoldiers.
Com. Breath you my friends, wel fought, we are come
Like Romans, neither fooliſh in our ſtands, (off,
Nor Cowardly in retire: Beleeve me Sirs,
We ſhall be charg'd againe. Whiles we have ſtrooke
By interims and conveying guſts, we have heard
The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,
Leade their ſucceſſes, as we wiſh our owne,
That both our powers, with ſmiling Fronts encountring,
May give you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes?
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. The Citizens of *Coriolus* have yſſued,
And given to *Lartius* and to *Martius* Battaile:

I ſaw our party to their Trenches driven,
And then I came away.
Com. Though thou ſpeakeſt truth,
Me thinkes thou ſpeak'ſt not well. How long is't ſince?
Meſ. Above an houre, my Lord.
Com. Tis not a mile: brieſely we heard their drummes.
How could'ſt thou in a mile confound an houre,
And bring thy Newes ſo late?
Meſ. Spies of the *Volces*
Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheele
Three or foure miles about, elſe had I ſir
Halfe an houre ſince brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Whoſe yonder,
That doe's appeare as he were Flead? O Gods,
He has the ſtampe of *Martius*, and I have
Before time ſeene him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The Shepherd knowes not Thunder frō a Taber,
More then I know the ſound of *Martius* Tongue
From every meaner man.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. I, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your owne.
Mar. Oh! let me clip ye
I Armes as ſound, as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.
Com Flower of Warriors, how i't with *Titus Lartius*?
Mar. As with a man buſied about Decrees:
Condemning ſome to death, and ſome to exile,
Ranſoming him, or pittying, threatning th'other;
Holding *Coriolus* in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leaſh,
To let him ſhip at will.
Com. Where is that Slave,
Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague-Tribunes for them)
The Mouſe ne're ſhunn'd the Cat, as they did budge
From Raſcals worſe then they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time ſerve to tell, I do not thinke:
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a th' Field?
If not, why ceaſe you till you are ſo?
Com. *Martius*, we have at diſadvantage fought,
And did retyre to win our propoſe.
Mar. How lies their Battell? Know you on what ſide
They have plac'd their men of truſt?
Com. As I gueſſe *Martius*,
Their Bands I'th Vaward are the Antients
Of their beſt truſt: O're them *Auffidius*,
Their very heart of Hope.
Mar. I do beſeech you,
By all the Battailes wherein we have fought,
By th'Blood we have ſhed together,
By th'Vowes we have made
To endure Friends, that you directly ſet me
Againſt *Auffidius*, and his *Antiats*,
And that you not delay the preſent (but
Filling the aire with Swords advanc'd) and Darts,
We prove this very houre.
Com. Though I could wiſh,
You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balmes applyed to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking, take your choice of thoſe
That beſt can ayde your action.
Mar. Thoſe are they
That moſt are willing; if any ſuch be heere;
(As it were ſinne to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you ſee me ſmear'd, if any feare
Leſſen his perſon, then an ill report:
If any thinke, brave death out-weighes bad life,
And that his Countries deerer then himſelfe,
Let him alone: Or ſo many ſo minded,
Wave thus to expreſſe his diſpoſition,
And follow *Martius*.
They all ſhout and wave their ſwords, take him up in their Armes, and caſt up their Caps.
Oh me alone, make you a ſword of me:
If theſe ſhewes be not outward which of you
But is foure *Volces*? None of you, but is
Able to beare againſt the great *Auffidius*
A Shiels, as hard as his. A certaine number
(Though thankes to all) muſt I ſelect from all:
The reſt ſhall beare the buſineſſe in ſome other fight
(As cauſe will be obey'd:) pleaſe you to Martch,
And foure ſhall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are beſt inclin'd.
Com. Martch on my Fellowes:
Make good this oſtentation, and you ſhall
Divide in all, with us. *Exeunt.*

Titus Lartius, having ſet a guard upon Coriolus, going with Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius, and Caius Martius, Enters with a Lieutenant, other Souldiours, and a Scout.

Lar. So, let the Ports be guarded; keepe your Duties
As I have ſet them downe. If I do ſend, diſpatch
Thoſe Centuries to our ayd, the reſt will ſerve
For a ſhort holding, if we looſe the Field,
We cannot keepe the Towne.
Lieu. Feare not our care Sir.
Lar. Hence; and ſhut your gates upon's:
Our Guider come, to th'Roman Campe conduct us. *Exit.*
Alarum, as in Battaile.

Enter Martius and Auffidius at ſeverall doores.

Mar. Ile fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worſe then a Promiſe-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike:
Not Affrike ownes a Serpent I abhorre
More then thy Fame and Envy: Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the firſt Budger dye the others Slave,
And the Gods doome him after.
Auf. If I flye *Martius*, hollow me like a Hare.
Mar. Within theſe three houres *Tullus*
Alone I fought in your *Coriolus* walles,
And made what worke I pleas'd: Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou ſeeſt me maskt, for thy Revenge
Wrench up thy power to th'higheſt.
Auf. Wer't thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou ſhould'ſt not ſcape me heere.
Heere they fight, and certaine Volces come in the ayde of Auffid. Martius fights til they be driven in breathles.
Officious and not valiant, you have ſham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.

Flouriſh. Alarum. A Retreat is ſounded. Enter at one Doore Cominius,with the Romanes: At another Doore Martius,with his Arme in a Scarfe.

Com. If I ſhould tell thee o're this thy dayes Worke,
Thou't not beleeve thy deeds:but Ile report it,
Where Senators ſhall mingle teares with ſmiles,
Where great Patricians ſhall attend,and ſhrug,
I'th'end admire:where Ladies ſhall be frighted,
And gladly quak'd,heare more: where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fuſty Plebeans,hate thine Honors,
Shall ſay againſt their hearts,We thanke the Gods
Our Rome hath ſuch a Souldier.
Yet cam'ſt thou to a Morſell of this Feaſt,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus with his Power,from the Purſuit.

Titus Lartius. Oh Generall:
Here is the Steed,wee the Capariſon:
Hadſt thou beheld——
Mar. Pray now,no more:
My Mother,who ha's a Charter to extoll her Bloud,
When ſhe do's praiſe me,grieves me:
I have done as you have done,that's what I can,
Induc'd as you have beene,that's for my Countrey:
He that ha's but effected his good will,
Hath overta'ne mine Act.
Com. You ſhall not be the Grave of your deſerving,
Rome muſt know the value of her owne:
Twere a Concealement worſe then a Theft,
No leſſe then a Traducement,
To hide your doings,and to ſilence that,
Which to the ſpire,and top of praiſes vouch'd,
Would ſeeme but modeſt:therefore I beſeech you,
In ſigne of what you are,not to reward
What you have done,before our Army heare me.
Mar. I have ſome Wounds upon me,and they ſmart
To heare themſelves remembred.
Com. Should they not:
Well might they feſter 'gainſt Ingratitude,
And tent themſelves with death:of all the Horſes,
Whereof we have ta'ne good, and good ſtore of all,
The Threaſure in this field atchieved,and City,
We render you the Tenth,to be ta'ne forth,
Before the common diſtribution,
At your onely choiſe.
Mar. I thanke you Generall:
But cannot make my heart conſent to take
A Bribe,to pay my Sword:I doe refuſe it,
And ſtand upon my common part with thoſe,
That have beheld the doing.

A long flouriſh. They all cry, Martius,Martius, caſt up their Caps and Launces:Cominius and Lartius ſtand bare.

Ma. May theſe ſame Inſtruments,which you prophane.
Never ſound more:when Drums and Trumpets ſhall
I'th'field prove flatterers,let Cours and Cities be
Made all of falſe-fac'd ſoothing:
When Steele growes ſoft,as the Paraſites Silke,
Let him be made an Overture for th'Warres:
No more I ſay,for that I have not waſh'd
My Noſe that bled,or foyl'd ſome debile Wretch,
Which without note,here's many elſe have done,
You ſhoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolicall,
As if I lov'd my little ſhould be dieted
In prayſes,ſawc'ſt with Lies.
Com. Too modeſt are you:
More cruell to your good report,then gratefull
To us,that give you truly:by your patience,
If againſt your ſelfe you be incens'd,wee'le put you
(Like one that meanes his proper harme)in Manacles,
Then reaſon ſafely with you:Therefore be it knowne,
As to us,to all the World,That *Caius Martius*
Weares this Warres Garland:in token of the which,
My Noble Steed,knowne to the Campe,I give him,
With all his trim belonging;and from this time,
For what he did before *Coriolus*,call him,
With all th'applauſe and Clamor of the Hoaſt.
Marcus Caius Coriolanus. Beare th'ddition Nobly ever?
Flouriſh. Trumpets ſound,and Drums.
Omnes. Marcus Caius Coriolanus.
Mar. I will goe waſh:
And when my Face is faire,you ſhall perceive
Whether I bluſh,or no:howbeit,I thanke you.
I meane to ſtride your Steed,and at all times
To under-creſt your good Addition,
To th'faireneſſe of my power.
Com. So,to our Tent:
Where ere we doe repoſe us, we will write
To Rome of our ſucceſſe:you *Titus Lartius*
Muſt to *Coriolus* backe,ſend us to Rome
The beſt,with whom we may articulate,
For their owne good,and ours.
Lar. I ſhall,my Lord.
Mar. The Gods begin to mocke me:
I that now refus'd moſt Princely gifts,
Am bound to begge of my Lord Generall.
Com. Tak't,tis yours:what is't?
Mar. I ſometime lay here in *Coriolus*,
At a poore mans houſe:he us'd me kindly.
He cry'd to me:I ſaw him Priſoner:
But then *Auffidius* was within my view,
And Wrath o're-whelm'd my pitty:I requeſt you
To give my poore Hoſt freedome.
Com. Oh well begg'd:
Were he the Butcher of my Sonne,he ſhould
Be free,as is the Winde:deliver him,*Titus*.
Lart. Martius,his Name.
Mar. By *Iupiter* forgot:
I am weary,yea my memory is tyr'd:
Have we no Wine here?
Com. Goe we to our Tent:
The bloud upon your Viſage dryes,tis time
It ſhould be lookt to:come. *Exeunt.*

A flouriſh. Cornets. Enter Tullus Auffidius bloudy,with two or three Souldiers.

Au. The Towne is ta'ne.
Soul. Twill be deliver'd backe on good Condition.
Auf. Condition?
I would I were a Roman,for I cannot,
Being a *Volce*,be,that I am. Condition?
What good Condition can a Treaty finde
I'th'part that is at mercy?five times,*Martius*,
I have fought with thee;ſo often haſt thou beat me:
And would'ſt doe ſo,I thinke,ſhould we encounter

And often as we eate. By the Elements,
If ere againe I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that honor in't it had: For where
I thought to cruſh him in an equall Force,
True Sword to Sword: Ile potche at him ſome way,
Or wrath, or Craft may get him.

Sol. He's the divell.

Auf. Bolder, though not ſo ſubtle: my valors poiſon'd,
With onely ſuffring ſtaine by him: for him
Shall flye out of it ſelfe, nor ſleepe, nor ſanctuary,
Being naked, ſicke; nor Phane, nor Capitoll,
The Prayers of Prieſts, nor times of Sacrifice:
Embarquements all of Fury, ſhall lift up
Their rotten Priveledge, and Cuſtome 'gainſt
My hate to *Martius*. Where I finde him, were it
At home, upon my brothers Guard, even there
Againſt the hoſpitable Canon, would I
Waſh my fierce hand in's heart. Goe you to th'City,
Learne how 'tis held, and what they are that muſt
Be Hoſtages for Rome.

Sol. Will not you goe?

Auf. I am attended at the Cyprus grove. I pray you
('Tis South the City Mils) bring me word thither
How the world goes: that to the pace of it
I may ſpurre on my journey.

Sol. I ſhall ſir.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius & Brutus.

Men. The Augurer tels me, we ſhall have Newes to night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not *Martius*.

Sicin. Nature teaches Beaſts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe love?

Sicin. The Lambe.

Men. I, to devour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble *Martius*.

Bru. He's a Lambe indeed, that baes like a Beare.

Men. He's a Beare indeed, that lives like a Lambe. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I ſhall aske you.

Both. Well ſir.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poore in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poore in no one fault, but ſtor'd withall.

Sicin. Eſpecially in Pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boaſt.

Men. This is ſtrange now: Doe you two know, how you are cenſured here in the City, I meane of us a'th right hand File, doe you?

Both. Why? how are we cenſur'd?

Men. Becauſe you talke of Pride now, will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well ſir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter; for a very little theefe of Occaſion, will rob you of a great deale of Patience: Give your diſpoſitions the reines, and be angry at your pleaſures (at the leaſt) if you take it as a pleaſure to you, in being ſo; you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Brut. We doe it not alone, ſir.

Men. I know you can doe very little alone, for your helpes are many, or elſe your actions would grow wondrous ſingle: your abilities are too Infant-like, for doing much alone. You talke of Pride: Oh, that you could turne your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make but an interiour ſurvey of your good ſelves. Oh that you could!

Both. What then ſir?

Men. Why then you ſhould diſcover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, teſty Magiſtrates (alias Fooles) as any in Rome.

Sicin. *Menenius*, you are knowne well enough too.

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous *Patritian*, and one that loves a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of alaying Tiber in't: Said, to be ſomething imperfect in favouring the firſt complaint, haſty and Tinder-like upon, to triviall motion: One, that converſes more with the Buttocke of the night, then with the forehead of the morning. What I thinke, I utter, and ſpend my malice in my breath. Meeting two ſuch Weales men as you are (I cannot call your *Licurguſſes*) if the drinke you give me, touch my Palat adverſly, I make a crooked face at it. I can ſay, your Worſhippes have deliver'd the matter well, when I finde the Aſſe in compound, with the Major part of your ſyllables. And though I muſt be content to beare with thoſe, that ſay you are reverend grave, yet they lye deadly, that tell you have good faces; if you ſee this in the Map of my Microcoſme, followes it that I am known well enough too? What harme can your beeſome Conſpectuities gleane out of this Charracter, if I be knowne well enough too?

Bru. Come ſir come, we know you wll enough.

Men. You know neither me, your ſelves, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poore knaves cappes and legges: you weare out a good wholeſome Forenoone, in hearing a cauſe betweene an Orendge wife, and a Forſet-ſeller, and then rejourne the Controverſie of three-pence to a ſecond day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter betweene party and party, if you chance to bee pinch'd with the Coſſicke: you make faces like Mummers, ſet up the bloody Flagge againſt all Patience, and in roaring for a Chamber-pot, diſmiſſe the Controverſie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their Cauſe, is calling both the parties Knaves. You are a payre of ſtrange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well underſtood to be a perfecter gyber for the Table, then a neceſſary Bencher in the Capitoll.

Men. Our very Prieſts muſt become Mockers, if they ſhall encounter ſuch ridiculous Subjects as you are, when you ſpeake beſt unto the purpoſe. It is not worth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deſerve not ſo honorable a grave, as to ſtuffe a Botchers Cuſhion, or to be intomb'd in an Aſſes Packe-ſaddle; yet you muſt bee ſaying, *Martius* is proud: who in a cheape eſtimation, is worth all your predeceſſors, ſince *Deucalion*, though peradventure ſome of the beſt of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God den to your Worſhips, more of your converſation would infect my braine, being the Heardſmen of the Beaſtly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Brutus, and Sicinius. *Aſide.*

Enter Volumnia, and Valeria.

How now (my as faire as Noble)Ladyes, and the Moone were ſhe Earthly, no Nobler; whither doe you follow your Eyes ſo faſt?

Volum. Honorable *Menenius*, my Boy *Martius* approches: for the love of *Iuno* let's goe.

Menen. Ha? *Martius* comming home?

Volum. I, worthy *Menenius*, and with moſt proſperous approbation.

Menen., Take my Cappe *Iupiter*, and I thanke thee: hoo, *Martius* comming home?

2. *Ladies.* Nay, 'tis true.

Volum. Looke, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I thinke) there's one at home for you.

Menen. I will make my very houſe reele to night:
A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I ſaw't.

Menen. A Letter for me? it gives me an Eſtate of ſeven yeeres health; in which time, I will make a Lippe at the Phyſician: The moſt ſoveraigne Preſcription in *Galen*, is but Emperickqutique; and to this Preſervative, of no better report then a Horſe-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgil. Oh no, no, no.

Volum. Oh, he is wounded, I thanke the gods for't.

Menen. So doe I too, if it be not too much: brings a Victorie in his Pocket? the wounds become him.

Volum. On's Browes: *Menenius*, he comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Menen. Ha's he diſciplin'd *Auffidius* ſoundly?

Volum. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Auffidius* got off.

Menen. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him that: and he had ſtay'd by him, I wold not have beene ſo fiddious'd, for all the Cheſts in Coriolus, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate poſſeſt of this?

Volum. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes, yes, yes: The Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein he gives my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Valer. In troth, there's wondrous things ſpoke of him.

Menen. Wondrous: I, I warrant you, and not without his true purchaſing.

Virgil. The gods grant them true.

Volum. True? pow waw.

Mene. True? Ile be ſworne they are true: where is he wounded, God ſave your good Worſhips? *Martius* is comming home: he ha's more cauſe to be prowd: where is he wounded?

Volum. Ith' Shoulder, and ith' left Arme: there will be large Cicatrices to ſhew the People, when he ſhall ſtand for his place: he received in the repulſe of *Tarquin* ſeven hurts ith' Body.

Men. One ith' Necke, and two ith' Thigh, there's nine that I know,

Volum. He had, before this laſt Expedition, twenty five Wounds upon him.

Men, Now it's twenty ſeven; every gaſh was an Enemies Grave, Hearke, the Trumpets.

A ſhowt, and Flouriſh.

Volum. Theſe are the Vſhers of *Martius*:
Before him, he carryes Noyſe;
And behinde him, he leaves Teares:
Death, that darke Spirit, in's nervy Arme doth lye,
Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men dye.

A Sonet. Trumpets ſound.
Enter Cominius the Generall, and Titus Lartius: betweene them Coriolanus, crown'd with an Oaken Garland, with Captaines and Souldiers, and a Herauld.

Hera. Know Rome, that all alone *Martius* did fight
Within Coriolus Gates: where he hath wonne,
With Fame, a Name to *Martius Caius*:
Theſe in honor followes *Martius Caius, Coriolanus*.
Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Sound. Flouriſh.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*,

Corio. No more of this, it does offend my heart; pray now no more.

Com. Looke, Sir, your Mother.

Corio. Oh! you have, I know, petition'd all the gods for my proſperity. *Kneeles.*

Volum. Nay, my good Souldier, up:
My gentle *Martius*, worthy *Caius*,
And by deed-atchieving Honor newly nam'd,
What is it (*Coriolanus*) muſt I call thee?
But oh, thy Wife.

Corio. My gracious ſilence, hayle:
Would'ſt thou have laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home,
That weep'ſt to ſee me triumph? Ah my deare,
Such eyes the Widowes in Coriolus weare,
And Mothers that lacke Sonnes.

Men. Now the gods Crowne thee.

Com. And live you yet? Oh my ſweet Lady, pardon.

Volum. I know not where to turne.
Oh welcome home: and welcome Generall,
And y'are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thouſand Welcomes:
I could weepe, and I could laugh,
I am light, and heavy; welcome:
A Curſe begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to ſee thee.
You are three, that Rome ſhould dote on:
Yet by the faith of men, we have
Some old Crab-trees here at home,
That will not be grafted to your Relliſh.
Yet welcome Warriors:
We call a Nettle, but a Nettle;
And the faults of fooles, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. *Menenius*, ever, ever.

Hera. Give way there, and goe on.

Cor. Your Hand, and yours?
Ere in our owne houſe I doe ſhade my head,
The good Patricians muſt be viſited,
From whom I have receiv'd not onely greetings,
But with them, change of honors.

Volum. I have lived,
To ſee inherited my very Wiſhes,
And the Buildings of my Fancy:
Onely there's one thing wanting,
Which (I doubt not) but our Rome
Will caſt upon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother,
I had rather be their ſervant in my way,
Then ſway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitoll. *Flouriſh. Cornets.*

Exeunt in State, as before.

Enter Brutus and Sicinius.

Bru. All tongues ſpeake of him, and the bleared ſights
Are ſpectacled to ſee him. Your pratling Nurſe
Into a rapture lets her Baby cry,
While ſhe chats him: the Kitchin *Malkin* pinnes
Her richeſt Lockram 'bout her reechy necke,
Clambring the Walls to eye him:
Stalls, Bulkes, Windowes, are ſmother'd up,
Leades fill'd, and Ridges hors'd
With variable Complexions; all agreeing
In earneſtneſſe to ſee him: ſeld-ſhowne Flamins
Doe preſſe among the popular Throngs, and puffe
To winne a vulgar ſtation: our veyl'd Dames
Commit the Warre of White and Damaske
In their nicely gawded Cheekes, toth' wanton ſpoyle
Of *Phœbus* burning Kiſſes: ſuch a poother,
As if that whatſoever God, who leades him,
Were ſlyly crept into his humane powers,
And gave him gracefull poſture.

Sicin. On the ſuddaine, I warrant him Conſull.

Bru. Then our Office may, during his power, goe ſleepe.

Sici. He cannot temp'rately tranſport his honors,
From where he ſhould begin, and end, but will
Loſe thoſe he hath wonne.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sicin. Doubt not,
The Commoners, for whom we ſtand, but they
Vpon their ancient mallice, will forget
With the leaſt cauſe, theſe his new honors,
Which that he will give them, make I as little queſtion,
As he is prowd to doo't.

Bru. I heard him ſweare
Were he to ſtand for Conſull, never would he
Appeare i'th' Market place, nor on him put
The Naples Veſture of humility,
Nor ſhewing (as the manner is) his Wounds
Toth' people, begge their ſtinking Breaths.

Sici. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word:
Oh he would miſſe it, rather then carry it,
But by the ſuite of the Gentry to him,
And the deſire of the Nobles.

Sici. I wiſh no better, then have him hold that purpoſe, and to put it in execution.

Bru. 'Tis moſt like he will.

Sici. It ſhall be to him then, as our good wills; a ſure deſtruction.

Bru. So it muſt fall out
To him, or our Authorities, for an end.
We muſt ſuggeſt the People, in what hatred
He ſtill hath held them: that to's power he would
Have made them Mules, ſilenc'd their Pleaders,
And diſproportioned their Freedomes; holding them,
In humane Action, and Capacity,
Of no more Soule, nor fitneſſe for the world,
Then Cammels in their Warre, who have their Provand
Onely for bearing Burthens, and ſore blowes
For ſinking under them.

Sici. This (as you ſay) ſuggeſted,
At ſome time, when his ſoaring inſolence
Shall teach the People, which time ſhall not want,
If he be put upon't, and that's as eaſie,
As to ſet Dogges on Sheepe, will be his fire
To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Meſſ. You are ſent for to the Capitall:
'Tis thought, that *Martius* ſhall be Conſuil:
I have ſeene the dumbe men throng to ſee him,
And the blind to heare him ſpeak: Matrons flong Gloves,
Ladies and Maids their Scarffes, and Handkerchers,
Vpon him as he paſs'd: the Nobles bended
As to *Ioves* Statue, and the Commons made
A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showts:
I never ſaw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitoll,
And carry with us eares and eyes forth' time,
But hearts for the event.

Sici. Have with you. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Officers, to lay Cuſhions, as it were,
in the Capitall.

1. *Off.* Come, come, they are almoſt here: how many ſtand for Conſulſhips?

2. *Off.* Three, they ſay: but 'tis thought of every one *Ccriolanus* will carry it.

1. *Off.* That's a brave fellow: but he's vengeance prowd, and loves not the common people.

2. *Off.* 'Faith, there hath beene many great men that, have flatter'd the people, who ne're loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: ſo that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifeſts the true knowledge he ha's in their diſpoſition, and out of his Noble careleſneſſe lets them plainely ſee't.

1. *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved indifferently, 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harme: but he ſeekes their hate with greater devotion, then they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully diſcover him their oppoſite. Now to ſeeme to affect the mallice and diſpleaſure of the People, is as bad, as that which he diſlikes, to flatter them for their love.

2. *Off.* He hath deſerved worthily of his Countrey, and his aſcent is not by ſuch eaſie degrees as thoſe, who having beene ſupple and courteous to the People, Bonnetted, without any further deed, to have them at all into their eſtimation, and report: but he hath ſo planted his honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their Tongues to be ſilent, and not confeſſe ſo much, were a kinde of ingratefull injury: to report otherwiſe, were a Mallice, that giving it ſelfe the Lye, would plucke reproofe and rebuke from every Eare that heard it.

1. *Off.* No more of him, he's a worthy man: make way, they are comming.

A Sonnet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Conſull: Sicinius and Brutus take their places by themſelves: Coriolanus ſtands.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces,
And to ſend for *Titus Lartius*: it remaines,
As the maine Point of this our after-meeting,

To gratifie his Noble ſervice; that hath
Thus ſtood for his Country. Therefor pleaſe you;
Moſt reverend and grave Elders, to deſire
The preſent Conſull, and laſt Generall,
In onr well-found Succeſſes, to report
A little of that worthy Worke, perform'd
By *Martius Caius Coriolanus* : whom
We met here, both to thanke, and to remember,
With honors like himſelfe.

1. *Sen.* Speake, good *Cominius* :
Leave nothing out for length, and make us thinke
Rather our ſtates defective for requitall,
Then we to ſtretch it out. Maſters a'th'People,
We doe requeſt your kindeſt eare : and after
Your loving motion toward the common Body,
To yeeld what paſſes here.

Sicin, We are convented upon a pleaſing Treaty, and have hearts inclinable to honor and advance the Theame of our Aſſembly.

Bru. Which the rather we ſhall be bleſt to doe, if he remember a kinder value of the People, then he hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men, That's off, that's off : I would you rather had been ſilent : Pleaſe you to heare *Cominius* ſpeake?

Bru. Moſt willingly : but yet my Caution was more pertinent then the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your People, bnt tye him not to be their Bedfellow : Worthy *Cominius* ſpeake.

Coriolanus riſes, and offers to goe away.

Nay, keepe your place.

Senat. Sir *Coriolanus* : uever ſhame to heare
What you have Nobly done.

Corio. Your honors pardon :
I had rather have my Wounds to heale againe,
Then heare ſay how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?

Corio. No Sir : yes oft,
When blowes have made me ſtay, I fled from words.
You ſooth'd not, therefore hurt not : but your people,
I love them as they weigh———

Men. Pray now ſit downe.

Corio. I had rather have one ſcratch my Head i'th'Sun,
When the Alarum were ſtruck, then idly ſit
To heare my Nothings monſter'd. *Exit Coriolanus.*

Men. Maſters of the People,
Your multiplying Spawne, how can he flatter?
That's thouſand to one good one, when you now ſee
He had rather venture all his Limbes for honor,
Then on ones Eares to heare it. Proceed *Cominius.*

Com. I ſhall lacke voyce : the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Sould not be utter'd feebly : it is held,
That Valour is the chiefeſt Vertue, And
Moſt dignifies the haver : if it be,
The man I ſpeake of, cannot in the World
Be ſingly counter-poys'd. At ſixteene yeeres,
When *Tarquin* made a Head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the marke of others : our then Dictator,
Whom with all praiſe I point at, ſaw him fight,
When with his Amazonian Shinne he drove
The brizled Lippes before him : he beſtrid
An o're-preſt Roman, and i'th' Conſuls view
Slew three Oppoſers : *Tarquins* ſelfe he met,
And ſtrucke him on his Knee : in that dayes feates,
When he might act the Woman in the Scene,
He prov'd beſt man i'th'field, and for his meed
Was Brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupil-age
Man-entred thus, he wated like a Sea,
And in the brunt of ſeventeene Battailes ſince,
He lurcht all Swords o'th Garland : for this laſt,
Before, and in Coriolus, let me ſay
I cannot ſpeake him home : he ſtopt the flyers;
And by his rare example made the Coward
Turne terror into ſport : as Waves before
A Veſſell under ſayle, ſo men obey'd,
And fell below his Stem : his Sword (Deaths ſtampe)
Where it did marke, it tooke from face to foot :
He was a thing of Blood, whoſe every motion
Was trim'd with dying Cryes : alone he entred
The mortall Gate o'th'City, which he painted
With ſhunleſſe defamy : aydeleſſe came off.
And with a ſudden re-inforcement ſtrucke
Cariolus like a Planet : now all's this,
When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce
His ready ſence : then ſtraight his doubled ſpirit
Requickned what in fleſh was fatigate,
And to the Battaile came he, where he did
Runne recking o're the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetuall ſpoyle; and till we call'd
Both field and Citty ours, he never ſtood
To eaſe his breſt with painting.

Men. Worthy man.

Senat. Hee cannot but with meaſure fit the honors which we deviſe him.

Com. Our ſpoyles he kickt at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common Mucke o'th World : he covets leſſe
Then Miſery it ſelfe would give, rewards his deeds
With doing them, and is content
To ſpend the time, to end it.

Men. He's righe Noble, let him be call'd for:

Senat. Call *Coriolanus.*

Off. He doth appeare.

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd to make thee Conſull.

Corio. I doe owe them ſtill my life, and Services.

Men. It then remaines, that you doe ſpeake to the People.

Corio. I doe beſeech you,
Let me o're-leape that cuſtome : for I cannot
Put on the Gowne, ſtand naked, and entreat them
For my Wounds ſake, to give their ſufferage :
Pleaſe you that I may paſſe this doing.

Sicin. Sir, the People muſt have their Voyces,
Neither will they bate one jot of Ceremony.

Men, Put them not too't :
Pray you goe fit you to the Cuſtome,
And take to you, as your Predeceſſors have,
Your honor with your forme.

Corio. It is a part that I ſhall bluſh in acting,
And might well be taken from the People.

Bru. Marke you that.

Corio. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus
Shew them th'unaking Skarres, which I ſhould hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hyre
Of their breath onely.

Men. Doe not ſtand upon't :
We recommend to you Tridunes of the People
Our purpoſe to them, and to our Noble Conſull
Wiſh we all Ioy, and honor

Senat. To *Coriolanus* come all joy and honor:

Flouriſh Cornets.

Then Exeunt. Manet Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You ſee how he intends to uſe the people.

Sicin. May they perceive's intent: he will require them
As if he did contemne what he requeſted,
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll informe them
Of our proceedings heere on th'Market place,
I know they doe attend us.

Enter ſeven or eight Citizens.

1. *Cit.* Once if he doe require our voyces, we ought not to deny him,

2. *Cit.* We may Sir if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in our ſelves to doe it, but it is a power that we have no power to doe: For, if he ſhew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into thoſe wounds, and ſpeake for them: So if he tell us his Noble deeds, we muſt alſo tell him our noble acceptance of them.. Ingratitude is monſtrus, and for the multitude to be ingratefull, were to make a Monſter of the multitude; of the which, we being members, ſhould bring our ſelves to be monſtrous members,

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of a little helpe will ſerve: for once we ſtood up about the Corne, he himſelfe ſtucke not to call us the many-headed Multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have beene call'd ſo of many, not that our heads are ſome browne, ſome blacke, ſome Abram, ſome bald; but that our wits are ſo diverſly Coulord; and truely I thinke, if all our wits were to iſſue out of one Scull, they would ſlye Eaſt, Weſt, North, South, and their conſent of one direct way, ſhould be at once to all the points a'th Compaſſe.

2 *Cit.* Thinke you ſo? Which way doe you judge my wit would flye.

3 *Cit.* Nay your wit will not ſo ſoone out as another mans will, 'tis ſtrongly wedg'd up in a blockehead: but if it were at liberty, 'twould ſure Southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To looſe it ſelfe in a Fogge, where being three parts melted away with rotten Dewes, the forth would returne for Conſcience ſake, to helpe to get thee a Wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your trickes, you may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all reſolv'd to give your voyces? But thats no matter, the greater part carries it, I ſay. If he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with Menenius.

Heere he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, marke his behaviour: we are not to ſtay al together, but to come by him where he ſtands, by ones, by twoes, by & threes. He's to make his requeſts by particulars, wherein every one of us ha's a ſingle Honor, in giving him our owne voyces with our owne tongues, therefore follow me, and Ile direct you how you ſhall goe by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right; have you not knowne
The worthieſt men have don't?

Corio. What muſt I ſay, I pray Sir?
Plague upon't, I cannot bring
My tongue to ſuch a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds,
I got them in my Countries Service, when
Some certaine of your Brethren roar'd, and ranne
From th'noiſe of our owne Drummes.

Men. Oh me the gods, you muſt not ſpeake of that,
You muſt deſire them to thinke upon you,

Corio. Thinke upon me? Hang 'em,
I would they would forget me, like the Vertues
Which our Divines loſe by em.

Men. You'll marre all,
Ile leave you: Pray you ſpeake to em, I pray you
In wholſome manner. *Exit.*

Enter three of the Citizens.

Corio. Bid them waſh their Faces,
And keepe their teeth cleane: So heere comes a brace,
You know the cauſe (Sir) of my ſtanding heere.

3 *Cit.* We do Sir, tell us what hath brought you too't.

Corio. Mine owne deſert.

2. *Cit.* Your owne deſert.

Corio. I, no mine owne deſire.

3 *Cit.* How not your owne deſire?

Corio. No Sir 'twas never my deſire yet to trouble the poore with begging.

3 *Cit.* You muſt thinke if we give you any thing, we hope to gaine by you.

Corio. Well then I pray, your price a'th Conſulſhip.

1 *Cit.* The price is, to aske it kindly,

Corio. Kindly ſir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to ſhew you, which ſhall be yours in private: your good voyce Sir, what ſay you?

2 *Cit.* You ſhall ha't worthy Sir.

Corio. A match Sir, theres in all two worthy voyces begg'd: I have your Almes, Adieu.

3 *Cit.* But this is ſomething odde.

2 *Cit.* And twere to give againe: but tis no matter.

Exeunt. Enter two other Citizens.

Corio. Pray you now, if it may ſtand with the tune of your voyces, that I may be Conſull, I have heere the Cuſtomary Gowne.

1. You have deſerved Nobly of your Country, and you have not deſerved Nobly.

Corio. Your Ænigma.

1. You have beene a ſcourge to her enemies, you have bin a Rod to her Friends, you have not indeed loved the Common people.

Corio. You ſhould account me the more Vertuous, that I have not bin common in my Love, I will ſir flatter my ſworne Brother the people to earne a deerer eſtimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: & ſince the wiſedome of their choyce, is rather to have my hat, then my heart, I will practice the inſinuating nod, and be off to them moſt counterfetly, that is ſir, I will counterfet the bewichment of ſome popular man, and give it bountifull to the deſires: Therefore beſeech you, I may be Conſull.

2 We hope to find you our friend: and therefore give you our voyces heartily.

1 You have received many wounds for your Countrey.

Corio. I will not Seale your knowledge with ſhewing them. I will make much of your voyces, and ſo trouble you no farther.

Both. The gods give you joy Sir heartily.

Corio. Moſt ſweet Voyces:
Better it is to dye, better to ſterve,
Then crave the hire, which firſt we doe deſerve.
Why in this Woolviſh gowne ſhould I ſtand heere,
To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeere

Their needleſſe Vouches: Cuſtome calls me too't.
What Cuſtome wills in all things, ſhould we doo't?
The Duſt on antique Time would lye unſwept,
And mountainous Error be too highly heapt,
For Truth to o're-peere. Rather then foole it ſo,
Let the high Office and the Honor goe
To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through,
The one part ſuffered, the other will I doe.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come moe Voyces.
Your Voyces? for your Voyces I have fought,
Watcht for your Voyces: for your Voyces, beare
Of Wounds, two dozen odde: Battailes thrice ſix
I have ſeene, and heard of: for your voyces,
Have done many things, ſome leſſe, ſome more:
Your Voyces? indeed I would be Conſull.

1 *Cit.* He ha's done Nobly, and cannot goe without any honeſt mans Voyce.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be Conſull: the Gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people.

All. Amen, Amen. God ſave thee, Noble Conſull.

Corio. Worthy Voyces.

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You have ſtood your Limitation:
And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voyce,
Remaines, that in th'Officiall Markes inveſted,
You anon doe meet the Senate.

Corio. Is this done?

Sici. The Cuſtome of Requeſt you have diſcharg'd:
The People doe admit you and are ſummon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Corio. Where? at the Senate-houſe?

Sici. There, *Coriolanus.*

Corio. May I change theſe Garments?

Sicin. You may Sir.

Cori. That Ile ſtraight do: and knowing my ſelfe againe
Repayre toth'Senate-houſe.

Men. Ile keepe you company. Will you along?

Bru. We ſtay here for the People.

Sicin. Fare you well. *Exeunt Coriol. and Men.*
He ha's it now: and by his Lookes, me thinkes,
'Tis warme at's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore his humble Weeds:
Will you diſmiſſe the People?

Enter the Plebeians.

Sici. How now, my Maſters, have you choſe this man?

1 *Cit.* He ha's our Voyces, Sir.

Bru. We pray the Gods, he may deſerve your loves.

2. *Cit.* Amen, Sir: to my poore unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our Voyces.

3. *Cit.* Certainely, he flowted us downe-right.

1. *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of ſpeech, he did not mocke us.

2. *Cit.* Not one amongſt us, ſave your ſelfe, but ſayes.
He us'd us ſcornefully: he ſhould have ſhew'd us
His Markes of Merit, Wounds receiv'd for's Countrey.

Sicin. Why ſo he did, I am ſure.

All. No, no; no man ſaw 'em.

3. *Cit.* He ſaid he had Wounds,
Which he could ſhew in private:
And with his Hat, thus waving it in ſcorne,
I would be Conſull, ſayes he: aged Cuſtome,
But by your Voyces, will not ſo permit me.
Your Voyces therefore: when we granted that,
Here was, I thanke you for your Voyces, thanke you
Your moſt ſweet Voyces: now you have left your Voyces
I have no further with you. Was not this mockery?

Sicin. Why either were you ignorant to ſee't?
Or ſeeing it, of ſuch Childiſh friendlineſſe,
To yeeld your Voyces?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were leſſon'd: When he had no Power,
But was a petty ſervant to the State,
He was your Enemy, ever ſpake againſt
Your Liberties, and the Charters that you beare
I'th' Body of the Weale: and now arriving
A place of Potency, and ſway o'th' State
If he ſhould ſtill malignantly remaine
Faſt Foe toth' *Plebeij*, your Voyces might
Be Curſes to your ſelves. You ſhould have ſaid,
That as his worthy deeds did clayme no leſſe
Then what he ſtood for: ſo his gracious nature
Would thinke upon you, for your Voyces, and
Tranſlate his Mallice towards you, into Love,
Standing your friendly Lord.

Sicin. Thus to have ſaid,
As you were fore-adviſ'd, had toucht his Spirit,
And try'd his inclination: from him pluckt,
Either his gracious Promiſe, which you might
As cauſe had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or elſe it would have gall'd his ſurly nature;
Which eaſily endures not Article,
Tying him to ought, ſo putting him to Rage,
You ſhould have ta'ne th'advantage of his Choller,
And paſs'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did ſollicite you in free Contempt.
When he did need your Loves: and doe you thinke,
That his Contempt ſhall not be bruſing to you,
When he hath power to cruſh? Why, had your Bodyes
No heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry
Againſt the Rectorſhip of judgement?

Sicin. Have you, ere now, deny'd the asker:
And now againe, of him that did not aske, but mocke,
Beſtow your ſu'd-for Tongues?

3. *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2. *Cit.* And will deny him:
Ile have five hundred Voyces of that ſound,

1. *Cit.* I twice five hundred, & their friends, to piece 'em

Bru. Get you hence inſtantly, and tell thoſe friends,
They have choſe a Conſull, that will from them take
Their Liberties, make them of no more Voyce
Then Dogges, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to doe ſo.

Sicin. Let them aſſemble: and on a ſafer jugement,
All revoke your ignorant election: Enforce his Pride,
And his old Hate unto you: beſides, forget not
With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed,
How in his Suit he ſcorn'd you: but your Loves,
Thinking upon his Services, tooke from you
Th'apprehenſion of his preſent portance,
Which moſt gibingly, ungravely, he did faſhion
After the inveterate Hate he beares you.

Bru. Lay a fault on us, your Tribunes,
That we labour'd (no impediment betweene)
But that you muſt caſt your Election on him.

Sici. Say you choſe him, more after our commandment,
Then as guided by your owne true affections, and that
Your minds pre-occupi'd with what you rather muſt do
Then what you ſhould made you againſt the graine
To Voyce him Conſull. Lay the fault on us.

Bru. I, ſpare us not: Say, we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to ſerve his Country,
How long continued, and what ſtocke he ſprings of,
The Noble houſe o'th'*Martians*: from whence came
That *Ancus Martius*, *Numaes* Daughters Sonne:
Who after great *Hoſtilius* here was King,
Of the ſame houſe *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our beſt Water, brought by Conduits hither,
And Nobly nam'd, ſo twice being Cenſor,
Was his great Anceſtor.

Sici. One thus deſcended,
That hath beſide well in his perſon wrought,
To be ſet high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Skaling his preſent, bearing with his paſt,
That he's your fixed enemy; and revoke
Your ſuddaine approbation.

Bru. Say you ne're had don't,
(Harpe on that ſtill) but by our putting on:
And preſently, when you have drawne your number,
Repaire toth'Capitoll,

All We will ſo: almoſt all repent in their election.

Exeunt Plebeians.

Bru. Let them goe on:
This Mutiny were better put in hazard,
Then ſtay paſt doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refuſall, both obſerve and anſwer
The vantage of his anger.

Sicin. Toth'Capitoll, come:
We will be there before the ſtreame o'th'People:
And this ſhall ſeeme, as partly 'tis, their owne,
Which we have goaded on-ward. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

Corio. *Tullus Auffidius* then had made new head.

Larti. He had my Lord, and that it was which caus'd
Our ſwifter Compoſition.

Corio. So then the Volces ſtand but as at firſt,
Ready when time ſhall prompt them, to make roade
Vpon's againe.

Com. They are worne (Lord Conſull) ſo,
That we ſhall hardly in our ages ſee
Their Banners wave againe.

Corio. Saw you *Auffidius*?

Larti. On ſafegard he came to me, and did curſe
Againſt the Volces, for they had ſo vildly
Yeelded the Towne: he is retyred to Antium.

Corio. Spoke he of me?

Larti. He did, my Lord.

Corio. How? what?

Larti. How often he had met you Sword to Sword:
That of all things upon the Earth, he hated
Your perſon moſt: That he would pawne his fortunes
To hopeleſſe reſtitution, ſo he might
Be call'd your Vanquiſher.

Corio. At Antium lives he?

Larti. At Antium.

Corio. I wiſh I had a cauſe to ſeeke him there,
To oppoſe his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Sicinius, and Brutus.

Behold, theſe are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o'th'Common Mouth, I doe deſpiſe them:
For they doe pranke them in Authority,
Againſt all Noble ſufferance.

Sicin. Paſſe no further.

Corio. Hah? what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to goe on-No further.

Corio. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not paſs'd the Noble, and the Commons?

Bru. *Cominius*, no.

Corio. Have I had Childrens Voyces?

Senat. Tribunes give way, he ſhall toth'Market place,

Bru. The People are incens'd againſt him.

Sicin. Stop, or all will fall in broyle.

Corio. Are theſe your heard?
Muſt theſe have Voyces, that can yeeld them now,
And ſtraight diſclaim their tongs? what are your Offices
You being their Mouthes, why rule you not their Teeth?
Have you not ſet them on?

Men. Be calme, be calme.

Corio It is a purpos'd thing, and growes by Plot,
To curbe the will of the Nobility:
Suffer't, and live with ſuch as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be ruled.

Bru. Call't not a Plot:
The People cry you mockt them: and of late,
When Corne was given them *gratis*, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them
Time-pleaſers, flatterers, foes to Nobleneſſe.

Corio. Why this was knowne before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Corio. Have you informd them ſithence?

Bru. How? I informe them?

Com. You are like to doe ſuch buſineſſe.

Bru. Not unlike each way to better yours.

Corio. Why then ſhould I be Conſull? by yond Clouds
Let me deſerve ſo ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sicin. You ſhew too much of that,
For which the People ſtirre: if you will paſſe
To where you are bound, you muſt enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler ſpirit,
Or never be ſo Noble as a Conſull,
Nor yoake with him for Tribune.

Men. Lets be calme.

Com. The People are abus'd: ſet on, this paltring
Becomes not Rome: nor ha's *Coriolanus*
Deſerv'd this ſo diſhonourd Rub, layd falſely
I'th plaine Way of his Merit.

Corio. Tell me of Corne! this was my ſpeech,
And I will ſpeak't againe.

Men. Not now, not now.

Senat. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Corio. Now as I live, I will.
My Nobler friends, I crave their pardons:
For the mutable ranke-ſented Meyny,
Let them regard me, as I doe not flatter,
And therein behold themſelves: I ſay againe,
In ſoothing them, we nouriſh 'gainſt our Senate
The Cockle of Rebellion, Inſolence, Sedition,
Which we our ſelves have plowed for, ſowd, & ſcatterd,
By mingling them with us, the honor'd Number,
Who lacke not Vertue, no, nor Power, but that
Which they have given to Beggers.

Men. Well, no more.

Senat. No more words, we beſeech you.

Corio. How? no more?

As for my Country, I have ſhed my blood,
Not fearing outward force: So ſhall my Lungs
Coine words till their decay, againſt thoſe Meazels
Which we diſdaine ſhould Tetter us, yet ſought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You ſpeake a'th'people, as if you were a god,
To puniſh; Not a man of of their infirmity.
Sicin. 'Twere well we let the people know't.
Men. What, what? his Choller?
Cor. Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight ſleep
By Iove, twould be my minde.
Sicin. It is a minde that ſhall remaine a poiſon
Where it is: not poyſon any further.
Corio. Shall remaine?
Heare you this Triton of the *Minnowes*? Marke you
His abſolute Shall?
Com. 'Twas from the Cannon.
Corio. Shall? O God! but moſt unwiſe Patricians: why
You grave, but wreakleſſe Senators, have you thus
Given Hidra heere to chooſe an Officer,
That wirh his peremptory Shall, being but
The horne, and noiſe o'th'Monſters, wants not ſpirit
To ſay, he'll turne your Current in a ditch,
And make your Channell his? if he have power,
Then vale your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous Lenity: if you are Learn'd,
Be not as common Fooles; if you are not,
Let them have Cuſhions by you. You are Plebeians,
If they be Senators: and they are no leſſe,
When both your voyces blended, the great'ſt taſte
Moſt pallates theirs. They chooſe their Magiſtrate,
And ſuch a one as he, who puts his Shall,
His popular Shall, againſt a graver Bench
Then ever frown'd in Greece. By Iove himſelfe,
It makes the Conſuls baſe; and my ſoule akes
To know, when two Authorities are up,
Neither Supreame; how ſoone confuſion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th'other.
Com. Well, on to'th'Market place.
Com. Who ever gave that Counſell, to give forth
The Corne a'th'Store-houſe gratis, as twas us'd
Sometime in Greece.
Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. Though there the people had more abſolute powre
I ſay the noriſht diſobedience: fed, the ruin of the State.
Bru. Why ſhall the people give
One that ſpeakes thus, their voyce?
Corio. Ile give my Reaſons,
More worthie then their Voyces. They know the Corne
Was not our recompence, reſting well aſſur'd
They ne're did ſervice for't; being preſt to'th'Warre,
Even when the Navell of the State was touch'd,
They would not thred the Gates: This kind of Service
Did not deſerve Corne gratis. Being i'th'Warre,
Thare Mutinies and Revolts, wherein they ſhew'd
Moſt Valour ſpoke not for them. Th'Accuſation
Which they have often made againſt the Senate,
All cauſe unborne, could never be the Native
Of our ſo franke Donation. Well, what then?
How ſhall this Boſome-multiplied, digeſt
The Senates Courteſie? Let deeds expreſſe
What's like to be their words. We did requeſt it,
We are the greater pole, and in true feare
They gave us our demands. Thus we debaſe
The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble
Call our Cares, Feares; which will in time
Breake ope the Lockes a'th'Senate, and bring in
The Crowes to pecke the Eagles.
Men. Come enough.
Bru. Enough, with over meaſure.
Corio. No, take more.
What may be ſworne by, both Divine and humane,
Seale what I end withall. This double worſhip,
Whereon part do's diſdaine with cauſe, the other
Inſult without all reaſon: where Gentry, Title, wiſedome
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of generall ignorance, it muſt omit:
Reall Neceſſities, and give way the while
To unſtable Slightneſſe: Purpoſe ſo barr'd, it followes,
Nothing is done to purpoſe. Therefore beſeech you,
You that will be leſſe fearefull, then diſcreet,
That love the Fundamentall part of State
More then you doubt the change of't: That preferre
A Noble life, before a Long, and Wiſh,
To jumpe a Body with a dangerous Phyſicke,
That's ſure of death without it: at once plucke out
The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not licke
The ſweet which is their poyſon. Your diſhonor
Mangles true judgement, and bereaves the State
Of that Integrity which ſhould becom't:
Not having the power to doe the good it would
For th'ill which doth controul't.
Bru. Has ſaid enough.
Sicin. Ha's ſpoken like a Traitor, and ſhall anſwer
As Traitors doe.
Corio. Thou wretch, deſpight ore-whelme thee:
What ſhould the people doe with theſe bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience failes
To'th'greater Bench, in a Rebellion:
When what's not meet, but what muſt be, was Law,
Then were they choſen: in a better houre,
Let what is meet, be ſaid it muſt be meet,
And throw their power i'th'duſt.
Bru. Manifeſt treaſon.
Sicin. This a Conſull? No.

Enter an Ædile.

Bru. The Ediles hoe; Let him be apprehended:
Sicin. Goe call the people, in whoſe name my Selfe
Attach thee as a Traitorous Innovator:
A Foe to'th'publike Weale. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine anſwer.
Corio. Hence old Goat.
All. We'll Surety him.
Com. Ag'd ſir, hands off.
Corio. Hence rotten thing, or I ſhall ſhake thy bones
Out of thy Garments.
Sicin: Helpe ye Citizens.

Enter a rabble of Plebians with the Ædiles.

Men. On both ſides more reſpect.
Sicin. Heere's he, that would take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him *Ædiles*.
All. Downe with him, downe with him.
2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons:

They all buſtle about Coriolanus.

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what hoe:
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens.
All. Peace, peace, peace, ſtay, hold, peace.
Men. What is about to be? I am out of Breath,
Confuſions ne're, I cannot ſpeake. You Tribunes
To'th'people: *Coriolanus*, patience: ſpeake good *Sicinius*.

Sicin. Heare me, People peace.
All. Let's heare our Tribune: peace, ſpeake, ſpeake, ſpeake.
Sici. You are at point to loſe your Liberties:
Martius would have all from you; *Martius*,
Whom late you have nam'd for Conſull.
Men. Fye, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.
Sena. To unbuild the City, and to lay all flat.
Sici. What is the Citty, but the People?
All. True, the People are the City.
Bru. By the conſent of all, we were eſtabliſh'd the Peoples Magiſtrates.
All. You ſo remaine.
Men. And ſo are like to doe.
Com. That is the way to lay the Citty flat,
To bring the Roofe to the Foundation,
And bury all, which yet diſtinctly raunges
In heapes, and piles of Ruine.
Sicin. This deſerves death.
Bru. Or let us ſtand to our Authority,
Or let us loſe it: we doe here pronounce,
Vpon the part o'th' People, in whoſe power
We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy
Of preſent Death.
Sicin. Therefore lay hold of him:
Beare him toth' Rocke Tarpeian, and from thence
Iuto deſtruction caſt him.
Bru. Ædiles ſeize him.
All Ple. Yeeld *Martius*, yeeld.
Men. Heare me one word, 'beſeech you Tribunes, heare me but a word.
Ædiles. Peace, peace.
Men. Be that you ſeeme, truly your Countries friend,
And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redreſſe.
Bru. Sir, thoſe cold wayes,
That ſeeme like prudent helpes, are very poyſonous,
Where the Diſeaſe is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And beare him to the Rocke. *Corio. drawes his Sword.*
Corio. No, Ile dye here:
There's ſome among you have beheld me fighting,
Come try upon your ſelves, what you have ſeene me.
Men. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw a while.
Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Helpe *Martius*, helpe: you that be noble, helpe him young and old.
All. Downe with him, downe with him. *Exeunt.*
In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People are beat in.
Men. Goe, get you to our Houſe: be gone, away,
All will be naught elſe.
2. Senat. Get you gone.
Com. Stand faſt, we have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
Sena. The gods forbid:
I prethee noble friend, home to thy houſe,
Leave us to cure this Cauſe.
Men. For tis a Sore upon us.
You cannot Tent your ſelfe. begon, 'beſeech you.
Com. Come Sir, along with us.
Men. I would they were Barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not,
Though calved i'th' Porch o'th' Capitoll:
Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,
One time will owe another.
Com. On faire ground, I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could my ſelfe take up a Brace o'th' beſt of them, yea, the two Tribunes.
Com. But now t's oddes beyond Arithmeticke,
And Manhood is call'd Foolry, when it ſtands
Againſt a falling Fabricke. Will you hence,
Before the Tagge returne? whoſe Rage doth rend
Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare
What they are us'd to beare.
Men. Pray you be gone:
Ile try whether my old Wit be in requeſt
With thoſe that have but little: this muſt be patcht
With Cloth of any Colour.
Com. Nay, come away. *Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*
Patri: This man ha's marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the World:
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident,
Or *Iove*, for's power to thunder: his heart's his Mouth:
What his breſt forges, that his tongue muſt vent,
And being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the Name of death. *A Noiſe within.*
Here's goodly worke.
Patri. I would they were a bed.
Men. I would they were in Tyber.
What the vengeance, could he not ſpeake 'em faire?
Enter Brutus, and Sicinius with the rabble againe.
Sicin. Where is this Viper,
That would depopulate the city, & be every man himſelf.
Men. You worthy Tribunes.
Sicin. He ſhall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rocke
With rigorous hands: he hath reſiſted Law,
And therefore Law ſhall ſcorne him further Triall
Then the ſeverity of the publike Power,
Which he ſo ſets at naught.
1 *Cit.* He ſhall well know the Noble Tribunes are
The peoples mouths, and we their hands.
All. He ſhall ſure out.
Men. Sir, ſir. *Sicin.* Peace.
Men. Do nor cry havocke, where you ſhould but hunt
With modeſt warrant.
Sicin. Sir, how com'ſt that you have holpe
To mske this reſcue?
Men. Heare me ſpeake? As I doe know
The Conſuls worthineſſe, ſo can I name his Faults.
Sicin. Conſull? what Conſull?
Men. The Conſull *Coriolanus.*
Bru. He Conſull.
All. No, no, no, no, no.
Men. If by the Tribunes leave,
And yours good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two,
The which ſhall turne you to no further harme,
Then ſo much loſſe of time.
Sicin. Speake briefely then,
For we are peremptory to diſpatch
This Viporous Traitor: to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere
Our certaine death: therefore it is decreed,
He dyes to night.
Meu. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whoſe gratitude
Towards her deſerved Children, is enroll'd
In Ioves owne Booke, like an unnaturall Dam
Should now eate up her owne.

Sicin. He's a Diſeaſe that muſt be cut away.
Men. Oh he's a Limbe, that ha's but a Diſeaſe
Mortall, to cut it off: to cure it, eaſie.
What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath loſt
(Which I dare vouch, is more then that he hath
By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country:
And what is left, to looſe it by his Countrey,
Were to us all that doo't, and ſuffer it
A brand to th'end a'th World.
Sicin, This is cleane kamme,
Bru. Meerely awry:
When he did loue his Country, it honour'd him.
Men. The ſervice of the foote
Being once gangren'd, is not then reſpected
For what before it was.
Bru. We'll heare no more:
Purſue him to his houſe, and plucke him thence,
Leaſt his infection being of caching nature,
Spread further.
Men. One word more, one word:
This Tiger-footed-rage, when it ſhall find
The harme of unskan'd ſwiftneſſe; will (too late)
Tye Leaden pounds too's heeles. Proceed by Proceſſe,
Leaſt parties (as he is belov'd) breake out,
And ſacke great Rome with Romanes.
Bru. If it were ſo?
Sici. What doe ye talke?
Have we not had a taſte of his Obedience?
Our Ediles ſmot: our ſelves reſiſted come.
Men. Conſider this: He ha's beene bred i'th'Warres
Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-ſchool'd
In boulted Language: Meale and Bran together
He throwes without diſtinction. Give me leave,
Ile goe to him, aud undertake to bring him in peace,
Where he ſhall anſwer by a lawfull Forme
(In peace) to his utmoſt perill.
1. *Sen.* Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other courſe
Will prove too bloudy: and the end of it,
Vnknowne to the beginning.
Sic. Noble *Menenius*, be you then as the peoples officer:
Maſters, lay downe your Weapons.
Bru. Goe not home.
Sici. Meet on the Market place: we'll attend you there
Where if you bring not *Martius*, we'll proceede
In our firſt way.
Men. Ile bring him to you.
Let me deſire your company: he muſt come,
Or what is worſt will follow.
Sena. Pray you let's to him. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Corio. Let them pull all about mine eares, preſent me
Death on the Wheele, or at wilde Horſes heeles,
Or pile ten hilles on the Tarpeian Rocke,
That the precipitation might downe ſtretch
Below the beame of ſight; yet will I ſtill
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Noble. You doe the Nobler.
Corio. I muſe my Mother
Do's not approue me further, who was wont
To call them Wollen Vaſſailes, things created
To buy and ſell with Groats, to ſhew bare heads
In Congregations, to yawne, be ſtill, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance ſtood up
To ſpeake of Peace, or Warre, I talke of you,
Why did you wiſh me milder? Would you have me
Falſe to my Nature? Rather ſay, I play
The man I am.
Volum. Oh ſir, ſir, ſir.
I would have had you put your power well on
Before you had worne it out.
Corio. Let goe.
Vol. You might have beene enough the man you are,
With ſtriving leſſe to be ſo. Leſſer had beene
The things of your diſpoſitions, if
You had not ſhew'd them how ye were diſpos'd
Ere they lack'd power to croſſe you.
Corio. Let them hang.
Volum. I, and burne too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have bin too rough, ſomething too rough: you muſt returne, and mend it.
Sen. There's no remedy,
Vnleſſe by not ſo doing, our good City
Cleave in the midd'ſt, and periſh.
Volum. Pray be counſail'd;
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a braine, that leads my uſe of Anger
To better vantage.
Meno. Well ſaid, Noble woman:
Before he ſhould thus ſtoope to'th'heart, but that
The violent fit a'th'time craves it as Phyſicke
For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can ſcarſely beare.
Corio. What muſt I doe?
Men. Returne to th'Tribunes.
Corio. Well, what then? what then?
Men. Repent, what you have ſpoke.
Corio. For them, I cannot doe it to the Gods,
Muſt I then doo't to them?
Volum. You are too abſolute,
Though therein you can never be too Noble,
But when extremities ſpeake. I have heard you ſay,
Honor and Policy, like unſever'd friends,
I'th'Warre doe grow together: Grant that, and tell me
In Peace, what each of them by th'other looſe,
That they combine not there?
Corio. Tuſh, tuſh.
Men. A good demand.
Volum. If it be honor in your Warres, to ſeeme
The ſame you are not, which for your beſt ends
You adopt your policy: How is it leſſe or worſe
That it ſhall hold Companionſhip in Peace
With honor, as in Warre; ſince that to both
It ſtands in like requeſt.
Corio. Why force you this?
Volum. Becauſe, that
Now it lyes you on to ſpeake to th'people:
Not by your owne inſtruction, nor by'th'matter
Which your heart prompts you to, but with ſuch words
That are but roated in your Tougue;
Though but Baſtards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your boſomes truth.
Now, this no more diſhonors you at all,
Then to take in a Towne with gentle words,
Which elſe would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood,
I would diſſemble with my Nature, where
My fortunes and my Friends at ſtake, requir'd
I ſhould doe ſo in honor. I am in this

Your Wife, your Sonne: Theſe Senators, the Nobles,
And you, will rather ſhew our generall Lowts,
How you can frowne, then ſpend a fawne upon'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and ſafegard
Of what that want might ruine.
Men. Noble Lady,
Come goe with us, ſpeake faire: you may ſalve ſo,
Not what is dangerous preſent, but the loſſe
Of what is paſt.
Volum. I prethee now, my Sonne,
Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand,
And thus farre having ſtretcht it (here be with them)
Thy Knee buſſing the ſtones: for in ſuch buſineſſe
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th'ignorant
More learned then the eares, waving thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy ſtout heart,
Now humble as the ripeſt Mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or ſay to them,
Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyles
Haſt not the ſoft way, which thou do'ſt confeſſe
Were fit for thee to uſe, as they to clayme,
In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame
Thy ſelfe (forſooth) hereafter theirs ſo farre,
As thou haſt power and perſon.
Men. This but done,
Even as ſhe ſpeakes, why their hearts were yonrs:
For they have Pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpoſe.
Volum. Prethee now,
Goe, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadſt rather
Follow thine Enemy in a fiery Gulfe,
Then flatter him in a Bower, *Enter Cominius,*
Here is *Cominius.*
Com. I have beene i'th'Market place; and Sir 'tis fit
You make ſtrong party, or defend your ſelfe
By calmeneſſe, or by abſence: all's in anger.
Men. Onely faire ſpeech.
Com. I thinke 'twill ſerve, if he can thereto frame his ſpirit.
Volum. He muſt and will:
Prethee now ſay you will, and goe about it.
Corio. Muſt I goe ſhew them my unbarb'd Sconce?
Muſt I with my baſe Tongue give to my Noble heart
A Lye, that it muſt beare well? I will doo't:
Yet were there but this ſingle Plot, to looſe
This Mould of *Martius*, they to duſt ſhould grinde it,
And throw't againſt the Winde. Toth'Market place:
You have put me now to ſuch a part, which never
I ſhall diſcharge toth' Life.
Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.
Volum. I prethee now ſweet Son, as thou haſt ſaid
My praiſes made thee firſt a Souldier: ſo
To have my praiſe for this, performe a part
Thou haſt not done before.
Corio. Well, I muſt doo't:
Away my diſpoſition, and poſſeſſe me
Some Harlots ſpirit: My throat of Warre be turn'd,
Which quier'd with my Drumme into a Pipe,
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voyce
That Babies lull a-ſleepe: The ſmiles of Knaves
Tent in my cheekes, and Schoole-boyes Teares take up
The Glaſſes of my ſight: A Beggars Tongue
Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees
Who bow'd but in my Stirrop, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an Almes. I will not doo't,
Leaſt I ſurceaſe to honor mine owne truth,
And by my bodies action, teach my Mind
A moſt inherent Baſeneſſe.
Volum. At thy choyce then:
To begge of thee, it is my more diſ-honor,
Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let
Thy Mother rather feele thy Pride, then feare
Thy dangerous Stoutneſſe: for I mocke at death
With as bigge heart as thou. Doe as thou liſt,
Thy Valiantneſſe was mine, thou ſuck'ſt it from me:
But owne thy Pride thy ſelfe.
Corio. Pray be content:
Mother, I am going to the Market place:
Chide me no more. Ile Mountebanke their Loves,
Cogge their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife, Ile returne Conſull,
Or never truſt to what my Tongue can doe
I'th way of Flattery further.
Volum. Doe your will. *Exit Volumnia.*
Com. Away, the Tribunes doe attend you: arme your (ſelfe
To anſwer mildely: for they are prepar'd
With Accuſations, as I heare more ſtrong
Then are upon you yet.
Corio. The word is, Mildely. Pray you let us goe,
Let them accuſe me by invention: I
Will anſwere in mine Honor.
Men. I, but mildly.
Corio. Well mildly be it then, Mildly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannicall power: if he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the Spoile got on the *Antiats*
Was ne're diſtributed: What, will he come?

Enter an Edile.

Edile. He's comming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Edil. With old *Menenius*, and thoſe Senators
That alwayes favour'd him.
Sicin. Haue you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we have procur'd, ſet downe by'th (Pole?
Edil. I have: 'tis ready,
Sicin. Have you collected them by Tribes?
Edil. I have: 'tis ready
Sicin. Aſſemble preſently the people hither:
And when they heare me ſay, it ſhall be ſo,
I'th'right and ſtrength a'th' Commons: be it either
For death, for Fine, or Baniſhment, then let them
If I ſay Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,
Inſiſting on the old prerogative
And power i'th Truth a'th Cauſe.
Edile. I ſhall informe them.
Bru. And when ſuch time they have begun to cry,
Let them not ceaſe, but with a dinne confus'd
Inforce the preſent Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence.
Edil. Verywell.
Sicin. Make them be ſtrong, and ready for this hint
When we ſhall hap to giv't them.
Bru. Goe about it,
Put him to Choller ſtraite, he hath beene us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chaft, he cannot
Be rein'd againe to Temperance; then he ſpeakes

What's in his heart, and that is there which lookes
With us to breake his necke.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sicin. Well, heere he comes.
Men. Calmely, I doe beſeech you.
Corio. I, as an Hoſtler, that for th'pooreſt peece
Will beare the Knave by'th Volume:
Th'honor'd goddes
Keepe Rome in ſafty, and the Chaires of juſtice
Supplied with worthy men, plant love amongſt you,
Through our large Temples with the ſhewes of peace
And not our ſtreets with Warre.
1 *Sen.* A men, Amen.
Mene. A Noble wiſh.

Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.

Sicin. Draw neere ye people.
Edile. Liſt to your Tribunes. Audience;
Peace I ſay.
Corio. Firſt heare me ſpeake.
Both Tri. Well, ſay: Peace hoe.
Crrio. Shall I be charg'd no further then this preſent?
Muſt all determine heere?
Sici. I doe demand,
If you ſubmit you to the peoples voyces,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To ſuffer lawfull Cenſure for ſuch faults
As ſhall be prov'd upon you.
Corio. I am content,
Mene. Loe Citizens, he ſayes he is Content:
The warlike Service he ha's done, conſider; Thinke
Vpon the wounds his body beares, which ſhew
Like Graves i'th holy Church-yard.
Corio. Scratches with Briars, ſcarres to move
Laughter onely.
Men. Conſider further:
That when he ſpeakes not like a Citizen,
You find him like a Souldier: doe not take
His rougher Actions for malicious ſounds:
But as I ſay, ſuch as become a Soldier,
Rather then envy you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Corio. What is the matter,
That being paſt for Conſull with full voyce:
I am ſo diſhonour'd, that the very houre
You take it off againe?
Sici. Anſwer to us.
Corio. Say then: 'tis true, I ought ſo.
Sici, We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all ſeaſon'd Office, and to winde
Your ſelfe into a power tyrannicall,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.
Corio. How? Traytor?
Mene. Nay temperately: your promiſe.
Corio. The fires i'th'loweſt hell, Fould in the people:
Call me their Traitor, thou injurious Tribune.
Within thine eyes ſate twenty thouſand deaths
In thy hands clutcht: as many Millions in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would ſay
Thou lyeſt unto thee, with a voyce as free,
As I doe pray the gods.
Sicin. Marke you this people?
All. To'th'Rocke with him.
Sicin. Peace:
We neede not put new matter to his charge:
What you have ſeene him doe, and heard him ſpeake:
Beating your Officers, curſing your ſelves,
Oppoſing Lawes with ſtroakes, and here defying
Thoſe whoſe great power muſt try him,
Even this ſo criminall, and in ſuch capitall kinde,
Deſerves th'extreameſt death.
Bru. But ſince he hath ſerv'd well for Rome.
Corio. What doe you prate of Service?
Brut. I talke of that, that know it.
Corio. You?
Mene. Is this the promiſe that you made your mother?
Com. Know, I pray you.
Corio. Ile know no further:
Let them pronounce the ſteepe Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, Fleaing, pent to linger
But with a graine a day, I would not buy
Their mercy, at the price of one faire word,
Nor checke my Courage for what they can give,
To have't with ſaying, Good morrow.
Sicin. For that he ha's
(As much as in him lyes) from time to time
Envi'd againſt the people; ſeeking meanes
To plucke away their power: as now at laſt,
Given Hoſtile ſtrokes, and that not in the preſence
Of dreaded juſtice, but on the Miniſters
That doe diſtribute it. In the name a'th'people,
And in the power of us the Tribunes, we
(Ev'n from this inſtant) baniſh him our City
In perill of precipitation
From off the Rocke Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates. I'th'peoples name,
I ſay it ſhall be ſo.
All. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo: let him away:
He's baniſh'd, and it ſhall be ſo.
Com. Heare me my Maſters, and my common friends.
Sicin. He's ſentenc'd: No more hearing.
Com. Let me ſpeake:
I have beene Conſull, and can ſhew from Rome
Her Enemies markes upon me. I doe loue
My Countries good, with a reſpect more tender,
More holy, and profound, then mine owne life,
My deere Wives eſtimate, her wombes encreaſe,
And treaſure of my Loynes; then if I would
Speake that.
Sicin. We know your drift. Speake what?
Bru. There's no more to be ſaid, but he is baniſh'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Countrey.
It ſhall be ſo.
All. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo.
Corio. You common cry of Curs, whoſe breath I hate,
As reeke a'th'rotten Fennes: whoſe Loves I prize,
As the dead Carkaſſes of unburied men,
That doe corrupt my Ayre: I baniſh you,
And heere remaine with your uncertainty.
Let every feeble Rumor ſhake your hearts:
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into deſpaire: Have the power ſtill
To baniſh your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which findes not tilll it feeles,
Making but reſervation of your ſelves,
Still your owne Foes) deliver you
As moſt abated Captives, to ſome Nation
That wonne you without blowes, deſpiſing
For you the City. Thus I turne my backe;
There is a world elſewhere.

Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, with Cumalijs.
They all ſhout, and threw up their Caps.

Edile. The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone.
All. Our enemy is baniſh'd, he is gone: Hoo, oo.
Sicin. Go ſee him out at Gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you, with all deſpight
Give him deſerv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the City.
All. Come, come, lets ſee him out at the gates, come:
The gods preſerve our Noble Tribunes, come. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius with the yong Nobility of Rome.

Corio. Come leave your teares: a brief farwel: the beaſt
With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? You were us'd
To ſay, Extreamity was the trier of ſpirits,
That common chances, common men could beare,
That when the Sea was calme, all Boates alike
Shew'd Maſterſhip in floating. Fortunes blowes,
When moſt ſtrooke home, being gentle wounded, craves
A Noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With Precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.
Virg. Oh heavens! O heavens!
Corio. Nay, I prythee woman.
Vol. Now the Red Peſtilence ſtrike all Trades in Rome,
And Occupations periſh.
Corio. What, what, what:
I ſhall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,
Reſume that ſpirit, when you were wont to ſay,
If you had beene the Wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his Labours youl'd have done, and ſav'd
Your husband ſo much ſweate. *Cominius*,
Droope not, Adieu: Farewell my Wife, my Mother,
Ile do well yet. Thou old and and true *Menenius*,
Thy teares are ſalter then a yonger mans,
And venomous to thine eyes. My (ſometime) Generall,
I have ſeene the Sterne, and thou haſt oft beheld
Heart-hardning ſpectacles. Tell theſe ſad women,
'Tis fond to waile inevitable ſtrokes,
As 'tis to laugh at'em. My Mother, you wot well
My hazards ſtill have beene your ſolace, and
Beleev't not lightly, though I goe alone
Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fenne
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more then ſeene: your Sonne
Will or exceed the Common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.
Volum. My firſt ſonne,
Whither will you go? Take good *Cominius*
With thee a while: Determine on ſome courſe
More then a wilde expoſture, to each chance
That ſtarts i'th' way before thee.
Corio. O the gods!
Com. Ile follow thee a Moneth, deviſe with thee
Where thou ſhalt reſt, that thou may'ſt heare of us,
And we of thee. So if the time thruſt forth
A cauſe for thy Repeale, we ſhall not ſend
O're the vaſt world, to ſeeke a ſingle man,
And looſe advantage, which doth ever coole
Ih' abſence of the needer.
Corio. Fare ye well:
Thou haſt yeares upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the warres ſurfets, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.
Come my ſweet wife, my deereſt Mother, and
My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and ſmile. I pray you come:
While I remaine above the ground, you ſhall
Heare from me ſtill, and never of me ought
But what is like me formerly.
Menen. That's worthily
As any eare can heare. Come, let's not weepe,
If I could ſhake off but one ſeven yeeres
From theſe old armes and legges, by the good gods
Il'd with thee every foot.
Corio. Give me thy hand, come. *Exeunt.*

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus, with the Edile.

Sicin. Bid them all home, he's gone: aod wee'l no further,
The Nobility are vexed, whom we ſee have ſided
In his behalfe.
Brut. Now we have ſhewne our power,
Let us ſeeme humbler after it is done,
Then when it was a dooing.
Sicin. Bid them home: ſay their great enemy is gone,
And they, ſtand in their ancient ſtrength.
Brut. Diſmiſſe them home. Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sicin. Let's not meet her.
Brut. Why?
Sicin. They ſay ſhee's mad.
Brut. They have tane note of us: keepe on your way.
Volum. Oh y'are well met:
Th' hoorded plague a'th' gods requit your love.
Menen. Peace, peace, be not ſo loud.
Volum. If that I could for weeping, you ſhould heare,
Nay, and you ſhall heare ſome. Will you be gone?
Virg. You ſhall ſtay too: I would I had the power
To ſay ſo to my Husband.
Sicin. Are you mankinde?
Volum. I foole, is that a ſhame, Note but this Foole,
Was not a man my Father? Had'ſt thou Foxſhip
To baniſh him that ſtrooke more blowes for Rome
Then thou haſt ſpoken words.
Sicin. Oh bleſſed Heavens!
Volum. Moe Noble blowes, then ever thou wiſe words.
And for Romes good Ile tell thee what: yet goe:
Nay but thou ſhalt ſtay too: I would my Sonne
Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his hand.
Sicin. What then?
Virg. What then? Hee'ld make an end of thy poſterity.
Volum. Baſtards, and all.
Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome!
Menen. Come, come, peace.
Sicin. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not unknit himſelfe
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.
Volum. I would he had? 'Twas you incenſt the rable.
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of thoſe Myſteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Brut. Pray let's go.
Volum. Now pray ſir get you gone.
You have done a brave deede: Ere you go, heare this:
As farre as doth the Capitoll exceede
The meaneſt houſe in Rome; ſo farre my Sonne

This Ladies Husband heere ; this (do you ſee)
Whom you have baniſh'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, wee'l leave you.

Sicin. Why ſtay you to be baited
With one that wants her Wits. *Exit Tribunes.*

Volum. Take my Prayers with you.
I would the Gods had nothing elſe to do,
But to confirme my Curſſes. Could I meete 'em
But once a day, it would unclogge my heart
Of what lyes heavy too't.

Mene. You have told them home,
And by my troth you have cauſe : you'l ſuppe with me.

Volum. Angers my Meate : I ſuppe upon my ſelfe,
And ſo ſhall ſterve with Feeding : Come, let's go,
Leave this faint-puling, and lament as I do,
In Anger, *Iuno*-like : Come, come, come. *Exeunt*

Mene. Fie, fie, fie. *Exit.*

Enter a Roman, and a Volce.

Rom. I know you well ſir, and you know me : your name I thinke is *Adrian.*

Volce. It is ſo ſir, truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman, and my Services are as you are againſt 'em. Know you me yet.

Volce. *Nicanor:* no,

Rom. The ſame ſir,

Volce. You had more Beard when I laſt ſaw you, but your Favour is well appeard by your Tongue- What's the Newes in Rome : I have a Note from the Volcean ſtate to finde you out here. You have well ſaved mee a dayes journey.

Rom. There hath beene in Rome ſtraunge Inſurrections : The people, againſt the Senatours, Patricians, and Nobles.

Vol. Hath bin ; is it ended then? Our ſtate thinks not ſo,they are in a moſt warlike preparation,&,hope to come upon them, in the heate of their diviſion

Rom. The maine blaze of it is paſt, but a ſmall thing would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receive ſo to heart, the Baniſhment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptneſſe,to take all power from the people, and to plucke from them their Tribunes for ever. This lyes glowing I can tell you,and is almoſt mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. *Coriolanus* Baniſht ?

Rom. Baniſh'd ſir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence *Nicanor.*

Rom. The day ſerves well for them now. I have heard it ſaide, the fitteſt time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when ſhee's falne out with her Husband. Your Noble *Tullus Auffidius* will appeare well in theſe Warres, his great Oppoſer *Coriolanus* being now in no requeſt of his countrey.

Volce. He cannot chooſe : I am moſt fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my Buſineſſe, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I ſhall betweene this and Supper, tell you moſt ſtrange things from Rome : all tending to the good of their Adverſaries. Have you an Army ready ſay you ?

Val. A moſt Royall one. The Centurions, and their charges diſtinctly billetted already in th' entertainment, and to be on foot at an houres warning.

Rom. I am joyfull to heare of their readineſſe, and am the man I thinke, that ſhall ſet them in preſent Action. So ſir, heartly well met, and moſt glad of your Company.

Volce. You take my part from me ſir, I have the moſt cauſe to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well let us go together. *Exeunt.*

Enter Coriolanus in meane Apparell, Diſguiſd, and muffled.

Corio. A goodly City is this *Antium.* Citty,
'Tis I that made thy Widdowes : Many an heyre
Of theſe faire Edifices for my Warres
Have I heard groane, and drop : Then know me not,
Leaſt that thy Wives with Spits, an Boyes with ſtones
In puny Battell ſlay me. Save you ſir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Corio. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Auffidius* lies : Is he in *Antium ?*

Cit. He is and Feaſts the Nobles of the State, at his houſe this night.

Corio. Which is his houſe, beſeech you?

Cit. This heere before you.

Corio. Thanke you ſir, farewell. *Exit Citizen*
Oh World, thy ſlippery turnes ! Friends now faſt ſworn,
Whoſe double boſomes ſeene weare on heart,
Whoſe Houres, whoſe Bed, whoſe Meale and Exerciſe
Are ſtill together : who Twine (as 'twere) in Love,
Vnſeparable, ſhall within this houre,
On a diſſention of a Doit, breake out
To birtereſt Enmity : So felleſt Foes,
Whoſe paſſions, and whoſe Plots have broke their ſleepe
To take the one the other, by ſome chance,
Some tricke not worth an Egge, ſhall grow deere friends
And inter-joyne their yſſues. So with me,
My Birth-lace have I, and my lover upon
This Enemie Towne Ile enter, if he ſlay me
He does faire Iuſtice : if he give me way,
Ile do his Country Service, *Exit.*

Muſicke playes. Enter a Servingman.

1 *Ser.* Wine, Wine, Wine : What ſervice is heere? I thinke our Fellowes are a ſleepe.

Enter another Serving man.

2 *Ser.* Where's *Cotus*: my M. cals for him: *Cotus. Exit*

Enter Coriolanus.

Corio. A goodly houſe :
The Feaſt ſmels : but I appeare not like a Gueſt.

Enter the firſt Servingman.

1. *Ser.* What would you have Friend? whence are you?
Here's no place for you : Pray go to the doore ? *Exit.*

Corio. I have deſerv'd no better entertainment, in being *Coriolanus.* *Enter ſecond Servant.*

2 *Ser.* Whence are you ſir ? Ha's: the Porter his eyes in his head, that he gives enterance to ſuch Companions? Pray get you out.

Corio. Away.

2 *Ser.* Away? Get you away.

Corio. Now th' troubleſome.

2 *Ser.* Are you ſo brave : Ile have you talkt with anon

Enter 3 Servingman, the 1 meets him.

3 What Fellowes this?

1 A ſtrange one as ever I look'd on : I cannot get him out o'th houſe : Prythee call my Maſter to him.

3 What have you to do here fellow ? Pray you avoid the houſe.

Corio. Let me but ſtand, I will not hurt your Harth,

3 What are you.

Corio. A Gentleman.

3 A maru'llous poore one.

Corio. True, ſo I am,

3 Pray you poore Gentleman, take up ſome other ſtation,

tion heere's no place for you, pray you avoid : Come,

Corio. Follow your Function, go, and batten on colde bits. *Puſhes him away from him.*

3 What you will not? Prythee tell my Maſter what a ſtrange Gueſt he ha's here.

2 And I ſhall. *Exit ſecond Servingman.*

3 Where dwel'ſt thou?

Corio. Vnder the Canopy.

3 Vnder the Canopy?

Corio. I.

3 Where's that?

Corio. I'th City of Kites and Crowes:

3 I'th City of Kites and Crowes. What an Aſſe it is, then thou dwel'ſt with Dawes too?

Corio. No, I ſerve not thy Maſter.

3 How ſir? Do you meddle with my Maſter?

Corio. I, tis an honeſter ſervice, then to meddle with thy Miſtris: Thou prat'ſt, and prat'ſt, ſerve with thy trencher: Hence. *Beates him away*

Enter Auffidius with the Servingman.

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

2 Here ſir, I'de have beaten him like a dogge, but for diſturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'ſt thou? What woldſt yͧ? Thy name?
Why ſpeak'ſt not? Speake man: what's thy name?

Corio. If *Tullus* not yet thou know'ſt me, and ſeeing me, doſt not thinke me for the man I am, neceſſitie commands me name my ſelfe.

Auf. What is thy name?

Corio. A name unmuſicall to the Volcians eares,
And harſh in ſound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou haſt a Grim appearance, and thy Face
Beares a Commanne in't: Though thy Tackles torne,
Thou ſhew'ſt a noble Veſſell: What's thy name?

Corio. Prepare thy brow to frowne: knowſt yͧ me yet?

Auf. I know thee not? Thy Name?

Corio. My name is *Caius Matius*, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces
Great hurt and Miſchiefe: thereto witneſſe may
My Surname *Coriolanus*. The painefull Service,
The extreame Dangers, and the droppes of Blood
Shed for thy thankleſſe Country are requitted:
But with that Surname, a good memorie
And witneſſe of the Malice and Diſpleaſure
Which thou could'ſt beare me, only that name remaines.
The Cruelty and Envy of the people.
Permitted by our daſtard Nobles, who
Have all forſooke me, hath devour'd the reſt:
And ſuffer'd me by th' voyce of Slaves to be
Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity,
Hath brought me to thy Harth, not out of hope
(Miſtake me not) to ſave my life: for if
I had fear'd death, of all the Men i'th' World
I would have voided thee. But in meere ſpight
To be full quit of thoſe my baniſhers,
Stand I before thee heere: Then if thou haſt
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine owne particular wrongs, and ſtop thoſe maimes
Of ſhame ſeene through thy Country, ſpeed thee ſtraight
And make my] miſery ſerve thy turne: So uſe it,
That my revengefull Serviſes may prove
As benefits to thee- For I will fight
Againſt my Cankred Country, with the ſpleene
Of all the under Fiends. But if ſo be,
Thou dar'ſt not this and that to prove more Fortunes
Th'art tyr'd, then in a word, I alſo am
Longer to live moſt wearie: and preſent
My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice:
Which not to cut, would ſhew thee but a Foole,
Since I have ever followed thee with hate,
Drawne Tunnes of Blood out of thy Countries breſt,
And cannot live but to thy ſhame, unleſſe
It be to doe thee ſervice.

Auf. Oh *Martius, Martius;*
Each word thou haſt ſpoke, hath weeded from my heart
A roote of Ancient Envy. If Iupiter
Should from yond clowd ſpeake divine things,
And ſay 'tis true; I'de not beleeve them more
Then thee all-Noble *Martius*. Let me twine
Mine armes about that body, where againſt
My grained Aſh an hundred times hath broke,
And ſcarr'd the Moone with ſplinters: heere I cleep
The Anvile of my Sword, and do conteſt
As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Love,
As ever in Ambitious ſtrength, I did
Contend againſt thy Valour. Know thou firſt,
I lov'd the Maid I married: never man
Sigh'd truer breath. But that I ſee thee heere
Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Then when I firſt my wedded Miſtris ſaw
Beſtrid my Threſhold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee,
We have a Power on foote: and I had purpoſe
Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne,
Or looſe mine Arme for't: Thou haſt beate me out
Twelve ſeverall times, and I have nightly ſince
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy ſelfe and me:
We have beene downe together in my ſleepe,
Vnbuckling Helmes, fiſting each others Throat,
And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy *Marcius*
Had we no other quarrell elſe to Rome, but that
Thou art thence Baniſh'd, we would muſter all
From twelve, to ſeventie: and powring Warre
Into the bowels of ungratefull Rome,
Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh come, go in,
And take our Friendly Senators by 'th' hands
Who now are heere, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd againſt your Territories,
Though not for Rome it ſelfe.

Corio. You bleſſe me Gods.

Auf. Therefore moſt abſolute Sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine owne Revenges, take
Th' one halfe of my Commiſſion, and ſet downe
As beſt thou art experienc'd, ſince thou know'ſt
Thy Countries ſtrength and weakneſſe, thine own waies
Whether to knocke againſt the Gates of Rome,
Or rudely viſit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere deſtroy. But come in,
Let me comment thee firſt, to thoſe that ſhall
Say yea to thy deſires. A thouſand welcomes,
And more a Friend then ere an Enemie,
Yet *Martius* that was much. Your hand: moſt welcome.
Exeunt.

Enter two of the Servingmen.

1 Heere's a ſtrange alteration?

2 By my hand, I had thought to have ſtroken him with a Cudgell, and yet my minde gave me, his cloathes made a falſe report of him.

1 What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumbe, as one would ſet up a Top.

2 Nay, I knew by his face that there was ſome-thing in him. He had ſir, a kinde of face me thought. I cannot

tell how to terme it.

1 He had ſo, looking as it were, would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in him, then I could think.

2. So did I, Ile be ſworne: He is ſimply the rareſt man i'th' world.

1 I thinke he is: but a greater ſoldier then he,
You wot one.

2 Who my Maſter?

1 Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Worth ſix on him.

1 Nay not ſo neither: but I take him to be the greater Souldiour.

2 Faith looke you, one cannot tell how to ſay that: for the defence of a Towne, our Generall is excellent.

1 I, and for an aſſault too.

Enter the third Servingman.

3 Oh Slaves, I can tell you Newes, News you Raſcals

Both. What, what, what? Let's partake.

3 I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as live be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? Wherefore?

3 Why here's he that was wont to thwacke our Generall, *Caius Martius.*

1 Why do you ſay, thwacke our Generall?

3 I do not ſay thwacke our Generall, but he was alwayes good enough for him

2 Come we are fellowes and friends: he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him ſay ſo himſelfe.

1 He was too hard for him directly, to ſay the Troth on't before *Coriolus*; he ſcotcht him, and notcht him like a Carbinado.

2 And hee had bin Cannibally given, hee might have boyld and eaten him too.

1 But more of thy Newes.

3 Why he is ſo made on heere within, as if he were Son and Heire to Mars, ſet at upper end o'th' Table: No queſtion askt him by any of the Senators, but they ſtand bald before him. Our Generall himſelfe makes a Miſtris of him, Sanctifies himſelfe with's hand, and turnes up the white o'th' eye to his diſcourſe. But the bottome of the Newes is, our Generall is cut i'th' middle, & but one halfe of what he was yeſterday. For the other ha's halfe, by the intreaty and grant of the whole Table. Hee'l go hee ſayes, and ſole the Porter of Rome Gates by th'eares. He will mowe all downe before him, and leave his paſſage poul'd.

2 And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 Doo't? he will doo't: for look you ſir, he has as many Friends as Enemies: which Friends ſir as it were, durſt not (looke you ſir) ſhew themſelves (as we terme it) his Friends, whileſt he's in Directitude.

1 Directitude? Whats that?

3 But when they ſhall ſee ſir, his Creſt up againe, and the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like Conies after Raine) and revell all with him.

1 But when goes this forward?

3 To morrow, to day, preſently, you ſhall have the Drum ſtrooke up this afternoone: 'Tis as it were a parcel of their Feaſt, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Why then we ſhall have a ſtirring World againe: This peace is nothing, but to ruſt Iron, encreaſe Taylors, and breed Ballad-makers.

1 Let me have Warre ſay I, it exceeds peace as farre as day do's night: It's ſprightly walking, audible, and full of Vent. Peace, is a very Apoplexy, Lethargie, mull'd, deafe, ſleepe, inſenſible, a getter of more baſtard Children, then warres a deſtroyer of men.

2 'Tis ſo, and as warres in ſome ſort may bee ſaide to be a Raviſher, ſo it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of Cuckolds.

1 I, and it makes men hate one another.

3 Reaſon, becauſe they then leſſe neede one another: The Warres for my money. I hope to ſee Romanes as cheape as Volcians. They are riſing, they are riſing.

Both. In, in, in, in. *Exeunt.*

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sicin. We heare not of him, neither need we feare him,
His remedies are tame, the preſent peace,
And quietneſſe of the people, which before
Were in wilde hurry. Heere do we make his Friends
Bluſh, that the world goes well: who rather had,
Though they themſelves did ſuffer by't, behold
Diſſentious numbers peſtring ſtreets, then ſee
Our Tradeſmen ſinging in their ſhops, and going
About their Functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We ſtood too't in good time. Is this *Menenius*?

Sicin. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown moſt kind of late;
Haile Sir. *Mene.* Haile to you both.

Sicin. Your *Coriolanus* is not much miſt, but with his Friends: the Common wealth doth ſtand, and ſo would do, were he more angry at it.

Mene. All's well, and might have beene much better, if he could have temporiz'd.

Sicin. Where is he, heare you?

Mene. Nay I heare nothing:
His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him.

Enter three or foure Citizens.

All. The Gods preſerve you both.

Sicin. Gooden our Neighbours,

Bru. Gooden to you all, gooden to you all.

1 Our ſelves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sicin. Live, and thrive.

Bru. Farewell kinde Neighbours:
We wiſht *Coriolanus* had lov'd you as we did.

All. Now the Gods keepe you.

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. *Exeunt Citizens*

Sicin. This is a happier, and more comely time,
Then when theſe Fellowes ran about the ſtreets,
Crying Confuſion.

Bru. *Caius Martius* was
A worthy Officer i'th' Warre, but Inſolent,
O're come with pride, Ambitious, paſt all thinking
Selfe-loving.

Sicin. And affecting one ſole Throne, without aſſiſtãce

Mene. I thinke not ſo.

Sicin. We ſhould by this to all our Lamentation,
If he had gone forth Counſell, found it ſo.

Bru. The Gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits ſafe and ſtill, without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a Slave whom we have put in priſon,
Reports the Volces with two ſeverall Powers
Are entred in the Roman Territories,
And with the deepeſt malice of the Warre,
Deſtroy, what lies before 'em.

Mene. 'Tis *Auffidius*,
Who hearing of our *Martius* Baniſhment,
Thruſts forth his hornes againe into the world
Which were In-ſhell'd, when *Martius* ſtood for Rome,

And durſt not once peepe out.
Sicin. Come, what talke you of *Martius.*
Bru. Go ſee this Rumorer whipt, it cannot be,
The Volces dare breake with us.
Mene. Cannot be?
We have record, that very well it can,
And three examples of the like, hath beene
Within my Age. But reaſon with the fellow
Before you puniſh him, where he heard this,
Leaſt you ſhall chance to whip your Information,
And beate the Meſſenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sicin. Tell not me: I know this cannot be.
Bru. Not poſſible.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Nobles in great earneſtneſſe are going
All to the Senate-houſe: ſome newes is comming
That turnes their Countenances.
Sicin. 'Tis this Slave:
Go whip him fore the peoples eyes: His raiſing,
Nothing but his report.
Meſ. Yes worthy Sir,
The Slaves report is ſeconded, and more
More fearfull is deliver'd.
Sicin. What more fearefull?
Meſ. It is ſpoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*
Ioyn'd with *Auffidius*, leads a power 'gainſt Rome,
And vowes Revenge as ſpacious, as betweene
The yong'ſt and oldeſt thing.
Sicin. This is moſt likely.
Bru. Rais'd onely, that the weaker ſort may wiſh
Good *Martius* home againe.
Sicin. The very tricke on't.
Mene. This is unlikely,
He, and *Auffidius* can no more attone
Then violent'ſt Contrariety.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. You are ſent for to the Senate:
A fearefull Army, led by *Caius Martius*,
Aſſociated with *Auffidius* Rages
Vpon our Territories, and have already
O're-borne their way, conſum'd with fire, and tooke
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh you have made good worke.
Mene. What newes? What newes?
Com. You have holp to raviſh your owne daughters, &
To melt the City Leades upon your pates,
To ſee your Wives diſhonour'd to your Noſes.
Mene. What's the newes? What's the newes?
Com. Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and
Your Franchiſes, whereon you ſtood, confin'd
Into an Augors boare.
Mene. Pray now the newes:
You have made faire worke I feare me: pray your newes,
If *Martius* ſhould be joyn'd with Volceans.
Com. If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by ſome other Deity then Nature,
That ſhapes man Better: and they follow him
Againſt us Brats, with no leſſe Confidence,
Then Boyes purſuing Summer Butter-flies,
Or Butchers killing Flyes.
Mene. You have made good worke,
You and your Apron men: you, that ſtood ſo much
Vpon the voyce of occupation, and
The breath of Garlike-eaters.
Com. Hee'l ſhake your Rome about your eares.
Mene. As *Herculus* did ſhake downe Mellow Fruite:
You have made faire worke.
Bru. But is this true ſir?
Com. I, and you'l looke pale
Before you finde it other. All the Regions
Do ſmilingly Revolt, and who reſiſts
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And periſh conſtant Fooles: who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, finde ſomething in him.
Mene. We are all undone, unleſſe
The Noble man have mercy.
Com. Who ſhall aske it?
The Tribunes cannot doo't for ſhame; the people
Deſerve ſuch pitty of him, as the Wolfe
Doe's of the Shepheards: For his beſt Friends, if they
Should ſay be good to Rome, they charg'd him, even
As thoſe ſhould do that had deſerv'd his hate,
And therein ſhew'd like Enemies.
Me. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my houſe, the brand
That ſhould conſume it, I have not the face
To ſay, beſeech you ceaſe. You have made faire hands,
You and your Crafts, you have crafted faire.
Com. You have brought
A Trembling upon Rome, ſuch as was never
S'incapeable of helpe:
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Mene. How? Was't we? We lov'd him,
But like Beaſts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gave way unto your Cluſters, who did hoote
Him out o'th' Citty.
Com. Bvt I feare
They'l roare him in againe. *Tullus Auffidius*,
The ſecond name of men, obeyes his points
As if he were his Officer: Deſperation,
Is all the policy, Strength, and Defence
That Rome can make againſt them.

Enter a Troope of Citizens.

Mene. Heere come the Cluſters.
And is *Auffidius* with him? You are they
That made the Ayre unwholſome, when you caſt
Your ſtinking, greaſie Caps, in hooting
At *Coriolanus* Fxile. How he's comming,
And not a haire upon a Souldiers head
Which will not prove a whip: As many Coxcombes
As you threw Caps up, will he tumble downe,
And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter,
If he could burne us all into one coale,
We have deſerv'd it.
Omnes. Faith, we heare fearfull Newes.
1 *Cit.* For mine owne part,
When I ſaid baniſh him, I ſaid 'twas pitty.
2 And ſo did I.
2 And ſo did I: and to ſay the truth, ſo did very many of us, that we did we did for the beſt, and though we willingly conſented to his Baniſhment, yet it was againſt our will.
Com. Y'are goodly things, you Voyces.
Mene. You have made you good worke
You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?
Com. Oh I, what elſe? *Exeunt both*
Sicin. Go Maſters get you home, be not diſmaid,
Theſe are a Side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they ſo ſeeme to feare. Go home,
And ſhew no ſigne of Feare.

1 *Cit.* The Gods bee good to us: Come Maſters let's home, I ever ſaid we were i'th wrong, when we baniſh'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all, But come, let's home. *Exit. Cit.*

Bru. I do not like this Newes.

Sicin. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitoll: would halfe my wealth
Would by this for a lye.

Sicin. Pray let's go. *Exeunt Tribunes.*

Enter Auffidius with his Lievtenant.

Auf. Do they ſtill flye to'th Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what Witchcraft's in him: but
Your Soldiers uſe him as the grace 'fore meate,
Their talke at Table, and their Thankes at end,
And you are darkned in this action Sir,
Even by your owne.

Auf. I cannot helpe it now,
Vnleſſe by uſing meanes I lame the foote,
Of our deſigne. He beares himſelfe more proudly,
Even to my perſon, then I thought he would
When firſt I did embrace him. Yet his Nature
In that's no Changeling, and I muſt excuſe
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wiſh Sir,
(I meane for your perticular) you had not
Ioynd in Commiſſion with him: but either have borne
The action of your ſelfe, or elſe to him, had left it ſoly.

Auf. I underſtand thee well, and be thou ſure
When he ſhall come to his account, he knowes not
What I can urge againſt him, although it ſeemes
And ſo he thinkes, and is no leſſe apparant
To th' vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairely:
And ſhewes good Husbandry for the Volcean State,
Fights Dragon-like, and does atcheeve as ſoone
As draw his Sword: yet he hath left undone
That which ſhall breake his necke, or hazard mine.
When ere we come to our account.

Leiu. Sir, I beſeech you, think you he'l carry Rome?

Auf. All places yeeld to him ere he ſits downe,
And the Nobility of Rome are his:
The Senator and patricians love him too:
The tribunes are no Soldiers: and their people
Will be as raſh in the repeale, as haſty
To expell him thence. I thinke hee'l be to Rome
As is the Aſpray to the Fiſh, who takes it
By Soveraignty of Nature. Firſt, he was
A Noble ſervant to them, but he could not
Carry his Honors even: whether 'was Pride
Which out of dayly Fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgement,
To faile in the diſpoſing of thoſe chances
Which he was Lord of: or whether Nature,
Not to be other then one thing, not mooving
From th' Caske to th' Cuſhion: but commanding peace
Even with the ſame auſterity and garbe,
As he controll'd the warre. But one of theſe
(As he hath ſpices of them all) not all,
For I dare ſo farre free him, made him fear'd,
So hated, and ſo baniſh'd: but he ha's a Merit
To choake it in the utt'rance: So our Vertues,
Lie in th' interpretation of the time,
And power unto it ſelfe moſt commendable,
Hath not a Tombe ſo evident as a Chaire
T' extoll what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one Naile, one Naile;
Rights by rights fouler, ſtrengths by ſtrengths do faile.
Come let's away: when *Caius* Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'ſt of al; then ſhortly art thou mine. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus,
the two Tribunes, with others.

Menen. No, Ile not go: you heare what he hath ſaid
Which was ſometime his Generall: who loved him
In a moſt deere particular. He call'd me Father:
But what o'that? Go you that baniſh'd him
A mile before his Tent, fall downe and kneele
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To heare *Cominius* ſpeake, Ile keepe at home.

Com. He would not ſeeme to know me.

Menen. Do you heare?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*
He would not anſwer to: Forbad all Names,
He was a kinde of Nothing, Titleleſſe,
Till he had forg'd himſelfe a name a'th' fire
Of burning Rome.

Menen. Why ſo: you have made good worke:
A paire of Tribunes, that have wrack'd for Rome,
To make Coales cheape: A Noble memory.

Com. I minded him, how Royall 'twas to pardon
When it was leſſe expected. He replyed
It was a bare petition of a State
To one whom they had puniſh'd.

Menen. Very well, could he ſay leſſe?

Com. I offered to awaken his regard
For's private Friends. His anſwere to me was
He could not ſtay to picke them, in a pile
Of noyſome muſty Chaffe. He ſaid, 'twas folly
For one poore graine or two, to leave unburnt
And ſtill to noſe th' offence.

Menen. For one poore graine or two?
I am one of thoſe: his Mother, Wife, his Childe,
And this brave Fellow too: we are the Graines,
You are the muſty Chaffe, and you are ſmelt
Above the Moone. We muſt be burnt for you.

Sicin. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuſe your ayde
In this ſo never-needed helpe, yet do not
Vpbraid's with our diſtreſſe. But ſure if you
Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue
More then the inſtant Armie we can make
Might ſtop our Countryman.

Menen. No: Ile not meddle.

Sicin. Pray you go to him.

Menen. What ſhould I do?

Bru. Onely make triall what your Love can do,
For Rome, towards *Martius*.

Mene. Well, and ſay that *Martius* returne me,
As *Cominius* is return'd, unheard: what then?
But as a diſcontented Friend, griefe-ſhot
With his unkindneſſe. Say't be ſo?

Sicin. Yet your good will
Muſt have that thankes from Rome, after the meaſure
As you intended well.

Meve. Ile undertak't:
I thinke hee'l heare me. Yet to bite his lip,
And humme at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.

He was not taken well, he had not din'd,
The Veines unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt upon the Morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have ſtufft
Theſe Pipes, and theſe Conveyances of our blood
With Wine and Feeding, we have ſuppler Soules
Then in our Prieſt-like Faſts: therefore Ile watch him
Till he be dieted to my requeſt,
And then Ile ſet upon him.

Bru. You know the very rode into his kindneſſe,
And cannot loſe your way.

Mene. Good faith Ile prove him,
Speed how it will. I ſhall ere long, have knowledge
Of my ſucceſſe. *Exit.*

Com. Hee'l never heare him.

Sicin. Not.

Com. I tell you, he doe's ſit in Gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Injury
The Gaoler to his pitty. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he ſaid Riſe: diſmiſt me
Thus with his ſpeechleſſe hand. What he would do
He ſent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions:
So that all hope is vaine, unleſſe his Noble Mother,
And his Wife, who (as I heare) meane to ſolicite him
For mercy to his Country: therefore let's hence,
And with our faire intreaties haſt them on. *Exeunt.*

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1 *Wat.* Stay: whence are you.

2. *Wat.* Stand, and go backe.

Mo. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leave,
I am an Officer of State, & come to ſpeake with *Coriolanus.*

1 From whence? *Mene.* From Rome.

1 You may not paſſe, you muſt returne: our Geuerall will no more heare from thence.

2 You'l ſee your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'l ſpeake with *Coriolanus.*

Mene. Good my Friends,
If you have heard your Generall talke of Rome,
And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blankes,
My name hath touch't your eares: it is *Menenius.*

1 Be it ſo, go back: the vertue of your name,
Is not heere paſſable.

Mene. I tell thee Fellow,
Thy Generall is my Lover: I have beene
The booke of his good Acts, whence men have read
His Fame unparalell'd, happely amplified:
For I have ever verified my Friends,
(Of whom hee's cheefe) with all the ſize that verity
Would without lapſing ſuffer: Nay, ſometimes,
Like to a Bowle upon a ſubtle ground
I have tumbled paſt the throw: and in his praiſe
Have (almoſt) ſtampt the Leaſing. Therefore Fellow,
I muſt have leave to paſſe.

1 Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalfe, as you have uttered words in your owne, you ſhould not paſſe heere: no, though it were as vertuous to lye, as to live chaſtly. Therefore go backe.

Men. Prythee fellow, remember my name is *Menenius,* alwayes factionary on the party of your Generall.

2 Howſoever you have bin his Lier, as you ſay you have, I am one that telling true under him, muſt ſay you cannot paſſe. Therefore go backe.

Mene. Ha's he din'd can'ſt thou tell? For I would not ſpeake with him, till after dinner.

1 You are a Roman, are you?

Mene. I am as thy Generall is.

1 Then you ſhould hate Rome, as he do's. Can you, when you have puſht out your gates, the very Defender of them, and in a uiolent populer ignorance, given your enemy your ſhield, thinke to front his revenges with the eaſie groanes of old women, the Virginall Palms of your daughters, or with the palſied interceſſion of ſuch a decay'd Dotant as you ſeeme to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with ſuch weake breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd, therefore backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our Generall has ſworne you out of repreeve and pardon.

Mene. Sirra, if the Captaine knew I were heere,
He would uſe me with eſtimation.

1 Come, my Captaine knowes you not.

Mene. I meane thy Generall.

1 My Generall cares not for you. Backe I ſay, go: leaſt I let forth your halfe pinte of blood. Backe, that's the utmoſt of your having, backe.

Mene. Nay but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Auffidius.

Corio. What's the matter?

Mene, Now you Companion: Ile ſay an arrant for you: you ſhall know now that I am in eſtimation: you ſhall perceive, that a Iacke gardant cannot office me from my Son *Coriolanus,* gueſſe but my entertainment with him: if thou ſtand'ſt not i'th ſtate of hanging, or of ſome death more long in Spectatorſhip, and crueller in ſuffering, behold now preſently, and ſwoond for what's to come upon thee. The glorious Gods ſit in hourely Synod about thy particular proſperity, and love thee no worſe then thy old Father *Menenius* do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art preparing fire for us: looke thee, heere's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being aſſured none but my ſelfe could moue thee, I have beene blowne out of your Gates with ſighes: and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary Countrimen. The good Gods aſſwage thy wrath, and turne the dregs of it, upon this Varlet heere: This, who like a blocke hath denyed my acceſſe to thee.

Corio. Away.

Mene. How? Away?

Corio. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affaires
Are Servanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remiſſion lies
In Volcean breſts. That we have beene familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulneſſe ſhall poiſon rather
Then pitty: Note how much, therefore be gone.
Mine eares againſt your ſuites, are ſtronger then
Your gates againſt my force. Yet for I loved thee,
Take this along, I writ it for thy ſake,
And would have ſent it. Another word *Menenius,*
I will not heare thee ſpeake. This man *Auffidius*
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'ſt.

Auf. You keepe a conſtant temper. *Exeunt.*

Manent the Guard and Meneuius.

1 Now ſir, is your name *Menenius?*

2 'Tis a ſpell you ſee of much power:
You know the way home againe.

1 Do you heare how we are ſhent for keeping your greatneſſe backe?

2 What cauſe do you thinke I have to ſwoond?

Mene. I neither care for th' world, nor your Generall: for ſuch things as you, I can ſcarſe thinke ther's any, y'are ſo ſlight. He that hath a will to dye by himſelfe, feares it not from another : Let your Generall do his worſt. For you, bee that you are, long ; and your miſery encreaſe with your age. I ſay to you, as I was ſaid to, Away. *Exit.*

1. A Noble Fellow I warrant him,

2 The worthy Fellow is our General. He's the Rocke,
The Oake not to be winde-ſhaken. *Exit Watch.*

Enter Coriolanus and Auffidius.

Corio. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow
Set downe our Hoaſt. My partner in this Action,
You muſt report to th' Volcian Lords, how plainly
I have borne this Buſineſſe.

Auf. Onely their ends you have reſpected.
Stopt your eares againſt the generall ſuite of Rome:
Never admitted a privat whiſper, no not with ſuch friends
That thought them ſure of you.

Corio. This laſt old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have ſent to Rome,
Lov'd me, above the meaſure of a Father,
Nay godded me indeed. Their lateſt refuge
Was to ſend him : for whoſe old love I have
(Though I ſhew'd ſowrely to him) once more offer'd
The firſt Conditions which they did refuge,
And cannot now accept, to grace him onely,
That thought he could do more : A very little
I have yeelded to. Freſh Embaſſes, and Suites,
Nor from the State, nor private friends heereafter
Will I lend eare to. Ha ? what ſhout is this? *Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the ſame time 'tis made ? I will not.

Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, yong Martius; with Attendants.

My wife comes formoſt, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunke was fram'd, and in her hand
The Grandchilde to her blood. But out affection,
All bond and priviledge of nature breake;
Let it be Vertuous to be Obſtinate.
What is that Curt'ſie worth ? Or thoſe Doves' eyes,
Which can make Gods forſworne ? I melt and am not
Of ſtronger earth then others : my Mother bowes,
As if Olympus to a Mole-hill ſhould
In ſupplication Nod : and my young Boy
Hath an aſpect of interceſſion, which
Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, Ile never
Be ſuch a Goſling to obey inſtinct : but ſtand
As if a man were Author of himſelf, & knew no other kin

Virgil. My Lord and Husband.

Corio. Theſe eyes are not the ſame I wore in Rome.

Virg. The ſorrow that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you thinke ſo.

Corio. Like a dull Actor now, I have forgot my part,
And I am out, even to a full Diſgrace. Beſt of my Fleſh,
Forgive my Tyranny : but do not ſay,
For that forgive our Romans. O a kiſſe
Long as my Exile, ſweet as my Revenge !
Now by the jealous Queene of Heaven, that kiſſe
I carried from thee deare; and my true Lippe
Hath Virgin'd it ere ſince. You Gods, I pray,
And the moſt Noble Mother of the world
Leave unſaluted : Sinke my knee i'th' earth; *Kneeles*
Of thy deepe duty, more impreſſion ſhew
Then that of common Sonnes.

Volum. Oh ſtand up bleſt!
Whil'ſt with no ſofter Cuſhion then the Flint
I kneele before thee, and unproperly
Shew duty as miſtaken, all this while,
Betweene the Childe, and Parent.

Corio. What's this ? your knees to me ?
To your Corrected Sonne?
Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the Starres : Then, let the mutinous windes
Strike the proud Cedars 'gainſt the fiery Sun :
Murd'ring Impoſſibility, to make
What cannot be, ſlight worke.

Volum. Thou art my Warriour, I hope to frame thee
Do you know this Lady ?

Corio. The Noble Siſter of *Publicola*;
The Moone of Rome : Chaſte as the Iſicle
That's curdied by the Froſt, from pureſt Snow,
And hangs on *Dians* Temple : Deere *Valeria.*

Volum. This is a poore Epitome of yours,
Which by th' interpretation of full time,
May ſhew like all your ſelfe.

Corio. The God of Souldiers :
With the conſent of ſupreame Iove, informe
Thy thoughts with Nobleneſſe, that thou mayſt prove
To ſhame unvulnerable, and ſtrike i'th Warres
Like a great Sea-marke ſtanding every flaw,
And ſaving thoſe that eye thee,

Volum. Your knee, Sirrah.

Corio. That's my brave Boy.

Volum. Even he, your wife, this Ladie, and my ſelfe,
Are Sutors to you.

Corio. I beſeech you peace :
Or if you'ld aske remember this before ;
The thing I have forſworne to graunt, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Diſmiſſe my Soldiers, or capitulate
Againe, with Romes Mechanickes. Tell me not
Wherein I ſeeme unnaturall : Deſire not t'allay
My Rages and Revenges, with your colder reaſons.

Volum. Oh no more, no more :
You have ſaid you will not grant us any thing :
For we have nothing elſe to aske, but that
Which you deny already : yet we will aske,
That if you faile in our requeſt, the blame
May hang upon your hardneſſe, therefore heare us.

Cario. *Auffidius*, and you Volces marke, for wee'l
Heare nought from Rome in private. Your requeſt ?

Volum. Should we be ſilent & not ſpeak, our Raiment
And ſtate of Bodies would bewray what life
We have led ſince thy Exile. Thinke with thy ſelfe,
How more unfortunate then living women
Are we come hither ; ſince that thy ſight, which ſhould
Make our eies flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Conſtraines them weepe, and ſhake with feare & ſorow,
Making the Mother, wife, and Childe to ſee,
The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father tearing
His Countries Bowels out ; and to poore we
Thine enmities moſt capitall : Thou barr'ſt us
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we?
Alas ! how can we, for our Country pray ?
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory :
Whereto we are bound : Alacke, or we muſt looſe
The Countrie our deere Nurſe, or elſe thy perſon
Our comfort in the Country. We muſt finde
An evident Calamity, though we had
Our wiſh, which ſide ſhould win. For either thou
Muſt as a Forraine Recreant be led
With Manacles through our ſtreets, or elſe
Triumphantly treade on thy Countries ruine,

And beare the Palme, for having bravely ſhed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my ſelfe, Sonne,
I purpoſe not to waite on Fortune, till
Theſe warres determine: if I cannot perſwade thee,
Rather to ſhew a Noble grace to both parts,
Then ſeeke the end of one; thou ſhalt no ſooner
March to aſſault thy Country, then to treade
(Truſt too't, thou ſhalt not) on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. I, and mine, that brought you forth this boy,
To keepe your name living to time.

Boy. A ſhall not tread on me: Ile run away
Till I am bigger, but then Ile fight.

Corio. Not of a womans tenderneſſe to be,
Requires nor Childe, nor womans face to ſee:
I have ſate too long.

Volum. Nay, go not from us thus:
If it were ſo, that our requeſt did tend
To ſave the Romanes, thereby to deſtroy
The Volces whom you ſerve, you might condemne us
As poyſonous of your Honour. No, our ſuite
Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces
May ſay, this mercy we have ſhew'd: the Romanes,
This we receiv'd, and each in either ſide
Give the All-haile to thee, and cry be Bleſt
For making up this peace. Thou know'ſt (great Sonne)
The end of Warres uncertaine: but this certaine,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou ſhalt thereby reape, is ſuch a name
Whoſe repetition will be dogg'd with Curſes:
Whoſe Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
But with his laſt Attempt, he wip'd it out:
Deſtroy'd his Country, and his name remaines
To th' inſuing Age, abhorr'd. Speake to me Son:
Thou haſt affected the five ſtraines of Honor,
To imitate the graces of the Gods.
To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th' Ayre,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boult.
That ſhould but rive an Oake. Why do'ſt not ſpeake?
Think'ſt thou it honourable for a Noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, ſpeake you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childiſhneſſe will move him more
Then can our Reaſons. There is no man in the world
More bound to's Mother, yet here he let's me prate
Like one i'th' Stockes. Thou haſt never in thy life,
Shew'd thy deere Mother any curteſie,
When ſhe (poore Hen) fond of no ſecond brood,
Ha's cluck'd thee to the Warres, and ſafely home
Loden with Honour. Say my Requeſt's unjuſt,
And ſpurne me backe: But, if it be not ſo
Thou art not honeſt, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou reſtrain'ſt from me the Duty, which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away:
Down Ladies: let us ſhame him with our knees
To his ſur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride
Then pitty to our Prayers. Downe: an end,
This is the laſt. So, we will home to Rome,
And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
This Boy that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneeles, and holds up hands for fellowſhip,
Doe's reaſon our Petition with more ſtrength
Then thou haſt to deny't. Come, let us go:
This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:
His Wife is in *Coriolus*, and his Childe
Like him by chance: yet give us our diſpatch:
I am huſht untill our City be a fire, & then Ile ſpeak a little

Holds her by the hand ſilent.

Corio. O Mother, Mother!
What have you done? Behold, the Heavens do ope,
The Gods looke downe, and this unnaturall Scene
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
You have wonne a happy Victory to Rome.
But for your Sonne, beleeve it: Oh beleeve it,
Moſt dongerouſly you have with him prevail'd,
If not moſt mortall to him. But let it come:
Auffidius, though I cannot make true Warres,
Ile frame convenient peace. Now good *Auffidius*,
Were you in my ſteed, would you have heard
A mother leſſe? or granted leſſe *Auffidius*?

Auf. I was mou'd withall.

Corio. I dare be ſworne you were:
And ſir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to ſweat compaſſion. But (good ſir)
What peace you'l make, adviſe me: For my part,
Ile not to Rome, Ile backe with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cauſe. O Mother! Wife!

Auf. I am glad thou haſt ſet thy mercy, & thy Honor
At difference in thee: Out of that Ile worke
My ſelfe a former Fortune.

Corio. I by and by; But we will drinke together:
And you ſhall beare
A better witneſſe backe then words, which we
On like conditions, will haue counter-ſeal'd.
Come enter with us: Ladies you deſerve
To have a Temple built you: All the Swords
In Italy, and her Confederate Armes
Could not have made this peace. *Exeunt.*

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Mene. See you yon'd Coin a'th Capitol, yon'd corner (ſtone?

Sicin. Why what of that?

Mene. If it be poſſible for you to diſplace it with your little finger, there is ſome hope the Ladies of Rome, eſpecially his Mother, may prevaile with him. But I ſay, there is no hope in't, our throats are ſentenc'd, and ſtay upon execution.

Sicin. Is't poſſible, that ſo ſhort a time can alter the condition of a man.

Mene. There is difference between a Grub & a Butterſly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub: this *Martius*, is growne from Man to Dragon: He has wings, hee's more then a creeping thing.

Sicin. He lov'd his Mother deerely.

Mene. So did he me: and he no more remembers his Mother now, then an eight yeare old horſe. The tartneſſe of his face, ſowres ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moves like an Engine, and the ground ſhrinkes before his Treading. He is able to pierce a Corſlet with his eye: Talkes like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He ſits in his State as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids be done, is finiſht with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but Eternitie, and a Heaven to Throne in.

Sicin. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Mene. I paint him in the Character. Mark what mercy his Mother ſhall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, then there is milke in a male-Tyger, that ſhall our poore City finde: and all this is long of you.

Sicin. The Gods be good unto us.

Mene. No, in ſuch a caſe the Gods will not be good unto us. When we baniſh'd him, we reſpected not them: and he returning to breake our necks, they reſpect not us.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Sir, if you'ld ſave your life flye to your Houſe,
The Plebeians have got your Fellow Tribune,
And hale him up and downe; all ſwearing, if
The Romane Ladies bring not comfort home,
They'l give him death by Inches.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Sicin. What's the Newes? (prevayl'd,
Meſ. Good Newes, good newes, the Ladies have
The Volcians are diſlodg'd, and *Martius* gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not th' expulſion of the *Tarquins.*
Sicin. Friend, art thou certaine this is true?
Is't moſt certaine.
Meſ. As certaine as I know the Sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd that you make doubt of it:
Ne're through an Arch ſo hurried the blowne Tide
As the recomforted through th' gates. Why harke you?

Trumpets, Hoboyes, Drums beate, altogether.

The Trumpets, Sack-buts, Pſalteries and Fifes,
Tabors, and Symboles, and the ſhowting Romans,
Make the Sunne dance. Hearke you. *A ſhout within*
Mene. This is good Newes:
I will go meete the Ladies. This *Volumna,*
Is worth of Conſuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full: Of Tribunes ſuch as you,
A Sea and Land full: you have pray'd well to day:
This Morning, for ten thouſand of your throates,
I'de not have given a doit. Harke, how they joy.

Sound ſtill with the Shouts.

Sicin. Firſt, the Gods bleſſe you for your tydings:
Next, accept my thankefulneſſe.
Meſ. Sir, we have all great cauſe to give great thanks.
Sicin. They are neere the City.
Meſ. Almoſt at point to enter.
Sicin. Wee'l meet them, and helpe the joy. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Senators, with Ladies, paſſing over
the Stage, with other Lords.

Sena. Behold our Patronneſſe, the life of Rome:
Call all your Tribes together, praiſe the Gods,
And make triumphant fires, ſtrow Flowers before them:
Vnſhoot the noiſe that baniſh'd *Martius;*
Repeale him, with the welcome of his Mother:
Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.
All. Welcome Ladies, welcome. *Exeunt.*

A Flouriſh with Drummes & Trumpets.

Enter Tullus Auffidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords a'th' City, I am heere:
Deliver them this Paper: having read it,
Bid them repaire to th' Market place, where I
Even in theirs, and in the Commons eares
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuſe;
The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t'appeare before the People, hoping
To purge himſelfe with words. Diſpatch.

Enter 3 or 4 Conſpirators of Auffidius Faction.

Moſt Welcome.
1.Con. How is it with our Generall?
Auf. Even ſo, as with a man by his owne Almes impoyſon'd, and with his Charity ſlaine.
2.Con. Moſt Noble Sir, If you do hold the ſame intent
Wherein you wiſht us parties: Wee'l deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf. Sir, I cannot tell,
We muſt proceed as we do finde the People.
3.Con. The people will remaine uncertaine, whil'ſt
'Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the Survivor heyre of all.
Auf. I know it:
And my pretext to ſtrike at him, admits
A good conſtruction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honor for his truth: who being ſo heighten'd,
He watered his new Plants with dewes of Flatterie,
Seducing ſo my Friends: and to this end,
He bow'd his Nature, never knowne before,
But to be rough, unſwayable, and free.
3.Conſp. Sir, his ſtoutneſſe
When he did ſtand for Conſull, which he loſt
By lacke of ſtooping,
Auf. That I would have ſpoke of:
Being baniſh'd for't, he came unto my Harth,
Preſented to my knife his Throat: I tooke him,
Made him joynt-ſervant with me: Gave him way
In all his owne deſires: Nay, let him chooſe
Out of my Files, his projects, to accompliſh
My beſt and freſheſt men, ſervd his diſignements
In mine owne perſon: hope to reape the Fame
Which he did end all his; and tooke ſome pride
To do my ſelfe this wrong; Till at the laſt
I ſeem'd his Follower, nor Partner; and
He wadg'd me with his Countenance, as if
I had bin Mercenary.
1.Con. So he did my Lord:
The Army marveyled at it, and in the laſt,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no leſſe Spoile, then Glory.
Auf. There was it:
For which my ſinewes ſhall be ſtretcht upon him,
At a few drops of Womens rhewme, which are
As cheape as Lies; he ſold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action; therefore ſhall he dye,
And Ile renew me in his fall. But hearke,

Drummes and Trumpets ſounds, with great
ſhowts of the people.

1.Con. Your Native Towne you enter'd like a Poſte,
And had no welcomes home, but he returnes
Splitting the Ayre with noyſe,
2.Con. And patient Fooles,
Whoſe children he hath ſlaine, their baſe throats teare
With giving him glorie.
3.Con. Therefore at your vantage,
Ere he expreſſe himſelfe, or move the people
With what he would ſay, let him feele your Sword:
Which he will ſecond, when he lies along
After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, ſhall bury
His Reaſons, with his Body.
Auf. Say no more. Heere come the Lords,

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are moſt welcome home.
Auf. I have not deſerv'd it.
But worthy Lords, have you with heede peruſed
What I have written to you?
All. We have.
1.Lord. And greeve to heare't:
What faults he made before the laſt, I thinke
Might have found eaſie Fines: But there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our Levies, anſwering us
With our owne charge: making a Treatie, where
There was a yeelding; this admits no excuſe.

Auf. He approaches, you ſhall heare him.
Enter Coriolanus marching with Drumme, and Colours. The Commoners being with him.
Corio. Haile Lords, I am return'd your Souldier:
No more infected with my countries love
Then when I parted hence: but ſtill ſubſiſting
Vnder your great Command. You are to know,
That proſperouſly I have attempted, and
With bloody paſſage led your Warres, even to
The gates of Rome: Our ſpoiles we have brought home
Doth more then counterpoize a full third part
Thee charges of the Action. We have made peace
With no leſſe Honour to the *Antiates*
Then ſhame to th' Romaines. And we heare deliver
Subſcrib'd by'th' Conſuls, and Patricians,
Together with the Seale a'th Senat, what
We have compounded on.
Auf. Read it not Noble Lords,
But tell the Traitor in the higheſt degree
He hath abus'd your Powers.
Corio. Traitor? How now?
Auf. I Traitor, *Martius.*
Corio, Martius?
Auf. I *Martius, Caius Martius:* Do'ſt thou thinke
Ile grace thee with that Robbery, thy ſtolne name
Coriolanus in *Corioles*?
You Lords and Heads a'th' State, perfidiouſly
He ha's betray'd your buſineſſe, and given up
For certaine drops of Salt, your City Rome:
I ſay your City to his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath and Reſolution, like
A twiſt of rotten Silke, never admitting
Counſaile a'th' warre: But at his Nurſes teares
He whin'd and roar'd away your Victorie,
That Pages bluſh'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at others.
Corio. Hear'ſt thou Mars?
Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of Teares.
Corio. Ha?
Aufid. No more.
Corio. Meaſureleſſe Lyar thou haſt made my heart
Too great for what containes it. Boy? Oh Slave,
Pardon me Lords, 'tis the firſt time that ever
I was forc'd to ſcoul'd. Your judgements my grave Lords
Muſt give this Curre the Lye: and his owne Notion,
Who weares my ſtripes impreſt upon him, that
Muſt beare my beating to his Grave, ſhall joyne
To thruſt the Lye unto him.
1 *Lord.* Peace both, and heare me ſpeake.
Corio. Cut me too peeces Volces men and Lads,
Staine all your edges on me. Boy, falſe Hound:
If you have writ your Annales true, 'tis there,
That like an Eagle in a Dove-coat, I
Flatter'd your Volcians in *Coriolus.*
Alone I did it, Boy!
Auf. Why Noble Lords,
Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune,
Which was your ſhame, by this unholy Braggart?
'Fore your owne eyes, and eares?
All Conſp. Let him dye for't.
All People. Teare him to peeces, do it preſently:
He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Coſine
Marcus, he kill'd my Father.
2 *Lord.* Peace hoe: no outrage, peace:
The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in
This Orbe o'th' earth: His laſt offences to us
Shall have Iudicious hearing. Stand *Auffidius,*
And trouble not the peace.
Corio. O that I had him, with ſix *Auffidiuſſes,* or more:
His Tribe to uſe my lawfull Sword.
Auf. Inſolent Villaine.
All Conſp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.
Draw both the Conſpirators, and kils Martius, who falles, Auffidius ſtands on him.
Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.
Auf. My Noble Maſters, heare me ſpeake.
1. *Lord.* O *Tullus.*
2. *Lord.* Thou haſt done a deed, whereat
Valour will weepe.
3. *Lord.* Tread not upon him Maſters, all be quiet,
Put up your Swords.
Auf. My Lords.
When you ſhall know (as in this Rage
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this mans life did owe you, you'l rejoyce
That he is thus cut off. Pleaſe it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, Ile deliver
My ſelfe your loyall Servant, or endure
Your heavieſt Cenſure.
1. *Lord.* Beare from hence his body,
And mourne you for him. Let him be regarded
As the moſt Noble Coarſe, that ever Herald
Did follow to his Vrne.
2. *Lord.* His owne impatience,
Takes from *Auffidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the Beſt of it.
Auf My Rage is gone,
And I am ſtrucke with ſorrow. Take him up:
Helpe three a'th' chiefeſt Souldiers; Ile be one.
Beate thou the Drumme that it ſpeake mournfully:
Traile your ſteele Pikes. Though in this City hee
Hath widdowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this houre bewaile the Injury.
Yet hee ſhall have a Noble memory. Aſſiſt.
Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius. A dead March Sounded.

FINIS.

The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloſt. And then enter Saturninus and his Followers at one doore, and Baſſianus and his Followers at the other, with Drum & Colours.

Saturninus.

NOble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the juſtice of my Cauſe with Armes.
And Country-men, my loving Followers,
Pleade my Succeſſive Title with your Swords.
I was the firſt borne Sonne, that was the laſt
That wore the Imperiall Diadem of Rome:
Then let my Fathers Honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine Age with this indignitie.

Baſſianus. Romaines, Friends, Followers,
Favovrers of my Right:
If ever *Baſſianus*, *Caſars* Sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,
Keepe then this paſſage to the Capitoll:
And ſuffer not Diſhonour to approach
Th' Imperiall Seate to Vertue: conſecrate
To Iuſtice, Continence, and Nobility:
But let Deſert in pure Election ſhine;
And Romanes, fight for Freedome in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloſt with the Crowne.

Princes, that ſtrive by Factions, and my Friends,
Ambitiouſly for Rule and Emperie:
Know, that the people of Rome for whom we ſtand
A ſpeciall Party, have by Common voyce
In Election for the Romane Emperie,
Choſen *Andronicus*, Sur-named *Pius*,
For many good and great deſerts to Rome.
A Nobler man, a braver Warriour,
Lives not this day within the City Walles.
He by the Senate is accited home
From weary Warres againſt the barbarous Gothes,
That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes)
Hath yoak'd a Nation ſtrong, train'd up in Armes.
Ten yeares are ſpent, ſince firſt he undertooke
This Cauſe of Rome, and chaſticed with armes
Our Enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes
Iu Coffins from the Field.
And now at laſt, laden with Honours Spoyles,
Returnes the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus*, flouriſhing in Armes.
Let us intreat, by Honour of his Name
Whom (worthily) yon would have now ſucceede,
And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
Whom you pretend to honor and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,
Diſmiſſe your Followers, and as Suiters ſhould,
Pleade your Deſerts in Peace and Humbleneſſe.

Saturnine. How fayre the Tribune ſpeakes,
To calme my thoughts.

Baſſia. *Marcus Andronicus*, ſo I do aſſie
In thy uprightneſſe and Integrity:
And ſo I Love and honor thee, and thine,
Thy Noble Brother *Titus*, and his Sonnes,
And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious *Lavinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will heere diſmiſſe my loving Friends:
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Favour,
Commit my Cauſe in ballance to be weigh'd,

Ex. Souldiers.

Saturnine. Friends, that have beene
Thus forward in my Right,
I thanke you all, and heere Diſmiſſe you all,
And to the Love and Favour of my Countrey,
Commit my Selfe, my Perſon, and the Cauſe:
Rome, be as juſt and gracious nnto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the Gates, and let me in.

Baſſia. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor.

They go up into the Senat houſe.

Enter a Captaine.

Cap. Romanes make way: the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of Vertue, Romes beſt Champion,
Succeſſefull in the Battailes that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumſcribed with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets. And then enter two of Titus Sonnes; After them, two men bearing a Coffin covered with blacke, then two other Sonnes. After them, Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queene of Gothes, & her two Sonnes Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Mooore, and others, as many as can bee: They ſet downe the Coffin, and Titus ſpeakes.

Andronicus. Haile Rome:
Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes:

Loe as the Barke that hath diſcharg'd his fraught,
Returnes with precious lading to the Bay,
From whence at firſt ſhe weigh'd her Anchorage:
Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrell bowes,
To reſalute his Country with his teares,
Teares of true joy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
Romaines, of five and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Halfe of the number that King *Priam* had,
Behold the poore remaines alive and dead!
Theſe that Surviue, let Rome reward with Love:
Theſe that I bring unto their lateſt home,
With buriall amongſt their Aunceſtors.
Heere Gothes have given me leave to ſheath my Sword:
Titus unkinde, and careleſſe of thine owne,
Why ſuffer'ſt thou thy Sonnes unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadfull ſhore of Stix?
Make way to lay them by their Bretheren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in ſilence as the dead are wont,
And ſleepe in peace, ſlaine in your Countries warres:
O ſacret receptacle of my joyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobility,
How many Sonnes of mine haſt thou in ſtore,
That thou wilt never render to me more?
Luc. Give us the proudeſt priſoner of the Gothes,
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, ſacrifice his fleſh:
Before this earthly priſon of their bones,
That ſo the ſhadowes be not unappeas'd,
Nor we diſturb'd with prodigies on earth.
Tit. I give him you, the Nobleſt that Surviues,
The eldeſt Son of this diſtreſſed Queene.
Tam. Stay Romaine Bretheren, gracious Conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, true the teares I ſhed,
A Mothers teares in paſſion for her ſonne:
And if thy Sonnes were ever deere to thee,
Oh thinke my ſonnes to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returne
Captive to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,
But muſt my Sonnes be ſlaughtred in the ſtreetes,
For Valiant doings in their Countries cauſe?
O! If to fight for King and Common-weale,
Were piety in thine, it is in theſe:
Andronicus, ſtaine not thy Tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull,
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice Noble *Titus*, ſpare my firſt borne ſonne,
Tit. Patient your ſelfe Madam, and pardon me.
Theſe are the Brethren, whom you Gothes behold
Alive and dead, and for their Bretheren ſlaine,
Religiouſly they aske a ſacrifice;
To this your ſonne is markt, and die he muſt,
T'appeaſe their groaning ſhadowes that are gone.
Luc. Away with him, and make a fire ſtraight,
And with our Swords upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane conſum'd.

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.

Tam. O cruell irreligious piety.
Chi. Was ever Scythia halfe ſo barbarous?
Dem. Oppoſe me Scythia to ambitious Rome,
Alarbus goe to reſt, and we ſurvive,
To tremble under *Titus* threatning lookes,
Then Madam ſtand reſolv'd, but hope withall,
The ſelfe ſame Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
With opportunity of ſharpe revenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May favour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Luc. See Lord and Father, how we have perform'd
Our Romaine rites, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the ſacrifizing fire,
Whoſe ſmoke like in cenſe doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren,
And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome.
Tit. Let it be ſo, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his lateſt farewell to their ſoules.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffus in the Tombe.

In peace and Honour reſt you heere my Sonnes,
Romes readieſt Champions, repoſe you heere in reſt,
Secure from worldly chances and miſhaps:
Heere lurks no Treaſon, heere no envie ſwels,
Heere grow no damned grudges, heere no ſtormes,
No noiſe, but ſilence and Eternall ſleepe,
In peace and Honour reſt you heere my Sonnes,

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. In peace and Honour, live Lord *Titus* long,
My Noble Lord and Father, live in Fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributary teares,
I'render for my Bretherens Obſequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of joy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O bleſſe me heere with thy victorious hand,
Whoſe Fortune Romes beſt Citizens applau'd.
Tit. Kind Rome,
That haſt thus lovingly reſerv'd
The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lavinia live, out-live thy Fathers dayes:
And Fames eternall date for vertues praiſe.
Mar. Long live Lord *Titus*, my beloved brother,
Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome.
Tit. Thankes Gentle Tribune,
Noble brother *Marcus*.
Mar. And welcome. Nephews from ſuccesfull wars,
You that ſurviue and you that ſleepe in Fame:
Faire Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,
That in your Countries ſervice drew your Swords.
But ſafer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,
That hath aſpir'd to *Solons* Happines,
And Triumphs over chaunce in honours bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whoſe friend in juſtice thou haſt ever bene,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their truſt,
This Palliament of white and ſpotleſſe Hue,
And name thee in Election for the Empire,
With theſe our late deceaſed Emperours Sonnes:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And helpe to ſet a head on headleſſe Rome.
Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,
Then his that ſhakes for age and feebleneſſe:

What ſhould I d'on this Robe and trouble you,
Be choſen with proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld up rule, reſigne my life,
And ſet abroad new buſineſſe for you all.
Rome I have bene thy Souldier forty yeares,
And led my Countries ſtrength ſucceſſefully,
And buried one, and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Knighted in Field, ſlaine manfully in Armes,
In right and Service of their Noble Country:
Give me a ſtaffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a Scepter to controule the world,
Vpright he held it Lords, that held it laſt.

Mar. Titus, thou ſhalt obtaine and aske the Empiry.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune can'ſt thou tell?

Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus*.

Sat. Romaines do me right.
Patricians draw your Swords, and ſheath them not
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:
Andronicus would thou wert ſhipt to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples hearts.

Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That Noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.

Tit. Content thee Prince, I will reſtore to thee
The peoples hearts, and weane them from themſelves.

Baſs. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee
But Honour thee, and will doe till I die:
My Faction if thou ſtrengthen with thy Friend?
I will moſt thankefull be, and thankes to men
Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Meede.

Tit. People of Rome, and Noble Tribunes heere,
I aske your voices and your Suffrages,
Will you beſtow them friendly on *Andronicus*?

Tribu. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And Gratulate his ſafe returne to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes I thanke you, and this ſure I make,
That you Create your Emperours eldeſt ſonne,
Lord *Saturnine*, whoſe Vertues will I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth,
And ripen Iuſtice in this Common-weale:
Then if you will elect by my adviſe,
Crowne him, and ſay: Long live our Emperour.

Mar. An. With Voices and applauſe of every ſort,
Patricians and Plebieans we Create
Lord *Saturninus* Romes Great Emperour.
And ſay, *Long live our Emperour Saturnine.*

A long Flouriſh till they come downe.

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy Favours done,
To us in our Election this day,
I give thee thankes in part of thy Deſerts,
And will with Deeds requite thy gentleneſſe;
And for an Onſet *Titus* to advance
Thy Name, and Honourable Family,
Lavinia will I make my Empreſſe,
Romes Royall Miſtris, Miſtris of my heart
And in the Sacred *Pantheon* her eſpouſe:
Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion pleaſe thee?

Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,
And heere in ſight of Rome, to *Saturnine*,
King and Commander of our Common-weale,
The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Conſecrate,
My Sword, my Chariot, and my Priſoners,
Preſents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord:
Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honours Enſignes humbled at my feete.

Sat. Thankes Noble *Titus*, Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts
Rome ſhall record, and when I do forget
The leaſt of theſe unſpeakable Deſerts,
Romans forget your Fealty to me.

Tit. Now Madame are you priſoner to an Emperour,
To him that for your Honour and your State,
Will uſe you Nobly and your followers.

Sat. A goodly Lady, truſt me of the Hue
That I would chooſe, were I to chooſe a new:
Cleere up Faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of warre
Hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou com'ſt not to be made a ſcorne in Rome:
Princely ſhall be thy uſage every way.
Reſt on my word, and let not diſcontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you,
Can you make you Greater then the Queene of Gothes?
Lavinia you are not diſpleas'd with this?

Lau. Not I my Lord, ſith true Nobility,
Warrants theſe words in Princely curteſie.

Sat. Thankes ſweete *Lavinia*, Romans let us goe:
Ranſomleſſe heere we ſet our Priſoners free,
Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpe and Drum.

Baſs. Lord *Titus* by your leave, this Maid is mine.

Tit. How ſir? Are you in earneſt then my Lord?

Baſs. I Noble *Titus*, and reſolu'd withall,
To doe my ſelfe this reaſon, and this right.

Marc. Suum cuique, is our Romane Iuſtice,
This Prince in Iuſtice ceazeth but his owne.

Luc. And that he will and ſhall, if *Lucius* live.

Tit. Traytors avant, where is the Emperours Guarde?
Treaſon my Lord, *Lavinia* is ſurpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd, by whom?

Baſs. By him that juſtly may
Beare his Betroth'd, from all the world away.

Mut, Brothers helpe to convey her hence away,
And with my Sword Ile keepe this doore ſafe.

Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ile ſoone bring her backe.

Mut. My Lord you paſſe not heere.

Tit. What villaine Boy, bar'ſt me my way in Rome?

Mut. Helpe *Lucius* helpe. *He kils him.*

Luc. My Lord you are unjuſt, and more then ſo,
In wrongfull quarrell, you have ſlaine your ſon.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he are any ſonnes of mine.
My ſonnes would never ſo diſhonour me.
Traitor reſtore *Lavinia* to the Emperour.

Luc. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promiſt Love.

Enter aloſt the Emperour with Tamora and her two ſonnes and Aaron the Moore.

Emp. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy ſtocke:
Ile truſt by Leiſure him that mocks me once.
Thee never: nor thy Trayterous haughty ſonnes,
Confederates all, thus to diſhonour me.
Was there none els in Rome to make a ſtale of
But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*
Agree theſe Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That ſaid'ſt, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monſtrous, what reproachfull words are theſe?

Sat. But goe thy wayes, goe give that changing peece,
To him that flouriſht for her with his Sword:
A Valiant ſonne in-law thou ſhalt enjoy:
One, fit to bandy with thy lawleſſe Sonnes,

To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.
Tit. Theſe words are Razors to my wounded heart.
Sat. And therefore lovely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
That like the ſtately *Phœbe* mong'ſt her Nimphs
Doſt over-ſhine the Gallant'ſt Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my ſodaine choiſe,
Behold I chooſe thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
And will Create thee Empreſſe of Rome.
Speake Queene of Goths doſt thou applaud my choiſe?
And heere I ſweare by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Prieſt and Holy-water are ſo neere,
And Tapers burne ſo bright, and every thing
In readineſſe for *Hymeneus* ſtand,
I will not reſalute the ſtreets of Rome,
Or climbe my Pallace, till from forth this place,
I leade eſpous'd my Bride along with me,
Tamo. And heere in ſight of heaven to Rome I ſweare,
If *Saturnine* advance the Queene of Gothes,
She will a Hand-maid be to his deſires,
A loving Nurſe, a Mother to his youth.
Sat. Aſcend Faire Queene,
Panthean Lords, accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his lovely Bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whoſe wiſedome hath her Fortune Conquered,
There ſhall we Conſummate our Spouſall rites.
Exeunt omnes,
Tit. I am not bid to waite upon this Bride:
Titus when wer't thou wont to walke alone,
Diſhonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes.

Mar. O Titus ſee! O ſee what thou haſt done!
In a bad quarrell, ſlaine a Vertuous ſonne.
Tit. No fooliſh Tribune, no: No ſonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor theſe Confederates in the deed,
That hath diſhonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and unworthy Sonnes.
Luc. But let us give him buriall as becomes:
Give *Mutius* buriall with our Bretheren.
Tit. Traitors away, he reſt's not in this Tombe:
This Monument five hunreth yeares hath ſtood,
Which I have Sumptuouſly re-edified:
Heere none but Souldiers, and Romes Servitors,
Repoſe in Fame: None baſely ſlaine in braules,
Bury him where you can, he comes not heere.
Mar. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds do plead for him,
He muſt be buried with his bretheren.
Titus two Sonnes ſpeakes.
And ſhall, or him we will accompany.
Ti. And ſhall! What villaine was it ſpake that word?
Titus ſonne ſpeakes.
He that would vouch'd it in any place but heere.
Tit, What would you bury him in my deſpight?
Mar. No Noble *Titus* but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.
Tit. Marcus, Even thou haſt ſtroke upon my Creſt,
And with theſe Boyes mine Honour thou haſt wounded,
My foes I doe repute you every one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
1. Son. He is not himſelfe, let us withdraw.
2. Son. Not I tell *Mutius* bones be buried.
The Brother and the ſonnes kneele.
Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd.
2. Son. Father, and in that name doth nature ſpeake.
Tit. Speake thou no more if all the reſt will ſpeede.
Mar. Renowned *Titus* more then halfe my ſoule.
Luc. Deare Father, ſoule and ſubſtance of us all.
Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre
His Noble Nephew heere in vertues neſt,
That died in Honour and *Lavinia's* cauſe.
Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:
The Greekes upon adviſe did bury *Aiax*
That ſlew himſelfe: And *Laertes* ſonne,
Did graciouſly plead for his Funerals:
Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy joy,
Be bar'd his entrance heere.
Tit. Riſe *Marcus*, riſe,
The diſmall'ſt day is this that ere I ſaw,
To be diſhonored by my Sonnes in Rome:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
They put him in the Tombe.
Luc. There lie thy bones ſweet *Mutius* with thy
Till we with Trophees do adorne thy Tombe. (friends
They all kneele and ſay.
No man ſhed teares for Noble *Mutius*,
He lives in Fame, that di'd in vertues cauſe. *Exit.*
Mar. My Lord to ſtep out of theſe ſudden dumps,
How comes it that the ſubtile Queene of Gothes,
Is of a ſodaine thus advanc'd in Rome?
Ti. I know not *Marcus*: but I know it is,
(Whether by deviſe or no) the heavens can tell,
Is ſhe not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne ſo farre?
Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Flouriſh.
Enter the Emperor, Tamora, and her two ſons, with the Moore at one doore. Enter at the other doore Baſsianus and Lavinia with others.

Sat. So *Baſsianus*, you have plaid your prize,
God give you joy ſir of your Gallant Bride.
Baſ. And you of yours my Lord: I ſay no more,
Nor wiſh no leſſe, and ſo I take my leave.
Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy Factiou ſhall repent this Rape.
Baſ. Rape call you it my Lord, to ſeiſe my owne,
My true betrothed Love, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am poſſeſt of that is mine.
Sat. Tis good ſir: you are very ſhort with us,
But if we live, weele be as ſharpe with you.
Baſ. My Lord, what I have done as beſt I may,
Anſwere I muſt, and ſhall do with my life,
Onely thus much I give your Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the reſcue of *Lavinia*,
With his owne hand did ſlay his youngeſt Son,
In zeale to you and highly mov'd to wrath,
To be controul'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour *Saturnine*,
That hath expre'ſt himſelfe in all his deeds,
A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome.
Tit. Prince *Baſsianus* leave to plead my Deeds,
Tis thou, and thoſe, that have diſhonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and Honour'd *Saturnine*.
Tam. My worthy Lord if ever *Tamora*,

Were gratious in thoſe Princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me ſpeake indifferently for all:
And at my ſute (ſweet) pardon what is paſt.
Sat. What Madam, be diſhonoured openly,
And baſely put it up without revenge?
Tam. Not ſo my Lord,
The Gods of Rome for-fend,
I ſhould be Authour to diſhonour you,
But on mine honour dare, I undertake
For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all:
Whoſe fury not diſſembled ſpeakes his griefes:
Then at my ſute looke graciouſly on him,
Looſe not ſo noble a friend on vaine ſuppoſe,
Nor with ſowre lookes afflict his gentle heart.
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at laſt,
Diſſemble all your griefes and diſcontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Leaſt then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a juſt ſurvey take *Titus*, part,
And ſo ſupplant us for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous ſinne.
Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone:
Ile finde a day to maſſacre them all,
And race their faction, and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his trayt'rous ſonnes,
To whom I ſued for my deare ſonnes life.
And make them know what tis to let a Queene
Kneele in the ſtreetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, ſweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*)
Take up this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempeſt of thy angry frowne.
Sat. Riſe *Titus*, riſe,
My Empreſſe hath prevail'd.
Tit. I thanke your Majeſty,
And her my Lord.
Theſe words, theſe lookes,
Infuſe new life in me.
Tam. *Titus*, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily:
And muſt adviſe the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you,
For you Prince *Baſſianus*, I have paſt
My word and promiſe to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords:
And you *Lavinia*,
By my adviſe all humbled on your knees,
You ſhall aske pardon of his Majeſty.
Son. We doe,
And vow to heaven, and to his Highnes,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tendring our ſiſters honour and our owne.
Mar. That on mine honour heere I do proteſt.
Sat. Away and talke not, trouble us no more.
Tam. Nay, nay,
Sweet Emperour, we muſt all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I wil not be denied, ſweet heart looke back.
Sat. *Marcus*,
For thy ſake and thy brothers heere,
And at my lovely *Tamora's* intreats,
I doe remit theſe young mens haynous faults.
Stand up: *Lavinia*, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and ſure as death I ſware,
I would not part a Batchellour from the Prieſt.
Come, if the Emperours Court can feaſt two Brides,
You are my gueſt *Lavinia*, and your friends:
This day ſhall be a Love-day *Tamora*.
Tit. To morrow and it pleaſe your Majeſty,
To hunt the Panther and the Heart with me,
With horne and Hound,
Weele give your Grace *Bon jour*.
Sat. Be it ſo *Titus*, and Gramercy too. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Aron alone.

Aron. Now climbeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes ſhot, and ſits aloft,
Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flaſh,
Advanc'd above pale envies threatning reach:
As when the golden Sunne ſalutes the morne,
And having gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his gliſtering Coach,
And over-lookes the higheſt piering hills:
So *Tamora*.
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue ſtoopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aron* arme the heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Miſtris,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Haſt priſoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,
And faſter bound to *Arons* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheus* ti'de to *Caucaſus*.
Away with ſlaviſh weedes, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and ſhine in Pearle and Gold,
To waite upon this new made Empreſſe,
To waite ſaid I? To wanton with this Queene,
This Goddeſſe, this *Samiramis*, this Queene,
This Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,
And ſee his ſhipwracke, and his Common weales.
Holla, what ſtorme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius braving.

Dem. *Chiron* thy yeeres want wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intru'd where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou know'ſt affected be.
Chi. *Demetrius*, thou doo'ſt over-weene in all,
And ſo in this, to beare me downe with braves,
Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
Makes me leſſe gracious, or thee moore fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To ſerve, and to deſerve my Miſtris grace,
And that my ſword upon thee ſhall approve,
And plead my paſſions for *Lavinia's* love.
Ar. Clubs, clubs, theſe lovers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (unadviſed)
Gave you a daunſing Rapier by your ſide,
Are you ſo deſperate growne to threat your friends?
Goe to: have your Lath glued within your ſheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Meane while ſir, with the little ſkill I have,
Full well ſhalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem. I Boy, grow ye ſo brave? *They drawe.*
Ar. Why now Lords?
So nere the Emperours Pallace dare you draw.

And maintaine ſuch a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote,the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of Gold,
The cauſe were knowue to them it moſt concernes.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be ſo diſhonored in the Court of Rome.
For ſhame put up.
Dem. Not I, till I have ſheath'd
My rapier in his boſome,and withall
Thruſt theſe reprochfull ſpeeches downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my diſhonour heere.
Chi. For that I am prepar'd,and full reſolv'd,
Foule ſpoken Coward,
That thundreſt with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'ſt performe.
Ar. A way I ſay.
Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
This pretty brable will undoo us all:
Why Lords,and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to ſet upon a Princes right?
What is *Lavinia* then become ſo looſe,
Or *Baſſianus* ſo degenerate,
That for her love ſuch quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulement,Iuſtice,or revenge?
Young Lords beware,and ſhould the Empreſſe know,
This diſcord ground,the muſicke would not pleaſe.
Chi. I care not I,knew ſhe and all the world,
I love *Lavinia* more then all the world.
Dem. Youngling,
Learne thou to make ſome meaner choiſe,
Lavinia is thine elder brothers hope.
Ar. Why are ye mad?Or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in love?
I tell you Lords,you doe but plot your deaths,
By this deviſe.
Chi. *Aron*,a thouſand deaths would I propoſe,
To atchieve her whom I do love.
Ar. To atchieve her,how?
Dem. Why,mak'ſt thou it ſo ſtrange?
Shee is a woman,therefore may be woo'd
Shee is a woman,therefore may be wonne,
Shee is *Lavinia* therefore muſt be lov'd.
What man,more water glideth by the Mill
Then wots the Miller of,and eaſie it is
Of a cut loafe to ſteale a ſhive we know:
Though *Baſſianus* be the Emperours brother,
Better then he have yet worne *Vulcans* badge.
Ar. I, and as good as *Saturninus* may.
Dem. Then why ſhould he diſpaire that knowes to court it
With words,faire lookes,and liberality:
What haſt not thou full often ſtrucke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers noſe?
Ar. Why then it ſeemes ſome certaine ſnatch or ſo
Would ſerve your turnes.
Chi. I ſo the turne were ſerved:
Dem. *Aron* thou haſt hit it.
Ar. Would you had hit it too,
Then ſhould not we be tir'd with this adoo:
Why harke yee,harke yee,and are you ſuch fooles,
To ſquare for this? Would it offend you then?
Chi. Faith not me.
Dem. Nor me,ſo I were one.
Ar For ſhame be friends,and joyne for that you iar:
Tis pollicy,and ſtratageme muſt doe
That you affect,and ſo muſt you reſolue,
That what you cannot as you would atchieve,
You muſt perforce accompliſh as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaſt
Then this *Lavinia*, *Baſsianus* love,
A ſpeedier courſe this lingring languiſhment
Muſt we purſue,and I have found the path:
My Lords, a ſolemne hunting is in hand.
There will the lovely Roman Ladies troope:
The Forreſt walkes are wide and ſpacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villainy:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe.
And ſtrike her home by force,if not by words:
This way or not at all,ſtand you in hope.
Come,come,our Empreſſe with her ſacred wit
To villainy and vengeance conſecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And ſhe ſhall file our engines with adviſe,
That will not ſuffer you to ſquare your ſelves,
But to your wiſhes height advance you both.
The Emperours Court is like the houſe of Fame,
The pallace full of tongues,of eyes,of eares:
The Woods are ruthleſſe, dreadfull,deafe,and dull:
There ſpeake,and ſtrike brave Boyes,& take your turnes.
There ſerve your luſts,ſhadow'd from heavens eye,
And revell in *Lavinia's* Treaſury.
Chi. Thy counſell Lad ſmells of no cowardiſe.
Dem. *Sifas aut nefas*, till I finde the ſtreames,
To coole this heat,a Charme to calme their fits,
Per Stigia,per manes Vehor. *Exeunt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three ſonnes, making a noiſe with hounds and hornes,and Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is up,the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant,and the Woods are greene,
Vncouple heere,and let us make a bay,
And wake the Emperour,and his lovely Bride,
And rouze the Prince,and ring a hunters peale,
That all the Court may eccho with the noiſe.
Sonnes let it be your charge,as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours perſon carefully:
I have bene troubled in my ſleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inſpir'd.

Winde Hornes.

Heere a cry of houndes,and winde hornes in a peale,then Enter Saturninus,Tamora,Baſsianus , Lavinia,Chiron,Demetrius,and their Attendans.

Ti. Many good morrowes to your Majeſty,
Madam to you as many and as good.
I promiſed your Grace,a Hunters peale.
Sat. And you have rung it luſtily my Lords,
Some what too earely for new married Ladies.
Baſ. *Lavinia*,how ſay you?
Lau. I ſay no:
I have bene awake two houres and more.
Sat. Come on then,horſe and Chariots let us have,
And to our ſport:Madam, now ſhall ye ſee,
Our Romaine hunting.
Mar. I have dogges my Lord,
Will rouze the proudeſt Panther in the Chaſe,
And clime the higheſt Promontory top.
Tit. And I have horſe will follow where the game
Makes away,and runne like Swallowes ore the plaine

Dem. *Chiron* we hunt not we, with Horſe nor Hound,
But hope to plucke a dainty Do to ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aron alone.

Ar. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
To bury ſo much Gold under a Tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks ~~of me~~ ſo abjectly,
Know that this Gold muſt coine a ſtratageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany:
And ſo repoſe ſweet Gold for their unreſt,
That have their Almes out of the Empreſſe Cheſt.

Enter Tamora to the Moore.

Tam. My lovely *Aron*,
Wherefore look'ſt thou ſad,
When every thing doth make a Gleefull boaſt?
The Birds chaunt melody on every buſh,
The Snake lies rolled in the cheare full Sunne,
The greene leaves quiver, with the cooling winde,
And make a cheker'd ſhadow on the ground:
Vnder their ſweet ſhade, *Aron* let us ſit,
And whil'ſt the babling Eccho mock's the Hounds,
Replying ſhrilly to the well tun'd-Hornes,
As a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us ſit downe, and marke their yelping noiſe:
And after conflict, ſuch as was ſuppos'd.
The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
When with a happy ſtorme they were ſurpris'd,
And Curtain'd with a Counſaile-keeping Cave,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our paſtimes done) poſſeſſe a Golden ſlumber,
Whiles Hounds and Hornes, and ſweet Melodious Birds
Be unto us, as is a Nurſes Song
Of Lullaby, to bring her Babe aſleepe.

Ar. Madame,
Though *Venus* governe your deſires,
Saturne is Dominator over mine:
What ſignifies my deadly ſtanding eye,
My ſilence, and my Cloudy Melancholy,
My fleece of Woolly haire, that now uncurles,
Even as an Adder when ſhe doth unrowle
To do ſome fatall execution?
No Madam, theſe are no Veneriall ſignes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood, and revenge, are Hammering in my head,
Harke *Tamora*, the Empreſſe of my Soule,
Which never hopes more heaven, then reſts in thee,
This is the day of Doome for *Baſſianus*;
His *Philomel* muſt looſe her tongue to day,
Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chaſtity,
And waſh their hands in *Baſſianus* blood.
Seeſt thou this Letter, take it up I pray thee,
And give the King this fatall plotted Scrowle,
Now queſtion me no more, we are eſpied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives deſtruction.

Enter Baſſianus and Lavinia.

Tam. Ah my ſweet *Moore*:
Sweeter to me then life.

Ar. No more great Empreſſe, *Baſſianus* comes,
Be croſſe with him, and Ile goe fetch thy Sonnes
To backe thy quarrell what ſo ere they be.

Baſ. Whom have we heere?
Romes Royall Empreſſe,
Vnfurniſht of our well beſeeming troop?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groves,
To ſee the generall Hunting in this Forreſt?

Tam. Sawcy controller of our private ſteps:
Had I the power, that ſome ſay *Dian* had,
Thy Temples ſhould be planted preſently.
With Hornes, as was *Acteons*, and the Hounds
Should drive upon his new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly Intruder as thou art.

Lau. Vnder your patience gentle Empreſſe,
Tis thought you have a goodly gift in Horning,
And to be doubted, that your *Moore* and you
Are ſingled forth to try experiments:
Iove ſhelld your husband from his Hounds to day,
Tis pitty they ſhould take him for a Stag.

Baſ. Beleeve me Queene, your ſwarth Cymmerian,
Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue,
Spotted, deteſted, and abhominable.
Why are you ſequeſtred from all your traine?
Diſmounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,
And wandred hither to an obſcure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moore*,
If foule deſire had not conducted you?

Lau. And being intercepted in your ſport,
Great reaſon that my Noble Lord, be rated
For Saucineſſe, I pray you let us hence,
And let her joy her Raven coloured love,
This valley fits the purpoſe paſſing well.

Baſ. The King my brother ſhall have notice of this.

Lau. I, for theſe ſlips have made him noted long,
Good King, to be ſo mightily abuſed.

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now deere Soveraigne
And our gracious Mother,
Why doth your Highnes looke ſo pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reaſon thinke you to looke pale?
Theſe two have tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren, deteſted vale you ſee it is.
The Trees (though Sommer) yet forlorne and leane,
Ore-come with Moſſe, and balefull Miſſelto.
Heere never ſhines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds,
Vnleſſe the nightly Owle, or fatall Raven:
And when they ſhew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, heere at dead time of the night,
A thouſand Fiends, a thouſand hiſſing Snakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling Toades, as many Vrchins,
Would make ſuch fearefull and confuſed cries,
As any mortall body hearing it,
Should ſtraite fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.
No ſooner had they told this helliſh tale,
But ſtrait they told me they would binde me heere,
Vnto the body of a diſmall yew,
And leave me to this miſerable death.
And then they call'd me foule Adultereſſe,
Laſcivious Goth, and all the bittereſt tearmes
That ever eaſe did heare to ſuch effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your Mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth cal'd my Children.

Dem. This is a witneſſe that I am thy Sonne. *Sab him.*

Chi. And this for me,
Strook home to ſhew my ſtrength.

Lau. I come *Semiramis*, nay Barbarous *Tamora*,

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.
Tam. Give me thy poygnard: you ſhal know my boyes
Your Mothers hand ſhall right your Mothers wrong.
Dem. Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,
Firſt thraſh the Corne, then after burne the ſtraw:
This Minion ſtood upon her chaſtity,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyalty.
And with that painted hope ſhe braves your Mightineſſe,
And ſhall ſhe carry this unto her grave?
Chi. And if ſhe doe,
I would I were an Eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to ſome ſecret hole,
And make his dead Trunke-Pillow to our luſt.
Tam. But when ye have the hony ye deſire,
Let not this Waſpe out-live us both to ſting.
Chi. I warrant you Madam we will make that ſure:
Come Miſtris, now perforce we will enjoy,
That nice-preſerued honeſty of yours.
Lav. Oh *Tamora*, thou bear'ſt a woman face.
Tam. I will not heare her ſpeake, away with her.
Lav. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.
Dem. Liſten faire Madam, let it be your glory
To ſee her teares, but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of raine.
Lav. When did the Tigers young-ones teach the dam?
O doe not learne her wrath, ſhe taught it thee,
The milke thou ſuck'ſt from her did turne to Marble,
Even at thy Teat thou had'ſt thy Tyranny,
Yet every Mother breeds not Sonnes alike,
Do thou intreat her ſhew a woman pitty.
Chi. What,
Would'ſt thou have me prove my ſelfe a baſtard?
Lau. Tis true,
The Raven doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet have I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion mov'd with pitty, did indure
To have his Princely pawes par'd all away.
Some ſay, that Ravens foſter forlorne children,
The whil'ſt their owne birds famiſh in their neſts:
Oh be to me though thy hard heart ſay no,
Nothing ſo kind but ſomething pittifull.
Tam. I know not what it meanes, away with her.
Lav. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers ſake,
That gave thee life when well he might have ſlaine thee:
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.
Tam. Had'ſt thou in perſon nere offended me,
Even for his ſake am I now pittileſſe:
Remember Boyes I powr'd forth teares in vaine,
To ſave your brother from the ſacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and uſe her as you will,
The worſe to her, the better lov'd of me.
Lau. Oh *Tamora*,
Be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For tis not life that I have beg'd ſo long,
Poore I was ſlaine, when *Baſsianus* dy'd.
What beg'ſt thou then? fond woman, let me go?
Lav. Tis preſent death I beg, and one thing more,
That woman hood denies my tongue to tell:
Oh keepe me from their worſe then killing luſt,
And tumble me into ſome loathſome pit,
Where never mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.
Tam. So ſhould I rob my ſweet Sonnes of their fee,
No, let them ſatisfie their luſt on thee.
Dem. Away,
For thou haſt ſtaid us heere too long.
Lau. No grace.
No woman hood? Ah beaſtly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confuſion all——
Chi. Nay then Ile ſtop your mouth:
Bring thou her husband,
This is the Hole where *Aron* bid us hide him. *Exeunt.*
Tam. Farewell my Sonnes, ſee that you make her ſure,
Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the *Andronici* be made away:
Now will I hence to ſeeke my lovely *Moore*,
And let my ſpleenefull Sonnes this Trull defloure. *Exit.*

Enter Aron with two of Titus Sonnes.

Aron. Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothſome pit,
Where I eſpied the Panther faſt aſleepe.
Quin. My ſight is very dull what ere it bodes.
Mar. And mine I promiſe you, were it not for ſhame,
Well could I leave our ſport to ſleepe a while.
Quin. What art thou fallen?
What ſubtile Hole is this,
Whoſe mouth is covered with Rude growing Briers,
Vpon whoſe leaves are drops of new-ſhed-blood,
As freſh as mornings dew diſtil'd on flowers,
A very fatall place it ſeemes to me:
Speake Brother haſt thou hurt thee with the fall?
Mar. Oh Brother,
With the diſmal'ſt object
That ever eye with ſight made heart lament.
Ar. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere,
That he thereby may have a likely gheſſe,
How theſe were they that made away his brother.
Exit Aron.
Mar. Why doſt not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this unhallow'd and blood-ſtained Hole?
Quin. I am ſurpriſed with an uncouth feare,
A chilling ſweat ore-runs my trembling joynts,
My heart ſuſpects more then mine eye can ſee.
Mar. To prove thou haſt a true divining heart,
Aron and thou looke downe into this den,
And ſee a fearefull ſight of blood and death.
Quin. *Aron* is gone,
And my compaſſionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes, once to behold
The thing where at it trembles by ſurmiſe:
Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.
Mar. Lord *Baſsianus* lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to the ſlaughtred Lambe,
In this deteſted, darke, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be darke, how dooſt thou know 'tis he?
Mar. Vpon his blody finger he doth weare
A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:
Which like a Taper in ſome Monument,
Doth ſhine upon the dead mans earthly cheekes,
And ſhewes the ragged intrailes of the pit:
So pale did ſhine the Moone on *Piramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood:
O Brother helpe me with thy fainting hand,
If feare hath made the faint, as mee it hath,
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hatefull as *Cocitus* miſtie mouth.
Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,

Or wanting ſtrength to doe thee ſo much good,
I may be pluckt into the ſwallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore *Baſsianus* grave:
I have no ſtrength to plucke thee to the brinke.
Mar. Nor I no ſtrength to clime without thy helpe.
Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not looſe againe,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
Thou can'ſt not come to me, I come to thee. *Boths fall in.*

Enter the Emperour, Aron the Moore.

Sat. Along with me, Ile ſee what hole is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into i .
Say, who art thou that lately did'ſt deſcend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Mar. The unhappy ſonne of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a moſt unlucky houre,
To finde thy brother *Baſſianus* dead.
Sat. My brother dead I know thou doſt but jeſt,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the North-ſide of this pleaſant Chaſe,
Tis not an houre ſince I left him there.
Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out alas, heere have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my Lord the King?
Sat. Heere *Tamora*, though griev'd with killing griefe.
Tam. Where is thy brother *Baſsianus*?
Sat. Now to the bottome doſt thou ſearch my wound,
Poore *Baſsianus* heere lies murthered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ,
The complot of this timeleſſe Tragedy,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murderous Tyranny.
She giveth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.

And if we miſſe to meete him hanſomely,
Sweet huntſman. Baſſianus tis we meane,
Doe thou ſo much as dig the grave for him,
Thou know'ſt our meaning, looke for thy reward
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree:
Which over-ſhades the mouth of that ſame pit:
Where we decreed to bury Baſſianus,
Doe this and purchaſe us thy laſting friends.

Sat. Oh *Tamora*, was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke ſirs, if you can finde the huntſman out,
That ſhould have murthered *Baſſianus* heere.
Ar. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold.
Sat. Two of thy whelpes, fell Curs of bloody kind
Have heere bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit unto the priſon,
There let them bide untill we have devis'd
Some never heard-of tortering paine for them.
Tam. What are they in this pit,
Oh wondrous thing!
How eaſily murder is diſcovered?
Tit. High Emperour, npon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares, not lightly ſhed,
That this fell fanlt of my accurſed Sonnes,
Accurſed, if the faults be prou'd in them.
Sat. If it be prov'd? you ſee it is apparant,
Who found this Letter, *Tamora* was it you?
Tam. *Andronicus* himſelfe did take it up.
Tit. I did my Lord,
Yet let me be their baile.
For by my Fathers reverent Tombe I vow
They ſhall be ready at your Highnes will,
To anſwere their ſuſpition with their lives.
Sat. Thou ſhalt not baile them, ſee thou follow me:
Some bring the murthered body, ſome the murtherers,
Let them not ſpeake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my ſoule, were there worſe end then death,
That end upon them ſhould be executed.
Tam. *Andronicus* I will entreat the King,
Feare not thy Sonnes, they ſhall do well enough.
Tit. Come *Lucius* come,
Stay not to talke with them. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Empreſſe Sonnes, with Lavinia, her hands cut off and her tongue cut out, and raviſht.

Dem. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can ſpeake,
Who t'was that cut thy tongue and raviſht thee.
Chi. Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning ſo,
And if thy ſtumpes will let thee play the Scribe.
Dem. See how with ſignes and tokens ſhe can ſcowle.
Chi. Goe home,
Call for ſweet water, waſh thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to waſh.
And ſo let's leave her to her ſilent walkes.
Chi. And t'were my cauſe, I ſhould goe hang my ſelfe.
Dem. If thou had'ſt hands to helpe thee knit the cord.
Exeunt.

Winde Hornes.

Enter Marcus from hunting to Lavinia.

Who is this, my Neece that flies away ſo faſt?
Coſen a word, where is your husband?
If I do dreame, would all my wealth would wake me,
If I do wake, ſome Planet ſtrike me downe,
That I may ſlumber in eternall ſleepe.
Speake gentle Neece, what ſterne ungentle hands
Hath lopt, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, thoſe ſweet Ornaments
Whoſe circkling ſhadows, Kings have ſought to ſleep in
And might not gaine ſo great a happines
As halfe thy Love: Why doeſt not ſpeake to me?
Alas, a Crimſon river of warme blood,
Like to a bubling fountaine ſtir'd with winde,
Doth riſe and fall betweene thy Roſed lips,
Comming and going with thy hony breath.
But ſure ſome *Tereus* hath defloured thee,
And leaſt thou ſhould'ſt detect them, cut thy tongue,
Ah, now thou turn'ſt away thy face for ſhame:
And notwith ſtanding all this loſſe of blood,
As from a Conduit with their iſſuing Spouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,
Bluſhing to be encountred with a Cloud,
Shall I ſpeake for thee? ſhall I ſay tis ſo?
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beaſt
That I might raile at him to eaſe my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an Oven ſtopt,
Doth burne the heart to Cinders where it is.
Faire *Philomela* ſhe but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious Sampler ſowed her minde.
But lovely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus* haſt thou met withall,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty fingers off,

That could have better ſowed then *Philomel.*
Oh had the monſter ſeene thoſe Lilly hands,
Tremble like Aſpen leaves upon a Lute,
And make the ſilken ſtrings delight to kiſſe them,
He would not then have toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heavenly Harmony,
Which that ſweet tongue hath made:
He would have dropt his knife and fell aſleepe,
As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come,let us goe,and make thy father blinde,
For ſuch a ſight will blinde a fathers eye.
One houres ſtorme will drowne the fragrant meades,
What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe,for we will mourne with thee:
Oh could our morning eaſe thy miſery. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Iudges and Senatours with Titus two ſonnes bound, paſſing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before pleading.

Ti. Heare me grave fathers,noble Tribunes ſtay,
For pitty of mine age,whoſe youth was ſpent
In dangerous warres,whilſt you ſecurely ſlept:
For all my blood in Romes great quarrell ſhed,
For all the froſty nights that I have watcht,
And for theſe bitter teares, which now you ſee,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
Whoſe ſoules are not corrupted as tis thought:
For two and twenty ſonnes I never weept,
Becauſe they died in honours lofty bed.
Andronicus lyeth downe,and the Iudges paſſe by him.
For theſe,theſe Tribunes,in the duſt I write
My harts deepe languor,and my ſoules ſad teares:
Let my teares ſtench the earths dry appetite.
My ſonnes ſweet blood,will make it ſhame and bluſh:
O earth ! I will be friend thee more with raine *Exeunt.*
That ſhall diſtill from theſe two ancient ruines,
Then youthfull Aprill ſhall with all his ſhowres
In ſummers drought:Ile drop upon thee ſtill,
In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the ſnow
And keepe eternall ſpring-time on thy face,
So thou refuſe to drinke my deare ſonnes blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reverent Tribunes,oh gentle aged men,
Vnbinde my ſonnes,reverſe the doome of death,
And let me ſay(that never wept before)
My teares are now prevaling Oratours.
Lu. Oh noble father,you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare you not,no man is by,
And you recount your ſorrowes to a ſtone.
Tit. Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,
Grave Tribunes,once more I intreat of you.
Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you ſpeake.
Tit. Why tis no matter man,if they did heare
They would not marke me:oh if they did heare
They would not pitty me.
Therefore I tell my ſorrowes bootles to the ſtones.
Who though they cannot anſwere my diſtreſſe,
Yet in ſome ſort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I doe weepe,they humbly at my feete
Receive my teares,and ſeeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in grave weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to theſe.
A ſtone is as ſoft waxe,
Tribunes more hard then ſtones:
A ſtone is ſilent,and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore ſtand'ſt thou with thy weapon drawne?
Lu. To reſcue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Iudges have pronounc'ſt
My everlaſting doome of baniſhment.
Ti. O happy man,they have befriended thee:
Why fooliſh *Lucius*,doſt thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers?
Tigers muſt prey,and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine:how happy art thou then,
From theſe devourers to be baniſhed?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. Titus,prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
Or if not ſo,thy noble heart to breake:
I bring conſuming ſorrow to thine age.
Ti. Will it conſume me?Let me ſee it then.
Mar. This was thy daughter.
Ti. Why *Marcus* ſo ſhe is.
Lu. Aye me this object kils me.
Ti. Faint-harted boy,ariſe and looke upon her,
Speake my *Lavinia*,what accurſed hand
Hath made thee handleſſe in thy Fathers ſight?
What foole hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My griefe was at the light before thou cam'ſt,
And now like *Nylus* it diſdaineth bounds:
Give me a ſword,Ile chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for Rome,and all in vaine:
And they have nur'ſt this woe,
In feeding life:
In bootleſſe prayer have they bene held up,
And they have ſerv'd me to effectleſſe uſe.
Now all the ſervice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other:
Tis well *Lavinia*, that thou haſt no hands,
For hands to do Rome ſervice,is but vaine.
Lu. Speake gentle ſiſter, who hath martyr'd thee?
Mar. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with ſuch pleaſing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a ſweet mellodious bird it ſung,
Sweet varied notes inchanting every eare.
Luc. Oh ſay thou for her,
Who hath done this deed?
Mar. Oh thus I found her ſtraying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herſelfe as doth the Deare
That hath recev'd ſome unrecuring wound.
Tit. It was my Deare,
And he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more,then had he kild me dead:
For now I ſtand as one upon a Rocke,
Inviron'd with a wilderneſſe of Sea.
Who makes the waxing tide,
Grow wave by wave,

Expecting ever when ſome envious ſurge,
Will in his briniſh bowels ſwallow him.
This way to death my wretched ſonnes are gone:
Heere ſtands my other ſonne, a baniſht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes.
But that which gives my ſoule the greateſt ſpurne,
Is deere *Lavinia*, deerer then my ſoule.
Had I but ſeene thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me. What ſhall I doe?
Now I behold thy lively body ſo?
Thou haſt no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah ſonne *Lucius* looke on her:
When I did name her brothers, then freſh teares
Stood on her cheekes, as doth the hony dew,
Vpon a gathred Lillie almoſt withered,
Mar. Perchance ſhe weepes becauſe they kil'd her husband,
Perchance becauſe ſhe knowes him innocent.
Tit. If they did kill thy husband then be joyfull,
Becauſe the law hath tane revenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe ſo foule a deede,
Witnes the ſorrow that their ſiſter makes.
Gentle *Lavinia* let me kiſſe thy lips,
Or make ſome ſignes how I may do thee eaſe:
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I ſit round about ſome Fountaine,
Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes
How they are ſtain'd in meadows, yet not dry
With miery ſlime left on them by a flood:
And in the Fountaine ſhall we gaze ſo long,
Till the freſh taſte be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
Or ſhall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or ſhall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe ſhewes
Paſſe the remainder of our hatefull dayes?
What ſhall we doe? Let us that have our tongues
Plot ſome deviſe of further miſeries
To make us wondred at in time to come.
Lu. Sweet Father ceaſe your teares, for at your griefe
See how my wretched ſiſter ſobs and weeps.
Ma. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* drie thine eyes.
Tit. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man haſt drown'd it with thine owne.
Lu. Ah my *Lavinia* I will wipe thy cheekes.
Tit. Marke *Marcus* marke, I underſtand her ſignes,
Had ſhe a tongue to ſpeake, now would ſhe ſay
That to her brother which I ſaid to thee.
His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,
Can do no ſervice on her ſorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a ſimpathy of woe is this!
As farre from helpe as Limbo is from bliſſe.

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy ſonnes,
Let *Marcus Lucius*, or thy ſelfe old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And ſend it to the King: he for the ſame,
Will ſend thee hither both thy ſonnes alive,
And that ſhall be the ranſome for their fault.
Tit. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aaron*.
Did ever Raven ſing ſo like a Larke,
That gives ſweet tydings of the Sunnes upriſe?
With all my heart, Ile ſend the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aaron* wilt thou help to chop it off?
Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe ſo many enemies,
Shall not be ſent: my hand will ſerve the turne.
My youth can better ſpare my blood then you,
And therefore mine ſhall ſave my brothers lives.
Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
Writing deſtruction on the enemies Caſtle?
Oh none of both but are of high deſert:
My hand hath bin but idle, let it ſerve
To ranſome my two nephewes from their death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.
Moo. Nay come agree, whoſe hand ſhall goe along,
For feare they die before their pardon come.
Mar. My hand ſhall goe.
Lu. By heaven it ſhall not goe.
Ti. Sirs ſtrive no more, ſuch withered hearbs as theſe
Are meete for plucking up, and therefore mine.
Lu. Sweet Father, if I ſhall be thought thy ſonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.
Mar. And for our fathers ſake, and mothers care,
Now let me ſhew a brothers love to thee.
Ti. Agree betweene you, I will ſpare my hand.
Lu. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.
Mar. But I will uſe the Axe. *Exeunt.*
Ti. Come hither *Aaron*, Ile deceive them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine,
Moo. If that be cal'd deceit, I will be honeſt,
And never whil'ſt I live deceive men ſo:
But Ile deceive you in another ſort,
And that you'l ſay ere halfe an houre paſſe.

He cuts off Titus hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

Ti. Now ſtay your ſtrife, what ſhall be, is diſpatcht:
Good *Aaron* give his Majeſty my hand,
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thouſand dangers: bid him bury it:
More hath it merited: That let it have.
As for my ſonnes, ſay I account of them,
As iewels purchaſt at an eaſie price,
And yet deere too, becauſe I bought mine owne.
Aaron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to have thy ſonnes with thee:
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thought of it.
Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will have his ſoule blacke like his face. *Exit.*
Ti. O heere I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me?
Doe then deare heart, for heaven ſhall heare our prayers,
Or with our ſighs weele breath the welkin dimme,
And ſtaine the Sun with fogge as ſometime cloudes,
When they do hug him in their melting boſomes.
Mar. Oh brother ſpeake with poſſibilities,
And do not breake into theſe deepe extreames.
Ti. Is not my ſorrow deepe, having no bottome?
Then

Then be my paſſions botromleſſe with them.
Mar. But yet let reaſon governe thy lament.
Tit. If there were reaſon for theſe miſeries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heaven doth weepe, doth not the earth ore flow?
If the windes rage,doth not the Sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-ſwolne face?
And wilt thou have a reaſon for this coile?
I am the Sea. Harke how her ſighes doe blow:
Shee is the weeping welkin,I the earth:
Then muſt my Sea be moved with her ſighes,
Then muſt my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge:overflow'd and drown'd:
For why,my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard muſt I vomit them:
Then give me leave,for looſers will have leave,
To eaſe their ſtomackes with their bitter tongues,

Enter a meſſenger with two heads and a hand.

Meſ. Worthy *Andronicus*,ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou ſent'ſt the Emperour:
Heere are the heads of thy two noble ſonnes.
And heeres thy hand in ſcorne to thee ſent backe:
Thy griefes,their ſports:Thy reſolution mockt,
That woe is me to thinke upon thy woes,
More then remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*
Mar. Now let hot Ætna coole in Cicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell:
Theſe miſeries are more then may be borne,
To weepe with them that weepe,doth eaſe ſome deale,
But ſorrow flouted at, is double death.
Luc. Ah that this ſight ſhould make ſo deep a wound,
And yet deteſted life not ſhrinke thereat:
That ever death ſhould let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more intereſt but to breath.
Mar. Alas poore hart that kiſſe is comfortleſſe,
As frozen water to a ſtarved ſnake.
Tit. When will this fearefull ſlumber have an end?
Mar. Now farewell flattery,die *Andronicus*,
Thou doſt not ſlumber,ſee thy two ſons heads,
Thy warlike hands,thy mangled daughter here:
Thy other baniſht ſonnes with this deere ſight
Strucke pale and bloodleſſe,and thy brother I,
Even like a ſtony Image,cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,
Rent off thy ſilver haire,thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth,and be this diſmall ſight
The cloſing up of our moſt wretched eyes:
Now is a time to ſtorme,why art thou ſtill?
Tit. Ha,ha,ha.
Mar. Why doſt thou laugh?it fits not with this houre.
Tit. Why I have not another teare to ſhed:
Beſides,this ſorrow is an enemy,
And would uſurpe upon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde wit tributary teares,
Then which way ſhall I finde Revenges Cave?
For theſe two heads doe ſeeme to ſpeak to me,
And threat me,I ſhall never come to bliſſe,
Till all theſe miſchiefes be returned againe,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come let me ſee what taske I have to doe,
You heavy people,circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And ſweare unto my ſoule to right your wrongs.
The vow is made,come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare.
Lavinia thou ſhalt be employd in theſe things:
Beare thou my hand ſweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy,goe get thee from my ſight,
Thou art an Exile,and thou muſt not ſtay.
Hie to the *Gothes*,and raiſe an army there,
And if you love me,as I thinke you doe,
Let's kiſſe and part,for we have much to doe. *Exeunt.*

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father.
The woful'ſt man that ever liv'd in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome,till *Lucius* come againe,
He loves his pledges dearer then his life:
Farewell *Lavinia* my noble ſiſter,
O would thou wert as thou to fore haſt beene,
But now,nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives
But in oblivion and hatefull griefes:
It *Lucius* live,he will requit your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturninus* and his Empreſſe
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene.
Now will I to the Gothes and raiſe a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and *Saturnine*. *Exit Lucius.*

A Banquet.
Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lavinia, and the Boy.

An. So,ſo, now ſit,and looke you eate no more
Then will preſerve juſt ſo much ſtrength in us
As will revenge theſe bitter woes of ours.
Marcus unknit that ſorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy Neece an I(poore Creatures)want our hands
And cannot paſſionate our tenfold griefe,
With foulded Armes. This poore right hand of mine,
Is left to tirranize upon my breaſt
Who when my heart all mad with miſery,
Beats in this hollow priſon of my fleſh,
Then thus I thumpe it downe.
Thou Map of woe,that thus doſt talke in ſignes,
When thy poore heart beates with outragious beating,
Thou canſt not ſtrike it thus to make it ſtill?
Wound it with ſighing girle,kil it with grones:
Or get ſome little kniſe betweene thy teeth,
And juſt againſt thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall
May run into that ſinke,and ſoaking in,
Drowne the lamenting foole,in Sea-ſalt teares.
Mar. Fy brother fy,teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.
An. How now! Has ſorrow made thee doate already?
Why *Marcus*,no man ſhould be mad but I:
What violent hands can ſhe lay on her life:
Ah,wherefore doſt thou urge the name of hands,
To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice ore
How Troy was burnt,and he made miſerable?
O handle not the theame,to talke of hands,
Leaſt we remember ſtill that we have none,
Fie,fie,how Frantiquely I ſquare my talke
As if we ſhould forget we had no hands:
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands.
Come,lets fall too,and gentle girle eate this,
Heere is no drinke?Harke *Marcus* what ſhe ſayes,
I can interpret all her martir'd ſignes,
She ſaies,ſhe drinkes no other drinke but teares
Brew'd with her ſorrows:meſh'd upon her cheekes,

Speechleſſe complaint,O I will learne thy thought:
In thy dumb action,will I be as perfect
As begging Hemits in their holy prayers.
Thou ſhalt not ſighe nor hold thy ſtumps to heaven,
Nor winke,nor nod,nor kneele,nor make a ſigne,
But I (of theſe) will wreſt an Alphabet,
And by ſtill practice,learne to know thy meaning.
Boy. Good grandſire leave theſe bitter deepe laments,
Make my Aunt merry, with ſome pleaſing tale.
Mar. Alas,the tender boy in paſſion mov'd,
Doth weepe to ſee his grandſires heavineſſe,
An. Peace tender Sapling,thou art made of teares,
And teares will quickly melt thy life away.

Marcus ſtrikes the diſh with a knife.

What doeſt thou ſtrike at *Marcus* with thy knife.
Mar. At that that I have kill'd my Lord,a Flye
An. Out on the murderour:thou kil'ſt my heart.
Mine eyes are cloi'd with view of Tirrany:
A deed of death done on the Innocent
Becoms not *Titus* brother:get thee gone,
I ſee thou art not for my company:
Mar. Alas(my Lord)I have but kild a flie.
An. But?How:if that Flie had a father and mother?
How would he hang his ſlender gilded wings
And buz lamenting doings in the ayer,
Poore harmeleſſe Fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came heere to make us merry,
And thou haſt kil'd him.
Mar. Pardon me ſir,
It was a blacke illfavour'd Fly,
Like to the Empreſſe Moore,therefore I kild him.
An. O,o,o,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou haſt done a Charitable deed:
Give me thy knife,I will inſult on him,
Flattering my ſelfe, as if it were the Moore,
Come hither purpoſely to poiſon me.
There's for thy ſelfe,and thats for *Tamora*: Ah ſirra,
Yet I thinke we are not brought ſo low,
But that betweene us,we can kill a Fly,
That comes in likeneſſe of a Cole-blacke Moore.
Mar. Alas poore man,griefe ha's ſo wrought on him,
He takes falſe ſhadowes,for true ſubſtances.
And:Come,take away:*Lavinia*,goe with me,
Ile to thy cloſſet,and goe read with thee
Sad ſtories,chanced in the times of old.
Come boy,and goe with me,thy ſight is young,
And thou ſhalt read,when mine begin to dazell. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and the Boy flies from her with his bookes under his arme.
Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Helpe Grandſier helpe,my Aunt *Lavinia*,
Followes me every where I know not why.
Good Vncle *Marcus* ſee how ſwift ſhe comes,
Alas ſweet Aunt,I know not what you meane.
Mar. Stand by me *Lucius*,doe not feare thy Aunt.
Tit. She loves thee boy too well to doe thee harme
Boy. I when my father was in Rome ſhe did.
Ma. What meanes my Neece *Lavinia* by theſe ſignes?
Ti. Feare not *Lucius*,ſome what doth ſhe meane:
See *Lucius* ſee,how much ſhe makes of thee:
Some whither would ſhe have thee go with her.
Ah boy, *Cornelia* never with more care
Read to her ſonnes,then ſhe hath read to thee,
Sweet Poetry,and Tullies Oratour:
Canſt thou not geſſe wherefore ſhe plies thee thus?
Boy. My Lord I know not I,nor can I geſſe,
Vnleſſe ſome fit or frency do poſſeſſe her:
For I have heard my Grandſier ſay full oft,
Extremity of griefes would make men mad.
And I have read that *Hecuba* of Troy,
Ran mad through ſorrow,that made me to feare,
Although my Lord,I know my noble Aunt,
Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,
And would not but in fury fright my youth,
Which made me downe to throw my bookes,and flie
Cauſles perhaps,but pardon me ſweet Aunt,
And Madam,if my Vncle *Marcus* goe,
I will moſt willingly attend your Ladyſhip.
Mar. Lucius I will.
Ti. How now *Lavinia*,*Marcus* what meanes this?
Some booke there is that ſhe deſires to ſee,
Which is it girle of theſe?Open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choyſe of all my Library,
And ſo beguile thy ſorrow,till the heavens
Reveale the damn'd contriver of this deed:
What booke?
Why lifts ſhe up her armes in ſequence thus?
Mar. I think ſhe meanes that ther was more then one
Confederate in the fact,I more there was:
Or elſe to heaven ſhe heaves them to revenge.
Tit. Lucius what booke is that ſhe toſſeth ſo?
Boy. Grandſier tis Ovids Metamorphoſis,
My mother gave it me,
Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps ſhe culd it from among the reſt.
Tit. Soft,ſo buſily ſhe turnes the leaves.
Helpe her, what would ſhe finde? *Lavinia* ſhall I read?
This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*?
And treates of *Tereus* treaſon and his rape,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.
Mar. See brother ſee, note how ſhe quotes the leaves
Tit. Livinia,wert thou thus ſurpriz'd ſweet girle,
Raviſht and wrong'd as *Philomela* was?
Forc'd in the ruthleſſe,vaſt,and gloomy woods?
See,ſee,I ſuch a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we never,never hunted there)
Patern'd by that the Poet heere deſcribes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes.
Mar. O Why ſhould nature build ſo foule a den,
Vnleſſe the Gods delight in tragedies?
Ti. Give ſignes ſweet girle,for heere are none but friẽds
What Romaine Lord it was durſt do the deed?
Or ſlunke not *Saturnine*,as *Tarquin* erſt,
That left the Campe to ſinne in Lucrece bed.
Mar. Sit downe ſweet Neece, brother ſit downe by me,
Apollo,*Pallas*,*Iove*,or *Mercury*,
Inſpire me that I may this treaſon finde.
My Lord looke heere,looke heere *Lavinia*,

He writes his Name with his ſtaffe, and guides it with feete and mouths.

This ſandy plot is plaine,guide if thou canſt

This after me, when I have writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Curſt be that heart that forc'ſt us to this ſhift:
Write thou good Neece, and heere diſplay at laſt,
What God will have diſcovered for revenge,
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy ſorrowes plaine,
That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

She takes the ſtaffe in her mouth, and guides it with her ſtumps and writes.

Tit. Oh doe ye read my Lord what ſhe hath writ?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.
Mar. What, what, the luſtfull ſonnes of *Tamora*,
Performers of this hainous bloody deed?
Tit. *Magni Dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis ſcelera! tam lentus vides!
Mar. Oh calme thee gentle Lord: Although I know
There is enough written upon this earth,
To ſtirre a mutiny in the mildeſt thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaimes.
My Lord kneele downe with me: *Lavinia* kneele,
And kneele ſweet boy, the Romaine *Hectors* hope,
And ſweare with me, as with the wofull Feere
And father of that chaſt diſhonoured Dame,
Lord *Iunius Brutus* ſweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will proſecute (by good adviſe)
Mortall revenge upon theſe traytorous Gothes,
And ſee their blood, or dye with this reproach.
Tit. Tis ſure enough, and you knew how.
But if you hunt theſe Beare-whelpes, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if ſhe winde you once,
Shes with the Lyon deepely ſtill in league.
And lulls him whilſt ſhe playeth on her backe,
And when he ſleepes will ſhe doe what ſhe liſt.
You are a young huntſman *Marcus*, let it alone:
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braſſe,
And with a Gad of ſteele will write theſe words,
And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde
Will blow theſe ſands like *Sibels* leaves abroad,
And wheres your leſſon then. Boy what ſay you?
Boy. I ſay my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber ſhould not be ſafe,
For theſe bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.
Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his ungratefull country done the like.
Boy. And Vncle ſo will I, and if I live.
Tit. Come goe with me into mine Armory,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empreſſe ſonnes,
Preſents that I intend to ſend them both,
Come, come, thou'lt doe thy meſſage, wilt thou not?
Boy. I with my dagger in their boſome, Grandſire:
Tit. No boy not ſo, Ile teach thee another courſe,
Lavinia come, *Marcus* looke to my houſe,
Lucius and Ile goe brave it at the Court,
I marry will we ſir, and weele be waited on. *Exeunt.*
Mar. O heavens! Can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compaſſion him?
Marcus attend him in his extaſie,
That hath more ſcars of ſorrow in his heart,
Then foe-mens markes upon his batter'd ſhield,
But yet ſo juſt, that he will not revenge,
Revenge the heavens for old *Andronicus*. *Exit.*

Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one dore: and at another dore young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verſes writ upon them.

Chi. *Demetrius* heeres the ſonne of *Lucius*,
He hath ſome meſſage to deliver us.
Aron. I ſome mad meſſage from his mad Grandfather.
Boy. My Lords, with all the humbleneſſe I may,
I greete your honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the Romane gods confound you both.
Deme. Gramercy lovely *Lucius*, what's the newes?
Boy. For villaines markt with rape. May it pleaſe you,
My Grandſire well adviſ'd hath ſent by me,
The goodlieſt weapons of his Armory,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome, for ſo he bad me ſay:
And ſo I doe and with his gifts preſent
Your Lordſhips, when ever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And ſo I leave you both: like bloody villaines. *Exit.*
Deme. What's heere? a ſcrole, and written round about?
Lets ſee.
Integer vitæ ſceleriſque purus, non egit mauri jaculis nec arcu.
Chir. O tis a verſe in *Horace*, I know it well.
I read it in the Grammer long agoe.
Moore. I juſt, a verſe in *Horace*: right, you have it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Aſſe?
Heeres no ſound jeſt, th'old man hath found their guilt,
And ſends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quicke:
But were our witty Empreſſe well a foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit:
But let her reſt, in her unreſt a while.
And now young Lords, was't not a happy ſtarre
Led us to Rome ſtrangers, and more then ſo;
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To brave the Tribune in his brothers hearing.
Deme. But me more good, to ſee ſo great a Lord
Baſely inſinuate, and ſend us gifts.
Moore. Had he not reaſon Lord *Demetrius*?
Did you not uſe his daughter very friendly?
Deme. I would we had a thouſand Romane Dames
At ſuch a bay, by turne to ſerve out luſt.
Chir. A charitable wiſh, and full of love.
Moore. Heere lack's but you mother for ſay, Amen.
Chir. And that would ſhe for twenty thouſand more.
Deme. Come, let us goe, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her paines.
Moore. Pray to the devils, the gods have given us over.
Flouriſh.
Dem. Why doe the Emperors trumpets flouriſh thus?
Chir. Belike for joy the Emperour hath a ſonne.
Dem. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurſe with a blacke a Moore child.

Nurſe. Good morrow Lords:
O tell me, did you ſee *Aaron* the Moore?
Aaron. Well, more or leſſe, or ne're a whit at all,
Heere *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?
Nurſe. Oh gentle *Aaron*, we are all undone.
Now helpe, or woe betide thee evermore.
Aaron. Why, what a catterwalling doſt thou keepe?
What doſt thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?
Nurſe. O that which I would hide from heavens eye,
Our Empreſſe ſhame, and ſtately Romes diſgrace,
She is delivered Lords, ſhe is delivered.
Aaron. To whom?
Nurſe. I meane ſhe is brought a bed?
Aaron. Well God give her good reſt.

What hath he ſent her ?
Nurſe. A devill.
Aaron. Why then ſhe is the devils Dam: a joyfull iſſue.
Nur. A joyleſſe, diſmall, blacke and, ſorrowfull iſſue,
Heere is the babe as loathſome as a toad,
Among'ſt the faireſt breeders of our clime,
The Empreſſe ſends it thee, thy ſtampe, thy ſeale,
And bids thee chriſten it with thy daggers point.
Aaron. Out you whore, is blacke ſo baſe a hue ?
Sweet blowſe, you are a beautious bloſſome ſure.
Deme. Villaine what haſt thou done?
Aaron. That which thou canſt not undoe.
Chir. Thou haſt undone our mother.
Deme. And therein helliſh dog, thou haſt undone,
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choyce,
Accur'ſt the off-ſpring of ſo foule a fiend.
Chir. It ſhall not live.
Aaron. It ſhall not dye.
Nurſe. *Aaron* it muſt, the mother wills it ſo.
Aaron. What, muſt it *Nurſe* ? Then let no man but I
Doe execution on my fleſh and blood.
Deme. Ile broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point:
Nurſe give it me, my ſword ſhall ſoone diſpatch it.
Aaron. Sooner this ſword ſhall plough thy bowels up.
Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning Tapers of the skye,
That ſh'one ſo brighly when this Boy was got,
He dies upon my Semitars ſharpe point,
That touches this my firſt borne ſonne and heire.
I tell you young-lings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatning band of *Typhons* broode,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the god of Warre,
Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:
What, what, ye ſanguine ſhallow hearted Boyes,
Ye white-limb'd walls, ye Ale-houſe painted ſignes,
Cole-blacke is better then another hue:
In that it ſcornes to beare another hue:
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can never turne the Swans blacke legs to write,
Although ſhe lave them hourely in the flood:
Tell the Empreſſe from me, I am of age
To keepe mine owne, excuſe it how ſhe can.
Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble miſtris thus ?
Aaron. My miſtris is my miſtris: this my ſelfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world doe I preferre,
This mauger all the world will I keepe ſafe,
Or ſome of you ſhall ſmoake for it in Rome.
Dem. By this our mother is for ever ſham'd.
Chir. Rome will deſpiſe her for this foule eſcape.
Nur. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death
Chir. I bluſh to thinke upon this ignominy.
Aaron. Why ther's the priviledge your beauty beares:
Fye trecherous hue, that will betray with bluſhing
The cloſe enacts and counſells of the heart:
Heres a young Lad fram'd of another leere,
Looke how the blacke ſlave ſmiles upon the father;
As who ſhould ſay, old Lad I am thine owne.
He is your brother Lords, ſenſibly fed
Of that ſelfe blood that firſt gave life to you,
And from that wombe where you impriſoned were
He is infranchiſed and come to light:
Nay he is your brother by the ſurer ſide,
Although my ſeale be ſtamped in his face.
Nurſe. *Aaron* what ſhall I ſay unto the Empreſſe?
Dem. Adviſe thee *Aaron*, what is to be done,
And we will all ſubſcribe to thy adviſe:
Save thou the child, ſo we may all be ſafe.
Aaron. Then ſit we downe and let us all conſult.
My ſonne and I will have the winde of you:
Keepe there, now talke at pleaſure of your ſafety.
Dem. How many women ſaw this child of his ?
Aaron. Why ſo brave Lords, when we all joyne in (league
I am a Lambe: but if you brave the *Moore*,
The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyoneſſe,
The Ocean ſwells not ſo at *Aaron* ſtormes:
But ſay againe, how many ſaw the child ?
Nurſe. *Cornelia*, the midwife, and my ſelfe,
And none elſe but the delivered Empreſſe.
Aaron. The Empreſſe, the Midwife, and your ſelfe,
Two may keepe counſell, when the third's away:
Goe to the Empreſſe, tell her this I ſaid, *He kils her.*
Weeke, weeke, ſo cries a Pigge prepared to th'ſpit.
Dem. What mean'ſt thou *Aaron* ?
Wherefore did'ſt thou this ?
Aaron. O Lord ſir, 'tis a deed of pollicy ?
Shall ſhe live to betray this guilt of ours:
A long tongu'd babling Goſſip ? No Lords no:
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
Not farre, one *Muliteus* my Country-man
His wife but yeſternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, faire as you are:
Goe packe with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumſtance of all,
And how by this their Child ſhall be advanc'd,
And be received for the Emperours heyre,
And ſubſtituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempeſt whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke ye Lords, ye ſee I have given her phyſicke,
And you muſt needs beſtow her funerall,
The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, ſee that you take no longer dayes
But ſend the Midwife preſently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurſe well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they pleaſe.
Chir. *Aaron* I ſee thou wilt not truſt the ayre with ſe- (crets,
Dem. For this care of *Tamora*,
Her ſelfe, and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt.*
Aaron. Now to the Gothes, as ſwift as Swallow flies,
There to diſpoſe this treaſure in mine armes,
And ſecretly to greete the Empreſſe friends:
Come on you thick-lipt-ſlave, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts us to our ſhifts:
Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,
And feed on curds and whay, and ſucke the Goate,
And cabbin in a Cave, and bring you up
To be a warriour, and command a Campe. *Exit.*

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen
with bowes, and Titus beares the arrowes with
Letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come *Marcus*, come, kinſmen this is the way.
Sir Boy now let me ſee your Archery,
Looke yee draw home enough, and 'tis there ſtraight:
Terras Aſtræa reliquit, be you remembred *Marcus*.
She's gone, ſhe's fled, ſirs take you to your tooles,
You Coſens ſhall goe ſound the Ocean:
And caſt your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,
Yet theres as little juſtice as at Land:
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you muſt doe it,

Tis you muſt dig with Mattocke, and with Spade,
And pierce the inmoſt Center of the earth:
Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
I pray you deliver him this petition,
Tell him it is for juſtice, and for aide,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with ſorrowes in ungratefull Rome.
Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miſerable,
What time I threw the peoples ſuffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leave you not a man of warre unſearcht,
This wicked Emperour may have ſhipt her hence,
And kinſmen then we may goe pipe for juſtice.
Marc. O *Publius* is not this a heavy caſe
To ſee thy Noble Vncle thus diſtract?
Pub. Therefore my Lord it highly us concernes,
By day and night t'attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget ſome carefull remedy.
Marc. Kinſmen, his ſorrowes are paſt remedy.
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with revengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the Traytor *Saturnine.*
Tit. Publius how now? how now my maſters?
What have you met with her?
Publ. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* ſends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell you ſhall,
Marry for juſtice ſhe is ſo imploy'd,
He thinkes with *Iove* in heaven, or ſome where elſe:
So that perforce you muſt needs ſtay a time.
Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,
Ile dive into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of *Acheron* by the heeles,
Marcus we are but ſhrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bon'd-men, fram'd of the Cyclops ſize,
But mettall *Marcus*, ſteele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backe can beare:
And ſith there's no juſtice in earth nor hell,
We will ſollicite heaven, and move the gods
To ſend downe Iuſtice for to wreake our wrongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus.*

He gives them the Arrowes.

Ad Iovem, thats for you: here *ad Apollonem*,
Ad Martem, thats for my ſelfe,
Heere Boy to *Pallas*, heere to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to ſhoote againſt the winde.
To it Boy, *Marcus* looſe when I bid:
Of my word, I have written to effect,
Theres not a god left unſollicited.
Marc. Kinſmen, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.
Tit. Now maiſters draw, Oh well ſaid *Lucius*:
Good boy in *Virgoes* lap, give it *Pallas.*
Marc. My Lord, I ayme a Mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.
Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius, Publius*, what haſt thou done?
See ſee, thou haſt ſhot off one of *Taurus* hornes.
Mar. This was the ſport my Lord, when *Publius* ſhot,
The Bull being gal'd, gave *Aries* ſuch a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,
And who ſhould finde them but the Empreſſe villaine:
She laught, and told the Moore he ſhould not chooſe
But give them to his Maiſter for a preſent.
Tit. Why there it goes, God give your Lordſhip joy.

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pigeons.

Tit. Newes, newes, from heaven.
Marcus the poaſt is come.
Sirrah, what tydings? have you any letters?
Shall I have Iuſtice, what ſayes *Iupiter*?

Clow. Ho the Iibbetmaker, he ſayes that he hath taken them downe againe, for the man muſt not be hang'd till the next weeke.

Tit. But what ſayes *Iupiter* I aske thee?
Clow. Alas ſir I know not *Iupiter*:
I never dranke with him in all my life.
Tit. Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?
Clow. I of my Pigions ſir, nothing elſe.
Tit. Why, didſt thou not come from heaven?

Clow. From heaven? Alas ſir, I never came there, God forbid I ſhould be ſo bold, to preſſe to heaven in my young dayes. Why I am going with my pigeons to the Tribunall Plebs, to take up a matter of brawle, betwixt my Vncle, and one of the Emperialls men.

Mar. Why ſir, that is as fit as can be to ſerve for your Oration, and let him deliver the Pigions to the Emperour from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an Oration to the Emperour with a Grace?

Clow. Nay truely ſir, I could never ſay grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah come hither, make no more adoe,
But give your Pigeons to the Emperour,
By me thou ſhalt have juſtice at his hands.
Hold, hold, meane while hers money for thy charges.
Give me a pen and inke.
Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliver a Supplication?
Clow. I ſir.

Tit. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the firſt approach you muſt kneele, then kiſſe his foote, then deliver up your Pigeons, and then looke for your reward. Ile be at hand ſir, ſee you do it bravely.

Clow. I warrant you ſir, let me alone.
Tit. Sirrha haſt thou a knife? Come let me ſee it.
Heere *Marcus* fold it in the Oration,
For thou haſt made it like an humble Suppliant,
And when thou haſt given it the Emperour,
Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he ſayes.
Clow. God be with you ſir, I will.
Tit. Come *Marcus* let us goe, *Publius* follow me.

Exeunt.

Enter Emperour and Empreſſe, and her two ſonnes, the Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand that Titus ſhot at him.

Satur. Why Lords,
What wrongs are theſe? was ever ſeene
An Emperour in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent
Of equall juſtice, uſ'd in ſuch contempt?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods
(How ever theſe diſturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares) there nought hath paſt,
But even with law againſt the willfull Sonnes
Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His ſorrowes have ſo overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterneſſe?
And now he writes to heaven for his redreſſe.
See, heres to *Iove*, and this to *Mercury*,

This

This to *Apollo*, this to the god of warre:
Sweet ſcrowles to flye about the ſtreets of Rome:
What's this but Libelling againſt the Senate,
And blazoning our injuſtice every where?
A goodly humour is it not my Lords?
As who would ſay, in Rome no Iuſtice were.
But if I live, his fained extaſies
Shall be no ſhelter to theſe outrages:
But he and his ſhall know, that Iuſtice lives
In *Saturninus* health, whom if he ſleepe,
He'll ſo awake, as he in fury ſhall
Cut off the proudſt Conſpirator that lives.
Tamo. My gracious Lord, my lovely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
Th'effects of ſorrow for his valiant Sonnes,
Whoſe loſſe hath pier'ſt him deepe, and ſcar'd his heart;
And rather comfort his diſtreſſed plight,
Then proſecute the meaneſt or the beſt
For theſe contempts. Why thus it ſhall become
High witted *Tamora* to gloſe with all:
But *Titus*, I have touch'd thee to the quicke,
Thy life blood ont: if *Aaron* now be wiſe,
Then is all ſafe, the Anchor's in the Port.
Enter Clowne.
How now good fellow, would'ſt thou ſpeake with us?
Clow. Yea forſooth, and your Miſterſhip be Emperiall.
Tam. Empreſſe I am, but yonder ſits the Emperour.
Clow. Tis he; God and Saint Stephen give you good den;
I have brought you a Letter, and a couple of Pigions here.
He reades the Letter.
Satu. Goe take him away, and hang him preſently.
Clow. How much money muſt I have?
Tam. Come ſirrah you muſt be hang'd.
Clow. Hang'd? bir Lady, then I have brought up a necke to a faire end. *Exit.*
Satur. Deſpightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monſtrous villany?
I know from whence this ſame deviſe proceedes;
May this be borne? As if his traytrous Sonnes,
That dy'd by law for murther of our brother,
Have by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully?
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Nor Age, nor Honor, ſhall ſhape priviledge:
For this proud mocke, Ile be thy ſlaughter man:
Sly franticke wretch, that holp'ſt to make me great,
In hope thy ſelfe ſhould governe Rome and me.
Enter Nuntius Emillius.
Satur. What newes with thee *Emillius*.
Emil. Arme my Lords, Rome never had more cauſe,
The Gothes have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high reſolved men, bent to the ſpoyle
They hither march amaine, under the conduct
Of *Lucius*, Sonne to old *Andronicus*:
Who threats in courſe of this revenge to doe
As much as ever *Coriolanus* did,
Satur. Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the Gothes?
Theſe tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with froſt, or graſſe beat downe with ſtormes
I now begin our ſorrowes to approach,
Tis he the common people love ſo much,
My ſelfe hath often heard them ſay,
(When I have walked like a priuate man)
That *Lucius* baniſhment was wrongfully,
And they have wiſht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.
Tam. Why ſhould you feare? Is not our City ſtrong?
Satur. I, but the Cittizens favour *Lucius*,
And will revolt from me, to ſuccour him.
Tam. *King*, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the Sunne dim'd, that Gnats doe flye in it?
The Eagle ſuffers little Birds to ſing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the ſhadow of his wings,
He can at pleaſure ſtint their melody.
Even ſo mayeſt thou, the giddy men of Rome,
Then cheare thy ſpirit, for know thou Emperour,
I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
With words more ſweet, and yet more dangerous
Then baites to fiſh, or hony ſtalkes to ſheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baite,
The other rotted with delicious foode.
King. But he will not entreat his ſonne for us.
Tam. If *Tamora* entreat him, then he will,
For I can ſmooth and fill his aged eare,
With golden promiſes, that were his heart
Almoſt impregnable, his old eares deafe,
Yet ſhould both eare and heart obey my tongue.
Goe thou before to our Embaſſador,
Say, that the Emperour requeſts a parly
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.
King. *Emillius* doe this meſſage Honourably.
And if he ſtand in Hoſtage for his ſafety,
Bid him demand what pledge will pleaſe him beſt.
Emill. Your bidding ſhall I doe effectually. *Exit.*
Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him withall the Art I have,
To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike Gothes.
And now ſweet Emperour be blithe againe,
And bury all thy feare in my deviſes.
Satu. Then goe ſucceſſantly and plead for him. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes.
with Drum and Souldiers.

Luci. Approved warriours, and my faithfull Friends,
I have received Letters from great Rome,
Which ſignifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how deſirous of our ſight they are.
Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witneſſe,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any ſcathe,
Let him make treble ſatisfaction.
Goth. Brave ſlip, ſprung from the Great *Andronicus*,
Whoſe name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
Whoſe high exploits, and honourable Deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt:
Behold in us, weele follow where thou lead'ſt,
Like ſtinging Bees in hotteſt Sommers day,
Led by their Maſter to the flowred fields,
And be aveng'd on curſed *Tamora*:
Omn. And as he ſaith, ſo ſay we all with him.
Luci. I humbly thanke him, and I thanke you all.
But who comes heere, led by a luſty *Goth*?
Enter a Goth leading Aaron with his child in his armes.
Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troups I ſtraid,
To gaze upon a ruinous Monaſtery,

And as I earneſtly did fixe mine eye
Vpon the waſted building, ſuddainely
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noiſe, when ſoone I heard,
The crying babe control'd with this diſcourſe:
Peace Tawny ſlave, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewray whoſe brat thou art?
Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke,
Villaine thou mightſt have beene an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk-white,
They never doe beget a cole-blacke-Calfe:
Peace, villaine peace, even thus he rates the babe,
For I muſt beare thee to a truſty Goth,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empreſſe babe,
Will hold thee dearely for thy Mothers ſake.
With this, my weapon drawne I ruſht upon him,
Surpriz'd him ſuddainely, and brought him hither
To uſe, as you thinke needfull of the man.
Luci. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devill,
That rob'd *Andronicus* of his good hand:
This is the Pearle that pleas'd your Empreſſe eye,
And heres the Baſe Fruit of his burning luſt.
Say wall-ey'd ſlave, whether wouldſt thou convay
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?
Why doſt not ſpeake? what deafe? no! Not a word?
A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,
And by his ſide his Fruite of Baſtardy.
Aaron. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood,
Luci. Too like the Syre for ever being good.
Firſt hang the Child that he may ſee it ſprall,
A ſight to vexe the Fathers ſoule withall.
Aaron. Get me a Ladder *Lucius*, ſave the Child,
And beare it from me to the Empreſſe:
If thou doe this, Ile ſhew thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to heare;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile ſpeake no more: but vengeance rot you all.
Luci. Say on, and if it pleaſe me which thou ſpeak'ſt,
Thy child ſhall live, and I will ſee it Nouriſht.
Aaron. And if it pleaſe thee? why aſſure thee *Lucius*.
Twill vexe thy ſoule to heare what I ſhall ſpeake:
For I muſt talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Maſſacres,
Acts of Blacke-night, abhominable Deeds,
Complots of Miſchiefe, Treaſon, Villaines
Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiouſly perform'd,
And this ſhall all be buried by my death,
Vnleſſe thou ſweare to me my Child ſhall live.
Luc. Tell on thy minde,
I ſay thy Child ſhall live.
Aaron. Sweare that he ſhall, and then I will begin.
Luci. Who ſhould I ſweare by;
Thou beleeveſt no God,
That graunted, how can'ſt thou beleeve an oath?
Aaron. What if I doe not, as indeed I doe not,
Yet for I know thou art Religious,
And haſt a thing within thee, called Conſcience,
With twenty Popiſh trickes and Ceremonies,
Which I have ſeene thee carefull to obſerve:
Therefore I urge thy oath, for that I know
An Ideot holds his Bauble for a god,
And keepes the oath which by that god he ſweares,
To that Ile urge him: therefore thou ſhalt vow
By that ſame god, what god ſo ere it be
That thou adoreſt, and haſt in reverence,
To ſave my Boy, to nouriſh and bring him up,
Ore elſe I will diſcover nought to thee.
Luci. Even by my god I ſweare to thee I will.
Aaron. Firſt know thou,
I begot him on thy Empreſſe.
Luci. Oh moſt inſatiate luxurious woman!
Aaron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deed of Charity,
To that which thou ſhalt heare of me anon,
Twas her two Sonnes that murdered *Baſſianus*,
They cut thy Siſters tongue, and raviſht her,
And cut her hands off, and trim'd her as thou ſawſt.
Luci. Oh deteſtable villaine!
Callſt thou that Trimming?
Aaron. Why ſhe was waſht, and cut, and trim'd,
And twas trim ſport for them that had the doing of it.
Luci. Oh barbarous beaſtly villaines like thy ſelfe!
Aaron. Indeed, I was their Tutor to inſtruct them,
That Codding ſpirit had they from their Mother,
As ſure a Card as ever wonne the Set:
That bloody mind I thinke they learn'd of me,
As true a Dog as ever fought at head.
Well, let my Deeds be witneſſe of my worth:
I trayn'd thy Bretheren to that guilefull Hole,
Where the dead Corps of *Baſſianus* lay:
I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,
And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd.
Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonnes,
And what not done, that thou haſt cauſe to rue,
Wherein I had no ſtroke of Miſcheife in it.
I plaid the Cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my ſelfe apart,
And almoſt broke my heart with extreame laughter.
I pried me through the Crevice of a Wall,
When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laught ſo heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the Empreſſe of this ſport,
She ſounded almoſt at my pleaſing tale,
And for my tydings, gave me twenty kiſſes.
Goth. What canſt thou ſay all this, and never bluſh?
Aaron. I, like a blacke Dogge, as the ſaying is.
Luc. Art thou not ſorry for theſe hainous deeds?
Aaron. I, that I had not done a thouſand more.
Even now I curſe the day, and yet I thinke
Few come within the compaſſe of my curſe,
Wherein I did not ſome Notorious ill,
As kill a man, or elſe deviſe his death,
Rauiſh a Maid, or plot the way to doe it,
Accuſe ſome innocent, and forſweare my ſelfe,
Set deadly Enmity betweene two Friends,
Make poore mens Cattell breake their neckes,
Set fire on Barnes and Hayſtackes in the night,
And bid the Owners quench them with their teares:
Oft have I dig'd up dead men from their graves,
And ſet them up right at their deere Friends doores,
Even when their ſorrow almoſt was forgot,
And on their ſkinnes, as on the Barke of Trees,
Have with my knife carved in Romaine Letters,
Let not your ſorrow dye, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thouſand dreadfull things
As willingly, as one would kill a flye,
And nothing greives me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot doe ten thouſand more.
Luci. Bring downe the divell, for he muſt not dye
So ſweet a death as hanging preſently.
Aaron. If there be divels, 'would I were a devill,
To live and burne in everlaſting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,

But to torment you with my bitter tongue.
Luc. Sirs ſtop his mouth, and let him ſpeake no more.
Enter Emillius.
Goth. My Lord, there is a Meſſenger from Rome
Deſires to be admitted to your preſence.
Luc. Let him come neere.
Welcome *Emillius*, whats the newes from Rome?
Emi. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greets you all by me,
And for he underſtands you are in Armes,
He craves a parly at your Fathers houſe
Willing you to demand your Hoſtages,
And they ſhall be immediately delivered,
Goth. What ſayes our Generall?
Luc. *Emillius*, let the Emperour give his pledges
Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcus*,
And we will come: march away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tamora, and her two Sonnes diſguiſed.

Tam. Thus in this ſtrange, and ſad Habillaments,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,
And ſay, I am Revenge ſent from below,
To joyne with him and right his hainous wrongs:
Knocke at his ſtudy where they ſay he keepes,
To ruminate ſtrange plots of dire Revenge,
Tell him Revenge is come to joyne with him,
And worke confuſion on his Enemies.
They knocke and Titus opens his ſtudy dore.
Tit. Who doth moleſt my Contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
That ſo my ſad decrees may flye away,
And all my ſtudy be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd, for what I meane to doe,
See here in bloody lines I have ſet downe:
And what is written ſhall be executed.
Tam. *Titus*, I am come to talke with thee.
Tit. No not a word: how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to give it action,
Thou haſt the ods of me, therefore no more.
Tam. If thou did'ſt know me,
Thou wouldſt talke with me.
Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witneſſe this wretched ſtump,
Witneſſe theſe crimſon lines,
Witneſſe theſe Trenches made by griefe and care,
Witneſſe the tyring day, and heavy night,
Witneſſe all ſorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empreſſe, Mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand?
Tam. Know thou ſad man, I am not *Tamora*,
She is thy Enemy, and I thy friend,
I am Revenge ſent from th'infernall Kindome,
To eaſe the gnawing Vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakefull vengeance on thy Foes:
Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,
There's not a hollow Cave or lurking place,
No Vaſt obſcurity. or Miſty vale,
Where bloody Murther or deteſted Rape,
Can couch for feare, but I will find them out,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Revenge, which makes the foule offenders quake.
Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou ſent to me,
To be a torment to mine Enemies?
Tam. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.
Tit. Doe me ſome ſervice ere I come to thee:
Loe by thy ſide where Rape and Murder ſtands,
Now give ſome ſurance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,
And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
Provide the two proper Palfries, blacke as Iet,
To hale thy vengefull Waggon ſwift away,
And find out Murder in their guilty Caves.
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will diſmount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Trot like a Servile footeman all day long,
Even from *Hiperions* riſing in the Eaſt,
Vntill his very downefall in the Sea.
And day by day Ile doe this heavy taske,
So thou deſtroy Rapine and Murder there.
Tam. Theſe are my Miniſters, and come with me.
Tit. Are they thy Miniſters, what are they call'd?
Tam. Rapine and Murder, therefore called ſo,
Cauſe they take vengeance of ſuch kind of men.
Tit. Good Lord how like the Empreſſe Sons they are,
And you the Empreſſe: But we worldly men,
Have miſerable mad miſtaking eyes:
Oh ſweet Revenge, now doe I come to thee,
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.
Tam. This cloſing with him, fits his Lunacy,
What ere I forge to feede his braine-ſicke fits,
Doe you uphold, and maintaine in your ſpeeches,
For now he firmely takes me for Revenge,
And being Credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him ſend for *Lucius* his Sonne,
And whilſt I at a Banquet hold him ſure,
Ile find ſome cunning practiſe out of hand
To ſcatter and diſperſe the giddy Gothes,
Or at the leaſt make them his Enemies:
See heere he comes, and I muſt play my theame.
Tit. Long have I beene forlorne, and all for thee,
Welcome dread Fury to my woefull houſe,
Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too,
How like the Empreſſe and her Sonnes you are.
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell afford you ſuch a devill?
For well I wote the Empreſſe never wags;
But in her company there is a Moore,
And would you repreſent our Queene aright
It were convenient you had ſuch a devill:
But welcome as you are, what ſhall we doe?
Tam. What wouldſt thou have us doe *Andronicus*?
Dem. Shew me a Murtherer, Ile deale with him.
Chir. Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape.
And I am ſent to be reveng'd on him.
Tam. Shew me a thouſand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all,
Tit. Looke round about the wicked ſtreets of Rome,
And when thou findeſt a man that's like thy ſelfe,
Good Murder ſtab him, he's a Murtherer.
Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine ſtab him, he is a Raviſher.
Goe thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maiſt thou know her by thy owne proportion,
For up and downe ſhe doth reſemble thee,
I pray thee doe on them ſome violent death,
They have beene violent to me and mine.

Tamora.

Tam. Well haſt thou leſſon'd us, this ſhall we doe.
But would it pleaſe the good *Andronicus*,
To ſend for *Lucius* thy thrice Valiant Sonne,
Who leads towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy houſe.
When he is here, even at thy Solemne Feaſt,
I will bring in the Empreſſe and her Sonnes,
The Emperour himſelfs, and all thy Foes,
And at thy mercy ſhall they ſtoope, and kneele,
And on them ſhalt thou eaſe, thy angry heart:
What ſayes *Andronicus* to this deviſe?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. *Marcus* my brother, tis ſad *Titus* calls,
Goe gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
Thou ſhalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefeſt Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour, and the Empreſſe too,
Feaſts at my houſe, and he ſhall Feaſt with them,
This doe thou for my love, and ſo let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.
Mar. This will I doe, and ſoone returne againe. *Exi*
Tam. Now will I hence about thy buſineſſe,
And take my Miniſters along with me.
Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder ſtay with me,
Or elſe Ile call my Brother backe againe,
And cleave to no revenge but *Lucius*.
Tam. What ſay you Boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour.
How I have govern'd our determined jeſt?
Yeeld to his humour, ſmooth and ſpeake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.
Tit. I know them all though they ſuppoſe me mad,
And will ore-reach them in their owne deviſes,
A payre of curſed hell-hounds and their Dam.
Dem. Madam depart at pleaſure, leave vs here.
Tam. Farewell *Andronicus*, revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy Foes.
Tit. I know thou do'ſt, and ſweet revenge farewell.
Chi. Tell us old man, how ſhall we be imploy'd?
Tit. Tut, I have worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*.
Pub. What is your will?
Tit. Know you theſe two?
Pub. The Empreſſe Sonnes
I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.
Tit. Fye *Publius*, fie, thou art too much deceau'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore bind them gentle *Publius*,
Caius, and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft have you heard me wiſh for ſuch an houre,
And now I find it, therefore bind them ſure.
Chi. Villaines forbeare, we are the Empreſſe Sonnes.
Pub. And therefore doe we, what we are commanded.
Stop cloſe their mouthes, let them not ſpeake a word,
Is he ſure bound, looke that you binde them faſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia with a Baſon.

Tit. Come, come *Lavinia*, looke, thy Foes are bound,
Sirs ſtop their mouthes, let them not ſpeake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I utter.
Oh Villaines, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*,
Here ſtands the ſpring whom you have ſtain'd with mud
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kil'd her husband, and for that vil'd fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jeſt,
Both her ſweet hands, her Tongue, and that more deere
Then hands or tongue, her ſpotleſſe Chaſtity,
Inhumane Traytors, you conſtrain'd and for'ſt.
What would you ſay, if I ſhould let you ſpeake:
Villaines for ſhame you could not beg for grace.
Hearke Wretches, how I meane to marrtyr you,
This one Hand yet it left, to cut you throats,
Whil'ſt that *Lavinia* tweene her ſtumps doth hold:
The Baſon that receives your guilty blood.
You know you Mother meanes to feaſt with me,
And calls herſelfe Revenge, and thinkes me mad.
Hearke Villaines, I will grin'd your bones to duſt,
And with your blood and it, Ile make a Paſte,
And of the Paſte a Coffen I will reare,
And make two Paſties of your ſhamefull heads,
And bid that ſtrumpet your unhallowed Dam,
Like to the earth ſwallow her owne increaſe.
This is the Feaſt, that I have bid her to,
And this the Banquet ſhe ſhall ſurfet on,
For worſe then *Philomel* you uſ'd my Daughter,
And worſe then *Progne*, I will be reveng'd,
Ane now prepare your throats: *Lavinia* come.
Receive the blood, and when that they are dead
Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder ſmall,
And with this hatefull Liquor temper it,
And in that Paſte let their vild'd Heads be bakte,
Come, come, be ever one officious,
To make this Banket, which I wiſh might prove,
More ſterne and bloody then the Centaures Feaſt.
He cuts their throats.
So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And ſee them ready, gainſt the Mother comes. *Exeunt*

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Luc. Vnckle *Marcus*, ſince 'tis my Fathers minde
That I repaire to Rome, I am content.
Goth. And ours with thine befall, what fortune will.
Luc. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
This Ravenous Tiger, this accurſed devill,
Let him receive no ſuſtenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the Emperours face,
For teſtimony of his foule proceedings.
And ſee the Ambuſh of our Friends be ſtrong,
If ere the Emperour meanes no good to us.
Aaron. Some devill whiſper curſes in my eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth,
The Venemous Malice of my ſwelling heart.
Luc. Away inhumane Dogge, Vnhallowed Slave,
Sirs helpe our Vnckle, to convey him in, *Flouriſh.*
The Trumpets ſhew the Emperour is at hand.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour, and Empreſſe, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the Firmament more Suns then one?
Luc. What bootes it the to call thy ſelfe a Sunne?
Mar. Romes Emperour and Nephew breake the parly
Theſe quarrels muſt be quietly debated,
The Feaſt is ready which the carefull *Titus*,

Hath ordained to an honourable end,
For Peace, for Love, for League, and good to Rome :
Pleaſe you therefore draw nye and take your places.
Satur. *Marcus* we will. *Hoboyes.*

A Table brought in.
Enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meat on the Table, and Lavinia with a vale over her face.

Titus. Welcome my gracious Lord,
Welcome Dread Queene,
Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all : although the cheere be poore,
Twill fill your ſtomackes, pleaſe you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd *Andronicus*?
Tit. Becauſe I would be ſure to have all well,
To entertaine your Highneſſe, and your Empreſſe.
Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*.
Tit. And if your highneſſe knew my heart, you were :
My Lord the Emperour reſolve me this,
Was it well done of raſh *Virginius*,
To ſlay his daughter with his owne right hand,
Becauſe ſhe was enfor'ſt, ſtain'd, and deflowr'd ?
Satur. It was *Andronicus*.
Tit. Your reaſon, Mighty Lord ?
Sat. Becauſe the Girle, ſhould not ſurvive her ſhame,
And by her preſence ſtill renew his ſorrowes.
Tit. A reaſon mighty, ſtrong, and effectuall,
A patterne, preſident, and lively warrant,
For me (moſt wretched) to performe the like :
Dye, dye, *Lavinia*, and thy ſhame with thee,
And with thy ſhame, thy Fathers ſorrow dye.
He kils her.
Sat. What haſt thou done, unnaturall and unkind ?
Tit. Kild her for whom my teares have made me blind.
I am as wofull as *Virginius* was,
And have a thouſand times more cauſe then he.
Sat. What was ſhe raviſht ? tell who did the deed,
Tit, Wilt pleaſe you eat,
Wilt pleaſe your highneſſe feed ?
Tam. Why haſt thou ſlaine thine onely Daughter thus?
Tit. Not I, twas *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*.
They raviſht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, twas they, that did her all this wrong.
Satur. Goe fetch them hither to us preſently.
Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that Pye,
Whereof their Mother dantily hath fed,
Eating the fleſh that ſhe herſelfe hath bred.
Tis true, tis true, witneſſe my knives ſharpe point.
He ſtabs the Empreſſe.
Satu. Dye franticke wretch, for this accurſed deed.
Luc. Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed ?
Theres meede for meed, death for a deadly deed.
Mar. You ſad fac'd men, people and Sonnes of Rome,
By uproree ſever'd like a flight of Fowle,
Scattred by windes and high tempeſtuous gueſts :
Oh let me teach you how, to knit againe
This ſcattred Corne, into one mutuall ſheafe,
Theſe broken limbs againe into one body.
Goth, Let Rome herſelfe be bane unto herſelfe,
And ſhe whom mighty kingdomes curſie to,
Like a forlorne and deſperate caſtaway,
Doe ſhamefull execution on her ſelfe.
But if my froſty ſignes and chaps of age,
Grave witneſſes of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as 'erſt our Anceſter,
When with his ſolemne tongue he did diſcourſe
To love-ſicke *Didoes* ſad attending eare,
The ſtory of that balefull burning night,
When ſubtill Greekes ſurpriz'd King *Priams* Troy :
Tell us what *Sinon* hath bewicht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome the civill wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor ſteele,
Nor can I utter all our bitter griefe,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratory,
And breake my very uttrance, even in the time
When it ſhould move you to attend me moſt,
Lending your kind hand Commiſeration.
Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale.
Your hearts will throb and weepe to heare him ſpeake.
Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you,
That curſed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murdred our Emperours Brother,
And they it were that raviſhed our Siſter,
For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,
Our fathers teares deſpiſ'd, and baſely couſen'd,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And ſent her enemies unto the grave.
Laſtly, my ſelfe unkindly baniſhed,
The gates ſhut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among Romes Enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true teares,
And op'd their armes to imbrace me as a Friend :
And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you,
That have preſerv'd her well fare in my blood,
And from her boſome tooke the Enemies point,
Sheathing the ſteele in my adventrous body.
Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,
My ſcars can witneſſe, dumbe although they are,
That my report is juſt and full of truth :
But ſoft, me thinkes I doe digreſſe too much,
Cyting my worthleſſe praiſe : Oh pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praiſe themſelves.
Marc. Now is my turne to ſpeake : Behold this Child,
Of this was *Tamora* delivered,
The iſſue of an Irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe Architect and plotter of theſe woes,
The Villaine is alive in *Titus* houſe,
And as he is, to witneſſe this is true.
Now judge what courſe had *Titus* to revenge
Theſe wrongs, unſpeakeable paſt patience,
Or more then any living man could beare.
Now you have heard the truth, what ſay you Romanes?
Have we done ought amiſſe ? ſhew us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poore remainder of *Andronicus*,
Will hand in hand all headlong caſt us downe,
And on the ragged ſtones beat forth our braines,
And make a mutuall cloſure of our houſe ;
Speake Romanes ſpeake, and if you ſay we ſhall,
Loe hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.
Emilli. Come come, thou reverent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour : for well I know,
The common voyce doe cry it ſhall be ſo.
Mar. *Lucias*, all haile Romes Royall Emperour,
Goe, goe into old *Titus* ſorrowfull houſe,
And hither hale that misbelieving *Moore*,
To be adjudg'd ſome direfull ſlaughtering death,
As puniſhment for his moſt wicked life.
Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Governour.

Luc. Thankes gentle Romans, may I governe ſo,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe.
But gentle people, give me ayme a-while,
For Nature puts me to a heavy taske:
Stand all aloofe, but Vnckle draw you neere,
To ſhed obſequious teares upon this Trunke:
Oh take this warme kiſſe on they pale cold lips,
Theſe ſorrowfull drops upon thy bloud-ſlaine face,
The laſt true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.
Mar. A teare for teare, and loving kiſſe for kiſſe,
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy Lips:
O were the ſumme of theſe that I ſhould pay
Countleſſe, and infinit yet would I pay them.
Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of us
To melt in ſhowres: thy Grandſire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee:
Sung thee aſleepe, his Loving Breſt, thy Pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete, and agreeing with thine Infancy:
In that reſpect then, like a loving Childe,
Shed yet ſome ſmall drops from thy tender Spring.
Becauſe kinde Nature doth require it ſo:
Friends ſhould aſſociate Friends, in Griefe and Woe
Bid him farwell, commit him to the Grave,
Doe him that kindneſſe, and take leave of him.
Boy. O Grandſire, Grandſire: even with all my heart
Would I weare Dead, ſo you did Live againe.
O Lord, I cannot ſpeake to him for weeping,
My teares will choke me. if I ope my mouth.
Romanes. You ſad *Andronici*, have done with woes,
Give ſentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath beene breeder of theſe dire events.
Luc. Set him breſt deepe in earth, and famiſh him:
There let him ſtand, and rave, and cry for foode:
If any one releeves, or pitties him,
For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome:
Some ſtay, to ſee him faſtned in the earth.
Aaron. O why ſhould wrath be mute, and fury dumbe?
I am no Baby I, that with baſe Prayers
I ſhould repent the Evils I have done.
Ten thouſand worſe, then ever yet I did,
Would I performe if I might have my will:
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I doe repent it from my very Soule.
Luci. Some loving Friends convey the Emperor hence,
And give him buriall in his fathers grave.
My Father, aud *Lavinia*, ſhall forthwith
Be cloſed in our Houſholds Monument:
As for rhat heynous Tyger *Tamora*,
No funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds:
No mournfull Bell ſhall ring her Buriall:
But throw her forth to Beaſt and Birds of prey:
Her life was Beaſt-like, and devoid of pitty,
And being ſo, ſhall have like want of pitty.
See Iuſtice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moore,
For whom, our heavy happee had their beginning:
Then afterwards, to Order well the State,
That like Events, may ne're it Ruinate. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF ROMEO and IVLIET.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Sampſon and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers, of the Houſe of Capulet.

Sampſon.

GRegory: A my word we'll not carry coales.
Greg. No, for then we ſhould be Colliars.
Samp. I meane, if we be in choller, we'll draw.
Greg. I, while you live, draw your necke out o'th Collar.
Samp. I ſtrike quickly, being mov'd.
Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to ſtrike.
Samp. A dog of the houſe of *Mountague,* moves me.
Greg. To move, is to ſtir: and to be valiant, is to ſtand: Therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runſt away.
Samp. A dogge of that houſe ſhall move me to ſtand, I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of *Mountagues.*
Greg. That ſhewes thee weake ſlave, for the weakeſt goes to the wall.
Samp. True, and therefore women being the weaker Veſſells, are ever thruſt to the wall: therefore I will puſh *Mountagues* men from the wall, and thruſt his Maides to the wall. (their men.
Greg. The Quarrell is betweene our Maſters, and us
Samp. Tis all one, I will ſhew my ſelfe a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be civill with the Maids, and cut off their heads.
Greg. The heads of the Maids?
Samp. I, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads, Take it in what ſence thou wilt.
Greg. They muſt take it in ſence, that feele it.
Samp. Me they ſhall feele while I am able to ſtand:
And tis knowne I am a pretty peece of fleſh.
Greg. T is well thou art not Fiſh: if thou had'ſt, thou had'ſt beene poore Iohn. Draw thy Toole, here comes of the Houſe of the *Mountagues.*

Enter two other Servingmen.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I wil backe thee
Gre. How? Turne thy backe; and run.
Sam. Feare me not.
Greg. No marry: I feare thee.
Samp. Let us take the Law of our ſides: let them begin
Gr. I wil frown as I paſſe by, & let thẽ take it as they liſt
Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my Thumbe at them which is a diſgrace to them, if they beare it.
Abra. Doe you bite your Thumbe at vs ſir?
Sam. I doe bite my Thumbe, ſir.
Abra. Doe you bite your Thumbe at us ſir?
Sam. Is the Law of our ſide, if I ſay I? *Gre.* No
Samp. No ſir, I doe not bite my Thumbe at you ſir: but I bite my Thumbe ſir.
Greg. Doe you quarrell ſir?
Abra. Quarrell ſir? no ſir. (as you
Sam. If you doe ſir, I am for you, I ſerve, as good a man
Abra. No better? *Sam.* Well ſir.

Enter Benvolio.

Gre. Say better: here comes one of my maſters kinſmen
Sam. Yes, better.
Abra. You Lye.
Samp. Draw if you be men. *Gregory,* remember thy waſhing blow. *They fight,*
Ben. Part Fooles put up your Swords, you know not what you doe.

Enter Tibalt.

Tyba. What art thou drawne, among theſe heartleſſe Hindes? Turne thee *Benvolio,* looke upon thy death.
Ben. I doe but keepe the peace, put up thy Sword,
Or manage it to part theſe men with me.
Tyb. What draw, and talke of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all *Mountagues,* and thee:
Have at the Coward. *Fight.*

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs.

Offic. Clubs, Bils, and Partiſons, ſtrike, beat them down
Downe with the *Capulets,* downe with the *Mountagues.*

Enter old Capulet in his Gown, and his Wife.

Cap. What noiſe is this? Give me my long Sword ho.
Wife. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword?
Cap. My Sword I ſay: Old *Mountague* is come,
And flouriſhes his Blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Mountague, and his wife.

Moun. Thou villaine *Capulet.* Hold me not, let me goe.
2. Wife. Thou ſhalt not ſtirre a foote to ſeeke a Foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, with his Traine.

Prin. Rebellious Subjects, Enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this Neighbor-ſtained Steele,
Will they not heare? What hoe, you Men, you Beaſts,
That quench the fire of your pernitious Rage,
With purple Fountaines iſſuing from your Veines:
On paine of Torture, from theſe bloody hands
Throw your miſtemper'd Weapons to the ground,
And heare the Sentence of your moved Prince.
Three civill Broyles, bred of an Ayery word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague,*
Have thrice diſturb'd the quiet of our ſtreets,
And make *Verona's* ancient Citizens
Caſt by their Grave beſeeming Ornament,
To wield old Partizans, in hands as old,

Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,
If ever you diſturbe our ſtreets againe,
Your lives ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the reſt depart away:
You *Capulet* ſhall goe along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our Fathers pleaſure in this caſe:
To old Free-towne, our common judgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart. *Exeunt.*
Moun. Who ſet this ancient quarrell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began?
Ben. Heere were the ſervants of your adverſary,
And yours cloſe fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the inſtant came
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his ſword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He ſwong about his head, and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hiſt him in ſcorne.
While we were enterchanging thruſts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
Wife. O where is *Romeo*, ſaw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an houre before the worſhipt Sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the Eaſt,
A troubled mind drave me to walke abroad,
Where underneath the grove of Sycamour,
That Weſt-ward rooteth from this City ſide:
So early walking did I ſee your Sonne;
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And ſtole into the covert of the wood,
I meaſuring his affections by my owne,
Which then moſt ſought, where moſt might not be found
Being one too many by my weary ſelfe,
Perſued my honour, not perſuing his
And gladly ſhunn'd, who gladly fled from me.
Mount. Many a morning hath he there beene ſeene,
With teares augmenting the freſh mornings deaw,
Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe ſighes,
But all ſo ſoone as the all-cheering Sunne,
Should in the fartheſt Eaſt begin to draw
The ſhady Curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light ſteales home my heavy Sonne,
And private in his Chamber pennes himſelfe,
Shuts up his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,
And makes himſelfe an artificiall night:
Blacke and portentous muſt this humour prove,
Vnleſſe good counſell may the cauſe remove.
Ben. My Noble Vncle doe you know the cauſe?
Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.
Ben. Have you importun'd him by any meanes?
Moun. Both by my ſelfe and many other Friends,
But he his owne affections counſeller,
Is to himſelfe (I will not ſay how true)
But to himſelfe ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So farre from ſounding and diſcovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worme,
Ere he can ſpread his ſweet leaves to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the ſame.
Could we but learne from whence his ſorrowes grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes, ſo pleaſe you ſtep aſide,
Ile know his greevance, or be much denide.
Moun. I would thou wert ſo happy by thy ſtay,
To heare true ſhrift. Come Madam let's away. *Exeunt.*
Ben. Good morrow Couſin.
Rom. Is the day ſo young?
Ben. But new ſtrooke nine.
Rom. Aye me, ſad houres ſeeme long:
Was that my Father that went hence ſo faſt?
Ben. It was: what ſadneſſe lengthens *Romeos* houres?
Ro. Not having that, which having, makes them ſhort
Ben. In love.
Rom. Out.
Ben. Of love.
Rom. Out of her favour where I am in love.
Ben. Alas that love ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proofe.
Rom Alas that love, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without eyes, ſee path-wayes to his will:
Where ſhall we dine? O me: what fray was heere?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all:
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with love:
Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,
O any thing, of nothing firſt create:
O heavy lightneſſe, ſerious vanity,
Miſhapen Chaos of welſeeming formes,
Feather of lead, bright ſmoake, cold fire, ſicke health,
Still-waking ſleepe, that is not what it is:
This love feele I, that feele no love in this.
Doeſt thou not laugh?
Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good hearts oppreſſion.
Rom. Why ſuch is loves tranſgreſſion.
Griefes of mine owne lye heavy in my breaſt,
Which thou wilt propagate to have it preaſt
With more of thine, this love that thou haſt ſhowne,
Doth adde more griefe, to too much of mine owne.
Love, is a ſmoake made with the fume of ſighes,
Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in Lovers eyes,
Being vext, a Sea nouriſht with loving teares,
What is it elſe? a madneſſe, moſt diſcreet,
A choking gall, and a preſerving ſweet:
Farewell my Coze.
Ben. Soft I will goe along.
And if you leave me ſo, you doe me wrong.
Rom. Tut I have loſt my ſelfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, he's ſome other where.
Ben. Tell me in ſadneſſe, who is that you love?
Rom. What ſhall I grone and tell thee?
Ben. Grone, why no: but ſadly tell me who.
Rom. A ſicke man in good ſadneſſe makes his will:
O, word ill urg'd to one that is ſo ill:
In ſadneſſe Cozin, I doe love a woman.
Ben. I aym'd ſo neare, when I ſuppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good marke man, and ſhes faire I love.
Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze, is ſooneſt hit.
Rom. Well in that hit you miſſe, ſheell not be hit
With Cupids arrow, ſhe hath *Dians* wit:
And in ſtrong proofe of chaſtity well arm'd:
From loves weake childiſh Bow, ſhe lives uncharm'd.
She will not ſtay the ſiege of loving tearmes
Nor bid th'incounter of aſſailing eyes.
Nor ope her lap to Saint-ſeducing Gold:
O ſhe is rich in beauty, onely poore,
That when ſhe dyes, with beauty dyes her ſtore.
Ben. Then ſhe hath ſworne, that ſhe will ſtill live chaſt?
Rom. She hath, and in that ſparing makes huge waſt?
For beauty ſterv'd with her ſeverity,
Cuts beauty off from all poſterity.

She is too faire, too wiſe wiſely too faire,
To merit bliſſe by making me diſpaire:
She hath forſworne to love, and in that vow
Doe I live dead, that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be ruld by me, forget to thinke of her.
Rom. O teach me how I ſhould forget to thinke.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties. (more,
Rom. Tis the way to call hers (exquiſit) in queſtion
Theſe happy maskes that kiſſe faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, puts us in mind they hide the faire:
He that is ſtrooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt:
Shew me a Miſtreſſe that is paſſing faire:
What doth her beauty ſerve but as a note,
Where I may reade who paſt that paſſing faire.
Farewell thou can'ſt not teach me to forget.
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or elſe dye in debt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, County Paris, and the Clowne.

Capu. *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
For men ſo old as we, to keepe the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckning are you both,
And pitty tis you liv'd at ods ſo long:
But now my Lord, what ſay you to my ſute?
Capu. But ſaying ore what I have ſaid before,
My Child is yet a ſtranger in the world,
Shee hath not ſeene the change of fourteene yeeres,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.
Par. Younger then ſhe, are happy mothers made.
Capu. And too ſoone mar'd are thoſe ſo early made:
Earth up hath ſwallowed all my hopes but ſhe,
She is the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her conſent, is but a part,
And ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choiſe,
Lyes my conſent, and faire according voyce:
This night I hold an old accuſtom'd feaſt,
Whereto I have invited many a Gueſt,
Such as I love, and you among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome makes my number more:
At my poore houſe, looke to behold this night,
Earth-treading ſtarres, that make darke heaven light,
Such comfort as doe luſty young men feele,
When well apparrel'd Aprill on the heele
Of limping Winter treads, euen ſuch delight
Among freſh Female buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe: heare all, all ſee;
And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Which one more view, of many, mine being one,
My ſtand in number, though in reckning none.
Come, goe with me: goe ſirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there, and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome, on their pleaſure ſtay. *Exit.*

Ser. Find them out whoſe names are written. Heert it is written, that the Shoo-maker ſhould meddle with his Yard, and the Tayler with his Laſt, the Fiſher with his Penſill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe perſons whoſe names are writ, and can never find what names the writting perſon hath here writ (I muſt to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benvolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is leſned by anothers anguiſh:
Turne giddy, and be holpe by backward turning:
One deſparate griefe, cures with anothers languiſh:
Take thou ſome new infection to the eye,
And the ranke poyſon of the old will dye.
Rom. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.
Ben. For what I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken ſhin.
Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut up in priſon, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow.
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray ſir can you read?
Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miſery.
Ser. Perhaps you have learn'd it without booke;
But I pray can you read any thing you ſee?
Rom. I, if I know the Letters and the Language.
Ser. Ye ſay honeſtly, reſt you merry.
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reades the Letter.

Seigneur Martino, and his wife and daughter: County Anſelme and his beautious ſiſters: the Lady widdow of Vitruvio, Seigneur Placentio, and his lovely Neeces: Mercutio and his brother Valentine, mine uncle Capulet his wife and daughters: my faire Neece Roſaline, Livia, Seigneur Valentio, and his Coſen Tybalt: Lucio and the lively Helena.

A faire aſſembly, whither ſhould they come?
Ser. Vp.
Rom. Whither? to ſupper?
Ser. To our houſe.
Rom. Whoſe houſe?
Ser. My Maiſters.
Rom. Indeed I ſhould have askt you that before.

Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My maſter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the houſe of *Mountagues* I pray come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merry. *Exit.*

Ben. At this ſame ancient Feaſt of *Cupalets*,
Sups the faire *Roſaline*, whom thou ſo loveſt:
With all the admired Beauties of *Verona*,
Goe thither and with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee thinke thy Swan a Crow.
Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintaines ſuch falſhood, then turne teares to fire:
And theſe who often drown'd could never dye,
Tranſparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my love! the all-ſeeing Sun
Nere ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.
Ben. Tut Tut, you ſaw her faire, none elſe being by,
Herſelfe poyſ'd with herſelfe in either eye:
But in that Chriſtall ſcales, let there be waid,
Your Ladies love againſt ſome other Maid
That I will ſhow you, ſhining at this Feaſt,
And ſhele ſhew ſcant, well, that now ſhewes beſt.
Rom. Ile goe along, no ſuch ſight to be ſhowne,
But to rejoyce in ſplendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets Wife and Nurſe.

Wife. Nurſe wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.
Nurſe. Now by my Maidenhead, at twelve yeare old
I bad her come, what Lamb: what Ladi-bird, God forbid,
Where's this Girle? what *Iuliet*?

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now, who calls?
Nur. Your Mother.
Iuliet. Madam I am heere, what is your will?
Wife. This is the matter: Nurſe give leave a while, we
muſt

muſt talke in ſecret. Nurſe come backe againe, I have remembred me, thou'ſe heare our councell. Thou knoweſt my daughter's of a prety age.

Nurſe. Faith I can tell her age unto an houre.

Wife, Shees not fourteene.

Nurſe. Ile lay foureteene of my teeth,
And yet to my teeth be it ſpoken,
I have but foure, ſhees not fourteene,
How long is it now to *Lammas* tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurſe. Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come *Lammas* Eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene. *Suſan* and ſhe, God reſt all Chriſtian ſoules, were of an age. Well *Suſan* is with God, ſhe was too good for me. But as I ſaid on *Lammas* Eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene, that ſhall ſhe marie, I remember it well. Tis ſince the Earth-quake now eleven yeares, and ſhe was wean'd I never ſhall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare, upon that day: for I had then laid Worme-wood to my Dug ſitting in the Sunne under the Dove-houſe wall, my Lord and you were then at *Mantua*, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I ſaid, when it did taſt the Worme-wood on the niple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to ſee it teachie, and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Dove-houſe, 't was no neede I trow to bid mee trudge: and ſince that time it is eleven yeares, for then ſhe could ſtand alone, nay bi'th roode ſhe could have runne, and wadled all about: for even the day before ſhe broke her brow, and then my Husband God be with his ſoule, a was a merrie man, tooke up the Child, yea quoth hee, doeſt thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backeward when thou haſt more wit, wilt thou not *Iulet*? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch lefte crying, and ſaid I: to ſee now how a Ieſt ſhall come about. I warrant, & I ſhall live a thouſand yeares, I never ſhould forget it: wilt thou not *Iulet* quoth he? and pretty foole it ſtinted, and ſaid I.

Old La. Inough of this I pray the hold thy peace.

Nurſe. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to thinke it ſhould leave crying, & ſay I: and yet I warrant it had upon it brow, a bumpe as big as a young Cockrels ſtone? A perilous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fall'ſt vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commeſt to age: wilt thou not *Iulet* It ſtinted: and ſaid I.

Iule. And ſtint thou too I pray the *Nurſe*, ſay I.

Nur. Peace I have done: God marke thee to his grace thou was the pretieſt Babe that ere I nurſt, and I might live to ſee thee maried once, I have my wiſh.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iulet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſition to be Married?

Iuli. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nur. An houre, were not I thine onely Nurſe, I would ſay thou hadſt ſuckt wiſedome from thy teat.

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, younger then you
Heere in *Varona*, Ladies of eſteeme,
Are made already Mothers. By my count,
I was your Mother, much upon theſe yeares
That you are now a maide, thus then in briefe:
The valiant *Paris* ſeekes you for his love.

Nurſe. A man young Lady, Lady, ſuch a man as all the world. Why hee's a man of waxe.

Old La. Veronas Summer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurſe. Nay hee's a flower, in faith a very flower.

Old La: What ſay you. can you love the Gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our Feaſt,
Read ore the volume of young *Paris* face,
And find delight, writ there with Beauties pen:
Examine every ſeverall liniament,
And ſee how one another lends content:
And what obſcur'd in this faire volume lies,
Find written in the Margent of his eyes,
This precious Booke of Love, this unbound Lover,
To Beavtifie him; onely lacks a Cover.
The fiſh lives in the Sea, and'tis much pride
For faire without, the faire within to hide:
That Booke in manies eyes doth ſhare the glory,
That in Gold claſpes, Lockes in the Golden ſtorie:
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſſe,
By having him, making your ſelfe no leſſe.

Nurſe. No leſſe, nay bigger: women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* love.

Iuli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Then your conſent gives ſtrength to make it flye,

Enter a Serving man.

Ser. Madam, the gueſts are come, ſupper ſeru'd up, you cal'd, my young Lady askt for, the Nurſe curſt in the Pantery, and every thing in extremitie: I muſt hence to wait, I beſeech you follow ſtraight. *Exit.*

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet*, the Countie ſtaies.

Nurſe. Goe Girle, ſeeke happie nights to happie daies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with five or ſixe other Maskers, Torch-bearers.

Rom. What ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixitie,
Weele have no *Cupid*, hood winkt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them meaſure us by what they will.
Weele meaſure them a meaſure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a Torch, I am not for this ambling.
Being but heavy I will beare the light.

Mer. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we muſt have you dance.

Rom. Not I beleeve me, you have dancing ſhooes
With nimble ſoles, I have a ſole of Lead
So ſtakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a Lover, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And ſoare with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too ſore impearced with his ſhaft,
To ſoare with his light feathers, and to bond:
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe,
Vnder loves heavy burthen doe I ſinke.

Hora. And to ſinke in it ſhould you burthen love,
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boyſterous, and it pricks like thorne.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love,
Pricke love for pricking, and you beate love downe,
Give me a Caſe to put my viſage in,
A Viſor for a Viſor, what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities:
Here are the Beetle-browes ſhall bluſh for me.

Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no ſooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A Torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the ſenceleſſe ruſhes with their heeles:
For I am proverb'd with a Grandſier Phraſe,
Ile be a Candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere ſo faire, and I am done.

Mer. Tut,duns the Mouſe,the Conſtables owne word,
If thou art dun,weele draw thee from the mire.
Or ſave your reverence love, wherein thou ſtickeſt
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.

Rom. Nay that's not ſo.

Mer. I meane ſir I, delay,
We waſt our lights in vaine, lights,lights,by day ;
Take our good meaning,for our Iudgement ſits
Five times in that ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maske,
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why may one aske?

Rom. I dreampt a dreame to night.

Mer. And ſo did I.

Rom. Well what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed a ſleepe while they do dreame things true.

Mer. O then I ſee Queene Mabhath beene with you:
She is the Fairies Midwife,and ſhe comes in ſhape no bigger then Agat-ſtone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little Atomies, over mens noſes as they lie aſleepe : her Waggon Spokes made of long Spinners legs : the Cover of the wings of Graſhoppers, her Trace of the ſmalleſt Spiders web, her collars of the Moone ſhines watry Beames,her Whip of Creckets bone, the Laſh of filme, her Waggoner, a ſmall gray coated Gnat, not halfe ſo bigge as a round little Worme, prickt from the Lazy-finger of a woman. Her Chariot is an ēpty Haſelnut, made by the Ioyner Squirrell or old Grub, time out a mind,the Faries Choach-makers:and in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night,through Louers braines : and then they dreame of Love. On Countries knees,that dreame on Curſies ſtrait: ore Lawiers fingers, who ſtrait dreame on Fees , ore Ladies lips, who ſtrait on kiſſes dreame, which oft the angry Mab with bliſters plagues, becauſe their breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime ſhe gallops ore a Courtiers noſe,and then dreames he of ſmelling out a ſuite:and ſometime comes ſhe with a Tith pigs tale, tickling a Parſons noſe as he lies aſleepe,then he dreams of another Benefice. Sometime ſhe driveth ore a Souldiers necke,and then dreames he of cutting Forraine throats,of Breaches, Ambuſcados, Spaniſh Blades : Of Healths fiue Fadome deepe,and then anon drums in his eares,at which he ſtarts and wakes, and being thus frighted, ſweares a prayer or two & ſleeps againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of Horſes in the night:and baks the Elf-locks in foule ſluttiſh haires,which once untangled,much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when Maides lie on their backs,
That preſſes them,and learnes them firſt to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is ſhe———

Rom. Peace,peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.

Mer. True I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing, but vaine phantaſie,
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the ayre,
And more inconſtant then the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen boſome of the North:
And being anger'd, puffes away from thence,
Turning his ſide to the dew dropping South.

Ben. This wind you talke of blows vs from our ſelves,
Supper is done and we ſhall come too late.

Rom. I feare too early, for my mind miſgives,
Some conſequence yet hanging in the ſtarres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights revels, and expire the tearme
Of a deſpiſed life cloſ'd in my breſt:
By ſome vile forfeit of untimely death,
But he that hath the ſtirrage of my courſe,
Direct my ſute : on luſty Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with their napkin.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Where's *Potpan*, that he helps not to take away?
He ſhift a Trencher? he ſcrape a Trencher,

1. When good manners,ſhall lye in one or two mens hands, and they unwaſht too,'tis a foule thing.

Ser, Away with the Ioynſtooles, remove the Court-cubbord, looke to the plate: good thou, ſave me a peice of Marchpane,and as thou loveſt me, let the Porter let in *Suſan Grindſtone*, and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan.*

2. I Boy ready.

Ser. You are lookt for,and cal'd for,askt for,and ſought for, in the great Chamber.

1. We cannot be here and there too,chearly Boys,
Be briske a while, and the longer liver take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the Gueſts and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that have their toes
Vnplagu'd with Cornes,will walke about with you:
Ah me Miſtreſſes, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She Ile ſweare hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I have ſeene the day
That I have worne a Viſor, and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would pleaſe : 'tis gone,'tis gone, 'tis gone,
You are welcome Gentlemen, come Muſitians play:

Muſicke plaies: and the dance.

A Hall,hall, give roome, and foote it Girles,
More light ye knaves, and turne the Tables up:
And quench the fire, the Roome is growne too hot.
Ah ſirrah,this unlookt for ſport comes well :
Nay ſit,nay ſit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paſt our dauncing dayes ;
How long 'iſt now ſince laſt your ſelfe and I
Were in a Maske

2. *Capu.* Berlady thirty yeares.

1. *Capu.* What man : 'tis not ſo much,'tis not ſo much,
'Tis ſince the Nuptiall of *Lucentio*.
Come Penticoſt as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty yeares,and then we Maskt.

2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder ſir :
His Sonne is thirty.

3. *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.

Rom. What Lady is that which doth in rich the hand
Of yonder Knight?

Ser. I konw not ſir.

Rom. O ſhe doth teach the Torches to burne bright:
Her Beauty hangs upon the cheeke of night,
Like a rich Iewel in an Æthiops eare :
Beauty too rich for uſe,for earth too deare:
So ſhewes a Snowy Dove trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes ſhowes?
The meaſure done. Ile watch her place of ſtand,
And touching hers, make bleſſed my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now,forſweare it ſight,
For I never ſaw true Beauty till this night.
Tib. This by his voyce,ſhould be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier, Boy,what dares the ſlave
Come hither coverd with an antique face,
To fleere and ſcorne at our Solemnity?
Now by the ſtocke and Honour of my kin.
To ſtrike him dead I hold in not a ſin.
Cap. Why how now kinſman,
Wherefore ſtorme you ſo?
Tib. Vncle this is a *Mountague*, our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorne at our Solemnity this night.
Cap. Young *Romeo* is?
Tib. 'Tis he,that Villian *Romeo*.
Cap. Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone,
Abeares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to ſay truth,*Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the towne,
Here in my houſe doe him diſparagement:
Therefore be potient,take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a faire preſence,and put off theſe frownes,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a Feaſt.
Tib. It fits when ſuch a Villaine is a gueſt,
Ile not endure him.
Cap. He ſhall be endur'd.
What goodmanboy,I ſay be ſhall,go to,
Am I the Maiſter here or you? go to,
Youle not endure him,God ſhall mend my ſoule,
Youle make a Mutiny among the Gueſts:
You will ſet cocke a hoope,youle be the man?
Tib. Why Vncle 'tis a ſhame.
Cap. Go to, go to.
You are a ſawcy Boy,'tis ſo indeed?
This tricke may chance to ſcath you,I know what,
You muſt contrary me,marry 'tis time.
Well ſaid my hearts, you are a princox,goe,
Be quiet or more light,for ſhame,
Ile make you puiet. What,chearely my hearts.
Tib. Patience perforce,with wilfull coler making,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intruſion ſhall
Now ſeeming ſweet, conuert to bitter gall.
Rom, If I prophane with my vnworthieſt hand,
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſin is this,
My lips two bluſhing Pilgrims ready ſtand,
To ſmooth that rough touch,with a tender kiſſe.
Iuli. Good Pilgrime,
You do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion ſhewes in this,
For Saints have hands,that Pilgrimes hand,doe touch,
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kiſſe.
Rom. Have not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Iuli. I Pilgrim,lips that they muſt uſe in prayer.
Rom. O then deare Saint let lips do what hands doe,
They pray (graunt thou) leaſt faith turne to diſpaire.
Iuli. Saints doe not move,
Though graunt for prayers ſake.
Rom. Then move not while my prayers effect doe take:
Thus from my lips,by thine my ſin is purg'd.
Iuli. Then have my lips the ſin that they have tooke,
Rom. Sin from my lips! O treſpaſſe ſweetly vrg'd:
Give me my ſin againe,
Iuli. You kiſſe by'th'booke.
Nur. Madam your Mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her Mother,
Nurſe, Marry Batcheler,
Her Mother is the Lady of the houſe,
And a good Lady,and a wiſe,and Vertuous,
I Nur'ſt her Daughter that you talke withall:
I tell you,he that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chincke.
Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet*?
O deare account! My life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away,be gone,the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. I ſo I feare,the more is my unreſt.
Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling fooliſh Banquet towards:
Is it e'ne ſo? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honeſt Gentlemen,good night:
More Torches here come on,then let's to bed.
Ah ſirra,by my faie it waxes late.
Ile to my reſt. *Exeunt.*
Iuli. Come hither Nurſe,
What is yond Gentleman:
Nur. The Sonne and Heire of old *Tyberio*.
Iuli. What's he that now is going out of doore?
Nur. Marry that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.
Iuli. What's he that follows here that would not dance?
Nur. I know not.
Iuli. Go aske his name;if he be maried,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nur. His name is *Romeo*,and a *Mountague*,
The onely Sonne of our great Enemy.
Iuli. My onely Love ſprung from my onely hate,
Too early ſeene,unknow,and knowne, too late,
Prodigious birth of Love it is to me,
That I muſt love a loathed Enemy.
Nur. What's this? what's this?
Iuli. A rime, I learnd even now
Of one I dan'ſt withall.
One calls within, Iuliet.
Nur. Anon,anon:
Come let's away, the ſtraungers all are gone.
Exeunt

Chorus:
Now old deſire doth in his death-bed lye,
And young affection gapes to be his Heire,
That faire,for which Love grou'd for and would dye,
With tender *Iuliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloved, and Loues againe,
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe ſuppos'd he muſt complaine,
And ſhe ſteale Loves ſweet bait from fearefull hookes.
Being held a foe,he may not have acceſſe
To breath ſuch vowes, as Lovers uſe to ſweare;
And ſhe as much in Love,her meanes much leſſe,
To meete her new Beloved any where:
But paſſion lends them Power,time,meanes to meete,
Temp'ting extremities with extreame ſweete.

Enter Romeo alone.
Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth,and find my Centour out.
Enter Bennolio, with Mercutio.
Ben. *Romeo*,my Cozen *Romeo*,*Romeo*.
Mere. He is wiſe,
And on my life hath ſtolne him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way,and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio*:
Nay,Ile coniure too.

Mer. *Romeo*,Humours, Madman,Paſſion,Lover,
Appeare thon in the likeneſſe of a ſight,
Speake but one time,and I am ſatisfied:
Cry me but ayme,Couply but Love and day,
Speake to my goſhip *Venus* one faire wor,
One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,
Young *Abraham Cupid* he that ſhot ſo true,
When King *Cophetua* lov'd the begger Maid,
He heareth not,he ſtirreth not,he moveth not,
The Ape is dead,and I muſt coniure him,
I coniure thee by *Roſalines* bright eyes,
By her high forehead,and her Scarlet lip,
By her fine foote, Straight leg,aud Quivering thigh,
And the Demeanes,that there Adiacent lie,
That in thy likeneſſe thou appeare to us.
Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him,t'would anger him
To raiſe a ſpirit in his Miſtreſſe circle,
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
Till ſhe had laid it, and conjur'd it downe,
That were ſome ſpight.
My invocation is faire and honeſt,and in his Miſtris name
I conjure onely but to raiſe up him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelſe among theſe Trees
To be conſorted with the Humerous night:
Blind is his Love, and beſt befits the darke.
Mer. If Love be blind, Love cannot hit the marke,
Now will he ſit under a Medler tree,
And wiſh his Miſtreſſe were that kind of Fruite,
As Maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,
O *Romeo* that ſhe were, O that ſhe were
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare,
Romeo goodnight,Ile to my Truckle bed,
This Field-bed is too cold for me to ſleepe,
Come ſhall we go?
Ben. Go then,for 'tis in vaine to ſeeke him here
That meanes not to be found. *Exeunt.*
Rom. He ieaſts at Scarres that never felt a wound,
But ſoft,what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the Eaſt,and *Iuliet* is the Sunne,
Ariſe faire Sun and kill the envious Moone,
Who is already ſicke and pale with greife,
That thou her Maid art far more faire then ſhe:
Be not her Maid ſince ſhe is envious,
Her Veſtall livery is but ſicke and greene,
And none but fooles do weare it,caſt it off:
It is my Lady,O it is my Love,O that ſhe knew ſhe were,
She ſpeakes, yet ſhe ſaies nothing; what of that?
Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwere it:
I am too bold 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeakes:
Two of the faireſt ſtarres in all the heaven,
Hauing ſome buſineſſe do entreat her eyes,
To twinckle in their Spheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there,they in her head,
The brightneſſe of her cheeke would ſhame thoſe ſtarres,
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eye in heaven,
Would through the ayrie Region ſtreame ſo bright,
That Birds would ſing and thinke it were not night:
See how ſhe leanes her cheeke upon her hand.
O that I were a Glove upon that hand.
That I might touch that cheeke.
Iuli. Ay me.
Rom. She ſpeakes.
Oh ſpeake againe bright Angell,for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged meſſenger. of heaven
Vnto the white upturned wondering eyes
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he beſtrids the lazy puffing Clouds,
And ſailes upon the boſome of the ayre.
Iuli. O *Romeo*,*Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Deny thy Father and refuſe thy name:
Or if thou wilt not,be but ſworne my Love,
And Ile no longer be a *Capulet*.
Rom. Shall I here more, or ſhall I ſpeake at this?
Iu. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:
Thou art thy ſelfe, though not a *Mountague*,
What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face,O be ſome other name
Belonging to a man.
Whats in a name? that which we call a Roſe,
By any other word would ſmell as ſweete,
So *Romeo* would,were he not *Romeo* cal'd,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title *Romeo*,doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my ſelfe,
Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Love, and Ile be new baptiz'd,
Hence foorth I never will be *Romeo*.
Iuli. What man art thou, that thus beſcreen'd in nigh
So ſtumleſt on my councell?
Rom. By a name,
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare Saint, is hatefull to my ſelfe,
Becauſe it is an Enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word,
Iuli. My eares have yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues uttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romec*,and a *Mountague*?
Rom, Neither faire Maid,if either thee diſlike,
Iuli. How cam'ſt thou hither.
Tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbe,
And the place death,conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here,
Rom. With Loves light wings
Did I ore-perch theſe Walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold Love out,
And what Love can do, that dars Love attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.
Iuli. If they doe ſee thee,they will murther thee.
Rom. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twenty of their Swords, looke thou but ſweete,
And I am proofe againſt their enmity.
Iuli. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.
Rom. I have nights cloake to hide me from their eyes
And but thou love me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy Love.
Iuli. By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place?
Rom. By Love that firſt did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counſell,and I lent him eyes,
I am no Pylot,yet wert thou as far
As that vaſt-ſhore: waſhd with the fartheſt Sea,
I ſhould aduenture for ſuch Marchandiſe,
Iuli. Thou knoweſt the maske of night is on my face,
Elſe would a Maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, deny
What I have ſpoke but farewell Complements
Doeſt thou Love? O I know thou wilt ſay I,

And I will take thy word,yet if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou maieſt prove falſe at Louers perjvries
They ſay *Ioue* laughes,oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt Love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkeſt I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe: But elſe not for the world.
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou mayeſt thinke my haviour light,
But truſt me Gentleman,Ile prove more true,
Then thoſe that have more coyning to be ſtrange,
I ſhould have beene more ſtrange I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou over heard'ſt ere I was ware
My true Loves paſſion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light Love,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcovered,
Rom. Lady,by yonder Moone I vow:
That tips with ſilver all theſe Fruite-tree tops.
Iuli. O ſweare not by the Moone,th'inconſtant Moone,
That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,
Leaſt that thy Love prove likewiſe variable.
Rom. What ſhall I ſweare by?
Iuli. Do not ſweare at all:
Or if thou wilt ſweare by thy gratious ſelfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And Ile beleeve thee.
Rom. If my hearts deare love——
Iuli. Well do not ſweare although I ioy in thee,
I have no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too raſh,too unadviſ'd,too ſodden,
Too like the lightning which doth ceaſe to be
Ere, one can ſay,it lightens,Sweete good night:
This bud of Love by Summers ripening breath.
May prove a beavteous Flower when next we meete:
Goodnight: goodnight, as ſweete repoſe and reſt,
Come to thy heart, as that within my breſt.
Rom. O wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfied?
Iuli, What ſatiſtaction can'ſt thou have to night?
Rom. Th'exchange of thy Loves faithfull vow of mine,
Iuli. I gave thee mine before thou did'ſt reqneſt it:
And yet I would it were to give againe,
Rom. Would'ſt thou withdraw it,
For what purpoſe Love?
Iuli. But to be franke and give it thee againe,
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I have,
My bounty is as boundleſſe as the Sea,
My Love as deepe, the more I give to thee
The more I have,for both are Infinite.
I heare ſome noyſe within deare Love adue.

Cals within.

Anon good Nurſe, ſweet *Mountagne* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Rom. O bleſſed bleſſed night,I am afear'd
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering ſweet to be ſubſtantiall.
Iuli. Three words deare *Romeo*, *Enter.*
And goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of Love be Honourable,
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to morrow,
By one that Ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my Fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.

Within: Madam.

I come,anon:but if thou meaneſt not well,
I do beſeech thee.

Within: Madam

(By and by I come)
To ceaſe thy ſtrife,and leave me to my griefe,
To morrow will I ſend.
Rom. So thrive my ſoule.
Iuli. A thouſand times goodnight.

Exit.

Rom. A thouſand times the worſe to want thy light,
Love goes toward Love as ſchoole-boys from their books
But Love from Love,towards ſchoole with heavy lookes,

Enter Iuliet againe.

Iuli. Hiſt *Romeo* hiſt: O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Taſſell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeake aloud,
Elſe would I teare the Cave where Eccho lies,
And make her ayry tongue more hoarſe,then with
The repetition of my *Romeo*,
Rom. It is my ſoule that calls upon my name.
How ſilver ſweete, ſound Lovers tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt Muſicke to attending eares.
Iuli. Romeo.
Rom. My ſweete.
Iuli. What a clocke to morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?
Rom. By the houre of nine.
Iuli. I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares till then,
I have forgot why I did call thee backe,
Rom. Let me ſtand here till thou remember it.
Iuli. I ſhall forget,to have the ſtill ſtand there,
Remembring how I Love thy company.
Rom. And Ile ſtill ſtay, to have thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other name but this.
Iuli. 'Tis almoſt morning, I would have thee gone,
And yet no further then a wantons Bird,
That let's it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore priſoner in his twiſted Gyves,
And with a ſilken thred plucks it againe,
So loving Iealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Iuli. Sweet ſo would I,
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing:
Goodnight,goodnight.
Rom. Parting is ſuch ſweete ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay goodnight, till it be morrow.
Iuli, Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breſt

Exit.

Rom. Would I were ſleepe and peace ſo ſweet to reſt,
The gray ey'd morne ſmiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Eaſterne Clouds with ſtreaks of light,
And darkeneſſe fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes pathway,made by *Titans* wheeles.
Hence wil I to my ghoſtly Friers cloſe Cell,
His helpe to crave,and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

Fri. Now ere the Sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I muſt upfill this Oſier Cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious Iuiced flowers,
The earth that's Natures mother,is her Tombe,
What is her burying grave that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of divers kind

We ſucking on her naturall boſome find:
Many for many vertues excellent:
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, Hearbs, ſtones, and their true qualities:
For nought ſo vile, that on the earth doth live.
But to the earth ſome ſpeciall good doth give.
Nor ought ſo good, but ſtrain'd from that faire vſe,
Revolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe.
Vertue it ſelfe turnes vice being miſapplied.
And vice ſometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rin'd of this weake flower,
Poyſon hath reſidence, and medicine power:
For this being ſmelt, with that part cheares each part,
Being taſted ſlayes all ſences with the heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed Kings encampe them ſtill,
In man as well as Hearbs grace and rude will:
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoone the Canker death eates up that Plant,

Rom. Good morrow Father.

Fri. Benedicite.
What early tongue ſo ſweet ſalute them?
Young Sonne, it argues a diſtempered head,
So ſoone to bid good morrow to thy bed;
Care keeps his watch in every old mans eye,
And where Care lodgeth, ſleepe will never lye:
But where unbruſed youth with unſtuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there, golden ſleepe doth raigne;
Therefore thy earlineſſe doth me aſſure,
Thou art uprouz'd with ſome diſtemprature;
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right.
Our *Romeo.* hath not beene in bed to night.

Rom. That laſt is true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.

Fri. God pardon ſin: waſt thou with *Roſaline*?

Rom, With *Roſaline*, my ghoſtly Father? No,
I have forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri. That's my good Son, but where haſt thou bin then?

Rom. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:
I have beene feaſting with mine enemy,
Where on a ſudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phiſicke lies:
I beare no hatred. bleſſed man: for loe
My interceſſion likewiſe steads my foe.

Fri. Be plaine good Son, reſt homely in thy drift,
Ridling confeſſion, finds but ridling ſhrift.

Rom. Then plainely know my hearts deare Love is ſet,
On the faire daunger of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers. ſo hers is ſet on mine;
And all combin'd, ſave what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell the as we paſſe, but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marry us to day.

Fri. Holy S. *Francis*, what a change is here?
Is *Roſaline* that thou didſt Love ſo deare
So ſoone forſaken? young mens Love then lies
Not truely in their hearts, but in theit eyes.
Ieſu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheeckes for *Roſaline*?
How much ſalt water throwne away in waſt,
To ſeaſon Love that of it doth not taſt.
The Sun not yet thy ſighes, from heaven cleares,
Thy old grones yet ring in my auncient eares:
Lo here upon thy cheecke the ſtaine doth ſit,
Of an old teare that is not waſht off yet.
If ere thou waſt thy ſelfe, and theſe woes thine.
Thou and theſe woes, were all for *Roſaline*.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this ſentence then
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men,

Rom. Thou chid'ſt me oft for loving *Roſaline*.

Fri. For doting not for loving pupill mine.

Rom. And bad'ſt me bury Love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee chide me not, her I Love now
Doth grace for grace, and Love for Love allow:
The other did not ſo.

Fri. O ſhe knew well,
Thy Love did read by rote, that could not ſpell:
But come young waverer, come goe with me,
In one reſpect. Ile thy aſiſtant be:
For this alliance may ſo happy prove,
To turne your houſhold rancord to pure Love.

Rom. O let us hence, I ſtand on ſudden haſt.

Fri. Wiſely and ſlow, they ſtumble that run faſt.

Exeunt.

Enter Bennolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devile ſhould this *Romeo* be? came he not home to night?

Ben. Not to his Fathers, I ſpoke with his man.

Mer. Why that ſame pale hard-harted wench, that *Roſaline* torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.

Ben. *Tibalt*, the kinſman to old *Capulet*, hath ſent a Letter to his Fathers houſe.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will anſwere it.

Mer. Any man that can write, may anſwere a Letter.

Ben. Nay he will anſwere the Letters Maiſter how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poore *Romeo*, he is already dead, ſtab'd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a Love ſong, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blind Bowe-boyes-but-ſhaft, and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt*?

Ben, Why what is *Tybalt*?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hee's the Couragious Captaine of Complements: he fights as you ſing prickſong, keeps time. diſtance, and proportion, he reſts his minum, one, two, and the third in your boſome: the very butcher of a ſilke button, a Dualiſt, a Dualiſt: a Gentleman of the very firſt houſe of the firſt and ſecond cauſe: ah the immortall Paſſado, the punto reverſo, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of ſuch antique liſping affecting phantacies, theſe new tuners of accent: Ieſu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing Grandſire, that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrainge flies: theſe faſhion Mongers, theſe pardon-mee's, who ſtand ſo much on the new form, that the cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Hering. O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady was a kitchen wench, marry ſhe had a better Love to berime her: *Dido* a dowdy, *Cleopatra* a Gipſie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots: *Thisby* a gray eie or ſo, but not to the purpoſe Signior *Romeo*, *Bonsour*, theres a French ſalutation to your

French ſlop: you gave us the counterfeit fairely laſt night.

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The ſlip ſir, the ſlip, can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon *Mercutio*, my buſineſſe was great, and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtraine courſie.

Mer. That's as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom, Meaning to courteſie.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt courteous expoſition.

Mer. Nay. I am the very pinck of courteſie.

Rom. Pinke for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my Pump well flowr'd.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this ieaſt, now till thou haſt worne out thy Pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worne, the ieaſt may remaine after the wearing, ſole-ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle ſol'd ieaſt,
Soly ſingular for the ſingleneſſe.

Mer. Come betweene us good *Benuolio*, my wit faints.

Rom. Swits and ſpurs,
Swits and ſpurs, or Ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Gooſe chaſe, I am done: For thou haſt more of the Wild-Gooſe in one of thy wits, then I am ſure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the Gooſe?

Rom. Thou was never with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the Gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieſt.

Rom: Nay, good Gooſe bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter-ſweeting,
It is a moſt ſharpe ſawce.

Rom. And is it not well ſerv'd into a ſweet-Gooſe?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheverell, that ſtretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the Gooſe, proves the farre and wide, abroad Gooſe.

Mer. Why is not this better now, then groning for Love, now art thou ſociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou art, by Art as well as by Nature, for this driveling Love is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling up and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſir'ſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the

Ben. Thou would'ſt elſe have made thy tale large. (haire.

Mer. O thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it ſhort, or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Enter Nurſe and her man.

Rom. Here's goodly geare.
A ſayle, a ſayle.

Mer. Two, two: a Shirt and a Smocke.

Nur. *Peter*?

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My Fan *Peter*?

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face?
For her Fans the fairer face?

Nur. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer. God ye gooden faire Gentlewomen,

Nur. It is gooden?

Mer. 'Tis no leſſe I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the Dyall is now upon the pricke of Noone.

Nur. Out upon you: what a man are you?

Rom. One Gentlewoman,
That God hath made, himſelfe to, mar.

Nur. By my troth it is ſaid, for himſelfe to, mar quotha Gentleman, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo*?

Romeo. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, then he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nur. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea is the worſt well.
Very well tooke: Iſaith, wiſely, wiſely,

Nur. If you be he ſir,
I deſire ſome confidence with you?

Beu. She will envite him to ſome Supper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Rom. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No Hare ſir, unleſſe a Hare ſir in a Lenten pie, that is ſomething ſtale and hoare ere it be ſpent.
An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.
But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a ſcore, when it hoares ere it be ſpent,
Romeo will you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady:
Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. Mercutio, Benuolio.

Nur. I pray you ſir, what ſawcie Merchant was this that was ſo full of his ropery?

Rom. A Gentleman Nurſe, that loves to here himſelfe talke, and will ſpeake more in a minute, then he will ſtand to in a Moneth.

Nur. And a ſpeake any thing againſt me, Ile take him downe, and a were luſtier then he is, and twenty ſuch Iacks: and if I cannot, Ile find thoſe that ſhall: ſcuruie knave, I am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his skaines mates and thou muſt ſtand by too and ſuffer every knave to uſe me at his pleaſure.

Pet. I ſaw no man uſe you at his pleaſure: if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly have beene out, I warrant you, I dare draw aſſoone as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrell, and the law on my ſide.

Nur. Now afore God, I am ſo vext, that every part about me quivers, skurvy knave: pray you ſir a word: and as I told you my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what ſhe bid me ſay I will keepe to my ſelfe: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould lead her in a fooles paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſſe kind of behaviour, as they ſay: for the Gentlewomen is yong: and therefore, if you ſhould deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing,

Rom. Nurſe commend me to thy Lady and Miſtreſſe, I, proteſt onto thee——

Nur. Good heart, and Iſaith I will tell her as much:
Lord, Lord ſhe will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurſe? thou doeſt not marke me?

Nur. I will tell her ſir, that you do proteſt, which as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer. (afternoone,

Rom. Bid her deviſe ſome meanes to come to ſhrift this
And there ſhe ſhall at Frier *Lawrence* Cell
Beſhriv'd and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly ſir not a penny.

Rom. Go to I ſay you ſhall.

Nur. This afternoone ſir? well ſhe ſhall be there.
Ro. And ſtay thou good Nurſe behind the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring the Cords made like a tackled ſtaire,
Which to the high top gallant of my ioy.
Muſt be my conuoy in the ſecret night.
Farewell,be truſty and Ile quite thy paines:
Farewell,commend me to thy Miſtreſſe.
Nur. Now God in heaven bleſſe thee: harke you ſir,
Rom. What ſaiſt thou my deare Nurſe?

Nurſe. Is your man ſecret, did you nere heare ſay two may keepe councell putting one away.

Rom. I warrant thee my man as true as ſteele.

Nur. Well ſir, my Miſtreſſe is the ſweeteſt Lady,Lord, Lord,when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble man in Towne one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboard: but ſhe good ſoule had as leeve ſee a Toade. a very Toade as ſee him: I anger her ſometimes,and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man but Ile warrant you,when I ſay ſo ſhee, lookes as pale as any clout in the verſall world, Doth not Roſemary and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Rom. I Nurſe, what of that? Both with an R

Nur, A mocker that's the dogs name. *R.* is for the no, I know it begins with ſome other letter, and ſhe hath the prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and Roſemary, that it would do you good to heare it,

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.
Nur. I a thouſand times.*Peter?*
Pet. Anon.
Nur. Before and apace. *Exit Nurſe and Peter.*

Enter Iuliet.

Iuli. The clocke ſtrooke nine,when I did ſend the Nurſe,
In halfe an houre ſhe promiſed to returne,
Perchance ſhe cannot meete him:that's not ſo:
Oh ſhe is lame, Loves Herauld ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glides then the Sunnes beames,
Driving backe ſhadowes over lowring hils.
Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun upon the highmoſt hill
Of this daies iourney, and from nine till twelve,
I three long houres,yet ſhe is not come:
Had ſhe affections and warme youthfull blood,
She'ld be as ſwift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my ſweete Love,
And his to me, but old folkes,
Many faine as they were dead,
Vnwieldy, ſlow,heavy,and pale as lead.

Enter Nurſe.

O God ſhe comes, O hony Nurſe what newes?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.
Nur. *Peter* ſtay at the gate,
Iuli. Now good ſweet Nurſe:
O Lord why lookes thou ſad?
Though newes, be ſad,yet tell them merrily.
If good thou ſham'ſt the muſicke of ſweete newes,
By playing it to me, with ſo ſower a face.
Nur. I am a weary, give me leave a while,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunt have I had?
Iuli. I would thou had'ſt my bones and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray the ſpeake,good Nurſe ſpeake.
Nur. Ieſu what haſt? can you not ſtay a while?
Do you not ſee I am out of breath?
Iuli. How art thou out of breath,when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe that thou doſt make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou doſt excuſe.
Is thy newes good or bad? anſwere to that,
Say either and Ile ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied,iſt good or bad?

Nur. Well, you have made a ſimple choice, you know not how to chuſe a man: *Romeo*,no not he though his face be better then any mans, yet his legs excels all mens, and for a hand,and a foote,and a bawdy, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are paſt compare:he is not the flower of courteſie, but I warrant him as gentle a Lambe: go thy waies wench,ſerve God,what have you din'd at home.

Iuli. No no:but all this did I know before
What ſaies he of our marriage? what of that?
Nur. Lord how my head akes,what a head have I:
It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.
My backe a tother ſide:O my backe,my backe:
Beſhrew your heart for ſending me about
To catch my death with iaunting up and downe.
Iuli. Ifaith I am ſorry that thou art ſo ill,
Sweete ſweete,ſweete Nurſe,tell me what ſaies my Love?
Nur. Your Love ſayes like an honeſt Gentleman,
And a courteous,and a kind,and a handſome,
And I warrant a vertuous: where is your Mother?
Iuli. Where is my Mother?
Why ſhe is within where ſhould ſhe be?
How odly thou repli'ſt:
Your Love ſaies like an honeſt Gentleman:
Where is my Mother?
Nur. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you ſo hot? marry come vp I trow,
Is this the Poultis for my aking bones?
Hence forward do your meſſages your ſelfe.
Iuli. Heere's ſuch a coile,come what ſaies *Romeo*?
Nur. Have you got leave to go to ſhrift to day?
Iuli. I have.
Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There ſtaies a Husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeckes,
The'le be in Scarlot ſtraight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I muſt another way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Love:
Muſt climbe a birds neſt Soone when it is darke:
I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:
But you ſhall beare the burthen ſoone at night,
Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.
Iuli. Hie to high Fortune,honeſt Nurſe,farewell.
Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo

Fri. So ſmile the heavens vpon this holy act,
That after houres,with ſorrow chide us not.
Rom. Amen,amen,but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy
That one ſhort minute gives me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then Love devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough.I may but call her mine.
Fri. Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die like fire and powder;
Which as they kiſſe conſume.The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in his owne deliciouſneſſe,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite.
Therefore Love moderately, long Love doth ſo,
Too ſwift arrives as tardy as too ſlow.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Lady.Oh ſo light a foot
Will nere weare out the everlaſting flint;

A Lover may beſtride the Goſſamours,
That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall,ſo light is vanity.

Iuli. Good even to my goſtly Confeſſor.

Fri. *Romeo* ſhall thanke thee Daughter for us both.

Iuli. As much to him, elſe in his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah *Iuliet*, if the meaſure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blaſon it,then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre,and let rich muſickes tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happineſſe that both
Receive in either,by this deere encounter,

Iuli. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of Ornament:
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true Love is growne to ſuch exceſſe,
I cannot ſum up ſome of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come,come with me,& we will make ſhort worke,
For by your leaues,you ſhall not ſtay alone,
Til holy Church incorporate two in one. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mercutio. Bennolio,and men.

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot:the *Capulets* abroad:
And if we meet,we ſhall not ſcape a brawle,for now theſe hot dayes,is the mad blood ſtirring

Mer. Thou art like one of theſe fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne,claps me his Sword vpon the Table,and ſayes,God ſend me no need of thee: and by the operation of the ſecond cup,draws him on the Drawer,when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a Fellow?

Mer. Come,come,thou art as hot a Iacke in thy mood, as any in *Italy*: and aſſoone moved to be moody, and aſſoone moody to be mov'd,

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two ſuch, we ſhould have none ſhortly, for one would kill the other:thou,why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more,or a haire leſſe in his beard,then thou haſt: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, having no other reaſon, but becauſe thon haſt haſell eyes; what eye, but ſuch an eye, would ſpy out ſuch a quarell? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath bin beaten as addle as an egge for quarreling: thou haſt quarrel'd with a man for coſſing in the ſtreet, becauſe he hath wakened thy Dog that hath laine aſleepe in the Sun. Did'ſt thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doublet before Eaſter? with another, for tying his new ſhooes with old Riband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quarrelling?

Ben, And I were ſo apt to quarrell as thou art, any man ſhould buy the Fee-ſimple of my life, for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The Fee-ſimple? O ſimple.

Enter Tybalt,Petruchio,and others.

Ben. By my head here come the *Capuletes*,

Mer. By my heele I care not,

Tib, Follow me cloſe,for I will ſpeake to them.
Gentlemen,Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer And but one word with one of us? couple it with ſomething, make it a word and a blow.

Tib. You ſhall find me apt enough to that ſir, and you will give me occaſion.

Mercu. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giving?

Tib. *Mercutio* thou conſort'ſt with *Romeo*,

Mer. Conſort? what doſt thou make us Minſtrels? and thou make Minſtrels of us, looke to heare nothing but diſcords: here's my fiddleſticke, here's that ſhall make you dance. Come conſort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto ſome private place,
Or reaſon coldly of your greevances:
Or elſe depart, here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke,and let them gaze
I will not budge for no mans pleaſure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tib. Well peace be with you ſir, here comes my man.

Mer. But Ile be hang'd ſir if he weare your Livery:
Marry goe before to field,heele be your follower,
Your worſhip in that ſenſe,may call him man.

Tib. *Romeo*.the Love I beare thee,can affoord
No better terme then this. Thou art a Villaine.

Rom. *Tibalt*, the reaſon that I have to love thee,
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting;
Therefore farewell, I ſee thou know'ſt me not.

Tib. Boy,this ſhall not excuſe the iniures
That thou haſt done me,therefore turne and draw,

Rom. I do proteſt I never iniur'd thee,
But lov'd thee better then thou can'ſt deviſe:
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my love,
And ſo good *Capulet*,which name I tender
As dearely as my owne, be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calme, diſhonourable,vile ſubmiſſion
Allaſtucatho carries is away.
Tibalt.you Rat-catcher, will you walke?

Tib, What woulds thou have with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I meane to make bold withall,and as you ſhall uſe me hereafter dry beate the reſt of the eight. Will you plucke your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? Make haſt. leaſt mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you.

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*,put thy Rapier up,

Mer. Come ſir, your Paſſado.

Rom, Draw *Bennolio* beat downe their weapons:
Gentlemen,for ſhame forbeare this outrage,
Tibalt, *Mercutio*,the Prince expreſly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* ſtreetes.
Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Exit Tybalt

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague of both the houſes,I am ſped:
Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I,I,a ſcrath,a ſcratch,marry 'tis inough,
Where is my Page? go Villaine fetch a Surgon,

Rom. Courage man,the hurt cannot be much,

Mer. No: 'tis not ſo deepe as a well, nor ſo wide as a Church doore,but 'tis inough,'twill ſerue: aske for me to morrow, and you ſhall find me a graue man. I am pepper'd I warrant for this world: a plague of both your houſes. What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouſe, a Cat to ſcratch a man to death: a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villaine: that fights by the booke of Arichmeticke, why the deu'le came you betweene vs? I was hurt under your arme.

Rom. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Helpe me into ſome houſe *Bennolio*,
Or I ſhall faint:a plague a both your houſes.
They have made wormes meate of me,

I have it,and ſoundly too your Houſes. *Exit.*

Rom. This Gentleman the Princes neere Allie,
My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation ſtain'd
With *Tibalts* ſlaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath beene my Cozin: O Sweet *Iuliet*,
Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned Valours ſteele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo, Romeo*, brave *Mercutio*'s dead,
That Gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the Cloudes,
Which too untimely here did ſcorne the earth.

Rom. This daies blacke Fate, on mo daies doe depend,
This but begins, the woe others muſt end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the Furious *Tybalt* backe againe.

Rom. He gon in triumph, and *Mercutio* ſlaine?
Away to heaven reſpective Lenity,
And fire and Fury, be my conduct now.
Now *Tybalt* take the Villaine backe againe
That late thou gav'ſt me, for *Mercutio's* ſoule,
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him company:
Either thou or I, or both, muſt goe with him.

Tib. Thou wretched Boy that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This ſhall determine that.

They fight. Tybalt falles.

Ben. Romeo, away be gone:
The Citizens are up, and *Tybalt* ſlaine,
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doome thee death
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O! I am Fortunes foole,

Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?
Tybalt that Murtherer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.

Citi. Vp ſir go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, old Mountague, Capulet, their Wives and all.

Prin. Where are the vild beginners of this Fray?

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can diſcover all
The unluckie Mannage of this fatall brall:
There lies the man ſlaine by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kinſman brave *Mercutio*.

Cap. Wi. Tybalt my Cozin? O my Brothers Child,
O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is ſpild.
Of my deare kinſman, Prince as thou art true,
For blood of ours, ſhed blood of *Mountague*.
O Cozin, Cozin.

Prin. Benuolio, who began this Fray?

Ben. Tybalt here ſlaine, whom *Romeo's* hand did ſlay,
Romeo that ſpoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the Quarrell was, and urg'd withall
Your high diſpleaſure: all this uttered,
With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bow'd
Could not take truce with the unruly ſpleene
Of *Tybalt* deafe to peace, but that he Tilts
With Peircing ſteele at bold *Mercutio's* breaſt,
Who all as hot turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martiall ſcorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It backe to *Tybalt*, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold Friends, Friends part, and ſwifter then his tongue,
His able arme, beats downe fatall points,
And twixt them ruſhes, underneath whoſe arme,
An envious thruſt from *Tybalt*, hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled.
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertained Revenge,
And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tybalt* ſlaine:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and fly:
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.

Cap. Wi. He is a kinſman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeakes not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for Iuſtice, which thou Prince muſt give:
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* muſt not live.

Prin. Romeo ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe.

Cap. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* Friend,
His fault concludes but, what the law ſhould end,
The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence:
I have an intereſt in your hearts proceeding:
My bloud for your rude braules doth ly a bleeding.
But Ile Amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſſe of mine.
I will be deafe to pleading and excuſes.
Nor teares, nor prayers ſhall purchaſe our abuſes.
Therefore uſe done, let *Romeo* hence in haſt,
Elſe when he is found, that houre is his laſt.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but Murders, pardoning thoſe that kill.

Exeunt.

Enter Iuliet alone.

Iuli. Gallop apace, you fiery footed ſteedes,
Toward *Phœbus* lodging, ſuch a Wagoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in Cloudy night immediately,
Spred thy cloſe Curtaine Love-performing night,
That run-awaies eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leapt to theſe armes, untalkt of and unſeene,
Lovers can ſee to doe their Amorous rights,
By their owne Beauties: or if Love be blind,
It beſt agrees with night: come civill night,
Thou ſober ſuted Matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to looſe a winnig match,
Plaid for a paire of ſtainleſſe Maidenheads,
Hood my unman'd blood bayting in my Cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till ſtrainge Love grow bold,
Thinke true Love acted ſimple modeſty:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter then new Snow on a Ravens backe:
Come gentle night, come loving blacke brow'd night.
Give me my *Romeo*, and when I ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtarres,
And he will make the Face of heaven ſo fine,
That all the world will be in Love with night,
And pay no worſhip to the Gariſh Sun.
O I have bought the Manſion of a Love,
But not poſſeſt it, and though I am ſold,
Not yet enioy'd, ſo tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome Feſtuall.

To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurſe:

Enter Nurſe with cords.

And ſhe brings newes and every tongue that ſpeakes
But *Romeos*, name, ſpeakes heavenly eloquence:
Now Nurſe, what newes? what haſt thou there?
The Cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur. I, I, the Cords,

Iuli. Ayme, what newes?
Why doſt thou wring thy hands.

Nur. A welady hee's dead, hee's dead,
We are undone Lady, we are undone.
Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kil'd, hee's dead.

Iuli. Can heaven be ſo envious?

Nur. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,
Who ever would have thought it *Romeo*.

Iuli. What divell art thou,
That doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmall hell,
Hath *Romeo* ſlaine himſelfe? ſay thou but I:
And that bare vowell I ſhall poyſon more
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be ſuch an I.
Or thoſe eyes ſhot, that makes the anſwere I,
If he be ſlaine ſay I, or if not, no.
Breife, ſounds, determine of my weale or wo.

Nur. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes
God ſave the marke, here on his manly breſt.
A pitteous Coarſe, a bloody pitteous Coarſe:
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawb'd in blood
All in gore blood I ſounded at the ſight.

Iuli. O breake my heart,
Poore Banckrout breake at once,
To priſon eyes, nere looke on liberty.
Vile earth to earth reſigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſſe one heavy beere.

Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beſt Friend I had:
O curteous *Tybalt* honeſt Gentlemen,
That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee dead.

Iuli. What ſtorme is this that bowes ſo contrary?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My deareſt Cozen, and my dearer Lord:
Then dreadfull Trumpet ſound the generall doome,
For who is living, if thoſe two are gone?

Nur. Tybalt is gone, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that kil'd him, he is baniſhed.

Iuli. O God!

Nur. Did *Romeos* hand ſhed *Tybalts* blood
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

Iuli. O Serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.
Did ever Dragon keepe ſo faire a Cave?
Beautifull Tyrant, fiend Angelicall:
Ravenous Dove, feather'd Raven,
Woluiſh-ravening Lambe,
Diſpiſed ſubſtance of Divineſt ſhow:
Iuſt oppſite to what thou iuſtly ſeem'ſt,
A damned Saint, an Honourable Vallaine:
O Nature! what had'ſt thou to doe in hell,
When thou did'ſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortall paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was ever booke containing ſuch vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous Pallace.

Nur. There's no truſt, no faith, no honeſty in men,
All periur'd, all forſworne, all naught, all diſſemblers,
Ah wher's my man? give me ſome Aqua-vitæ?
Theſe griefes, theſe woes, theſe ſorrowes make me old!
Shame come to *Romeo*.

Iuli. Bliſter'd be thy tongue
For ſuch a wiſh, he was not borne to ſhame:
Vpon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit;
For 'tis a throane where Honour may be Crown'd
Sole Monarch of the univerſall earth:
O what a beaſt was I to chide him ſo?

Nur. Will you ſpeake well of him,
That kil'd your Cozen?

Iuli. ſhall I ſpeake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my Lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife have mangled it.
But wherefore Villaine did'ſt thou kill my Cozin?
That Villaine Cozen would have kil'd my husband:
Backe fooliſh teares, backe to your native ſpring,
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which your miſtaking offer up to ioy:
My husband lives that *Tybalt* would have ſlaine,
And *Tybalt* dead that would have kil'd my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?
Some word there was worſer then *Tybalts* death
That murdred me, I would forget it faine,
But oh, it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deedes to ſinners minds,
Tybalt is dead and *Romeo* baniſhed:
That baniſhed, that one word baniſhed,
Hath ſlaine ten thouſand *Tybalts*: *Tybalts* death
Was woe inough if it had ended there:
Or if ſower woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be ranckt with other greifes,
Why followed not when ſhe ſaid *Tybalts* dead.
Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might have mov'd.
But with a rere-ward following *Tybalts* death,
Romeo is baniſhed to ſpeake that word,
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*;
All ſlaine, all dead: *Romeo* is baniſhed,
There is no end, no limit, meaſure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe ſound.
Where is my Father and my Mother Nurſe?

Nur. Weeping and wailing ouer *Tybalts* Coarſe.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Iu. Waſh they his wounds with tears: mine ſhal be ſpent
When theirs are dry for *Romeo's* baniſhment.
Take up thoſe Cords, poore rops you are beguil'd,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild:
He made you for a high way to my bed,
But I a Maide, dye Maiden widdowed.
Come Cord, come Nurſe, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my Maiden head.

Nur. Hy to your Chamber, Ile find *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Harke ye your *Romeo* will be heere at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.

Iuli. O find him, give this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his laſt farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier, and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo come forth,
Come forth thou fearefull man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father what newes?

What is the Princes Doome?
What ſorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare Sonne with ſuch ſowre Company:
I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome.
Rom. What leſſe then Doomeſday,
Is the Princes Doome?
Fri. A gentler iudgement vaniſht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies baniſhment.
Rom. Ha, baniſhment? be mercifull, ſay death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death: do not ſay baniſhment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without *Verona* walles,
But Purgatory, Torture, hell it ſelfe:
Hence baniſhed, is baniſht from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then baniſhed,
Is death, miſtearm'd, calling death baniſhed,
Thou cut'ſt my head oft with a golden Axe,
And ſmileſt upon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly ſin, O rude unthankefullneſſe!
Thy fault our Law calles death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part hath ruſht aſide the Law,
And turn'd that blacke word death, to baniſhment.
This is deare mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom. 'Tis Torture and not mercy, heaven is here
Where *Iuliet* lives, and every Cat and Dog,
and little Mouſe, every unworthy thing
Live here in Heaven and may looke on her,
Bnt *Romeo* may not, More Validity,
More Honourable ſtate, more Courtſhip lives
In carrion Flies, then *Romeo*: they may ſeaze
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,
And ſteale immortall bleſſing from her lips,
Who even in pure and veſtall modeſty
Still bluſh, as thinking their owne kiſſes ſin.
This may Flies doe, when I from this muſt flie,
And ſaiſt thou yet, that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, hee is baniſhed.
Had'ſt thou no poyſon mixt, no ſharpe ground knife,
No ſudden meane of death, though nere ſo meane,
But baniſhed to kill me? Baniſhed?
O Frier, the damned uſe that word in hell:
Howlings attend it, how haſt thou the heart
Being a Divine, a Ghoſtly Confeſſor,
A Sin-Abſolver, and my friend profeſt:
To mangle me with that word baniſhed?
Fri. Fond Mad man, heare me ſpeake.
Rom. O thou wilt ſpeake againe of baniſhment.
Fri. Ile give the Armour to keepe off that word,
Adverſities ſweet milke, Philoſophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art baniſhed.
Rom. Yet baniſhed? hang up Philoſophy:
Vnleſſe Philoſophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Diſplant a Towne, reuerſe a Princes Doome,
It helps not, it prevailes not, talke no more:
Fri. O then I ſee, that Madmen have no eares.
Rom. How ſhould they,
When wiſemen have no eyes?
Fri. Let me diſpaire with thee of thy eſtate.
Rom. Thou can'ſt not ſpeake of that thō doſt not feele,
Wert thou as young as *Iuliet* my Love:
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdred,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then mighteſt thou ſpeake,
Then mighteſt thou teare thy hayre,
And fall upon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.
Enter Nurſe, and knockes.
Frier. Ariſe one knockes,
Good *Romeo* hide thy ſelfe.
Rom. Not I,
Vnleſſe the breath of Heartſicke groanes
Miſt-like infold me from the ſearch of eyes.
Knock.
Fri. Harke how they knocke
(Who's there) *Romeo* ariſe,
Thou wilt be taken ſtay a while ſtand up:
Knocke.
Run to my ſtudy: by and by, Gods will
What ſimpleneſſe is this: I come, I come,
Knoke.
Who knockes ſo hard?
Whenc come you? what's your will?
Enter Nurſe.
Nur. Let me come in.
And you ſhall know my errand:
I come from Lady *Iuliet*.
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Wher's my Ladies Lord? wher's *Romeo*?
Fri. There on the groud,
With his owne teares made druncke.
Nur. O he is even in my Miſtreſſe cauſe,
Iuſt in her caſe, O wofull ſimpathy:
Pittious predicament, even ſo liles ſhe,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping aud blubbring,
Stand up, ſtand up, ſtand and you be a man,
For *Iuliets* ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand:
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deepe an O.
Rom. Nurſe.
Nur. Ah ſir, ah ſir, deaths the end of all.
Rom. Speak'ſt thou of *Iuliet*? how is it with her?
Doth not ſhe thinke me an old Murtherer,
Now I have ſtain'd the Childhood of our ioy,
With blood removed, but little from her owne?
Where is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? and what ſaies
My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Love?
Nur. Oh ſhe ſayes nothing ſir, but weepes and weepes,
And now fals on her bed, and then ſtarts up,
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.
Ro. As if that name ſhot from the deadly levell of a Gun,
Did murder her, as that names curſed hand
Murdred her kinſman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anotamy
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may ſacke
The hatefull Manſion,
Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womaniſh, thy wild acts doe note
The unreaſonable Fury of a beaſt.
Vnſeemely woman, in a ſeeming man,
And ill beſeeming beaſt in ſeeming both,
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou ſlay thy ſelfe?
And ſlay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate upon thy ſelfe?
Why rail'ſt thou on thy birth? the heaven and earth?

Since birth,and heaven and earth,all three do meete
In thee at once,which thou at once would'ſt looſe
Fie,fie,thou ſham'ſt thy ſhape,thy love,thy wit,
Which like a Vſurer abound'ſt in all:
And uſeſt none in that true uſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedecke thy ſhape,thy love,thy wit:
Thy Noble ſhape,is but a forme of waxe,
Digreſſing,from the Valour of a man,
Thy deare Love ſworne but hollow perjury,
Killing that Love which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh.
Thy wit,that Ornament,to ſhape and Love,
Miſ-ſhapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skilleſſe Souldiers flaske,
Is ſet a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine owne defence.
What,rowſe thee man,thy *Iuliet* is alive,
For whoſe deare ſake thou waſt but lately dead.
There art thou happy.*Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſlew'ſt *Tybalt*,there art thou happy too
The law that threatned death became thy Friend,
And turn'd it to exile,there art thou happy.
A packe of bleſſings light upon thy backe,
Happineſſe Courts thee in her beſt array,
But like a miſ-ſhaped and a ſullen wench,
Thou putteſt up thy Fortune and thy Love:
Take heed,take heed,for ſuch die miſerable.
Goe get thee to thy Love as was decreed,
Aſcend her Chamber,hence and comfort her:
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt live till we can finde a time
To blaze your marriage,reconcile your Friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince,and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thouſand times more joy
Then thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurſe,commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heavy ſorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is comming.
  Nur. O Lord,I could have ſtaid here all night,
To heare good counſell:oh what learning is!
My Lord Ile tell my Lady you will come.
  Rom. Do ſo,and bid my Sweete prepare to chide,
  Nur. Heere ſir,a Ring ſhe bid me give you ſir:
Hie you,make haſt,for it growes very late.
  Rom. How well my comfort is reuiv'd by this.
  Fri. Go hence.
Goodnight,and here ſtands all your ſtate:
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the breake of day diſguis'd from hence,
Sojorne in *Mantua*,Ile find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time,
Every good hap to you that chaunces heere:
Give me thy hand,tis late,farewell,goodnight.
  Rom. But that a joy paſt joy,calls out on me,
It were a griefe,ſo briefe to part with thee:
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Capulet,his Wife and Paris.

  Cap. Things have falne out ſir ſo unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our Daughter:
Looke you,ſhe Lov'd her kinſman *Tybalt* dearely,
And ſo did I. Well,we were borne to die.
Tis very late,ſhe'l not come downe to night:
I promiſe you,but for your company,
I would have bin a bed an houre ago.
  Par. Theſe times of wo,affoord no times to wooe:
Madam goodnight,commend me to your Daughter.
  Lad. I will,and know her mind early to morrow.
To night,ſhe is mewed up to her hevineſſe.
  Cap. Sir *Paris*,I will make a deſperate tender
Of my Childes love : I thinke ſhe will be rul'd
In all reſpects by me:nay more,I doubt it not,
Wife,go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here,of my Sonne *Paris* Love,
And bid her,marke you me,on Wenſday next,
But ſoft,what day is this?
  Par. Monday my Lord.
  Cap. Monday,ha ha:well Wendſday is too ſoone,
A Thurſday let it be:a Thurſday tell her,
She ſhall be married to this Noble Earle:
Will you be ready?do you like this haſt?
Weele keepe no great adoe,a Friend or two,
For harke you,*Tybalt* being ſlaine ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly,
Being our kinſman,if we revell much:
Therefore weele have ſome halfe a dozen Friends,
And there an end. But what ſay you to Thurſday?
  Par. My Lord,
I would that Thurſday were to morrow.
  Cap. Well,get you gone,a Thurſday,be it then:
Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife,againſt this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord,light to my Chamber hoa,
Afore me,it is ſo late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodight. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo and Iuliet aloft.

  Iu. Wilt thou be gone?
It was the Nightingale,and not the Larke,
That pier'ſt the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly ſhe ſings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeve me Love,it was the Nightingale.
  Rom. It was the Larke the Herauld of Morne:
No Nightingale:looke Love what envious ſtreakes
Do lace the ſevering Cloudes in yonder Eaſt:
Nights Candles are burnt out,and Iocond day
Stands tipto on the miſtie Mountaine tops,
I muſt be gone and live,or ſtay and die.
  Iul. Yond light is not day light,I know it I:
It is ſome Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Therefore ſtay yet,thou need'ſt not to be gone,
  Rom. Let me be tane,let me be put to death,
I am content,ſo thou wilt have it ſo.
Ile ſay yon gray is not the mornings eye,
Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cinthias* brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whoſe notes do beate
The vaulty heaven ſo high above our heads,
I have more care to ſtay,then will to go:
Come death and welcome,*Iuliet* wils it ſo.
How iſt my ſoule,lets talke,it is not day.
  Iul. It is,it is,hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh Diſcords,and unpleaſing Sharpes.
Some ſay the Larke makes ſweete Diviſion;
This doth not ſo:for ſhe divideth us.
Some ſay,the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:

Since arme from arme that voyce doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Huntſ-up to the day,
O now be gone,more light and it light growes.
Rom. More light & light,more darke & darke our woes.

Enter Madam and Nurſe.

Nur. Madam.
Iul. Nurſe.
Nu. Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,
The day is broke,be wary,looke about,
Iul. Then window let day in,and let life out.
Rom. Farewell,farewell,one kiſſe and Ile deſcend.
Iul. Art thou gone ſo?Love,Lord,ah Husband,Friend,
I muſt heare from thee every day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I ſhall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo.*
Rom. Farewell:
I will omit no oportunity,
That may convey my greetings Love,to thee.
Iul. O thinkeſt thou we ſhall ever meet againe?
Rom. I doubt it not,and all theſe woes ſhall ſerve
For ſweet diſcourſes in our time to come.
Iul. O God!I have an ill Divining ſoule,
Me thinkes I ſee thee now,thou art ſo lowe,
As one dead in the Bottome of a Tombe,
Either my eye-ſight failes,or thou look'ſt pale.
Rom. And truſt me Love,in my eye ſo do you:
Dry ſorrow drinkes our blood. Adue,adue. *Exit.*
Iul. O Fortune,Fortune,all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle,what doſt thou with him
That is renown'd for faith?be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But ſend him backe.

Enter Mother.

Lad. Ho Daughter,are you up?
Iul. Who iſt that calls?Is it my Lady Mother?
Is ſhe not downe ſo late,or up ſo early?
What unaccuſtom'd cauſe procures her hither?
Lad. Why how now *Iuliet?*
Iul. Madam I am not well.
Lad. Evermore weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou waſh him from his grave with teares?
And if thou could'ſt,thou could'ſt not make him live:
Therefore have done,ſome griefe ſhewes much of Love,
But much of griefe,ſhewes ſtill ſome want of wit.
Iul. Yet let me weepe,for ſuch a feeling loſſe.
Lad. So ſhall you feele the loſſe,but not the Friend
Which you weepe for.
Iul. Feeling ſo the loſſe,
I cannot chuſe but ever weepe the Friend.
La. Well Girle,thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the Villaine lives which ſlaughter'd him.
Iul. What Villaine,Madam?
Lad. That ſame Villaine *Romeo.*
Iul. Villaine and he,be many Miles aſſunder:
God pardon him,I doe with all my heart,
And yet no man like he,doth grieve my heart.
Lad. That is becauſe the Traitor lives.
Iul I Madam from the reach of theſe my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.
La. We will have vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more,Ile ſend to one in *Mantua,*
Where that ſame baniſht Run-agate doth live,
Shall give him ſuch an unaccuſtom'd dram,
That he ſhall ſoone keepe *Tybalt* company:
And then I hope thou wilt be ſatisfied.
Iul. Indeed I never ſhall be ſatisfied
With *Romeo,* till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart ſo for a kinſman vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poiſon,I would temper it;
That *Romeo* ſhould upon receit thereof,
Soone ſleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him nam'd,and cannot come to him,
To wreake the Love I bore my Cozin,*Tybalt*
Vpon his body that hath ſlaughter'd him.
Mo. Find thou the meanes,and Ile find ſuch a man,
But now Ile tell thee joyfull tidings Girle,
Iul. And joy comes well, in ſuch a needy time,
What are they,I beſeech your Ladyſhip?
Mo. Well,well, thou haſt a carefull Fa her Child?
One who to put thee from thy heavineſſe,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of joy,
That thou expects not,nor I looke not for.
Iul. Madam in happy time,what day is this?
Mo. Marry my Child,early next Thurſday morne,
The gallant,young,and Noble Gentleman,
The County *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee a joyfull Bride.
Iul. Now by Saint *Peters* Church,and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not make me there a joyfull Bride.
I wonder at this haſt,that I muſt wed
Ere he that ſhould be Husband comes to woe.
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam
I will not marry yet,and when I doe, I ſweare
It ſhall be *Romeo,* whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris.* Theſe are newes indeed.
Mo. Here comes your Father,tell him ſo your ſelſe,
And ſee how he will take it at you hands,

Enter Capulet and Nurſe.

Cap. When the Sun ſets,the earth doth drizzle dew;
But for the Sunſet of my Brothers Sonne,
It raines downright.
How now? A Conduit Girle,what ſtill in teares?
Ever more ſhowring in one little body?
Thou counterfeits a Barke,a Sea,a Wind:
For ſtill thy eyes,which I may call the Sea,
Do ebbe and flow with teares,the Barke thy body
Sailing in this ſalt floud,the windes thy ſighes,
Who raging with the teares and they with them,
Without a ſudden calme will over ſet
Thy tempeſt-toſſed body.How now wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?
Lad. I ſir;
But ſhe will none,ſhe gives you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her grave.
Cap. Soft,take me with you,take me with you wife,
How,will ſhe none?doth ſhe not give us thanks?
Is ſhe not proud?doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
Vnworthy as ſhe is,that we have wrought
So worthy a Gentleman,to be her Bridegroome?
Iul. Not proud you have,
But thankfull that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I have,
But thankfull even for hate,that is meant Love.
Cap. How now?
How now?Chopt Logicke?what is this?
Proud,and I thanke you:and I thanke you not.
Thanke me no thankings,nor proud me no prouds,
But ſettle your fine joints 'gainſt Thurſday next,

To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee, on a Hurdle thither.
Out you greene ſickneſſe carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.
Lad. Fie, fie, what are you mad?
Iul. Good Father, I beſeech you on my knees
Heare me wth patience, but to ſpeake a word.
Fa. Hang thee young baggage, diſobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get the to Church a Thurſday,
Or never after looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, do not anſwere me.
My fingers itch, wife: we ſcarce thought us bleſt,
That God had lent us but this onely Child,
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we have a curſe in having her:
Out on her Hilding.
Nur. God in heaven bleſſe her,
You are too blame my Lord to rate her ſo.
Fa. And why my Lady wiſedome? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, ſmatter with your goſſip, go.
Nur. I ſpeake no treaſon,
O Godigoden,
May not one ſpeake?
Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your gravity ore a Goſſips bowle,
For here we need it not.
La. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in company, ſtill my care hath bin
To have her matcht, and having now provided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Of faire Demeanes. Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,
Stuft as they ſay with Honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would wiſh a man.
And then to have a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her Fortunes tender,
To anſwer, Ile not wed, I cannot Love:
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But, and you will not wed, Ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me:
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not uſe to jeſt.
Thurſday is neere, lay hand on heart, adviſe,
And you be mine, Ile give you to my Friend:
And you be not, hang, beg, ſtarve, die in the ſtreets,
For by my ſoule, Ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall never do thee good:
Truſt too't, be thinke you, Ile not be forſworne. *Exit.*
Iul. Is there no pitty ſitting in the Cloudes,
That ſees into the bottome of my griefe?
O ſweet my Mother caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tybalt* lies.
Mo. Talke not to me, for Ile not ſpeake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. *Exit.*
Iul. O God!
O Nurſe, how ſhall this be prevented?
My Husband is on earth, my faith in heaven,
How ſhall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnleſſe that Husband ſend it me from heaven,
By leaving earth? Comfort me, counſaile me:
Alacke, alacke, that heaven ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Vpon ſo ſoft a ſubject as my ſelfe.
What ſaiſt thou? haſt thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort Nurſe.
Nur. Faith here it is,
Romeo is baniſhed, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I thinke it beſt you married with the Count,
O hee's a Lovely Gentleman:
Romeos a diſh-clout to him, an Eagle Madam
Hath not ſo greene, ſo quicke, ſo faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, beſhrow my very heart,
I thinke you are happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt: or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no uſe of him.
Iul. Speakeſt thou from thy heart?
Nur. And from my ſoule too,
Or elſe beſhrew them both.
Iu. Amen.
Nur. What?
Iul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marv'lous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Having diſpleas'd my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolv'd.
Nur. Marry I will, and this is wiſely done. *Exit.*
Iul. Auncient damnation, O moſt wicked fiend.
Is it more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworne,
Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame tongue
Which ſhe hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thouſand times? Go Counſellor,
Thou and my boſome henchforth ſhall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedy,
If all elſe faile, my ſelfe have power to die. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier and Count Paris.

Fri. On Thurſday ſir? the time is very ſhort.
Par. My Father *Capulet* will have it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlack his haſte.
Fri. You ſay you do not know the Ladies mind?
Vneven is the courſe, I like it not.
Pa. Immoderately ſhe weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore have I little talke of Love,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of teares.
Now ſir, her Father counts it dangerous
That ſhe doth give her ſorrow ſo much ſway:
And in his wiſedome, haſts our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her ſelfe alone,
May be put from her by ſociety.
Now doe you know the reaſon of this haſte?
Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd.
Looke ſir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.
Enter Iuliet.
Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife.
Iul. That may be ſir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, muſt be Love, on Thurſday next.
Iul. What muſt be ſhall be.
Fri. That's a certaine text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this Father?
Iul. To anſwere that, I ſhould confeſſe to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you Love me.
Iul. I will confeſſe to you that I Love him.
Par. So will ye, I am ſure that you Love me.
Iul. If I do ſo, it will be of more price,
Being ſpoke behind your backe, then to your face.
Par. Poore ſoule, thy face is much abus'd with teares.

Iul. The teares have got ſmall victorie by that:
For it was bad inough before their ſpight.
Pa. Thou wrong'ſt it more then teares with that report
Iul. That is no ſlaunder ſir, which is truth,
And what I ſpake, I ſpake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlaundred it.
Iul. It may be ſo, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leiſure, Holy Father now,
Or ſhall I come to you at evening Maſſe?
Fri. My leiſure ſerves me penſive daughter now.
My Lord I muſt intreat the time alone.
Par. Godſheild: I ſhould diſturbe Devotion,
Iuliet, on Thurſday early will I rowſe yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kiſſe. *Exit Paris.*
Iul. O ſhut the doore, and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weepe with me, paſt hope, paſt care, paſt helpe.
Fri. O *Iuliet*, I already know thy griefe,
It ſtraines me paſt the compaſſe of my wits:
I heare thou muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thurſday next be married to this Count,
Iul. Tell me not Frier that thou heareſt of this,
Vnleſſe thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wiſedome, thou canſt give no helpe,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with' this knife, Ile helpe it preſently.
God joyn'd my heart, and *Romeos*, thou our hands,
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeo* ſeal'd:
Shall be the Labell to another Deede,
Or my true heart with trecherous revolt.
Turne to another, this ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore out of thy long experien'ſt time,
Give me ſome preſent counſell, or behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that,
Which the commiſſion of thy yeares and art,
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring:
Be not ſo long to ſpeak, I long to die,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt, ſpeake not of remedy.
Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe ſpie a kind of hope,
Which craves as deſperate an execution,
As that is deſperate which we would prevent.
If rather then to marry Countie *Paris*
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to lay thy ſelfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That coap'ſt with death himſefe, to ſcape fro it:
And if thou dar'ſt, Ile give thee remedy.
Iul. O bid me leape, rather then marry *Paris*,
From of the Battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeviſh waies, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell houſe,
Orecovered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With recky ſhankes aed yellow chappleſſe ſculls:
Or bid me go into a new made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his grave,
Things that to heare them told, have made me tremble,
And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To live an vnſtaind wife to my ſweet Love.
Fri. Hold then: goe home be merry, give conſent,
To marry *Paris*: wenſday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurſe lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this diſtilling liquor drinke thou off,
When preſently through all thy veines ſhall run,
A cold and drowſie humour: for no pulſe
Shall keepe his native progreſſe, but ſurceaſe:
No warmth, no breath ſhall teſtifie thou liveſt,
The Roſes in thy lips and cheekes ſhall fade
To mealy aſhes, the eyes windowes fall
Like death when he ſhuts up the day of life:
Each part depriv'd of ſupple government,
Shall ſtiffe and ſtarke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likeneſſe of ſhrunke death
Thou ſhalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake, as from a pleaſant ſleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowſe the from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy beſt Robes uncover'd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds grave:
Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame antient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua.*
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame,
If no inconſtant toy nor womaniſh feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Iul. Give me, give me, O tell not me of feare.
Fri. Hold get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous:
In this reſolve, Ile ſend a Frier with ſpeed
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.
Iul. Love give me ſtrength,
And ſtrength ſhall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father. *Exit.*

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurſe, and
ſerving men, two or three.

Cap. So many gueſts invite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.
Ser. You ſhall have none ill ſir, for Ile trie if they can licke their fingers.
Cap. How canſt thou trie them ſo?
Ser. Marry ſir, tis an ill Cooke that cannot licke his owne fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers goes not with me.
Cap. Go be gone, we ſhall be much unfurniſht for this time: what is my Daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?
Nur. I forſooth.
Cap. Well he may chance to do ſome good on her,
A peeviſh ſelfe-wild harlotry it is.
Enter Iuliet.
Nur. See where ſhe comes from ſhrift
With merry looke
Cap. How now my headſtrong,
Where have you bin gadding?
Iul. Where I have learnt me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition;
To you and your beheſts, and am enjoyn'd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall proſtrate here,
To beg your pardon: pardon I beſeech you,
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you,
Cap. Send for the Count, goe tell him of this,
Ile have this knot knit up to morrow morning.
Iul. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gave him what becomed Love I might,
Not ſtepping ore the bounds of modeſtie.
Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, ſtand up,

This is as't ſhould be,let me ſee the County:
I marry go I ſay,and fetch him hither.
Now afore God,this reverend holy Frier,
All our whole City is much bound to him.
Iul. Nurſe will you goe with me into my Cloſet,
To helpe me ſort ſuch needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furniſh me to morrow?
Mo. No not till Thurſday,there is time inough.
Fa. Go Nurſe,go with her,
Weele to Church to morrow.
Exeunt Iuliet and Nurſe.
Mo. We ſhall be ſhort in our proviſion,
Tis now neere night.
Fa. Tuſh,I will ſtirre about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee wife;
Go thou to *Iuliet*,helpe to decke up her,
Ile not to bed to night,let me alone:
Ile play the huſwife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth,well I will walke my ſelfe
To County *Paris*, to prepare him up
Againſt to morrow,my heart is wondrous light,
Since this ſame way-ward Gyrle is ſo reclam'd.
Exeunt Father and Mother.

Enter Iuliet and Nurſe.
Iul. I thoſe attires are beſt,but gentle Nurſe
I pray thee leaue me to my ſelfe to night:
For I have need of many Oryſons,
To move the heavens to ſmile upon my ſtate,
Which well thou know'ſt,is croſſe and full of ſin.
Enter Mother.
Mo. What are you buſie ho?need you my help?
Iul. No Madam,we have cull'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoouefull for our ſtate to morrow:
So pleaſe you,let me now be left alone;
And let the Nurſe this night ſit up with you,
For I am ſure,you have your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſſe.
Mo. Goodnight.
Get thee to bed and reſt,for thou haſt need. *Exeunt.*
Iul. Farewell:
God knowes when we ſhall meete againe.
I have a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almoſt freezes up the heate of fire:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurſe,what ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmall Sceane,I needs muſt act alone:
Come Viall,what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No,no,this ſhall forbid it. Lie thou there,
What if it be a poiſon which the Frier
Subtilly hath miniſtred to have me dead,
Leſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is,and yet me thinkes it ſhould not.
For he hath ſtill beene tried a holy man.
How,if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me? There's a fearefull point:
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the Vault?
To whoſe foule mouth no healthſome ayre breaths in,
And there die ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vault,an ancient receptacle,
Where for theſe many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried Aunceſtors are packt,
Where bloody *Tybalt*,yet but greene in earth,
Lies feſtring in his ſhrow'd,where as they ſay,
At ſome houres in the night,Spirits reſort:
Alacke,alack is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathſome ſmels,
And ſhrikes like Mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That living mortals hearing them,run mad.
Or if I walke,ſhall I not be diſtraught,
Invironed with all theſe hideous feares,
And madly play with my forefathers joynts?
And plucke the mangled *Tibalt* from his ſhrow'd?
And in this rage,with ſome great kinſmans bone,
As (with a club) daſh out my deſperate braines.
O looke,me thinks I ſee my Cozins Ghoſt,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did ſpit his body
Vpon his Rapiers point:ſtay *Tybalt*, ſtay;
Rome,Romeo,Romeo,here's drinke:I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the houſe,and Nurſe.

Lady. Hold,
Take theſe keies,and fetch more ſpices Nurſe,
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Paſtrie,
Enter old Capulet.
Cap. Come,ſtir,ſtir ſtir,
The ſecond Cocke hath Crow'd,
The Curphew Bell hath rung,tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates,good *Angelica*,
Spare not for coſt.
Nur. Go you Cot-queane,go,
Get you to bed,faith youle be ſicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Cap. No not a whit.what?I have watcht ere now
All night for a leſſe cauſe,and neere beene ſicke,
La. I you have bin a Mouſe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from ſuch watching now.
Exit Lady and Nurſe.
Cap. A jealous hood,a jealous hood,
Now fellow,whats there?
Enter three or foure with ſpits,and logs,and baskets.
Fel. Things for the Cooke ſir,but I know not what.
Cap. Make haſt,make haſt,ſirrha,fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter*,he will ſhew thee where they are.
Fel. I have a head ſir,that will find out logs,
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Cap. Maſſe and well ſaid,a merry horſon,ha,
Thou ſhalt be loggerhead,good Faith,tis day.
Play Muſicke.
The County will be here with Muſicke ſtraight,
For ſo he ſaid he would,I heare him neere,
Nurſe,wife,what ho?what Nurſe I ſay?
Enter Nurſe.
Go waken *Iuliet*,go and trim her up,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*:hie,make haſt,
Make haſt,the Bridegroome,he is come already:
Make haſt I ſay.
Nur. Miſtris,what Miſtris? *Iuliet*? Faſt I warrant her.
Why Lambe, why Lady?fie you ſluggabed,
Why Love I ſay?Madam,ſweet heart:why Bride?
What not a word?You take your peniworths now.
Sleepe for a weeke,for the next night I warrant
The County *Paris* hath ſet up his reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little,God forgive me:
Marry and Amen:how ſound is ſhe a ſleepe?

I muſt needs wake her:Madam,Madam,Madam,
I,let the County take you in your bed;
Heele fright you up yfaith. Will it not be?
What dreſt,and in your clothes,and downe againe?
I muſt needs wake you:Lady,Lady,Lady?
Alas,alas,helpe,helpe,my Ladys dead,
Oh weladay,that ever I was borne,
Some Aqua-vitæ ho,my Lord,my Lady?
Mo. What noiſe is heere? *Enter Mother.*
Nur. O lamentable day.
Mo. What is the matter?
Nur. Looke,looke,oh heavy day.
Mo. O me,O me,my Child, my onely life:
Revive,looke up,or I will die with thee:
Helpe,helpe,call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For ſhame bring *Iuliet* forth,her Lord is come.
Nur. Shee's dead:deceaſt,ſhee's dead:alacke the day.
M. Alacke the day,ſhee's dead,ſhee's dead,ſhee's dead.
Fa. Ha?Let me ſee her : out alas ſhee's cold,
Her blood is ſetled and her joynts are ſtiffe:
Life and theſe lips have long bene ſeparated:
Death lies on her like an untimely froſt
Vpon the ſweteſt flower of all the field.
Nur. O Lamentable day!
Mo. O wofull time.
Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Ties up my tongne,and will not let me ſpeake.

Enter Frier and the County.

Fri. Come,is the Bride ready to go to Church?
Fa. Ready to go,but never to returne.
O Sonne,the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy wife:ſee there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was,deflowred now by him.
Death is my Sonne in law,death is my Heire,
My Daughter he hath wedded.I will die,
And leave him all life living,all is deaths.
Fa. Have I thought long to ſee this mornings face,
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this?
Mo. Accur'ſt,unhappy,wretched,hatefull day,
Moſt miſerable houre,that ere time ſaw
In laſting labour of his Pilgrimage.
But one,poore one,one poore and loving Child,
But one thing to rejoyce and ſolace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my ſight.
Nur. O wo, O wofull,wofull,wofull day,
Moſt lamentable day,moſt wofull day,
That ever,ever,I did yet behold.
O day,O day,O day,O hatefull day,
Never was ſeene ſo blacke a day as this:
O wofull day,O wofull day.
Fa. Beguild,divorced,wronged,ſpighted,ſlaine,
Moſt deteſtable death,by thee beguil'd,
By cruell,cruell thee quite overthrowne:
O love,O life;not life,but loue in death.
Fa. Deſpis'd,diſtreſſed,hated,martir'd,kil'd,
Vncomfortable time,why cam'ſt thou now
To murther,murther our ſolemnity?
O Child,O Child;my ſoule,and not my Child,
Dead art thou,alacke my Child is dead,
And with my Child,my joyes are buried.
Fri. Peace ho for ſhame,confuſions:Care lives not
In theſe confuſions,heaven and your ſelfe
Had part in this faire Maid,now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maid:
Your part in her,you could not keepe from death,
But heaven kepes his part in eternall life:
The moſt you ſought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heaven,that ſhe ſhould be advanc't.
And weepe ye now,ſeeing ſhe is advanc't
Above the Cloudes,as high as Heaven it ſelfe?
O in this love;you love your Child ſo ill,
That you run mad,ſeeing that ſhe is well:
Shee's not well married,that lives married long,
But ſhee's beſt married, that dies married yong.
Drie vp your teares, and ſticke your Roſemarie
On this faire Coarſe, and as the cuſtome is
And in her beſt array beare her to Church:
For though fond Nature bids all us lament,
Yet Natures teares are Reaſons merriment.
Fa. All things that we ordained Feſtivall,
Turne from their office to blacke Funerall:
Our inſtruments to melancholy Bells
Our wedding cheare,to a ſad buriall Feaſt:
Our ſolemne Hymnes,to ſullen Dyrges change;
Our Bridall flowers ſerve for a buried Coarſe:
And all things change them to the contrary.
Fri. Sir go you in,and Madam,go with him,
And go ſir *Paris*,every one prepare
To follow this faire Coarſe unto her grave:
The heavens do lowre upon you,for ſome ill:
Move them no more,by croſſing their high will. *Exeunt.*
Mu. Faith we may put up our Pipes and be gone.
Nur. Honeſt goodfellowes:Ah put up put up,
For well you know,this is a pittifull caſe.
Mu. I by my troth,the caſe may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Muſitians,oh Muſitians,
Hearts eaſe,hearts eaſe,
O, and you will have me live,play hearts eaſe.
Mu. Why hearts eaſe;
Pet. O Muſitians,
Becauſe my heart it ſelfe plaies,my heart is full.
Mu. Not a dump we,tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not then?
Mu. No.
Pet. I will then give it you ſoundly.
Mu. What will you give us?
Pet. No money on my faith,but the gleeke.
I will give you the Miniſtrell.
Mu. Then will I give you the Serving creature.
Pet. Then will I lay the ſerving Creatures Dagger on your pate.I will cary no Crochets, Ile Re you,Ile Fa you, do you note me?
Mu. And you Re us,and Fa us,you Note us.
2. *M.* Pray you put up your Dagger,
And put out your wit.
Then have at you with my wit.
Pet. I will dry-beate you with an yron wit,
And put up my yron Dagger.
Anſwere me like men:
When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then Muſicke with her ſilver ſound.
Why ſilver ſound?why Muſicke with her ſilver ſound?
what ſay you *Simon Catling*?
Mu. Mary ſir,becauſe ſilver hath a ſweet ſound.
Pet. Prateſt,what ſay you *Hugh Rebicke*?
2. *M.* I ſay ſilver ſound,becauſe Muſitions ſound for ſilver.
Pet. Prateſt to,what ſay you *Iames Sound-Poſt*?
3. *Mu.* Faith I know not what to ſay.
Pet. O I cry you mercy,you are the Singer.
I will ſay for you;it is Muſicke with her ſilver ſound,

Becauſe Muſitians have no gold for ſounding:
Then Muſicke with her ſilver ſound, with ſpeedy helpe
doth lend redreſſe. *Exit.*

Mu. What a peſtilent knave is this ſame?

M.2. Hang him Iacke, come weele in here, tarry for the Mourners, and ſtay dinner. *Exit.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleepe,
My dreames preſage ſome joyfull newes at hand:
My boſomes Lord ſits lightly in his throne:
And all this winged vnaccuſtom'd ſpirit,
Lifts me above the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dreame that gives a dead man leave to thinke,)
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reuiv'd and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how ſweet is love it ſelfe poſſeſt,
When but loves ſhadowes are ſo rich in joy.

Enter Romeo's man.

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazar?*
Doſt thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady *Iuliet?* that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.

Ma. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body ſleepes in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall part with Angels lives
I ſaw her laid low in her kindreds Vault.
And preſently tooke Poſte to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill newes,
Since you did leave it for my office Sir.

Rom. Is it even ſo?
Then I deny you Starres.
Thou knoweſt my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire Poſt-Horſes, I will hence to night.

Ma. I do beſeech you ſir, have patience:
Your lookes are pale and wilde, and do import
Some miſadventure.

Rom. Tuſh, thou art deceiv'd,
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee doe:
Haſt thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

Ma. No, my good Lord.

Exit Man.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hyre thoſe Horſes, Ile be with thee ſtraight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Lets ſee for meanes: O miſchiefe thou art ſwift,
To enter in the thoughts of deſperate men:
I do remember an Appothecary,
And here abouts he dwels, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with overwhelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miſerie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie ſhop a Tortoys hung,
An Allegater ſtuft, and other skins
Of ill ſhap'd fiſhes, and about his ſhelves,
A beggerly account of empty boxes,
Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and muſty ſeedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roſes
Were thinly ſcattered, to make up a ſhew.
Noting this penury, to my ſelfe I ſaid,
An if a man did need a poiſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in *Mantua*,
Here lives a Caitiffe wretch would ſell it him.
O this ſame thought did but fore-run my need,
And this ſame needy man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe,
Being holy day, the beggers ſhop is ſhut.
What ho? Appothecary?

Enter Appothecary.

App. Who call's ſo low'd?

Rom. Come hither man, I ſee that thou art poore,
Hold, there is forty Dukets, let me have
A dram of poiſon, ſuch ſoone ſpeeding geare,
As will diſperſe it ſelfe through all the veines,
That the life-weary-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be diſcharg'd of breath,
As violently, as haſty powder fier'd
Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.

Ap. Such mortall drugs I have, but *Mantuas* law
Is death to any he, that vtters them.

Rom. Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchedneſſe,
And fear'ſt to die? Famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppreſſion ſtarveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggery hang on thy backe!
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich.
Then be not poore, but breake it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will conſents.

Rom. I pray thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.

Rom. There's thy Gold,
Worſe poiſon to mens ſoules,
Doing more murther in this loathſome world,
Then theſe poore compounds that thou mayeſt not ſell.
I ſell thee poiſon, thou haſt ſold me none,
Farewell, buy food, and get thy ſelfe in fleſh.
Come Cordiall, and not poiſon, go with me
To *Iuliets* grave, for there muſt I uſe thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.

Iohn. Holy *Franciſcan* Frier, Brother, ho?

Enter Frier Lawrence.

Law. This ſame ſhould be the voice of Frier *Iohn.*
Welcome from *Mantua*, what ſayes *Romeo?*
Or if mind be writ, give me his Letter.

Ioh. Going to find a bare-foote Brother out,
One of our order to aſſociate me,
Here in this City viſiting the ſick,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe
Where the infectious peſtilence did raigne,
Seal'd up the doores, and would not let us forth,
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtaid.

Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo?*

Ioh. I could not ſend it, here it is againe,
Nor get a meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.

Law. Vnhappy Fortune: by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Frier *Iohn* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it ſtraight
Vnto my Cell.

Ioh. Brother Ile go and bring it thee. *Exit.*

Law. Now muſt I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will beſhrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,

And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore living Coarſe,clos'd in a dead mans Tombe,
Exit.

Enter Paris and his Page,

Par. Give me thy Torch Boy,hence and ſtand aloft,
Yet put it out,for I would not be ſeene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all alone,
Holding thy eare cloſe to the hollow ground,
So ſhall no foot upon the Churchyard tread,
Being looſe,unfirme with digging up of Graves,
But thou ſhalt heare it:whiſtle then to me,
As ſignall that thou heareſt ſome thing approach,
Give me thoſe flowers. Do as I bid thee,go.
Pag. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand along
Here in the Churchyard,yet I will adventure. *Exit.*
Pa. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I ſtrew:
O woe,thy Canopy is duſt and ſtones,
Which with ſweet water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that,with teares diſtill'd by mones;
The obſequies that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly ſhall be,to ſtrew thy grave,and weepe.
Whiſtle Boy.
The Boy gives warning,ſomething doth approach,
What curſed foot wanders this way to night,
To croſſe my obſequies,and true loves right?
What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo,and Peter.

Rom. Give me that Mattocke,& the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter,early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my Lord and Father,
Give me the light:upon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou hear'ſt or ſeeſt,ſtand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring:a Ring that I muſt uſe,
In deare employment,therefore hence be gone:
But if thou jealous doſt returne to prie
In what I further ſhall intend to do,
By heaven I will teare thee joynt by joynt,
And ſtrew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
The time,and my intents are ſavage wilde:
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then empty Tygers, or the roaring Sea.
Pet I will be gone ſir,and not trouble you
Ro. So ſhalt thou ſhew me friendſhip : take thou that,
Live and be proſperous,and farewell good fellow.
Pet. For all this ſame,Ile hide me here about,
His lookes I feare,and his intents I doubt. *Exit.*
Rom. Thou deteſtable mawe,thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,
And in deſpight,Ile cram thee with more food.
Par. This is that baniſht haughty *Mountague*,
That murdred my Loves Cozin;with which griefe,
It is ſuppoſed the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do ſome villanous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallowed toyle,vile *Mountague*:
Can vengeance be purſued further then death?
Condemned villaine,I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me,for thou muſt die,
Rom. I muſt indeed,and therfore came I hither:
Good gentle youth,tempt not a deſperate man,
Flie hence and leave me,thinke upon thoſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee Youth,
Put not an other ſin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. O be gone,
By heaven I love thee better then my ſelfe,
For I come hither arm'd againſt my ſelfe:
Stay not, be gone,live,and hereafter ſay,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.
Par. I do defie thy commiſeration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.
Ro. Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee Boy.
Pet. O Lord they fight,I will go call the Watch.
Pa. O I am ſlaine,if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe,lay me with *Iuliet*.
Rom. In faith I will,let me peruſe this face,
Mercutius kinſman,Noble County *Paris*,
What ſaid my man,when my betoſſed ſoule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* ſhould have married *Iuliet*.
Said he not ſo? Or did I dreame it ſo?
Or am I mad,hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was ſo? O give me thy hand,
One,writ with me in ſowre misfortunes booke,
Ile bury thee in a triumphant grave.
A Grave,O no,a Lanthorne;ſlaughtred Youth:
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her beauty makes
This Vault a feaſting preſence full of light.
Death lie thou there,by a dead man inter'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Have they beene merry? Which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Love,my Wife,
Death that hath ſuck the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy Beauty:
Thou are not conquer'd:Beauties enſigne yet
Is Crymſon in thy lips,and in thy cheekes,
And Deaths pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt,ly'ſt thou there in thy bloudy ſheet?
O what more favour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To ſunder his that was thy enemy?
Forgive me Cozen. Ah deare *Iuliet*:
Why art thou yet ſo faire? I will beleeve,
Shall I beleeve,that unſubſtantiall death is amorous?
And that the leane abhorred Monſter keepes
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
For feare of that,I ſtill will ſtay with thee,
And never from this Palace of dym night
Depart againe:come lie thou in my armes,
Heere's to thy health,where ere thou tumbleſt in.
O true Appothecary!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiſſe I die,
Depart againe;here,here will I remaine,
With Wormes that are thy Chambermaides:O here
Will I ſet up my everlaſting reſt:
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtarres
From this worlds wearied fleſh:Eyes looke your laſt:
Armes take your laſt embrace: And lips,O you
The doores of breath,ſeale with a righteous kiſſe
A datelesse bargaine to ingroſſing death:
Come bitter conduct,come unſavoury guide,
Thou deſperate Pilot,now at once run on
The daſhing Rocks,thy Sea-ſicke weary Barke:
Heere's to my Love. O true Appothecary:

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiſſe I die.
Enter Frier with Lanthorne, Crow, and Spade.
Fri. St. Francis be my ſpeed, how oft to night
Have my old feet ſtumbled at graves? Who's there?
Man. Her's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well.
Fri. Bliſſe be upon you. Tell me good my Friend
What Torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs, and eyeleſſe Sculles? As diſcerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* Monument.
Man. It doth ſo holy ſir,
And there's my Maiſter, one that you love.
Fri. Who is it?
Man. Romeo.
Fri. How long hath he bin there?
Man. Full halfe an houre.
Fri. Go with me to the Vault.
Man. I dare not Sir.
My Maiſter knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to looke on his entents.
Fri. Stay, then Ile go alone, feares come upon me.
O much I feare ſome ill unluckie thing.
Mar. As I did ſleepe under this young tree here,
I dreamt my maiſter and another fought,
And that my Maiſter ſlew him.
Fri. Romeo.
Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which ſtaines
The ſtony entrance of this Sepulcher?
What meane theſe Maiſterleſſe, and goary Swords
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who elſe? what *Paris* too?
And ſteept in blood? Ah what an unkn'd houre
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?
The Lady ſtirs.
Iul. O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I ſhould be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?
Fri. I heare ſome noiſe Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and unnaturall ſleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy boſome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too: come Ile diſpoſe of thee,
Among a Siſterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is comming,
Come, go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer ſtay. *Exit.*
Iul. Go get thee hence, for I will not away,
What's here? A cup cloſ'd in my true loves hand?
Poiſon I ſee hath bin his timeleſſe end
O churle, drinke all? and left no friendly drop,
To hlpe me after, I will kiſſe thy lips,
Happly ſome poiſon yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a reſtorative.
Thy lips are warme.
Enter Boy and Watch.
Watch. Lead Boy, which way?
Iul. Yea noiſe?
Then ile be briefe. O happy Dagger.
Tis in thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me die *Kils herſelfe.*
Boy. This is the place,
There where the Torch doth burne
Watch. The ground is bloody,
Search about the Churchyard.
Go ſome of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull ſight, here lies the County ſlaine,
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme and newly dead
Who here hath laine theſe two dayes buried.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
Raiſe up the *Mountagues*, ſome others ſearch,
We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes do lie.
But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes,
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.
Enter Romeo's man.
Wat. Here's *Romeo's* man,
We found him in the Churchyard.
Con. Hold him in ſafety, till the Prince comes hither,
Enter Frier, and another Watchman.
3. *Wat.* Here is a Frier that trembles, ſighes, and weepes
We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yard ſide.
Con. A great ſuſpition, ſtay the Frier too.
Enter the Prince.
Prin. What miſadventure is ſo earely up,
That calls our perſon from our mornings reſt?

Enter Capulet and his Wife.
Cap. What ſhould it be that they ſo ſhrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the ſtreete crie *Romeo.*
Some *Iuliet*, and ſome *Paris*, and all runne
With open out cry toward our Monument.
Pri. What feare is this which ſtartles in your eares?
Wat. Soveraigne, here lies the Countie *Paris* ſlaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warme and new kil'd.
Pri. Search,
Seeke, and know how, this foule murder comes.
Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd *Romeos* man,
With Inſtruments upon them fit to open
Theſe dead mens Tombes,
Cap. O heaven!
O wife looke how our Daughter bleedes!
This Dagger hath miſtaine, for loe his houſe
Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is miſheathed in my Daughters boſome.
Wife. O me, this ſight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.
Enter Mountague.
Pri. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early up
To ſee thy Sonne and Heire, now early downe,
Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath ſtopt her breath:
What further woe conſpires againſt my age?
Pri. Looke: and thou ſhalt ſee
Mon. O thou untaught, what manners in is this,
To preſſe before thy Father to a grave?
Pri. Seale up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare theſe ambiguities,
And know their ſpring, their head, their true deſcent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And lead you even to death? meane time forbeare,
And let miſchance be ſlave to patience,
Bring forth the parties of ſuſpition.
Fri. I am the greateſt, able to doe leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected as the time and place
Doth make againſt me of this direfull murther:
And heere I ſtand both to impeach and purge
My ſelfe condemned, and my ſelfe excuſ'd.
Pri. Then ſay at once, what thou doſt know in this?
Fri. I will be briefe, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And ſhe there dead, that's *Romeos* faithfull wife:

I married them;and their ſtolne marriage day
Was *Taybalts* Domeſday:whoſe untimely death
Baniſh'd the new-made Bridegroome from this City:
For whom(and not for *Tybalt*) *Iuliet* pinde.
You, to remove that ſiege of Grieſe from her,
Betroth'd,and would have married her perforce
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And(with wilde lookes)bid me deviſe ſome meanes
To rid her from this ſecond Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would ſhe kill her ſelfe.
Then gave I her(ſo Tuter'd by my Art)
A ſleeping Potion, which ſo tooke effect
As I intended,for it wrought on her
The forme of death. Meane time,I writ to *Romeo*,
That he ſhould hither come,as this dyre night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the Potions force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my Letter,Frier *Iohn*,
Was ſtay'd by accident;and yeſternight
Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,
At the prefixed houre of her waking,
Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,
Meaning to keepe her cloſely at my Cell,
Till I conveniently could ſend to *Romeo*.
But when I came(ſome Minute ere the time
Of her a waking)heere untimely lay
The Noble *Paris*,and true *Romeo* dead.
Shee wakes, and I Intreated her come foorth,
And beare this worke of Heaven,with patience:
But then, a noiſe did ſcarre me from the Tombe,
And ſhe(too deſperate)would not go with me,
But(as it ſeemes)did violence on her ſelfe.
All this I know,and to the Marriage her Nurſe,is privy:
And if ought in this miſcarried by my fault,
Let my old life be ſacrific'd,ſome houre before the time,
Vnto the rigour of ſevereſt Law.
Prin. We ſtill have knowne thee for a Holy man.
Where's *Romeo's* man? What can he ſay to this?
Boy. I brought my Maiſter newes of *Iuliets* death,
And then in poſte he came from *Mantua*
To this ſame place,to this ſame Monument.
This Letter he early bid me give his Father,
And threatned me with death,going in the Vault,
If I departed not,and left him there.
Prin. Give me the Letter,I will looke on it.
Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirra,what made your Maiſter in this place?
Pag. He came with flowres to ſtrew his Ladies grave,
And bid me ſtand aloofe,and ſo I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my Maiſter drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.
Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their courſe of Love,the tydings of her death:
And heere he writes,that he did buy a poyſon
Of a poore Pothecary,and therewithall
Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with *Iuliet*,
Where be theſe Enemies? *Capulet, Mountague*,
See what a ſcourge is laide upon your hate,
That Heaven finds meanes to kill your joyes with Love;
And I, for winking at your diſcords too,
Have loſt a brace of Kinſmen: All are puniſh'd.
Cap. O Brother *Mountague*,give me thy hand,
This is my Daughters joynture,for no more
Can I demand.
Moun. But I can give thee more:
For I will raiſe her Statue in pure Gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There ſhall no figure at that Rate be ſet,
As that of True and Faithfull *Iuliet*.
Cap. As rich ſhall *Romeo* by his Lady lie,
Poore ſacrifices of our enmity,
Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sunne for ſorrow will not ſhew his head;
Go hence,to have more talke of theſe ſad things,
Some ſhall be pardon'd,aud ſome puniſhed.
For never was a Story of more Woe
Then this of *Iuliet*, and her *Romeo*. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Poet, Painter, Ieweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at ſeverall doores.

Poet.

GOod day Sir.

Pain. I am glad y'are well.

Poet. I have not ſeene you long, how goes the World?

Pain. It weares ſir, as it growes.

Poet. I that's well knowne:
But what particular Rarity? What ſtrange,
Which manifold record not matches: ſee
Magicke of Bounty, all theſe ſpirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend.
I know the Merchant.

Pai. I know them both: th'others a Ieweller.

Mer. O tis a worthy Lord.

Iew. Nay that's moſt fixt.

Mer. A moſt incomparable man, breath'd as it were,
To an untyrable and continuate goodneſſe:
He paſſes.

Iew. I have a Iewell heere.

Mer. O pray let's ſee't. For the Lord *Timon*, ſir?

Iew. If he will touch the eſtimate, but for that———

Poe. When we for recompence have prais'd the vild,
It ſtaines the glory in that happy Verſe,
Which aptly ſings the good.

Mer. Tis a good forme.

Iew. And rich: heere is a Water looke ye.

Pai. You are rapt ſir, in ſome worke, ſome Dedication to the great Lord.

Poe. A thing ſlipt idly from me.
Our Poeſie is as a Gowne, which uſes
From whence tis nouriſht: the fire i'th'Flint
Shewes not, till it be ſtrooke: our gentle flame
Provokes it ſelfe, and like the currant flyes
Each bound it chaſes. What have you there?

Pai. A Picture ſir: when comes your Booke forth?

Poe. Vpon the heeles of my preſentment ſir.
Let's ſee your peece.

Pai. Tis a good Peece.

Poe. So tis, this comes off well, and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent:

Poe. Admirable: How this grace
Speakes his owne ſtanding: what a mentall power
This eye ſhootes forth? How bigge imagination
Moves in this Lip; to th'dumbneſſe of the geſture,
One might interpret.

Pai. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Heere is a touch: Is't good?

Poe. I will ſay of it,
It Tutors Nature, Artificiall ſtrife
Lives in theſe touches, livelier then life.

Enter certaine Senators.

Pai. How this Lord is followed.

Poe. The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Pain. Looke moe.

Po. You ſee this confluẽce, this great flood of viſitors,
I have in this rough worke ſhap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge
With ampleſt entertainement: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves it ſelfe
In a wide Sea of wax, no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the courſe I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no Tract behinde.

Pai. How ſhall I underſtand you?

Poe. I will unboult to you.
You ſee how all Conditions, how all Mindes,
As well of glib and ſlipp'ry Creatures, as
Of Grave and auſtere quality, tender downe
Their ſervices to Lord *Timon*: his large Fortune,
Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All ſorts of hearts; yea, from the glaſſe-fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better
Then to abhorre himſelfe, even hee drops downe
The knee before him, and returnes in peace
Moſt rich in *Timons* nod.

Pai. I ſaw them ſpeake together.

Poe. Sir, I have upon a high and pleaſant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd.
The Baſe o'th'Mount
Is rank'd with all deſerts, all kinde of Natures
That labour on the boſome of this Sphere,
To propagate their ſtates; among'ſt them all,
Whoſe eyes are on this Soveraigne Lady fixt,
One do I perſonate of Lord *Timons* frame,
Whom Fortune with her Ivory hand wafts to her,
Whoſe preſent grace, to preſent ſlaves and ſervants
Tranſlates his Rivals.

Pai. Tis conceiv'd, to ſcope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes

With one man becken'd from the reſt below,
Bowing his head againſt the ſteepy Mount
To climbe his happineſſe, would be well expreſt
In our Condition.

Poe. Nay Sir,but heare me on:
All thoſe which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his valew;on the moment
Follow his ſtrides,his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Raine Sacrificiall whiſperings in his eare,
Make Sacred even his ſtyrrop,and through him
Drinke the free Ayre.

Pai. I marry,what of theſe?

Boe. When fortune in her ſhift and change of mood
Spurnes downe her late beloved;all his Dependants
Which labour'd after him to the Mountaines top,
Even on their knees and hands,let him ſit downe,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pai. Tis common:
A thouſand morall Paintings I can ſhew,
That ſhall demonſtrate theſe quicke blowes of Fortune,
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,
To ſhew Lord *Timon*,that meane eyes have ſeene
The foot above the head.

Trumpets ſound.

Enter Lord Timon,addreſsing himſelfe curteouſly to every Suitor.

Tim. Impriſon'd is he,ſay you?

Meſ. I my good Lord,five Talents is his debt,
His meanes moſt ſhort,his Creditors moſt ſtraite:
Your Honourable Letter he deſires
To thoſe have ſhut him up,which failing to him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble *Ventidius* well:
I am not of that Feather,to ſhake off
My Friend when he muſt neede me. I do know him
A Gentleman,that well deſerves a helpe,
Which he ſhall have. Ile pay the debt,and free him.

Meſ. Your Lorſhip ever bindes him.

Tim. Commend me to him,I will ſend his ranſome,
And being enfranchized bid him come to me;
Tis not enough to helpe the Feeble up,
But to ſupport him after. Fare you well.

Meſ. All happineſſe to your Honor. *Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm. Lord *Timon*,heare me ſpeake.

Tim. Freely good Father.

Old. Thou haſt a Servant nam'd *Lucilius.*

Tim. I have ſo:What of him?

Old. Moſt Noble *Timon*,call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he heere,or no? *Lucilius.*

Luc. Heere at your Lordſhips ſervice.

Old. This Fellow heere,L. *Timon*, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my houſe. I am a man
That from my firſt have beene inclin'd to thrift,
And my eſtate deſerves an Heyre more rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well:what further?

Old. One onely Daughter have I,no Kin elſe,
On whom I may conferre what I have got:
The Maid is faire,a'th'youngeſt for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my deereſt coſt
In Qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
Attempts her love:I prythee(Noble Lord)
Ioyne with me to forbid him her reſort,
My ſelfe have ſpoke in vaine.

Tim. The man is honeſt.

Old. Therefore he will be *Timon*,
His honeſty rewards him in it ſelfe,
It muſt not beare my Daughter.

Tim. Does ſhe love him?

Old. She is young and apt:
Our owne precedent paſſions do inſtruct us
What levities in youth.

Tim. Love you the Maid?

Luc. I my good Lord,and ſhe accepts of it.

Old. If in her Marriage my conſent be miſſing,
I call the Gods to witneſſe,I will choſe
Mine heyre from forth the Beggers of the world,
And diſpoſſeſſe her all.

Tim. How ſhall ſhe be endowed,
If ſhe be mated with an equall Husband?

Old. Three Talents on the preſent;in future,all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine
Hath ſerv'd me long:
To build his Fortune,I will ſtraine a little,
For tis a Bond in men. Give him thy Daughter,
What you beſtow,in him Ile counterpoize,
And make him weigh with her.

Old. Moſt Noble Lord,
Pawne me to this your Honour,ſhe is his.

Tim. My hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my promiſe.

Luc. Humbly I thanke your Lordſhip,never may
That ſtate or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you. *Exit.*

Poe. Vouchſafe my Labour.
And long live your Lordſhip.

Tim. I thanke you,you ſhall heare from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there,my Friend?

Pai. A peece of Painting, which I do beſeech
Your Lordſhip to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almoſt the Naturall man:
For ſince Diſhonor Traffickes with mans Nature,
He is but out-ſide: The Penſil'd Figures are
Even ſuch as they give out, I like your worke,
And you ſhall finde I like it; Waite attendance
Till you heare further from me.

Pai. The Gods preſerve ye.

Tim. Well fare you Gentleman:give me your hand.
We muſt needs dine together:ſir your Iewell
Hath ſuffered under praiſe.

Iew. What my Lord,diſpraiſe?

Tim. A meere ſaciety of Commendations,
If I ſhould pay you for't as tis extold,
It would unclew me quite.

Iew. My Lord,tis rated
As thoſe which ſell would give:but you well know,
Things of like valew differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Maiſters. Beleev't deere Lord,
You mend the Iewell by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd. *Enter Apermantus.*

Mer. No my good Lord,he ſpeakes the common toong
Which all men ſpeake with him.

Tim. Looke who comes heere,will you be chid?

Iew. Wee'l I beare with your Lordſhip.

Mer. Hee'l ſpare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee,
Gentle *Apermantus.*

Aper

Ape. Till I be gentle, ſtay thou for thy good morrow.
When thou art *Timons* dogge, and theſe Knaves honeſt.

Tim. Why doſt thou call them Knaves, thou knowſt them not?

Ape. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Ape. Then I repent not.

Iew. You know me, *Apemantus*?

Ape. Thou knowſt I doe, I call'd thee by thy name:

Tim. Thou art proud *Apemantus*?

Ape. Of nothing ſo much, as that I am not like *Timon.*

Tim. Whether art going?

Ape. To knocke out an honeſt Athenians braines.

Tim. That's a deed thou't dye for.

Ape. Right, if doing nothing be death by th'Law.

Tim. How lik'ſt thou this picture *Apemantus*?

Ape. The beſt, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it:

Ape. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy peece of worke.

Pain. Y'are a Dogge.

Ape. Thy Mothers of my generation: whats ſhe, if I be a Dogge?

Tim. Wilt dine with me *Apemantus*?

Ape. No: I eate not Lords.

Tim. And thou ſhouldſt, thoud'ſt anger Ladies.

Ape. O they eate Lords;
So they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a laſcivious apprehenſion.

Ape. So. thou apprehendſt it.
Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How doſt thou like this Iewell, *Apemantus.*

Ape. Not ſo well as plain-dealing, which will not caſt a man a Doit,

Tim. What doſt thou thinke tis worth?

Ape. Not worth my thinking.
How now Poet?

Poet. How now Philoſopher?

Ape. Thou lyeſt.

Poet. Art not one?

Ape. Yes.

Poet. Then I lye not.

Ape. Art not a Poet?

Poet. Yes.

Ape. Then thou lyeſt:
Looke in thy laſt worke, where thou haſt feign'd him a worthy Fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is ſo.

Ape. Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flattered, is worthy o'th flatterer. Heavens, that I were a Lord.

Tim. What wouldſt doe then *Apemantus*?

Ape. E'ne as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with my heart.

Tim. What thy ſelfe?

Ape. I.

Tim. Wherefore?

Ape. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.
Are not thou a Merchant?

Mer. I *Apemantus.*

Ape. Trafficke confound thee, if the gods will not:

Mer. If Trafficke doe it, the gods doe it.

Ape. Traffickes thy god, and thy god confound thee.

Trumpet ſounds. Enter a Meſſenger.

Tim. What Trumpets that?

Meſ. Tis *Alcibiades*, and ſome twenty horſe
All of Companionſhip.

Tim. Pray entertaine them, give them guide to us.
You muſt needs dine with me: goe not you hence
Till I have thankt you: and when dinners done
Shew me this peece, I am joyfull of your ſights.

Enter Alcibiades with the reſt.

Moſt welcome Sir.

Ape. So, ſo; their Aches contract, and ſterue your ſupple joynts: that there ſhould be ſmall love amongeſt theſe ſweet Knaves, and all this Curteſie. The ſtraine of mans bred out into Baboon and Monkey.

Alci. Sir, you have ſav'd my longing, and I feed
Moſt hungerly on your ſight.

Tim. Right welcome Sir.
Ere we depart, we'll ſhare a bounteous time
In different pleaſures.
Pray you let us in. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time a day is't *Apemantus.*

Ape. Time to be honeſt.

1 That time ſerves ſtill.

Ape. The moſt accurſed thou that ſtill omitſt it.

2 Thou art going to Lord *Timons* Feaſt.

Ape. I, to ſee meate fill Knaves, and Wine heat fooles,

2. Farthee well, farthee well.

Ape. Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice.

2 Why *Apemantus*?

Ape. Shouldſt have kept one to thy ſelfe, for I meane to give thee none.

1 Hang thy ſelfe.

Ape. No I will doe nothing at thy bidding:
Make thy requeſts to thy Friend.

2 Away unpeaceable Dogge,
Or Ile ſpurne thee hence.

Ape. I will flye like a dogge, the heeles a'th'Aſſe.

1 He's oppoſite to humanity.
Come ſhall we in,
And taſte Lord *Timons* bounty: he out goes
The very heart of kindneſſe.

2 He powres it out: *Plutus* the god of gold
Is but his Steward; no meede but he repayes
Seven-fold above it ſelfe: No guift to him,
But breeds the giver a returne: exceeding
All uſe of quittance.

1 The Nobleſt minde he carries.
That ever govern'd man.

2 Long may he live in Fortunes. Shall we in?
Ile keepe you Company. *Exeunt.*

Hoboyes Playing lowd Muſicke.

A great Banquet ſerv'd in: and then, Enter Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which Timon redeemd from priſon. Then comes dropping after all Apemantus diſcontentedly like himſelfe.

Ventig. Moſt honoured *Timon,*
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my fathers age,
And call him to long peace:
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in gratefull Vertue I am bound
To your free heart, I doe returne thoſe Talents
Doubled with thankes and ſervice, from whoſe helpe
I deriu'd liberty.

Tim O by no meanes,
Honeſt *Ventigius*: you miſtake my love,

I gave it freely ever, and there's none
Can truely ſay he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we muſt not dare
To imitate them. faults that are rich are faire.

Vint. A Noble ſpirit.

Tim. Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but deviſ'd at firſt
To ſet a gloſſe on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneſſe, ſorry ere tis ſhowne:
But where there is true friendſhip, there needs none.
Pray ſit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me.

1 *Lord.* My Lord, we alwayes have confeſt it.

Ape. Ho ho, confeſt it? hang'd it? have you not?

Tim. O *Apermantus*, you are welcome.

Ape. No: you ſhall not make me welcome.
I come to have thee thruſt me out of doores.

Tim. Fye, th'art a churle, ye have got a humour there
Does not become a man, tis much too blame:
They ſay my Lords, *Ira furor breuis eſt*,
But yond man is very angry.
Goe, let him have a Table by himſelfe:
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Ape. Let me ſtay at thine apperill *Timon*,
I come to obſerve, I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heede of thee; Th'art an *Athenian*, therefore welcome: I my ſelfe would have no power, prethee let my meate make thee ſilent.

Aper. I ſcorne thy meate, twould choake me: for I ſhould nere flatter thee. Oh you Gods! What a number of men eates *Timon*, and he ſees em not? It grieves me to ſee ſo many dip there meate in one mans blood, and all the madneſſe is, he cheeres them up too.
I wonder men dare truſt themſelves with men.
Me thinkes they ſhould invite them without knives,
Good for their meate, and ſafer for their lives.
Theres much example for't, the fellow that ſits next him now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a divided draught: is the readieſt man to kill him. Tas beene proved, if I were a huge man I ſhould feare to drinke at meales, leaſt they ſhould ſpye my wind-pipes dangerous noates, great men ſhould drinke with harneſſe on their throats.

Tim. My Lord in heart: and let the health goe round.

2 *Lord.* Let it flow this way my good Lord.

Aper. Flow this way? A brave fellow. He keepes his tides well, thoſe healths will make thee and thy ſtate looke ill, *Timon*.
Heeres: that which is too weake to be a ſinner,
Honeſt water, which nere left man i'th'mird:
This and my food are equall, theres no ods,
Feaſts are to proud to give thankes to the gods.

Apermantus Grace.

Immortall gods, I crave no pelfe,
I pray for no man but my ſelfe,
Grant I may never prove ſo fond,
To truſt man on his Oath or Bond.
Or a Harlot for her weeping.
Or a Dogge that ſeemes aſleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedome,
Or my friends if I ſhould need em.
Amen. So fall too't:
Richmen ſin, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apermantus*.

Tim. Captaine, *Alcibiades*, your hearts in the field now.

Alci. My heart is ever at your ſervice, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakefaſt of Enemies, then a dinner of Friends.

Alci. So they were bleeding new my Lord, theres no meat like em, I could wiſh my friend at ſuch a Feaſt.

Aper. Would all thoſe flatterers were thine Enemies then, that then thou mightſt kill em: and bid me to em.

1 *Lord.* Might we but have that happineſſe my Lord, that you would once uſe our hearts, whereby we might expreſſe ſome part of our zeales, we ſhould thinke our ſelves for ever perfect.

Tim. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the gods themſelves have provided that I ſhall have much helpe from you: how had you beene my Friends elſe. Why have you that charitable title from thouſands? Did not you chiefely belong to my heart? I have told more of you to my ſelfe, then you can with modeſty ſpeake in your owne behalfe. And thus farre I confirme you. Oh you gods (thinke I) what need we have any Friends; if we ſhould nere have neede of em? They were the moſt needleſſe Creatures living; ſhould we nere have uſe for em? And would moſt reſemble ſweet Inſtruments hung up in Caſes, that keepe their ſounds to themſelves. Why I have often wiſht my ſelfe poorer, that I might come neerer to you: we are borne to doe benefits. And what better or properer can we call our owne, then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a pretious comfort tis to have ſo many like Brothers commanding one anothers Fortunes. Oh joyes, e'ne made away er't can be borne, mine eyes cannot hold out watter me thinkes to forget their faults. I drinke to you,

Aper. Thou weep'ſt to made them drinke *Timon*.

2 *Lord.* Ioy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that inſtant, like a babe ſprung up.

Aper. Ho, ho: I laugh to thinke that babe a baſtard.

3 *Lord.* I promiſe you my Lord you mov'd me much.

Aper. Much.

Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons with Lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Tim. What meanes that Trumpe? How now?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Pleaſe you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies
Moſt deſirovs of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

Ser. There comes with them a ſore-runner my Lord, which beares that office, to ſignifie their pleaſures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies.

Cup. Haile to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of his Baunties taſte: the fiue beſt Sences acknowledge thee their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plenteous boſome.
There taſte, touch all, pleaſ'd from thy Table riſe:
They onely now come but to Feaſt thine eyes.

Timo. Their welcome all, let em have kind admittance. Muſicke make their welcome.

Luc. You ſee my Lord, how ample ye are belov'd.

Aper. Hoyday,
What a ſweepe of vanity comes this way.
They daunce? They are madwomen.

Like Madneſſe is the glory of this life,
As this pompe ſhewes to a little oyle and roote.
We make our ſelves fooles, to diſport our ſelves,
And ſpend our Flatteries, to drinke thoſe men,
Vpon whoſe Age we voyde it up agen
With poyſonous Spight and Envy.
Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves;
Who dyes, that beares not one ſpurne to their graves
Of their friends gift:
I ſhould feare, thoſe that dance before me now,
Would one day ſtampe upon me: Tas beene done,
Men ſhut their doores againſt a ſetting Sunne.

The Lords riſe from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and to ſhew their loves, each ſingle out an Amazon, and all Dance, men with women, a lofty ſtraine or two to the Hoboyes, and ceaſe.

Tim. You have done our pleaſures
Much grace (faire Ladies)
Sets a faire faſhion on our entertainment,
Which was not halfe ſo beautifull, and kind:
You have added worth untoo't, and lively luſter,
And entertain'd me with mine owne device.
I am to thanke you for't.
1 Lord. My Lord you take us even at the beſt.
Ape. Faith for the worſt is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.
Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you.
Pleaſe you to diſpoſe your ſelves.
All La. Moſt thankfully, my Lord. *Exeunt.*
Tim. *Flavius,*
Fla. My Lord.
Tim. The little Casket, bring me hither.
Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Iewels yet?
There is no croſſing him in's humour,
Elſe I ſhould tell him well, ifaith I ſhould;
When alls ſpent, he'ld be croſt then, and he could:
Tis pitty Bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne're be wretched for his mind.
1 Lord. Where be our men?
Ser. Heere my Lord in readineſſe,
2 Lord, Our horſes.
Tim. O my Friends;
I have one word to ſay to you: Looke you, my good L.
I muſt intreat you honour me ſo much.
As to advance this Iewell, accept, and weare it,
Kind my Lord.
1 Lord. I am ſo farre already in your guifts.
All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certaine Nobles of the Senate newly alighted, and come to viſit you.
Tim. They are fairely welcome,

Enter Flavius.

Fla. I beſeech your Honor, vouchſafe me a word, it does concerne you neere.
Tim. Neere? why then another time Ile heare thee.
I prethee let's be provided to ſhew them entertainment.
Fla. I ſcarſe know how.

Enter another Servant.

Ser. May it pleaſe your honor, Lord *Lucius*
(Out of his free love) hath preſented to you
Foure Milke-white Horſes, trapt in Silver.
Tim. I ſhall accept them fairely: let the Preſents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now? What newes?
3 Ser. Pleaſe you my Lord, that honourable Gentleman Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your company to morrow, to hunt with him, and ha's ſent your Honour two brace of Grey-hounds.
Tim. Ile hunt with him.
And let them be received, not without faire Reward.
Fla. What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great guifts, and all out of an empty Coffer:
Nor will he know his purſe, or yeeld me this,
To ſhew him what a Begger his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wiſhes good,
His promiſes flye ſo beyond his ſtate,
That what he ſpeakes is all in debt, owes for ev'ry word:
He is ſo kind, that he now payes intereſt for't;
His Lands put to their Bookes. Well, would I were
Gently put out of Office, ere I were forc'd:
Happier is he that has no friend to feede,
Then ſuch that doe e'ne Enemies exceede.
I bleed inwardly for my Lord. *Exit.*
Tim. You doe your ſelves much wrong,
You bate too much of your owne merits.
Heere my Lord, a trifle of our Love.
2 Lord. With more then common thankes
I will receive it.
3 Lord. O has the very ſoule of Bounty.
Tim. And now I remember my Lord, you gave good words the other day of a Bay Courſer I rod on. Tis yours becauſe you lik'd it.
1 L. Oh, I beſeech you pardon me, my Lord, in that.
Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no man can juſtly praiſe, but what he does affect. I weigh my friends affection with mine owne? Ile tell you true, Ile call to you.
All Lor. O none ſo welcome.
Tim. I take all, and your ſeverall viſitations
So kind to heart, tis not enough to give:
Me thinkes, I could deale Kingdomes to my friends,
And nere be weary. *Alcibiades,*
Thou art a Souldier, therefore ſildome rich,
It comes in Charity to thee; for all thy living
Is mong'ſt the dead: and all the Lands thou haſt
Lye in a pitcht field.
Alci. I defie Land, my Lord.
1 Lord. We are ſo vertuouſly bound.
Tim. And ſo am I to you.
2 Lord. So infinitely endeer'd.
Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights, more Light.
1 Lord. The beſt of Happines, Honor, and Fortunes
Keepe with you Lord *Timon.*
Tim. Ready for his Friends. *Exeunt Lords.*
Aper. What a coiles heere, ſerving of beckes, and jutting out of bummes. I doubt whether their Legges be worth the ſummes that are given for 'em.
Friendſhips full of dregges,
Me thinkes falſe hearts, ſhould never have ſound legges.
Thus honeſt Fooles lay out their wealth on Curtſies
Tim. Now *Apermantus* (if thou wert not ſullen)
I would be good to thee.
Aper. No, Ile nothing; for if I ſhould be brib'd too, there would be none left to raile upon thee, and then thou wouldſt ſinne the faſter. Thou giv'ſt ſo long *Timon* (I feare me) thou wilt give away thy ſelfe in paper ſhortly. What neede theſe Feaſts, pompes, and Vaine-glories?

Tim. Nay, and you begin to raile on Society once, I am ſworne not to give regard to you. Farewell, and come with better Muſicke. *Exit.*

Aper. So: thou wilt not heare me now, thou ſhalt not then. Ile locke thy heaven from thee:
Oh that mens eares ſhould be
To Counſell deafe, but not to Flattery. *Exit.*

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late five thouſand: to *Varro* and to *Iſidore*
He owes nine thouſand, beſides my former ſumme,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waſte? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, ſteale but a beggers Dogge,
And give it *Timon*, why the Dogge coynes Gold.
If I would ſell my horſe, and buy twenty more
Better then he; why give my horſe to *Timon.*
Aske nothing, give it him, it Foles me ſtraight
And able Horſes: No Porter at his gate,
But rather one that ſmiles, and ſtill invites
All that paſſe by. It cannot hold, no reaſon
Can ſound his ſtate in ſafety. *Caphis* hoa,
Caphis I ſay.

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Heere ſir, what is your pleaſure.

Sen. Get on your cloake, and haſt you to Lord *Timon*
Importune him for my Moneyes, be not ceaſt
With ſlight deniall; nor then ſilenc'd, then
Commend me to your Maſter, and the Cap
Playes in the right hand, thus: but tell him ſirrah
My uſes cry to me; I muſt ſerve my turne
Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are paſt,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have ſmit my credit. I love, and honour him,
But muſt not breake my backe, to heale his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my releife
Muſt not be toſt and turn'd to me in words,
But find ſupply immediate. Get you gone,
Put on a moſt importunate aſpect,
A viſage of demand: for I doe feare
When every Feather ſtickes in his owne wing,
Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
Which flaſhes now a Phœnix, get you gone.

Ca. I goe ſir.

Sen. I goe ſir?
Take the Bonds along with you,
And have the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.

Sen. Goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Steward, with many billes in his hand.

Stew. No care, no ſtop, ſo ſenſeleſſe of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintaine it,
Nor ceaſe his flow of Riot. Takes no accompt
How things goe from him, nor reſume no care
Of what is to continve: never mind
Was to be ſo unwiſe, to be ſo kind.
What ſhall be done, he will not here, till feele:
I muſt be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Iſidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good even *Varro*: what, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your buſineſſe too?

Cap. It is, and yours too, *Iſidore*?

Iſid. It is ſo.

Cap. Would we were all diſcharg'd.

Var. I feare it,

Cap. Heere comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Traine.

Tim. So ſoone as dinners done, we'll forth againe
My *Alcibiades.* With me, what is your will?

Cap. My Lord, heere is a note of certaine dues.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of Athens heere: my Lord.

Tim. Goe to my Steward.

Cap. Pleaſe it your Lordſhip, he hath put me off
To the ſucceſſion of new dayes this moneth:
My Maſter is awak'd by great Occaſion,
To call upon his owne, and humbly prayes you,
That with your other Noble parts, you'll ſuite,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honeſt Friend,
I prethee but repaire to me next morning.

Cap. Nay good my Lord.

Tim. Containe thy ſelfe, good friend.

Var. One *Varroes* ſervant, my good Lord.

Iſid. From *Iſidore*, he humbly prayes your ſpeedy payment,

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Naſters wants.

Var. Twas due on forfeyture my Lord, ſixe weekes, and paſt.

Iſid. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I
Am ſent expreſſely to your Lordſhip.

Tim. Give me breath:
I doe beſeech you good my Lords keepe on,
Ile waite upon you inſtantly. Come hither: pray you
How goes the world, that I am thus encountred
With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,
And the detention long ſince due debts
Againſt my Honor?

Stew. Pleaſe you Gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this buſineſſe:
Your importunacy ceaſe, till after dinner,
That I may make his Lordſhip underſtand
Wherefore you'are not paid.

Tim. Doe ſo my Friends, ſee them well entertain'd.

Stew. Pray draw neere. *Exit.*

Enter Apemantus and Foole.

Caph. Stay, ſtay, here comes the Foole with *Apemantus*, lets ha ſome ſport with em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuſe us.

Iſid. A plague upon him dogge.

Var, How doſt Foole?

Ape. Doſt Dialogue with thy ſhadow?

Var. I ſpeake not to thee.

Ape. No tis to thy ſelfe. Come away.

Iſid. Theres the Foole hangs on your backe already.

Ape. No thou ſtandſt ſingle, thou art not on him yet

Cap. Wheres the foole now?

Ape. He laſt ask'd the queſtion. Poore Rogues and Vſurers men, Bauds betweene Gold and want.

All. What are we *Apemantus*?

Ape. Aſſes.

All. Why?

Ape. That you aske me what you are, and doe not know your ſelves. Speake to em foole.

Foole. How doe you Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies good Foole:
How does your Miſtris?

Foole. She's e'ne ſetting on water to ſcal'd ſuch Chickens as you are. Would we could ſee you at Corinth.

Ape. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Foole. Looke you, heere comes my Maſters Page.

Page. Why how now Captaine? what doe you in this wiſe company.
How doſt thou *Apermantus*?

Ape. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might anſwer thee profitably.

Boy. Prethee *Apermantus* reade me the ſuperſcription of theſe Letters, I know not which is which.

Ape. Canſt not read?

Page. No.

Ape. There will little Learning dye then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go thou was't borne a Baſtard, and thou't dye a Bawd.

Page. Thou was't whelpt a Dogge, and thou ſhalt famiſh a Dogges death.
Anſwer not, I am gone. *Exit.*

Ape. E'ne ſo thou out-runſt grace,
Foole I will goe with you to Lord *Timons*.

Foole. Will you leave me there?

Ape. If *Timon* ſtay at home.
You three ſerve three Vſurers?

All. I would they ſerv'd us.

Aper. So would I:
As good a tricke as ever Hangman ſerv'd theefe.

Foole. Are you three Vſuers men?

All. I foole

Foole. I thinke no Vſurer, but has a foole to his Servant. My Miſtris is one, and I am her foole: when men come to borrow of your Maſters, they approach ſadly, and goe away merry: but they enter my Maſters houſe merrily, and goe away ſadly. The reaſon of this?

Var. I could render one.

Ape. Doe it then, that we may account thee a Whoremaſter, and a Knave, which notwithſtanding thou ſhalt be no leſſe eſteemed.

Var. What is a Whoremaſter foole?

Foole. A foole in good cloathes, and ſomething like thee. Tis a ſpirit, ſometime t'appeares like a Lord, ſomtime like a Lawyer, ſometime like a Philoſopher, with two ſtones more then's artificiall one. He is very often like a Knight; and generally, in all ſhapes that man goes up and downe in, from fourescore to thirteen, this ſpirit walkes in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a foole.

Foole. Nor thou altogether a Wiſe man,
As much foolery as I have, ſo much wit thou lack'ſt.

Ape. That anſwer might have become *Apemantus*.

All. Aſide, aſide, here comes Lord *Timon*.

Enter Timon, and Steward.

Ape. Come with me (foole) come.

Foole. I doe not alwayes follow Lover, elder Brother, and Woman, ſometime the Philoſopher.

Stew. Pray you walke neere,
Ile ſpeake with you anon. *Exeunt.*

Tim. You make me mervell wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laid my ſtate before me,
That I might ſo have rated my expence
As I had leave of meanes.

Stew. You would not heare me:
At many leyſures I propoſ'd.

Tim. Goe to:
Perchance ſome ſingle vantages you tooke,
When my indiſpoſition put you backe,
And that unaptneſſe made you miniſter
Thus to excuſe your ſelfe.

Stew. O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my accompts,
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
And ſay you found them in mine honeſty,
When for ſome trifling preſent you have bid me
Returne ſo much, I have ſhooke my head, and wept:
Yea gainſt th'Authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more cloſe: I did indure
Not ſildome, nor no ſlight checkes, when I have
Prompted you in the ebbe of your eſtate,
And your great flow of debts; my deare lov'd Lord,
Though you here now (too late) yet nowes a time,
The greateſt of you having, lackes a halfe,
To pay your preſent debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be ſold.

Stew. Tis all engag'd, ſome forfeyted and gone,
And what remaines will hardly ſtop the mouth
Of preſent dues; the future comes apace:
What ſhall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Stew. O my good Lord, the world is but a world,
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone.

Tim. You tell me true.

Stew. If you ſuſpect my Husbandry or Falſhood,
Call me before the exacteſt Auditors,
And ſet me on the proofe. So the gods bleſſe me,
When all our Offices have beene oppreſt
With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults have wept
With drunken ſpilth of Wine; when every roome
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minſtrelſie,
I have retyr'd me to a waſtefull cocke,
And ſet mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prethee no more.

Stew. Heavens have I ſaid, the bounty of this Lord!
How many prodigall bits have Slaves and Pezants
This night englutted: who is not *Timons*,
What heart, head, ſword, force, meanes, but is L. *Timons*:
Great *Timon*, Noble, Worthy, Royall *Timons*:
Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praiſe,
The breath is gone, whereof this praiſe is made:
Feaſt won, faſt loſt; one cloud of Winter ſhowres,
Theſe flyes are coucht.

Tim. Come ſermon me no further.
No villainous bounty yet hath paſt my heart;
Vnwiſely, not ignobly have I given.
Why doſt thou weepe, canſt thou the conſcience lacke,
To thinke I ſhall lacke friends: ſecure thy heart,
If I would broach the veſſels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,
Men, and mens fortunes could I frankely uſe
As I can bid thee ſpeake.

Stew. Aſſurance bleſſe your thoughts,

Tim. And in ſome ſort theſe wants of mine are crown'd
That I account them bleſſings. For by theſe
Shall I try friends. You ſhall perceive
How you miſtake my fortunes:
I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there, *Flavius*, *Servilius*?

Enter three Servants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will diſpatch you ſeverally.
You to Lord *Lucius*, to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted with his Honor to day; you to *Sempronius*; commend me to their loves, and I am proud ſay, that my occaſions have found time to uſe 'em toward a ſupply of mony: let the requeſt be fifty Talents.

Flam, As you have ſaid, my Lord.

Stew. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? Humh.

Tim. Goe you ſir to the Senators;
Of whom. even to the States beſt health? I have
Deſerv'd this hearing; bid 'em ſend o'th'inſtant
A thouſaud Talents to me.

Stew. I have beene bold
(For that I knew it the moſt generall way)
To them, to uſe your Signet, and your Name,
But they doe ſhake their heads, and I am heere
No richer in returne.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Stew. They anſwer in a joynt and corporate voyce,
That now they are at fall, want Treaſure, cannot
Doe what they would, are ſorry: you are Honourable,
But yet they could have wiſht, they know not,
Something hath beene amiſſe; a Noble Nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; tis pitty,
And ſo intending other ſerious matters,
After diſtaſtefull lookes; and theſe hard Fractions
With certaine halfe-caps, and cold moving nods,
They froze me into Silence.

Tim. You gods reward them:
Prythee man looke cheerely. Theſe old Fellowes
Have their ingratitude in them Hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, tis cold, it ſeldome flowes,
Tis lacke of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,
Is faſhion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
Goe to *Ventidius* (prythee be not ſad,
Thou art true, and honeſt; ingeniouſly I ſpeake,
No blame belongs to thee:) *Ventidius* lately
Buried his Father, by whoſe death he's ſtepp'd
Into a great eſtate: when he was poore,
Impriſon'd, and in ſcarſity of Friends,
I cleer'd him with five Talents: Greet him from me,
Bid him ſuppoſe, ſome good neceſſity
Touches his Friend, which craves to be remembred
With thoſe five Talents; that had, give't theſe Fellowes
To whom tis inſtant due. Neu'r ſpeake, or thinke,
That *Timons* fortunes 'mong his friends can ſinke.

Stew. I would I could not thinke it:
That thought is Bounties Foe?
Being free it ſelfe, it thinkes all others ſo. *Exeunt.*

Flaminius waiting to ſpeake with a Lord from his Maſter, enters a ſervant to him.

Ser. I have told my Lord of you, he is comming downe to yon.

Flam: I thanke you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Heres my Lord.

Luc. One of Lord *Timons* men? A Gift I warrant. Why this hits right: I dreampt of a Silver Baſon and Ewre to night. *Flaminius*, honeſt *Flaminius*, you are very reſpectively welcome ſir. Fill me ſome Wine. And how does that honourable, Compleate, Free-hearted Gentleman of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and Maſter?

Flam. His health is well ſir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well ſir: and what haſt thou there under thy Cloake, pretty *Flaminius*?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in my Lords behalfe; I come to intreat your honor to ſupply: who having great and inſtant occaſion to uſe fifty Talents, hath ſent to your Lordſhip to furniſh him: nothing doubting your preſent aſſiſtance therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting ſayes he? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman tis, if he would not keepe ſo good a houſe. Many a time and often I ha din'd with him, and told him on't, and come againe to ſupper to him of purpoſe, to have him ſpend leſſe, and yet he would embrace no counſell, take no warning by my comming, every man has his fault, and honeſty is his. I ha told him on't, hut I could nere get him from't.

Enter Servant, with Wine.

Ser. Pleaſe your Lordſhip, here is the Wine.

Luc. Flaminius, I have noted thee alwayes wiſe. Heres to thee.

Flam. Your Lordſhip ſpeakes your pleaſure,

Luci. I have obſerved thee alwayes for a towardly prompt ſpirit, give thee thy due, and one that knowes what belongs to reaſon; and canſt uſe the time well, if the time uſe thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone ſirrah. Draw neerer honeſt *Flaminius*. Thy Lords a bountifull Gentleman, but thou art wiſe, and thou knowſt well enough (although thou com'ſt to me) that this is no time to lend money, eſpecially upon bare friendſhip without ſecurity. Heres three *Solidares* for thee, good Boy winke at me, and ſay thou ſaw'ſt me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't poſſible the world ſhould ſo much differ,
And we alive that lived? Fly damned baſeneſſe
To him that worſhips thee.

Luc. Ha? Now I ſee thou art a Foole, and fit for thy Maſter. *Exit Lucullus.*

Fla. May theſe adde to the number that may ſcald thee:
Let multen Coyne be thy damnation,
Thou diſeaſe of a friend, and not himſelfe:
Has friendſhip ſuch a faint and milky heart,
It turnes in leſſe then two nights? O you gods!
I feele my Maſters paſſion. This Slave unto his honor,
Has my Lords meate in him:
Why ſhould it thrive, and turne to Nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poyſon?
O may Diſeaſes onely worke upon't:
And when he's ſicke to death, let not that part of Nature
Which my Lord paid for, be of any powre,
To expell ſickneſſe, but prolong his hower. *Exit.*

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who the Lord *Timon*? He is my very good friend and an honourable Gentleman.

1 We know him for no leſſe, though we are but ſtrangers to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and which I heare from common rumours, now Lord *Timons* happy howres are done and paſt, and his eſtate ſhrinkes from him.

Luc. Fye no, doe not beleeve it; be cannot want for money.

2 But beleeve you this my Lord, that not long agoe, one of his men was with the Lord *Lucullus*, to borrow ſo many Talents, nay urg'd extreamely for't, and ſhewed

what neceſſity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'de.

Luc. How?

2 I tell you, deny'de my Lord.

Luc. What a ſtrange caſe was that? Now before the gods I am aſham'd on't. Denyed that honourable man? There was very little honour ſhew'd in. For my owne part, I muſt needs confeſſe, I have received ſome ſmall kindneſſes from him, as Money, Plate, Iewels, and ſuch like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had he miſtooke him, and ſent to me, I ſhould ne're have denied his occaſion ſo many Talents.

Enter Servilius.

Servil. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I have ſwet to ſee his honor. My honor'd Lord.

Luci. *Servilius*? You are kindly met ſir. Farthewell, commend me to thy honourable vertuous Lord, my very exquiſite Friend.

Servil. May it pleaſe your Honor, my Lord hath ſent

———.

Luci. Ha? what has he ſent? I am ſo much endeered to that Lord; hes ever ſending: how ſhall I thanke him think'ſt thou? And what has he ſent now?

Serv. Has onely ſent his preſent occaſion now my Lord: requeſting your Lordſhip to ſupply his inſtant uſe with ſo many Talents.

Luci. I know his Lordſhip is but merry with me,
He cannot want fifty five hundred Talents,

Servil. But in the meane time he wants leſſe my Lord.
If his occaſion were not vertuous,
I ſhould not urge it halfe ſo faithfully.

Luc. Doſt thou ſpeake ſeriouſly *Servilius*.

Serv. Vpon my ſoule tis true Sir.

Luc. What a wicked Beaſt was I to disfurniſh my ſelfe againſt ſuch a good time, when I might ha ſhewne my ſelfe honorable? how unluckily it hapned, that I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a little part, and undoe a great deale of honor? *Servilius*, now before the gods I am not able to doe (the more beaſt I ſay) I was ſending to uſe Lord *Timon* my ſelfe, theſe gentlemen can witneſſe; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had don't now Commend me bountifully to his good Lordſhip, and I hope his Honor will conceive the faireſt of me, becauſe I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt afflictions ſay, that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an honorable Gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me ſo farre, as to uſe mine owne words to him?

Serv. Yes ſir, I ſhall. *Exit Servilius.*

Luci. Ile looke you out a good turne *Servilius*.
True as you ſaid, *Timon* is ſhrunke indeed,
And he thats once deny'd, will hardly ſpeed. *Exit.*

1 Doe you obſerve this *Hoſtilius*?

2 I, to well.

1 Why this is the worlds ſoule,
And juſt of the ſame peece
Is every Flatterers ſport: who can call him his friend
That dips in the ſame diſh? For in my knowing
Timon has bin this Lords Father,
And kept his credit with his purſe:
Supported his eſtate, nay *Timons* money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drinkes,
But *Timons* Silver treads upon his Lip,
And yet, oh ſee the monſtrouſneſſe of man,
When he lookes out in an ungratefull ſhape:
He does deny him (in reſpect of his)
What charitable men affoord to Beggers.

3 Religion grones at it.

1 For mine owne part, I never taſted *Timon* in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To marke me for his Friend. Yet I proteſt.
For his right Noble mind, illuſtrious Vertue,
And honourable Carriage,
Had his neceſſity made uſe of me.
I would have put my wealth into Donation,
And the beſt halfe ſhould haue return'd to him,
So mnch I love his heart: But I perceive,
Men muſt learne now with pitty to diſpence.
For policie ſits above Conſcience. *Exeunt.*

Enter a third ſervant with Sempronius, another of Timons Friends.

Semp. Muſt he needs trouble me in't? Hum.
Bove all others?
He might have tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeemd from priſon. All theſe
Owe their eſtates unto him.

Ser. My Lord,
They have all bin touch'd, and all are found Baſe-Mettle,
For they have all denied him.

Semp. How? have they denyde him?
Has *Ventidius* and *Lucullus* deny'de him,
And does he ſend to me? Three? Humh?
It ſhewes but little love, or judgement in him.
Muſt I be his laſt Refuge? his friend: (like Phyſitians)
That thriu'd, give him over. Muſt I take th'Cure upon (me?
Has much diſgrac'd me in't, I'me angry at him,
That might have knowne my place. I ſee no ſenſe for't,
But his occaſions might have wooed me firſt:
For in my conſcience, I was the firſt man
That ere received gift from him.
And does he thinke ſo backwardly of me now,
That Ile requite it laſt? No:
So it may prove an Argument of Laughter
To th'reſt, and 'mongſt Lords I be thought a Foole:
Ide rather then the worth of thrice the ſumme,
Had ſent to me firſt, but for my minds ſake:
Ide ſuch a courage to doe him good. But now returne,
And with their faint reply, this anſwer joyne;
Who bates mine honor, ſhall not know my Coyne. *Exit.*

Ser. Excellent: Your Lorſhips a goodly Villaine. the divell knew not what he did, when he made man Politicke; he croſſed himſelfe by't: and I cannot thinke, but in the end, the villanies of man will ſet him cleere. How fairely this Lord ſtrives to appeare foule? Takes Vertuous Copies to be wicked: like thoſe, that under hot ardent zeale, would ſet whole Realmes on fire, of ſuch a nature is his politike love.
This was my Lords beſt hope, now all are fled
Save onely the gods. Now his friends are dead,
Doores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards
Many a bounteous yeere, muſt be imploy'd
Now to guard ſure their Maſter:
And this is all a liberall courſe allowes,
Who cannot keepe his wealth, muſt keepe his houſe. *Ex.*

Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to wait for his comming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortenſius.

Var.man. Well met, good morrow *Titus* and *Hortenſius*

Titus

Tit. The like to you kind *Varro.*
Hort. *Lucius*, what doe we meet together?
Luc. I, and I thinke one buſineſſe do's command us all.
For mine is money.
Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luci. And ſir *Philotus* too.
Phi. Good day at once.
Luci. Welcome good Brother.
What doe you thinke the houre?
Phil. Labouring for Nine.
Luci. So much?
Phil. Is not my Lord ſeene yet?
Luci. Not yet.
Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to ſhine at ſeaven.
Luci. I, but the dayes are waxt ſhorter with him:
You muſt conſider, that a Prodigall courſe
Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recoverable, I feare:
Tis deepeſt Winter in Lord *Timons* purſe, that is: One may reach deepe enough, and yet find little.
Phil. I am of your feare, for that.
Tit. Ile ſhew you how t'obſerve a ſtrange event:
Your Lord ſends now for Money?
Hort. Moſt true, he does.
Tit. And he weares Iewels now of *Timons* guift,
For which I waite for money.
Hort. It is againſt my heart.
Luci. Marke how ſtrange it ſhowes,
Timon in this, ſhould pay more then he owes:
And e'ne as if your Lord ſhould weare rich Iewels,
Ad ſend for money for 'em.
Hort. I' me weary of this Charge,
The gods can witneſſe:
I know my Lord hath ſpent of *Timons* wealth,
And now ingratitude, makes it worſe then ſtealth.
Varro. Yes mine's three thouſand Crownes:
Whats yours?
Luci. Five thouſand mine.
Var. Tis much deepe, and it ſhould ſeeme by th'ſum
Your Maſters confidence was above mine,
Elſe ſurely his had equall' d.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord *Timons* men.
Luc. *Flaminius?* Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord ready to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed he is not.
Tit. We attend his Lordſhip; pray ſignifie ſo much.
Flam. I need not tell him that, he knowes you are too diligent.

Enter Steward in a Cloake, muffled.

Luci. Ha: is not that his Steward muffled ſo?
He goes away in a Clowd: Call him, call him.
Tit. Doe you heare, ſir?
2 Varro. By your leave, ſir.
Stew. What doe ye aske of me, my friend.
Tit. We waite for certaine Money heere, ſir.
Stew. I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting,
Twere ſure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your ſummes and Billes
When your falſe Maſters eate of my Lords meat?
Then they would ſmile and fawne upon his debts,
And take downe th'intreſt into their glutt'nous Mawes.
You doe your ſelves but wrong, to ſtirre me up,
Let me paſſe quietly:
Beleeve't, my Lord and I have made an end,
I have no more to reckon, he to ſpend.
Luci. I, but this anſwer will not ſerve.
Stew. Iſt twill not ſerve, tis not ſo baſe as you,
For you ſerve Knaves.
1 Varro. How? what does his caſheer'd Worſhip mutter?
2 Varro. No matter what, he's poore, and thats revenge enough. Who can ſpeake broader, then he that has no houſe to put his head in? Such may rayle againſt great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh heres *Servilius*: now we ſhall know ſome anſwer.
Serv. If I might beſeech you Gentlemen, to repayre ſome other houre, I ſhould derive much from't. For tak't of my ſoule, my Lord leanes wondrouſly to diſcontent: his comfortable temper has forſooke him, hes much out of health, and keepes his Chamber.
Luci. Many doe keepe their Chambers, are not ſicke:
And if it be ſo farre beyond his health,
Me thinkes he ſhould the ſooner pay his debts,
And make a cleare way to the gods.
Servil. Good gods.
Tit. We cannot take this for anſwer, ſir.
Flaminius within. *Servilius* helpe, my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim. What, are my dores oppos'd againſt my paſſage?
Have I bin ever free, and muſt my houſe
Be my retentive Enemy? My Goale?
The place which I have Feaſted, does it now
(Like all Mankind) ſhew me an Iron heart?
Luci. Put in now *Titus.*
Tit. My Lord, heere is my Bill.
Luci. Heres mine.
1 Var. And mine, my Lord.
2 Var. And ours, my Lord.
Philo. All our Billes.
Tim. Knocke me downe with em, cleave me to the Girdle.
Luc. Alas my Lord.
Tim. Cut my heart in ſummes.
Tit. Mine, fifty Talents.
Tim. Tell out my bloud.
Luc. Five thouſand Crownes, my Lord.
Tim. Five thouſand drops payes that.
What yours? and yours?
1 Var. My Lord.
2 Var. My Lord.
Tim. Teare me, take me, and the gods fall upon you.

Exit Timon.

Hort. Faith I perceive our Maſters may throw their caps at their money, theſe debts may well be call'd deſperate ones, for a madman owes em. *Exeunt.*

Enter Timon.

Tim. They have e'ne put my breath from me the ſlaves. Creditors? Divels.
Stew. My deere Lord.
Tim. What if it ſhould be ſo?
Stew. My Lord.
Tim. Ile have it ſo. My Steward?
Stew. Heere my Lord.
Tim. So fitly? Goe, bid all my Friends againe,
Lucius, *Lucullus*, add *Semprovius*: All,
Ile once more feaſt the Raſcals.
Stew. O my Lord, you onely ſpeake from your diſtracted ſoule; there's not ſo much left to furniſh out a moderate Table.

Timon.

Tim. Be it not in thy care :
Goe I charge thee, invite them all, let in the tide
Of Knaves once more: my Cooke and Ile provide. *Exeun.*

Enter three Senators at one doore, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.

1 *Sen.* My Lord, you have my voyce, too't,
The faults Bloudy;
Tis neceſſary he ſhould dye:
Nothing imboldens ſinne ſo much, as Mercy.
2 Moſt true; the Law ſhall bruiſe em.
Alci. Honor, health, and compaſſion to the Senate,
1 Now Captaine.
Alci. I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;
For pitty is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants uſe it cruelly.
It pleaſes time and Fortune to lye heavy
Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath ſtept into the Law: which is paſt depth
To thoſe that (without heed) doe plundge intoo't.
He is a Man (ſetting his Fate aſide) of comely Vertues,
Nor did he ſoyle the fact with Cowardice.
(And honour in him, which buyes out his fault)
But with a Noble Fury, and faire ſpirit,
Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppoſe his Foe;
And with ſuch ſober and unnoted paſſion
He did behoove his anger ere twas ſpent,
As if he had but prov'd an Argument.
1 *Sen.* You undergoe too ſtrict a Paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed looke faire:
Your words have tooke ſuch paines, as they labour
To bring Man-ſlaughter into forme, and ſet Quarrelling
Vpon the head of Valour; which indeed
Is Valour miſ-begot, and came into the world,
When Sects, and Factions were newly borne.
Hes truly Valiant, that can wiſely ſuffer
The worſt that man can breath,
And make his wrongs, his Out-ſides,
To weare them like his Rayment, careleſſely,
And ne're preferre his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evills, and inforce us kill,
What Folly tis, to hazard life for ill.
Alci. My Lord.
1 *Sen.* You cannot make groſſe ſinnes looke cleare,
To revenge is no Valour, but to beare.
Alci. My Lords, then under favour, pardon me.
If I ſpeake like a Captaine.
Why doe fond men expoſe themſelves to Battell,
And not endure all threats? Sleepe upon't,
And let the Foes quietly cut their throats
Without repugnancy? if there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
That ſtay at home, if Bearing carry it:
And the Aſſe, more Captaine then the Lyon? the fellow
Loaden with Irons, wiſer then the Iudge?
If Wiſedome be in ſuffering. Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pittifully good,
Who cannot condemne raſhneſſe in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is ſinnes extreameſt Guſt,
But in defence, by Mercy, tis moſt juſt.
To be in Anger, is impiety:
But who is Man, that is not Angry.
Weigh but the Crime with this.
2 *Sen.* You breath in vaine.
Alci. In vaine?
His ſervice done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,
Were a ſufficient briber for his life.
1 What's that?
Alci. Why I ſay my Lords ha's done faire ſervice,
And ſlaine in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he beare himſelfe
In the laſt Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?
2 He has made too much plenty with em
Hes a ſworne Riotor, he has a ſinne
That often drownes him, and takes his valour priſoner.
If there were no Fots, that were enough
To overcome him. In that Beaſtly fury,
He has bin knowne to commit outrages,
And cherriſh Factions: Tis inferr'd to us,
His dayes are foule, and his drinke drangerous.
1 He dyes.
Alci. Hard fate: he might have dyed in warre.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arme might purchaſe his owne time,
And be in debt to none: yet more to move you.
Take my deſerts to his, and joyne em both.
And for I know, your reverend Ages love Security,
Ile pawne my Victories, all my honours to you,
Vpon his good returnes.
If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
Why let the Waare receive't in valiant gore,
For Law is ſtrict, and Warre is nothing more.
1 We are for Law, he dyes, urge it no more
On height of our diſpleaſure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his owne blood, that ſpilles another,
Alci. Muſt it be ſo? It muſt not bee:
My Lords, I doe beſeech you know me.
2 How?
Alci. Call me to your remembrences.
3 What.
Alci. I cannot thinke but your Age has forgot me,
It could not elſe be, I ſhould prove ſo bace,
To ſue and be deny'de ſuch common Grace.
My wounds ake at you.
1 Doe you dare our anger?
Tis few words, but ſpacious in effect.
We baniſh thee for ever.
Alci. Baniſh me?
Baniſh your dotage, baniſh uſury,
That makes the Senate ugly.
1 If after two dayes ſhine, Athens containe thee,
Attend our waightier Iudgement,
And not to ſwell our Spirit.
He ſhall be executed preſently. *Exeunt.*
Alci. Now the gods keepe you old enough,
That you may live
Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.
I'm worſe then mad: I have kept backe their Foes
While they have told their Money, and let out
Their Coyne upon large intereſt. I my ſelfe,
Rich onely in large hurts. All thoſe, for this?
Is this the Balſome, that the uſuring Senat
Powres into Captaines wounds? ha Baniſhment.
It comes not ill: I hate not to be baniſht,
It is a cauſe worthy my Spleene and Fury,
That I may ſtrike at Athens. Ile cheere up
My diſcontented Troopes, and lay for hearts:
Tis honour with moſt Lands to be at ods,
Souldiers ſhould brooke as little wrongs as gods. *Exit.*

Enter divers Friends at ſeverall doores.

1 The good time of day to you, ſir.

2 I alſo wiſh it to you: I thinke this honourable Lord did but try us this other day.

1 Vpon that were my thoughts tyring when we encountred. I hope it is not ſo low with him as he made it ſeeme in the triall of his ſeverall Friends.

2 It ſhould not be, by the perſwaſion of his new Feaſting.

1 I ſhould thinke ſo: He hath ſent me an earneſt inviting, which many my neere occaſions did urge me to put off: but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I muſt needs appeare.

2 In like manner was I in debt to my importunat buſineſſe, but he would not heare my excuſe. I am ſorry, when he ſent to borrow of mee, that my Proviſion was out.

1 I am ſicke of that griefe too, as I underſtand how all things goe.

2 Every man heares ſo: what would he have borrowwed of you?

1 A thouſand Peeces.

2 A thouſand Peeces?

1 What of you?

2 He ſent to me ſir——Heere he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendands.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how fare you?

1 Ever at the beſt, hearing well of your Lordſhip.

2 The Swallow followes not Summer more willing, then we your Lordſhip.

Tim, Nor more willingly leaves Winter, ſuch Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long ſtay: Feaſt your eares with the Muſicke a while: if they will fare ſo harſhly o'th Trumpets ſound: we ſhall too't preſently.

1 I hope it remains not unkindly with your Lordſhip, that I return'd you an empty Meſſenger.

Tim. O ſir, let it not trouble you.

2 My Noble Lord.

Tim. Ah my good friend, what cheere?

The Banket brought in.

2 My moſt honorable Lord, I am e'ne ſicke of ſhame, that when your Lordſhip the other day ſent to me, I was ſo unfortunate a Begger.

Tim. Thinke not on't, ſir.

2 If you had ſent but two houres before.

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come bring in all together.

2 All cover'd Diſhes.

1 Royall Cheare, I warrant you.

3 Doubt not that, if money and the ſeaſon can yeild it

1 How doe you? Whats the newes?

3 *Alcibiades* is baniſh'd: here you of it.

Both. *Alcibiades* baniſh'd?

3 Tis ſo, be ſure of it.

1 How? How?

2 I pray you upon what?

Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?

3 Ile tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feaſt toward

2 This is the old man ſtill.

3 Wilt hold? Wilt hold?

2 It does, but time will, and ſo.

3 I doe conceive.

Tim. Each man to his ſtoole, with that ſpurre as hee would to the lip of his miſtris: your dyet ſhal be in al places alike. Make not a City Feaſt of it, to let the meat coole, ere we can agree upon the firſt place. Sir, ſir. The gods require our Thankes.

You great Benefactors, ſprinkle our Society with Thankefulneſſe. For your owne guifts, make your ſelves prais'd: But reſerve ſtill to give, leaſt your Deities be deſpiſed. Lend to each man enough, that one neede not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forſake the gods. Make the Meate be beloved, more then the Man that gives it. Let no Aſſembly of Twenty, be without a ſcore of Villaines. If there ſit twelve Women at the Table, let a dozen of them be as they are. The reſt of your Fees, O gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common legge of People, what is amiſſe in them, you Gods, make ſuteable for deſtruction. For theſe my preſent Friends, as they are to me nothing, ſo in nothing bleſſe them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Vncover Dogges, and lap.

Some ſpeake. What doe's his Lordſhip meane?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better Feaſt never behold
You knot of Mouth-friends: Smoke, and luke warme water
Is your perfection. This is *Timons* laſt,
Who ſtucke and ſpangled you with flatteries,
Waſhes it off, and ſprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long
Moſt ſmiling, ſmooth, deteſted Paraſites,
Curteous deſtroyers, affable Wolves, meeke Beares:
You fooles of fortune, Trencher-friends, Time flyes,
Cap and knee Slaves, vapours, and Minute Iackes
Of Man and Beaſt, the infinite Malady
Cruſt you quite o're, What do'ſt thou goe?
Soft, take thy Phyſicke firſt; thou too, and thou;
Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.
What? All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feaſt,
Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Gueſt.
Burne houſe, ſinke Athens, henceforth hated be
Of *Timon*, Man, and all humanity. *Exit.*

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1 How now, my Lords?

2 Know you the quality of Lord *Timons* fury?

3 Puſh, did you ſee my Cap?

4 I have loſt my Gowne.

1 Hes but a mad Lord, and nought but humors ſwaies him. He gave me a Iewell th'other day, and now he has beate it out of my hat. Did you ſee my Iewell?

2 Did you ſee my Cap.

3 Heere tis.

4 Heere lyes my Gowne.

1 Lets make no ſtay.

2 Lord *Timons* mad.

3 I fee'lt upon my bones.

4 One day he giues us Diamonds, next day ſtones.

Exeunt the Senators,

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me looke backe upon thee. O thou Wall
That girdles in thoſe Wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens. Mutrons, turne incontinent,
Obedience fayle in Children: Slaves and Fooles

Plucke the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And miniſter in their ſteeds, to generall Filthes.
Convert oth'inſtant greene Virginity,
Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold faſt
Rather then render backe; out with your Knives,
And cut your Truſters throates. Bound Servants, ſteale,
Large-handed Robbers your grave Maſters are,
And pill by Law. Maide to thy Maſters bed,
Thy Miſtris is o'th Brothell. Sonne of ſixteene,
Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
With it, beate out his Braines. Piety, and feare,
Religion to the gods, Peace, Iuſtice, Truth,
Domeſticke awe, Night-reſt, and Neighbour-hood,
Inſtruction, Manners, Myſteries, and Trades,
Degrees, Obſervances, Cuſtomes, and Lawes,
Decline to your confounding contraries.
And yet Confuſion live: Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious Feavors, heape
On Athens ripe for ſtroke. Thou cold Sciatica,
Cripple our Senators, that their limbes may halt
As lamely as their Manners. Luſt and liberty
Creepe in the Mindes and Marrowes of our youth,
That gainſt the ſtreame of Vertue they may ſtrive,
And drowne themſelves in Riot. Itches, Blaines,
Sowe all th'Athenian boſomes, and their crop
Be generall Leproſie: Breath, infect breath,
That their Society (as their Friendſhip) may
Be meerely poyſon. Nothing Ile beare from thee
But nakedneſſe, thou deteſtable Towne.
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:
Timon will to the Woods, where he ſhall find
Th'unkindeſt Beaſt, more kinder then Mankind.
The gods confound (heare me you good gods all)
Th'Athenians both within and out that Wall:
And graunt as *Timon* growes, his hate may grow
To the whole race of Mankind, high and low.
Amen. *Exit.*

Enter Steward with two or three Servants.

1 Heare you Maſter Steward, where's our Maſter?
Are we undone, caſt off, nothing remaining?
Stew. Alacke my fellowes, what ſhould I ſay to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poore as you.
1 Such a houſe broke?
So Noble a Maſter falne, all gone, and not
One Friend to take his Fortune by the arme,
And goe along with him.
2 As we doe turne our backes
From our Companion, throwne into his grave,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Slinke all away leave their falſe vowes with him
Like empty purſes pickt. and his poore ſelfe
A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,
With his diſeaſe, of all ſhunn'd poverty,
Walkes likes contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.
Enter other Servants.
Stew. All broken Implements of a ruin'd houſe.
3 Yet doe our hearts weare *Timons* Livery,
That ſee I by our Faces: we are Fellowes ſtill,
Serving alike in ſorrow: Leak'd is our Barke,
And we poore Mates, ſtand on the dying Decke,
Hearing the Surges threat: we muſt all part
Into this Sea of Ayre.
Stew. Good fellowes all,
The lateſt of my wealth Ile ſhare amongſt you.
Where ever we ſhall meete, for *Timons* ſake,
Let's yet be Fellowes. Lets ſhake our heads, and ſay
As twere a Knell unto our Maſters Fortunes,
We have ſeene better dayes. Let each take ſome:
Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more,
Thus part we rich in ſorrow, parting poore.
Embrace and part ſeverall wayes.
Oh the fierce wretchedneſſe that glory brings us!
Who would not wiſh to be from wealth exempt,
Since Riches point to Miſery and Contempt?
Who would be ſo mock'd with glory, or to live
But in a Dreame of Friendſhip,
To have his pompe, and all what ſtate compounds,
But onely painted like his varniſht Friends:
Poore honeſt Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart,
Vndone by goodneſſe: Strange unuſuall blood,
When mans worſt ſinne is, he do's too much Good.
Who then dares to be halfe ſo kind agen?
For Bounty that makes gods, doe ſtill marre Men,
My deereſt Lord, bleſt to be moſt accurſt,
Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
Are made thy chiefe Afflictions. Alas (kind Lord)
Hes flung in Rage from this ingratefull Seate
Of monſtrous Friends:
Nor his he with him to ſupply his life,
Or that which can command it:
Ile follow and enquire him out.
Ile ever ſerve his minde, with my beſt will,
Whilſt I have gold, Ile be his Steward ſtill. *Exit.*

Enter Timon in the Woods.

Tim. O bleſſed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity: below thy Siſters Orbe
Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe,
Whoſe procreation, reſidence, and birth,
Scarſe is dividant; touch them with ſeverall fortunes,
The greater ſcornes the leſſer. Not Nature
(To whom all ſores lay ſiege) can beare great Fortune
But by contempt of Nature.
Raiſe me this Begger, and deny't that Lord,
The Senators ſhall beare contempt Hereditary,
The Begger Natiue honor.
It is the Paſtor Lords, the Brothers ſides,
The want that makes him leane: who dares? who dares
In purity of Manhood ſtand upright
And ſay, this mans a flatterer. If one be,
So are they all: for every grize of fortune
Is ſmooth'd by that below. The Learned pate
Duckes to the Golden foole. Alls obliquy:
Theres nothing levell in our curſed Natures
But direct villainy. Therefore be abhorr'd,
All Feaſts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
His ſemblable, yea himſelfe *Timon* diſdaines,
Deſtruction phang mankind, Earth yeeld me Rootes,
Who ſeekes for better of thee, ſawce his pallate
With thy moſt operant Poyſon. What is heere?
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
No gods, I am no idle Votariſt,
Roots you cleere Heavens. Thus much of this will make
Blacke, white; fowle, faire; wrong, right;
Baſe, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valliant.
Ha you gods! why this? what this you gods? why this
Will lugge your Prieſts and Servants from your ſides:
Plucke ſtout mens pillowes from below the heads.

This yellow Slave,
Will knit and breake Religions, bleſſe th'accurſt,
Make the hoare Leproſie ador'd, place Theeves.
And give them Title, knee, and approbation
With Senators on the Bench? This is it
That makes the wappen'd Widdow wed againe;
Shee, whom the Spittle-houſe, and vlcerous ſores,
Would caſt the gorge at. This Embalmes and Spices
To'th'Aprill day againe. Come damn'd Earth,
Thou common whore of Mankind, that puttes oddes
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee.
Doe thy right Nature. *March afarre off.*
Ha? A Drumme? Th'art quicke,
But yet Ile bury tee: Thou't goe (ſtrong Theefe)
When Gowty keepers of thee cannot ſtand:
Nay ſtay thou out for earneſt.

Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Fiſt in warlike manner and Phrynia, and Timandra.

Alci. What art thou there? ſpeake.
Tim. A beaſt as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy heart
For ſhewing me againe the eyes of man,
Alci. What is thy name? Is man ſo hatefull to thee,
That art thy ſelfe a Man?
Tim. I am *Miſan thropos*, and hate Mankind.
For thy part, I doe wiſh thou wert a dogge,
That I might love thee ſomething,
Alci. I know thee well:
But in thy Fortunes am unlearn'd, and ſtrange.
Tim. I know thee to, and more then that I know thee
I not deſire to know, Follow thy Drumme,
With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannons, civill Lawes are cruell,
Then what ſhould warre be? This fell whore of thine,
Hath in her more deſtruction then thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin looke.
Phrin. Thy lips rot off.
Tim. I will not kiſſe thee, then the rot returnes
To thine owne lippes againe.
Alci. How came the Noble *Timon* to this change?
Tim. As the Moone doe's, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not like the Moone,
There were no Sunnes to borrow of.
Alci. Noble *Timon*, what friendſhip may I doe thee?
Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion.
Alci. What is it *Timon*?
Tim. Promiſe me Friendſhip, but performe none. If thou wilt not promiſe, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou do'ſt performe, confound thee, for thou art a man.
Alci. I have heard in ſome ſort of thy Miſeries.
Tim. Thou ſawſt them when I had proſperity.
Alci. I ſee them now, then was a bleſſed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.
Timan. Is this th'Athenian Minion, whom the world,
Voyc'd ſo regardfully?
Tim. Art thou *Timandra*? *Taman.* Yes.
Tim. Be a whore ſtill, they love thee not that uſe thee, give them diſeaſes, leaving with thee their Luſt. Make uſe of thy ſalt houres, ſeaſon the ſlaves for Tubbes and Bathes, bring downe Roſe-checkt youth to the Fubfaſt, and the Diet.
Timan. Hang thee Monſter,
Alci. Pardon him ſweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and loſt in his Calamites.
I have but little Gold of late, brave *Timon*,
The want whereof, doth dayly make revolt
In my penurious Band. I have heard and greev'd
How curſed Athens, mindleſſe of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour ſtates
But for thy Sword and Fortune trod upon them.
Tim. I prethee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone.
Alci. I am thy Friend, and pitty thee deere *Timon*.
Tim. How doeſt thou pitty him whom thou doſt trouble,
I had rather be alone.
Alci. Why fare thee well:
Heere is ſome gold for thee.
Tim. Keepe it, I cannot eat it.
Alci. When I have laid proud Athens on a heape.
Tim. Warr'ſt thou, gainſt Athens.
Alci. I *Timon*, and have cauſe.
Tim. The gods confound them all in thy Conqueſt,
And thee after, when thou haſt Conquer'd.
Alc. Why me, *Timon*?
Tim, That by killing of Villaines
Thou was't borne to conquer my Country.
Put up thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, goe on;
Be as a Plannetary plague, whom Iove
Will ore ſome high-Vic'd City, hang his poyſon
In the ſicke ayre: let not thy ſword skip one.
Pitty not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Vſurer. Strike me the counterfet Matron,
It is her habite onely, that is honeſt,
Her ſelfes a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheeke
Make ſoft thy trenchant Sword: for thoſe Milke pappes
That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,
Are not within the Leafe of pitty writ,
But ſet them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe
Whoſe dimpled ſmiles from Fooles exhauſt their mercy;
Thinke it a Baſtard, whom the Oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat ſhall cut,
And mince it ſans remorſe. Sweare againſt Objects,
Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,
Whoſe proofe, nor yels of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes
Nor ſight of Prieſts in holy Veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. Theres Gold to pay thy Souldiers.
Make large confuſion: and thy fury ſpent,
Counfounded be thy ſelfe. Speake not, be gone.
Alci. Haſt thou gold yet, Ile take the gold thou giveſt me, not all thy Counſell.
Tim. Doſt thou or doſt thou not, Heavens curſe upon thee.
Both. Give us ſome Gold good *Timon*, haſt thou more?
Tim. Enough to make a Whore forſweare her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold up you Sluts
Your Aprons mountant; you are not Othable,
Although I know you'll ſweare, terribly ſweare
Into ſtrong ſhudders, and to heavenly Agues
Th'immortall gods that heare you. Spare your Oathes:
Ile truſt to your Conditions, be whores ſtill.
And he whoſe pious breath ſeekes to convert you,
Be ſtrong in Whore, allure him, burne him up,
Let your cloſe fire predominate his ſmoke,
And be no turne-coats: yet may your paines ſix mouths
Be quite contrary. And Thatch
Your poore thin Roofes with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter:
Weare them, betray with them; Whore ſtill,
Paint till a horſe may myre upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles.
Both. Well, more Gold, what then?

Be eeve't that wee'l do any thing for Gold.
Tim. Conſumptions ſowe
In hollow bones of man, ſtrike their ſharpe ſhinnes,
And marre mens ſpurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,
That he may never more falſe Title pleade,
Nor ſound his Quillets ſhrilly; Hoare the Flamen,
That ſcold'ſt againſt the quality of fleſh,
And not beleeves himſelfe. Downe with the Noſe,
Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foreſee (bald
Smels from the generall weale. Make curld'pate Ruffians
And let the unſcarr'd Braggarts of the Warre
Deriue ſome paine from you. Plagve all,
That your Activity may defeate and quell
The ſourſe of all Erection. There's more Gold.
Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
And ditches grave you all.
Both. More counſell with more Money, bounteous *Timon.*
Tim. More whore, more Miſcheefe firſt, I have given you earneſt.
Alc. Strike up the Drum towardes Athens, farewell *Timon*: if I thrive well, Ile uiſit thee againe.
Tim. If I hope well, Ile never ſee thee more,
Alc. I never did the harme.
Tim. Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me.
Alc. Call'ſt thou that harme?
Tius. Men dayly finde it. Get thee away,
And take thy Beagles with thee.
Alc. We but offend him, ſtrike. *Exeunt.*
Tim. That Nature being ſicke of mans unkindneſſe
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whoſe wombe vnmeaſureable, and infinite breſt
Teemes and feeds all: whoſe ſelfeſame Mettle
Whereof thy proud Child (arrogant man) is puft,
Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,
The gilded Newt, and eyeleſſe venom'd Worme,
With all th'abhorred Births below Criſpe Heaven,
Whereon *Hyperions* quickning fire doth ſhine:
Yeeld him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
From foorth thy plentious boſome, one poore roote:
Enſeare thy Fertile and Conceptions wombe,
Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.
Goe great with Tygers: Dragons, Wolues, and Beares,
Teeme with new Monſters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the Marbled Manſion all above
Never preſented. O, a Root, deare thankes:
Dry up thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,
Whereof ingratefull man with Licouriſh draughts
And Morſels Vnctious, greaſes his pure minde,
That from it all Conſideration ſlippes——

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague.
Ape. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou doſt affect my Manners, and doſt uſe them.
Tim. 'Tis then, becauſe thou doſt not keepe a dogge
Whom I would imitate, Conſumption catch thee.
Ape. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poore unmanly Melancholy ſprung
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slave like Habit, and theſe lookes of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine, lye ſoft,
Hugge their diſeaſed Perfumes, and have forgot
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not theſe Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatterer now, and ſeeke to thrive
By that which ha's undone thee; hindge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obſerve
Blow of thy Cap: praiſe his moſt vicious ſtraine,
And call it exellent: thou waſt told thus:
Thou gav'ſt thine eares (like Tapſters, that bid welcome)
To Knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis moſt iuſt
That thou turne Raſcall, had'ſt thou wealth againe,
Raſcalls ſhould have't, Do not aſſume my likeneſſe,
Tiu, Where I like thee, I'de throw away my ſelfe.
Ape. Thou haſt caſt away thy ſelfe, being like thy ſelfe
A Madman ſo long, now a Foole: what think'ſt
That the bleake ayre, thy boyſterous Chamberlaine
Will put thy ſhirt on warme? Will theſe moyſt Trees,
That have out-liv'd the Eagle, page thy heeles
And skip when thou point'ſt out? Will the cold brooke
Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning taſte
To cure thy o're-nights ſurfet? Call the Creatures,
Whoſe naked Natures live in all the ſpight
Of wrekefull Heaven, whoſe bare unhouſed Trunkes,
To the conflicting Elements expos'd
Anſwer meere Nature: bid them flatter thee.
O thou ſhalt finde.
Tim. A Foole of thee: depart.
Ape. I love the better now, then ere I did.
Tim. I hate thee worſe.
Ape. Why?
Tim. Thou flatter'ſt miſery.
Ape. I flatter not, but ſay thou art a Caytiffe.
Tim. Why do'ſt thou ſeeke me out?
Ape. To vex thee.
Tim. Alwaies a Villaines Office, or a Fooles.
Doſt pleaſe thy ſelfe in't?
Ape. I.
Tim. What, a Knave too?
Ape. If thou did'ſt put this ſowre cold habit on
To caſtigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Doſt it enforcedly: Thou'dſt Countier be againe
Wert thou not Beggar: willing miſery
Out-lives: in certaine pompe, is crown'd before:
The one is filling ſtil, never compleat:
The other, at high wiſh: beſt ſtate Contentleſſe,
Hath a diſtracted and moſt wretched being,
Worſe then the worſt, Content.
Thou ſhould'ſt deſire to dye, being miſerable.
Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miſerable.
Thou art a Slave, whom Fortunes tender arme
With favour never claſpt: but bred a Dogge.
Had'ſt thou like us from our firſt ſwath proceeded,
The ſweet degrees that this breefe world affords,
To ſuch as may the paſſive drugges of it
Freely command'ſt: thou would'ſt have plung'd thy ſelfe
In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth
In different beds of Luſt, and never learn'd
The Icie precepts of reſpect, but followed
Tye ſugred game before thee. But my ſelfe,
Who had the world as my Confectionary,
The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
At duty more then I could frame employments:
That numberleſſe upon the ſtucke, as leaves
Do on the Oake, have with one Winters bruſh
Fell from their boughes, and left me open bare,
For every ſtorme that blowes. I to beare this,
That never knew but better, isſume burthen:
Thy Nature, did commence in ſufferance, Time
Hath made the hard in't. Why ſhould'ſt thou hate Men?
They never flatter'd thee. What haſt thou given?

If thou wilt curſe: thy Father (that poore ragge)
Muſt be thy ſubiect; who in ſpight put ſtuffe
To ſome ſhee-Begger, and compounded thee
Poore Rogue hereditary. Hence be gone,
If thou hadſt not beene borne the worſt of men,
Thou hadſt bene a Knave and Flatterer.

Ape. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. I, that I am not thee.

Ape. I, that I was no Prodigall.

Tim. I, that I am one now.
Were all the wealth I have ſhut up in thee,
I'ld give the leave to hange it. Get the gone:
That the whole life of Athens were in this,
Thus would I eate it.

Ape. Heere, I will mend thy feaſt.

Tim. Firſt mend thy company, take away thy ſelfe.

Ape. So I ſhall mend mine owne, by th'lacke of thine

Tim. 'Tis not well mended ſo, it is but botcht;
If not, I would it were.

Ape. What would'ſt thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlewind: if thou wilt,
Tell them there I have Gold, looke, ſo I have.

Ape. Heere is no uſe for Gold.

Tim. The beſt, and trueſt:
For here it ſleepes, and do's no hyred harme.

Ape. Where lyeſt a nights *Timon*?

Tim. Vnder that's above me.
Where feed'ſt thou a dayes *Apemantus*?

Ape. Where my ſtomacke findes meate, or rather where I eate it.

Tim. Would poyſon were obedient, and knew my mind

Ape. Where would'ſt thou ſend it?

Tim. To ſawce thy diſhes.

Ape. The middle of Humanity thou never kneweſt, but the extremity of both ends. When thou waſt in thy Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much Curioſity: in thy Ragges thou knoweſt none, but art deſpis'd for the contrary. Ther's a medler for thee, eate it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Ape. Do'ſt hate a Medler?

Tim. I, though it looke like thee.

Ape. And th'hadſt hated Medlers ſooner, thou ſhould'ſt have loved thy ſelfe better now. What man didd'ſt thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his meanes?

Tim. Who without thoſe meanes thou talk'ſt of, didſt thou ever know belov'd?

Ape. My ſelfe.

Tim. I underſtand thee: thou had'ſt ſome meanes to keepe a Dogge.

Apem. What things in the world canſt thou neereſt compare to thy Flatterers?

Tim. Women neereſt, but men: men are the things themſelves. What would'ſt thou do with the world *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

Ape. Give it the Beaſts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'ſt thou have thy ſelfe fall in the confuſion of men, and remaine a Beaſt with the Beaſts.

Ape. I *Timon*.

Tim. A beaſtly Ambition, which the Goddes grant thee t'attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would eate thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would ſuſpect thee, when peradventure thou wert accus'd by the Aſſe: If thou wert the Aſſe, thy dulneſſe would torment thee: and ſtill thou liu'dſt but as a Breakefaſt to the Wolfe. If thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedineſſe would afflict thee, and oft thou ſhold'ſt hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the Vnicorne, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine owne ſelfe the conqueſt of thy fury. Wert thou a Beare, thou would'ſt be kill'd by the Horſe: wert thou a Horſe, thou would'ſt be ſeaz'd by the Leopard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the Lion, and the ſpottes of thy Kindred, were Iurors on thy life. All thy ſafety were remotion, and thy defence abſence. What Beaſt could'ſt thou bee, that were not ſubject to a Beaſt: and what a Beaſt art thou already, that ſeeſt not thy loſſe in transformation.

Ape. If thou could'ſt pleaſe me
With ſpeaking to me thou might'ſt
Have hit upon it heere.
The Common wealth of Athens, is become
A Forreſt of Beaſts.

Tim. How ha's the Aſſe broke the wall, that thou art out of the City.

Ape. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter:
The plague of Company light upon thee:
I will feare to catch it, and give way.
When I know not what elſe to do,
Ile ſee thee againe.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee,
Thou ſhalt be welcome.
I had rather be a Beggers Dogge,
Then *Apemantus*.

Ape. Thou art the Cap
Of all the Fooles alive.

Tim. Would thou wert cleane enough
To ſpit upon.

Ape. A plague on thee,
Thou art too bad to curſe.

Tim. All Villaines
That do ſtand by thee, are pure.

Ape. There is no Leproſie,
But what thou ſpeak'ſt.

Tim. If I name thee, Ile beate thee;
But I ſhould infect my hands.

Ape. I would my tongue
Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou iſſue of a mangy dogge.
Coller does kill me,
That thou art alive, I ſwoond to ſee thee.

Ape. Would thou would'ſt burſt.

Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am ſorry I ſhall loſe a ſtone by thee.

Ape. Beaſt.

Tim. Slave.

Ape. Toad.

Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.
I am ſicke of this falſe world, and will love nought
But even the meere neceſſities upon't:
Then *Timon* preſently prepare thy grave:
Lye where the light Fome of the Sea may beate
Thy grave-ſtone dayly, make thine Epitaph,
That death in me, at others lives may laugh.
O thou ſweete King-killer, and deare divorce
Twixt naturall Sunne and fire: thou bright defiler
of *Himens* pureſt bed, thou valiant Mars,
Thou ever, young, freſh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whoſe bluſh doth thawe the conſecrated Snow
That lies on Dians lap.
Thou viſible God,
That ſouldreſt cloſe Impoſſibilities,
And mak'ſt them kiſſe; that ſpeak'ſt with every Tongue

To every purpoſe; O thou touch of hearts,
Thinke thy ſlave-man rebels, and by thy vertue
Set them into confounding oddes, that Beaſts
May have the world in Empire.
Ape. Would'twere ſo,
But not till I am dead. Ile ſay th'haſt Gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd too ſhortly.
Tim. Throng'd too?
Ape. I.
Tim. Thy backe I prythee,
Ape. Live, and love thy miſery,
Tim. Long live ſo, and ſo dye. I am quit.
Ape. Mo things like men;
Eate *Timon*, and abhorre then. *Exit Apemian*

Enter the Bandetti.

1 Where ſhould he have this Gold? It is ſome poore Fragment, ſome ſlender Ort of his remainder: the meere want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friendes, drove him into this Melancholly.
2 It is nois'd
He hoth a maſſe of Treaſure,
3 Let us make the aſſay upon him, if he care not for't, he will ſupply us eaſily: if he covetouſly reſerue it, how ſhall's get it?
2 True: for he beares it not about him:
Tis hid.
1 Is not this hee?
All, Where?
2 'Tis his deſcription.
3 He? I know him.
All. Save thee *Timon*.
Tim. Now Theeves.
All, Soldiers, not Theeves.
Tim. Both too, and womens Sons.
All. We are not Theeves, but men
That much do want.
Tim. Your greateſt want is, you wont much of meat:
Why ſhould you want? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes:
Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs:
The Oakes beare Maſt, the Briers Scarlet Hips,
The bounteous Huſwife Nature, on each buſh,
Layes her full Meſſe before you. Want? why Want?
1 We cannot live on Graſſe, on Berries, Water,
As Beaſts, and Birds, and Fiſhes.
Ti. Nor on the Beaſts themſelves, the Birds and Fiſhes,
You muſt eate men. Yet thankes I muſt you con,
That you are Theeves profeſt: that you worke not
In holier ſhapes: For there is boundleſſe Theft
In limited Profeſſions. Raſcall Theeves
Heere's Gold. Go, ſucke the ſubtle blood o'th Grape,
Till the high Feavour ſeeth your blood to froth,
And ſo ſcape hanging. Truſt not the Phyſitian,
His Antidotes are poyſon, and he ſlayes
Moe then you Rob: Take wealth, and live together,
Do Villaine do, ſince you proteſt to doo't.
Like Workemen, Ile example your with Theevery:
The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction
Robbes the vaſte Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe,
And her pale fire, ſhe ſnatches from the Sunne.
The Seas a Theefe, whoſe liquid Surge, reſolues
The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theefe,
That feeds and breeds by a compoſture ſtolne
From gen'rall excrement: each think's a Theefe.
The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power
Ha's uncheck'd Theft. Love not your ſelves away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,
All that you meete are Theeves: to Athens go,
Breake open ſhoppes, nothing can you ſteale
But Theeves do looſe it: ſteale leſſe, for this I give you
And Gold confound you howſoere: Amen.
3 Has almoſt charm'd me from my Profeſſion, by perſwading me to it.
1 'Tis in the malice of mankinde, that he thus adviſes vs not to have vs thrive in our myſtery.
2 Ile beleeve him as an Enemy,
And give over my Trade.
1 Let vs firſt ſee peace in Athens, there is no time ſo miſerable but a man may be true. *Exeunt Theeves.*

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods!
Is yon'd diſpis'd and ruinous man my Lord?
Full of decay and fayling? Oh Monument
And wonder of good deeds, evilly beſtow'd!
What an alteration of Honor has deſp'rate want made?
What vilder thing upon the earth, then Friends,
Who can bring Nobleſt mindes, to baſeſt ends,
How rarely does it meete with this times guiſe,
When man was wiſht to love his Enemies:
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Thoſe that would miſcreeſe me, then thoſe that doo.
Has caught me in his eye, I will preſent my honeſt grieſe unto him; and as my Lord, ſtill ſerve him with my life.
My deereſt Maſter.
Tim. Away: what art thou?
Stew. Have you forgot me. Sir?
Tim. Why doſt aske that? I haue forgot all men.
Then if thou grunt'ſt th'art a man,
I have forgot thee,
Stew. An honeſt poore ſeruant of yours.
Tim. Then I know thee not:
I never had honeſt man about me, I all,
I kept were Knaves, to ſerve in meate to Villaines.
Stew. The Gods are witneſſe,
Nev'r did poore Steward weare a truer greefe
For his undone Lord, then mine eyes for you.
Tim. What doſt thou weepe?
Come neerer. then I love thee
Becauſe thou art a woman, and diſclaim'ſt
Flinty mankinde: whoſe eyes do never give,
But thorow Luſt and Laughter: pittie's ſleeping:
Strange times that weepe with laughing, not with weeping.
Stew. I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,
T'accept my greefe, and whil'ſt this poore wealth laſts,
To entertaine me as your Steward ſtill.
Tim. Had I a Steward
So true, ſo iuſt, and now ſo comfortable?
It almoſt turnes my daungerous Nature wild.
Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man
Was borne of woman.
Forgive my generall, and exceptleſſe raſhneſſe
You perpetuall ſober Gods. I do proclaime
One honeſt man: Miſtake me not, but one:
No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.
How faine would I have hated all mankinde,
And thou redeem'ſt thy ſelfe. But all ſave thee,
I fell with Curſes,
Me thinkes thou art more honeſt now then wiſe:
For, by oppreſſing and betraying mee,

Thou might'ſt have ſooner got another Service:
For many, ſo arrive at ſecond Maſters,
Vpon their firſt Lords necke. But tell me true,
(For I muſt ever doubt, though ne're ſo ſure)
Is not thy kindneſſe ſubtle, couetous,
If not a Vſuring kindneſſe, and as rich men deale Guifts,
Expecting in returne twenty for one?
Stew No my moſt worthy Maſter, in whoſe breſt
Doubt, and ſuſpect (alas) are plac'd to late:
You ſhould have fear'd falſe times, when you did Feaſt.
Suſpect ſtill comes where an eſtate is leaſt,
That which I ſhew, Heaven knowes, is meerely Love,
Duty, and Zeale, to your unmatched minde;
Care of your Food and Living, and beleeve it,
My moſt honovr'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to mee,
Either In hope, or preſent, I'de exchange
For this one wiſh, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich your ſelfe.
Tim. Looke the 'tis ſo: thou ſingly honeſt man,
Heere take: the Gods out of my miſery
Ha's ſent the Treaſure. Go, live rich and happy.
But thus condition'd: Thou ſhalt build from men:
Hate all, curſe all, ſhew Charity to none,
But let the famiſht fleſh ſlide from the bone,
Ere thou releeve the Begger. Give to dogges
What thou denyeſt to men. Let Priſons ſwallow'em,
Debts wither'em to nothing, be men like blaſted woods
And may Diſeaſes licke vp their falſe bloods,
And ſo farewell, and thrive.
Stew. O let me ſtay and comfort you my Maſter.
Tim. If thou hat'ſt Curſes
Stay not: flye, whil'ſt thou art bleſt and free:
Ne're ſee thou man, aud let me ne're ſee thee. *Exit.*

Enter Poet, and Painter.

Pain. As I tooke note of the place, it cannot be farre
Where he abides,
Poet. What's to be thought of him?
Does the Rumor hold for true,
That hee's ſo full of Gold?
Painter. Certaine.
Alcibiades reports it: *Phrinia* and *Timandra*
Had Gold of him, he likewiſe enrich'd
Poore ſtragling Soldiers, with great quantity.
'Tis ſaide, he gave unto his Steward
A mighty ſumme.
Poet. Then this breaking of his,
Ha's beene but a try for his Friends?
Painter. Nothing elſe:
You ſhall ſee him a Palme in Athens againe,
And flovriſh with the higheſt:
Therefore, 'tis not amiſſe, we tender our loves
To him, in this ſuppos'd diſtreſſe of his:
It will ſhew honeſtly in us,
And is very likely, to loade our purpoſes
With what they travaile for,
If it be a iuſt and true report, that goes
Of his having.
Poet What have you now
To preſent unto him?
Painter. Nothing at this time
But my Viſitation: onely I will promiſe him
An excellent Peece.
Poet. I muſt ſerue him ſo too;
Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him.
Painter. Good as the beſt
Promiſing, is the very Ayre o'th' Time;
It opens the eyes of Expectation.
Performance, is ever the duller for his acte,
And but in the plainer and ſimpler kind of people,
The deede of Saying is quiet out of uſe.
To promiſe, is moſt Gourtly and faſhionable;
Performance, is a kind of Will or Teſtament
Which argues a great ſickeneſſe in his iudgement
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Cave.

Timon. Excellent Workeman,
Thou canſt not paint a man ſo badde
As is thy ſelfe.
Poet. I am thinking
What I ſhall ſay I have provided for him:
It muſt be a perſonating of himſelfe:
A Satyre againſt the ſoftneſſe of Proſperity,
With a Diſcovery of the infinite Flatteries
That follow youth and opulency.
Timon. Muſt thou needes
Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke?
Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men?
Do ſo, I have Gold for thee.
Poet. Nay let's ſeeke him.
Then do we ſinne againſt our owne eſtate,
When we may profit meete, and come too late.
Painter. True:
When the day ſerues before blacke-corner'd night;
Finde what thou want'ſt, by free and offer'd light.
Come.
Tim. Ile meete you at the turne:
What a Gods Gold, that he is worſhipt
In a baſer Temple, then where Swine feede?
'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the Barke, and plow'ſt the Fome,
Setleſt admired reverence in a Slave,
To thee be worſhipt, and thy Saints for aye:
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obay.
Fit I meete them.
Poet. Haile worthy *Timon.*
Pain. Our late Noble Maſter.
Timon. Have I once liv'd
To ſee two honeſt men?
Poet. Sir:
Having often of your open Bounty teſted,
Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends falne off,
Whoſe thankeleſſe Natures (O abhorred Spirits)
Not all the Whippes of Heaven, are large enough,
What, to you,
Whoſe Starre-like Nobleneſſe gave life and influence
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monſtrus bulke of this Ingratitude
With any ſize of words.
Timon. Let it go,
Naked men may ſee't the better:
You that are honeſt, by being what yov are,
Make them beſt ſeene, and knowne.
Pain. He, and my ſelfe
Have travail'd in the great ſhowre of your guifts,
And ſweetly felt it.
Timon. I, you are honeſt men.
Painet. We are hither come
To offer you our ſevice.
Timon. Moſt honeſt men:

Why how ſhall I requite you?
Can you eate Roots, and drinke cold water, no?
Both. What we can do,
Wee'l do to do you ſeruice.
Tim. Y'are honeſt men,
Y'have heard that I have Gold,
I am ſure you have, ſpeake truth, y'are honeſt men,
Pain. So it is ſaid my Noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my Friend, nor I.
Timon. Good honeſt man: Thou draw'ſt a counterfet
Beſt in all Athens, th'art indeed the beſt,
Thou counterfet'ſt moſt lively.
Pain, So, ſo, my Lord,
Tim. E'ne ſo ſir as I ſay. And for thy fiction,
Why thy Verſe ſwels with ſtuffe ſo fine and ſmooth,
That thou art even Naturall in thine Art.
But for all this (my honeſt Natur'd friends)
I muſt needs ſay you have a little fault,
Marry 'tis not monſtrous in you, neither wiſh I
You take much paines to mend.
Both, Beſeech your Honour
To make it knowne to us.
Tim. You'l take it ill.
Both. Moſt thankefully, my Lord.
Timon. Will you indeed?
Both. Doubt it not worthy Lord.
Tim. There's never a one of you but truſts a Knave,
That mightily deceives you.
Both, Do we, my Lord?
Tim. I, and you heare him cogge,
See him diſſemble,
Know his groſſe patchery, love him, feede him,
Keepe in your boſome, yet remaine aſſur'd
That he's a made-up-Villaine.
Pain. I know none ſuch, my Lord.
Poet. Nor I.
Tim. Looke you,
I love you well, Ile give you Gold
Rid me theſe Villaines from your companies;
Hang them, or ſtab them, drowne them in draught,
Confound them by ſome courſe, and come to me,
Ile give you Gold enough.
Both. Name them my Lord, let's know them.
Tim. You that way, and you this:
But two in company:
Each man a part, all ſingle, and alone,
Yet an arch Villaine keepes him company:
If where thou art, two Villaines ſhall not be,
Come not neere him. If thou would'ſt not recide
But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.
Hence, packe, there's Gold, ye came for Gold ye ſlaves:
You have worke for me, there's payment, thence,
You are an Alcumiſt, make Gold of that:
Out Raſcall dogges. *Exeunt.*

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

Stew. It is vaine that you would ſpeake with *Timon:*
For he is ſet ſo onely to himſelfe,
That nothing but himſelfe, which lookes like man,
Is friendly with him.
1. Sen. Bring us to his Cave.
It is our part and promiſe to th'Athenians
To ſpeake with *Timon.*
2. Sen. At all times alike
Men are not ſtill the ſame: 'twas Time and Greefes
That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,
The former man may make him: bring us to him
And chanc'e it as it may,
Stew. Heere is his Cave:
Peace and content be heere. *Timon, Timon,*
Looke out, and ſpeake to Friends: Th'Athenians
By two of their moſt reverend Senate greet thee:
Speake to them Noble *Timon.*

Enter Timon out of his Cave.

Tim. Thou Sunne that comfort burne,
Speake and be hang'd:
For each true word, a bliſter, and each falſe
Be as a Catherizing to the root o'th'Tougue,
Conſuming it with ſpeaking.
1 Worthy *Timon.*
Tim. Of none but ſuch as you,
And you of *Timon.*
1 The Senators of Athens, greet thee *Timon.*
Tim. I thanke them,
And would ſend them backe the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.
1 O forget
What we are ſorry for our ſelves in thee:
The Senators, with one conſent of love,
Intreate thee backe to Athens, who have thought
On ſpeciall Dignities, which vacant lye
For thy beſt uſe and wearing.
2 They confeſſe
Toward thee, forgetfulneſſe too generall groſſe;
Which now the publike Body, which doth ſildome
Play the re-canter, feeling in it ſelfe
A lacke of *Timons* ayde, hath ſince withall
Of it owne fall, reſtraining ayde to *Timon,*
And ſend forth us, to make their ſorrowed render,
Together, with a recompence more fruitfull
Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,
I even ſuch heapes and ſummes of Love and Wealth,
As ſhall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.
Tim, You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brinke of teares;
Lend me a Fooles heart, and a womans eyes,
And Ile beweepe theſe comforts, worthy Senators.
1 Therefore ſo pleaſe thee to returne with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours to take
The Captaineſhip, thou ſhalt be met with thankes,
Allowed with abſolute power and thy good name
Live with Authority: ſo ſoone we ſhall drive backe
Of *Alcibiades* h'approaches wilde
Who like a Boare too ſavage, doth root up
His Countries peace.
2 And ſhakes his threatning Sword
Againſt the walls of *Athens.*
1 Therefore *Timon.*
Tim. Well ſir, I will: therefore I will ſir thus:
If *Alcibiades* kill my Countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon,*
That *Timon* cares not, But if he ſacke faire Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by'th'Beards,
Giving our holy Virgins to the ſtaine
Of contumelious, beaſtly, mad-brain'd warre:
Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* ſpeakes it.

In pitty of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot chooſe but tell him that I care not,
And let him tak't at worſt: For their Knives care not,
While you have throats to anſwer. For my ſelfe,
There's not a whittle, in th'unruly Campe,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverendſt Throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the proſperous Gods,
As Theeves to Keepers.

Stew. Stay not, all's in vaine.

Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
It will be ſeene to morrow, My long ſickneſſe
Of Health, and Living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live ſtill,
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his,
And laſt ſo long enough.

1 We ſpeake in vaine,

Tim. But yet I love my Country, and am not
One that reioyces in the common wracke,
As common bruite doth put it.

1 That's well ſpoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving Countreymen.

1 Theſe words become your lippes as they paſſe thorow them.

2 And enter in our eares, like great Triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to eaſe them of their greefes,
Their feares of Hoſtile ſtrokes, their Aches loſſes,
Their pangs of Loue, with other incident throwes
That Natures fragile Veſſell doth ſuſtaine
In lifes uncertaine voyage, I will ſome kindnes do them,
Ile teach them to prevent wilde *Alcibiades* wrath.

1 I like this well, he will returne againe.

Tim. I have a Tree which growes heere in my Cloſe,
That mine owne uſe inuites me to cut downe,
And ſhortly muſt I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the frequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who ſo pleaſe
To ſtop Affliction, let him take his haſte;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himſelfe. I pray you do my greeting.

Stew. Trouble him no further, thus you ſtill ſhall
Finde him.

Tim. Come not to me againe, but ſay to Athens,
Timon hath made his euerlaſting Manſion
Vpon the Beached Verge of the ſalt Flood,
Which once a day with his emboſſed Froth
The turbulent Surge ſhall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-ſtone be your Oracle:
Lippes, let foure words go by, and Language end:
What is amiſſe, Plague and Infection mend.
Graves onely be mens workes, and Death their gaine;
Sunne, hide thy Beames, *Timon* hath done his Raigne,
Exit Timon.

1 His diſcontents are unremoveably coupled to Nature.

2 Our hope in him is dead: let us returne,
And ſtraine what other meanes is left unto us
In our deere perill.

1 It requires ſwift foot. *Exeunt.*

Enter two other Senators, with a Meſſenger.

1 Thou haſt painfully diſcover'd: are his Files
As full as they report?

Meſ. I have ſpoke the leaſt.
Beſides his expedition promiſes preſent approach.

2 We ſtand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon.*

Meſ. I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,
Whom though in generall part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us ſpeake like Friends. This man was riding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timons* Cave,
With Letters of intreaty, which imported
His Fellowſhip i'th'cauſe againſt your City,
In part for his ſake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Heere come our Brothers.

3 No talke of *Timon*, nothing of him expect,
The Enemies Drumme is heard and fearefull ſcouring
Doth choake the ayre with duſt: In, and prepare,
Ours is the fall I feare, our Foes the Snare. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Souldier in the Woods ſeeking Timon.

Sol. By all deſeription this ſhould be the place.
Whos heere? Speake hoa. No anſwer? What is this?
Tymon is dead, who hath out-ſtretcht his ſpan,
Some Beaſt reade this; There do's no live a Man.
Dead ſure, and this his Grave, what's on this Tomb,
I cannot read: the Charracter Ile take with wax,
Our Captaine hath in every Figure skill,
An ag'd Interpreter, though yong in dayes:
Before proud Athens hee's ſet downe by this,
Whoſe fall the marke of his ambition is. *Exit*

Trumpets ſound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers before Athens.

Alc. Sound to this Coward and laſcivious Towne,
Our terrible approach.

Sounds a Parly,

The Senators appeare upon the wals.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all Licentious meaſure, making your willes
The ſcope of Iuſtice. Till now my ſelfe and ſuch
As ſlept within the ſhadow of your power
Have wander'd with our traverſt Armes, and breath'd
Our ſufferance vainly. Now the time is fluſh,
When crouching Marrow in the bearer ſtrong
Cries (of it ſelfe) no more: Now breathleſſe wrong,
Shall ſit and pant in your great Chaires of eaſe,
And purſie Inſolence ſhall breake his winde
With feare and horrid flight.

1. *Sen.* Noble and young;
When thy firſt greefes were but a meere conceit,
Ere thou had'ſt power, or we had cauſe to feare,
We ſent to thee, to give thy rages Balme,
To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loves
Above their quantity.

2 So did we wooe
Transformed *Timon* to our Citties love
By humble Meſſage, and by promiſt meanes:
We were not all unkinde, nor all deſerve
The common ſtroke of warre.

1 Theſe walles of ours,
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your greefe: Nor are they ſuch,
That theſe great Towres, Trophees, & Schools ſhould fall
For private faults in them.

2 Nor are they living

Who were the motives that you firſt went out,
Shame (that they wanted cunning in exceſſe)
Hath broke their hearts, Martch, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners ſpred,
By decimation and a tythed death;
If thy Revenges hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathes, take thou the deſtin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the ſpotted dye,
Let dye the ſpotted.
1 All have not offended:
For thoſe that were, it is not ſquare to take,
On thoſe that are, Revenge: Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,
Bring in thy rankes, but leave without thy rage,
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and thoſe Kin
Which in the bluſter of thy wrath muſt fall
With thoſe that have offended, like a Shepheard,
Approch the Fold, and cull th'infected forth,
But kill not al together.
2 What thou wilt,
Thou rather ſhalt inforce it with thy ſmile,
Then hew too't, with thy Sword.
1 Set but thy foot
Againſt our rampyr'd gates, and they ſhall ope:
So thou wilt ſend thy gentle heart before,
To ſay thou't enter Friendly.
2 Throw thy Glove,
Or any Token of thine Honour elſe,
That thou wilt uſe the warres as thy redreſſe,
And not as our Confuſion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Towne till wee
Have ſeal'd thy full deſire.
Alc. Then there's my Glove,
Deſcend and open your uncharged Ports,
Thoſe Enemies of *Timons*, and mine owne
Whom you your ſelves ſhall ſet out for reproofe,
Fall and no more; and to attone your feares
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall paſſe his quarter, or offend the ſtreame
Of Regular Iuſtice in your Citties bounds,
But ſhall be remedied by your publique Lawes
At heavieſt anſwer.
Both. 'Tis moſt Nobly ſpoken.
Alc. Deſcend, and keepe your words.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Noble Generall, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hemme o'th'Sea,
And on his Graveſtone, this Inſculpture which
With wax I brought away: whoſe ſoft Impreſſion
Interprets for my poore ignorance.

Alcibiades reades the Epitaph.

Heere lies a wretched Coarſe, of wretched Soule bereft,
Seek not my name: A Plague conſume you, Caitifs left:
Heere lye I Timon, *who all living men did hate,*
Paſſe by, and curſe thy fill, but ſtay not here thy gate.
Theſe well expreſſe in thee thy latter ſpirits:
Though thou abhorrd'ſt in vs our humane greifes,
Scornd'ſt our Braines flow, and thoſe our droplets, which
From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vaſt Neptune weepe for aye
On thy low Grave: on faults forgiven. Dead
Is Noble *Timon*, of whoſe Memory
Heereafter more. Bring me into your Citty,
And I will uſe the Olive with my Sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace ſtint war, make each
Preſcribe to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drummes ſtrike. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE ACTORS NAMES.

TYMON of Athens.
Lucius, And
Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.
Appemantus, a Churliſh Philoſopher.
Sempronius another flattering Lord.
Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.
Poet.
Painter.
Ieweller.
Merchant.
Certaine Senatours.
Certaine Maskers.
Certaine Theeves.

Flaminius, one of Tymons Servants.
Servilius, another.
Caphis.
Varro.
Philo.
Titus.
Lucius.
Hortenſius.
Severall Servants to Vſurers.
Ventidius, one of Tymons falſe Friends.
Cupid.
Sempronius.
With divers other Servants,
And Attendants.

THE TRAGEDIE OF IVLIVS CÆSAR.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners ouer the Stage.

Flauius.

HEnce: home you idle Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke
Vpon a labouring day, without the ſigne
Of your Profeſſion? Speake, what Trade art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What doſt thou with thy beſt Apparrell on?
You ſir what Trade are you?

Cobl. Truely Sir, in reſpect of a fine Workeman, I am but as you would ſay, a Cobler.

Mur, But what Trade art thou? Anſwer me directly.

Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may uſe with, a ſafe Conſcience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad ſoules.

Fla. What Trade thou knave? Thou naughty knave, what Trade?

Cobl. Nay I beſeech you Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out Sir I can mend you.

Mur. What mean'ſt thou by that? Mend mee, thou ſawcy Fellow?

Cob. Why ſir Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Cobler art thou?

Cob, Truely ſir, all that I live by, is with the Aule: I meddle with no Tradeſmans matters, nor womans matters; but withall I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old ſhooes: when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon Neates Leather, have gone upon my handy worke.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?
Why do'ſt thou leade theſe men about the ſtreets?

Cob. Truly ſir, to weare out their ſhooes, to get my ſelfe into more worke. But indeede ſir we make Holyday to ſee *Cæſar*, and to reioyce in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore reioyce?
What Conqueſt brings he home?
What Tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in Captive bonds his Chariot Wheeles?
You Blockes, you ſtones, you worſe then ſenſleſſe things:
O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,
Knew you not *Pompey* many a time and oft?
Have you climb'd up to Walles and Battlements,
To Towres and Windowes? Yea, to Chimney tops,
Your Infants in your Armes, and there have ſate
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To ſee great *Pompey* paſſe the ſtreets of Rome:
And when you ſaw his Chariot but appeare,
Have you not made an Vniverſall ſhout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her bankes
To heare the replication of your ſounds,
Made in her Concave Shores?
And do you now put on your beſt attyre?
And do you now cull out a Holyday?
And do you now ſtrew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph over *Pompey's* blood?
Be gone,
Runne to your houſes, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
That needs muſt light on this Ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault
Aſſemble all the poore men of your ſort;
Draw them to Tyber bankes, and weepe your teares
Into the Channell, till the loweſt ſtreame
Do kiſſe the moſt exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commoners.

See where their baſeſt mettle be not mou'd,
They vaniſh tongue-tyed in their guiltineſſe:
Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll,
This way will I: Diſrobe the Images,
If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies.

Mur. May we do ſo?
You know it is the Feaſt of Lupercall.

Fla. It is no matter, let on Images
Be hung with the *Cæſars* Trophees: Ile about,
And drive away the Vulgar from the ſtreets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thicke.
Theſe growing Feathers, pluckt from *Cæſars* wing,
Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,
Who elſe would ſoare above the view of men,
And keepe us all in ſervile fearefulneſſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar, Antony for the Courſe, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Caſſius, Caska, a Soothſayer: after them Murellus and Flavius.

Caſ. Calphurnia.

Cask. Peace ho, *Cæſar* ſpeakes.

Caſ, Calphurnia.

Calp. Heere my Lord.

Caſ. Stand you directly in *Antonio's* way,
When he doth run his courſe. *Antonio.*

Ant. Cæſar, my Lord.

Caſ. Forget not in your ſpeed *Antonio,*
To touch *Calphurnia*: for our Elders ſay,

The Barren touched in this holy chace,
Shake off their ſterrile curſe.
Ant. I ſhall remember,
When *Cæſar* ſayes Do this; it is perform'd.
Cæſ. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.
Sooth. *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. Ha? Who calles?
Cask. Bid every noyſe be ſtill: peace yet againe.
Cæſ. Who is it in the preſſe, that calles on me?
I heare a Tongue ſhriller then all the Muſicke
Cry, *Cæſar*: Speake, *Cæſar* is turn'd to heare.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March,
Cæſ. What man is that?
Br. A Sooth-ſayer bids you beware the Ides of March
Cæſ. Set him before me, let me ſee his face.
Caſſi. Fellow, come from the throng, looke opon *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. What ſayſt thou to me now? Speake once againe.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.
Cæſ. He is a Dreamer let us leave him: Paſſe.
Sennet. Exeunt. Manent Brut. & Caſſ.
Caſſi. Will you goe ſee the order of the courſe?
Brut. Not I.
Caſſi. I pray you doe.
Brut. I am not Gameſom: I do lacke ſome part
Of that quicke Spirit that is in *Antony*:
Let me not hinder *Caſſius* your deſires;
Ile leave you.
Caſſi. *Brutus*, I doe obſerue you now of late:
I have not from your eyes, that gentleneſſe
And ſhew of Love, as I was wont to have:
You beare too ſtubborne, and too ſtrange a hand
Over your Friends, that Loves you.
Bru. *Caſſius.*
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veyl'd my looke,
I turne the trouble of my Countenance
Meerely upon my ſelfe. Vexed I am
Of late, with paſſions of ſome difference,
Conceptions onely proper to my ſelfe,
Which give ſome ſoyle (perhaps) to my Behaviours:
But let not therefore my good Friends be greev'd
(Among which number *Caſſius* be you one)
Nor conſtrue any further my neglect,
Then, that poore *Brutus* with himſelfe at warre,
Forgets the ſhewes of Love to other men.
Caſſi. Then *Brutus*, I have much miſtooke your paſſion,
By meanes whereof, this Breſt of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.
Tell me good *Brutus*, Can you ſee your face?
Brutus. No *Caſſius*:
For the eye ſees not himſelfe but by reflection,
By ſome other things.
Caſſius. 'Tis iuſt,
And it is very much lamented *Brutus*,
That you have no ſuch Mirrors, as will turne
Your hidden worthineſſe into your eye,
That you might ſee your ſhadow:
I have heard,
Where many of the beſt reſpect in Rome,
(Except immortall *Cæſar*) ſpeaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning vnderneath this Ages yoake,
Have wiſh'd, that Noble *Brutus* had his eyes.
Bru. Into what daungers would you
Leade me *Caſſius*?
That you would have me ſeeke into my ſelfe,
For that which is not in me?
Caſ. Therefore good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to heare:
And ſince you know you cannot ſee your ſelfe
So well as by Reflection; I your Glaſſe,
Will modeſtly diſcouer to your ſelfe
That of your ſelfe, which you yet know not of.
And be not iealous on me, gentle *Brutus*:
Where I a common Laughter, or did uſe
To ſtale with ordinary Oathes my love
To every new Proteſter: if you know,
That I do fawne on men, and hugge them hard,
And after ſcandall them: or if you know,
That I profeſſe in Banquetting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flouriſh, and Shout.

Bru. What meanes this Showting?
I do feare, the People choole *Cæſar*
For their King.
Caſſi. I do you feare it?
Then muſt I thinke you would not have it ſo.
Bru. I would not *Caſſius*, yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here ſo long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the generall good,
Set Honour in one eye, and Death i'th other,
And I will looke on both indifferently:
For let the Gods ſo ſpeed mee, as I love
The name of Honour, more then I feare death.
Caſſi. I know that vertue to be in you *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward favour,
Well, Honor is the ſubiect of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Thinke of this life: But my ſingle ſelfe,
I had as liefe not be, as live to be
In awe of ſuch a Thing, as I my ſelfe.
I was borne free as *Cæſar*, ſo were you,
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.
For once. upon a Rawe and Guſty day,
The troubled Tyber, chaſing with her Shores,
Cæſar ſaies to me, Dar'ſt thou *Caſſius* now
Leape in with me into this angry Flood,
And ſwim to yonder Point? Vpon the word,
Accounted as I was, I plunged in,
And bad him follow: ſo indeed he did.
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With luſty Sinewes, throwing it aſide,
And ſtemming it with hearts of Controverſie.
But ere we could arrive the Point propos'd,
Cæſar cride. Helpe me *Caſſius*, or I ſinke.
I (as *Æneas*, our great anceſtor,
Did from the Flames of Troy, upon his ſhoulder
The old *Anchiſes* beare) ſo, from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tyred *Cæſar*: And this Man,
Is now become a God, and *Caſſius* is
A wretched Creature, and muſt bend his body,
If *Cæſar* careleſly but nod on him.
He had a Feaher when he was in Spaine,
And when the Fit was on him, I did marke
How he did ſhake: Tis true, this God did ſhake,
His Coward lipes did from their colour flye,
And that ſame eye, whoſe bend doth awe the World,
Did looſe his Luſtre: I did heare him grone:
I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans
Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,
Alas, it cried, Give me ſome drinke *Titinius*,

As a ſicke Girle: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So get the ſtart of the Maieſticke world,
And beare the Palme alone.
Shout. *Flouriſh.*
Bru. Another generall ſhout?
I doe beleeve, that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new Honors, that are heap'd on *Cæſar*.
Caſſi. Why man, he doth beſtride the narrow world
Like a Coloſſus, and we petty men
Walke under his huge legges, and peepe about
To finde our ſelves diſhonourable Graves.
Men at ſometime, are Maſters of their Fates.
The fault (deere *Brutus*) is not in our Starres,
But in our Selves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and *Cæſar*: What ſhould be in that *Cæſar*?
Why ſhould that name be ſounded more then yours
Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth aſwell.
Weigh them, it is as heavy: Coniure with'em,
Brutus will ſtart a Spirit as ſoone as *Cæſar*.
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Vpon what meate doth this our *Cæſar* feede,
That he is growne ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd.
Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of Noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, ſince the great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more then with one man?
When could they ſay (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide Walkes in compaſt but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and Roome enough
When there is in it but one onely man.
O! you and I, have heard our Fathers ſay,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th'eternall Divell to keepe his State in Rome,
As eaſily as a King.
Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing iealous:
What you would worke me to, I have ſome ayme:
How I have though of this, and of theſe times
I ſhall recount heereafter. For this preſent.
I would not ſo (with love I might intreat you)
Be any further moov'd: What you have ſaid,
I will conſider: what you have to ſay
I will with patience heare and finde a time
Both meet to heare, and anſwer ſuch high thinges.
Till then my Noble Friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Then to repute himſelfe a Sonne of Rome
Vnder theſe hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.
Caſſi. I am glad that my weake words
Have ſtrucke but thus much ſhew of fire from *Brutus*.

Enter Cæſar and his Traine.

Bru. The Games are done,
And *Cæſar* is returning.
Caſſi. As they paſſe by,
Plucke *Caska* by the Sleeve,
And he will (after his ſowre faſhion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.
Bru. I will do ſo: but looke you *Caſſius*,
The angry ſpot doth blow on *Cæſars* brow,
And all the reſt looke like a chidden Traine;
Calphurnia's Cheeke is pale, and *Cicero*
Lookes with ſuch Ferret, and ſuch fiery eyes
As we have ſeene him in the Capitoll
Being croſt in Conference, by ſome Senators,
Caſſi. *Caska* will tell us what the matter is.
Cæſ. *Antonio.*
Ant. *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleeke-headed men, and ſuch as ſleepe a-nights:
Yond *Caſſius* has a leane and hungry looke,
He thinkes too much: ſuch men are daungerous.
Ant. Feare him not *Cæſar*, he's not daungerous,
He is a Noble Roman, and well given.
Cæſ. Would he were fatter; But I feare him not:
Yet if my name were lyable to feare,
I do not know the man I ſhould avoyd
So ſoone as that ſpare *Caſſius*. He reades much,
He is a great obſerver, and he lookes
Quite through the Deedes of men. He loves no Playes,
As thou doſt *Antony*: he heares no Muſicke:
Seldome he ſmiles, and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort
As if he mock'd himſelfe, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit
That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.
Such men as he, be never at hearts eaſe,
Whiles they behold a greater then themſelves,
And therefore are they very daungerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Then what I feare: for alwayes I am *Cæſar*
Come on my right hand, for this eare is deafe,
And tell me truely, what thou think'ſt of him.
Sennit.

Exeunt Cæſar and his Traine.

Cask. You pul'd me by the cloake, would you ſpeake with me?

Bru. I *Caska*, tell us what hath chanc'd to day
That *Cæſar* lookes ſo ſad.
Cask. Why you were with him, were you not?
Bru. I ſhould not then aske *Caska* what had chanc'd.

Cask. Why there was a Crowne offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus, and then the people fell a ſhouting.

Bru. What was the ſecond noyſe for?
Cask. Why for that too.
Caſi. They ſhouted thrice: what was the laſt cry for?
Cask. Why for that too.
Bru. Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?

Cask. I marry was't, and hee put it by thrice, every time gentler then other; and at every putting by, mine honeſt Neighbors ſhowted.

Caſ. Who offer'd him the Crowne?
Cask. Why *Antony*.
Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Caska*.

Caska. I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of it: It were meere Foolery, I did not marke it. I ſawe *Mark Antony* offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a Crowne neyther, 'twas one of theſe Coronets: and as I told you, hee put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would faine have had it. Then he offered it to him againe: then hee put it by againe: but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time: he put it the third time by, and ſtill as he refus'd it, the rabblement howted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw uppe ther ſweaty Night-cappes, and uttered ſuch a deale of ſtinking breath, becauſe *Cæſar* refus'd the Crowne, that it had (almoſt) choaked *Cæſar*: for hee ſwoonded, and fell downe at it: And for mine owne part, I durſt not laugh, for feare of opening my Lippes, and receiving the bad Ayre.

Caſſi. But ſoft I pray you: what, did *Cæſar* ſwound?

Cask. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was ſpeechleſſe.

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling ſickeneſſe.

Caſſi. No, *Cæſar* hath it not: but you, and I,
And honeſt *Caska*, we have the falling ſickeneſſe.

Cask. I know not what you meane by that, but I am ſure *Cæſar* fell downe. If the tag-ragge people did not clap him, and hiſſe him, according as he pleas'd, and diſpleas'd them, as they uſe to doe the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Brut. What ſaid he, when he came unto himſelfe?

Cask. Mary, before he fell downe, when he perceiv'd the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he pluckt me ope his Dovblet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and I had beene a man of any Occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might goe to Hell among the Rogues, and ſo hee fell. When he came to himſelfe againe, he ſaid, If hee had done, or ſaid any thing amiſſe, he deſir'd their worſhips to thinke it was his infirmity. Three or foure Wenches where I ſtood, cryed, Alaſſe good Soule, and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's heed to be taken of them; if *Cæſar* had ſtabl'd their Mothers, they would have done no leſſe.

Brut. And after that, he came thus ſad away.

Cask. I.

Caſſi. Did *Cicero* ſay any thing?

Cask. I, he ſpoke Greeke.

Caſſi. To what effect?

Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're looke you i'th'face againe. But thoſe that underſtood him, ſmil'd at one another, and ſhooke their heads: but for mine owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more newes too: *Murellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarffes off *Cæſars* Imags, are put to ſilence. Fare you well. There was more Foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Caſſi. Will you ſuppe with me to night, *Caska*?

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.

Caſſi. Will you Dine with me to morrow?

Cask. I, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.

Caſſi. Good, I will expect you.

Cask. Doe ſo: farewell both.

Exit.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this growne to be?
He was quicke Mettle, when he went to Schoole.

Caſſi. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or Noble Enteprize,
How-ever he puts on this tardy forme:
This Rudeneſſe is a Sawce to his good Wit,
Which gives men ſtomacke to diſgeſt his words
With better Appetites

Brut. And ſo it is:
For this time I will leave you:
To morrow if yon pleaſe to ſpeake with with me,
I will come home to you: or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Caſſi. I will doe ſo: till then, thinke of the world.

Exit Brutus.

Well *Brutus*, thon art: Noble yet I ſee,
Thy houourable Mettall may be wrought
From that it is diſpos'd, therefore tis meet,
That Noble mindes keepe ever with their likes:
For who ſo firme, that cannot be ſeduc'd?
Cæſar doth beare me hard, bnt he loves *Brutus*.
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Caſſius*,
He ſhould not humor me. I will this Night,
In ſeverall hands, in at his Windowes throw,
As if they came from ſeverall Citizens,
Writtings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obſcurely
Cæſars Ambition ſhall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Cæſar* ſeat him ſure,
For wee will ſhake him, or worſe dayes endure.

Exit.

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Caska,
and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, *Caska*: brought you *Cæſar* home?
Why are you breathleſſe, and why ſtare you ſo?

Cask. Are not you mov'd, when all the ſway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirme? O *Cicero*,
I have ſeene Tempeſts, when the ſcolding Winds
Have riu'd the knotty Oakes, and I have ſeene
Th'ambitious Ocean ſwell, and rage, and foame,
To be exalted with the threatning Clouds:
But never till to Night, never till now,
Did I goe through a Tempeſt-dropping-fire.
Eyther there is a Civill ſtrife in Heaven,
Or elſe the World, too ſawcy with the Gods,
Incenſes them to ſend deſtruction.

Cic. Why, ſaw you any thing more wonderfull?

Cask. A common ſlave, you know him well by ſight,
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burne
Like twenty Torches ioyn'd; and yet his hand,
Not ſenſible of fire, remain'd unſcorch'd.
Beſides, I ha'not ſince put up my Sword,
Againſt the Capitoll I met a Lyon,
Who glaz'd upon me, and went ſurely by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawne
Vpon a heape, a hundred gaſtly Women,
Transformed with their feare, who ſwore, they ſaw
Men, all in fire, walke up and downe the ſtreetes.
And yeſterday, the Bird of Night did ſit,
Even at Noone day, upon the Market place,
Howting, and ſhreeking. When theſe Prodigies
Doe ſo conioyntly meet, let not men ſay,
Theſe are their Reaſons they are Naturall:
For I beleeve, they are portentous things
Vnto the Clymate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a ſtrange diſpoſed time:
But men may conſtrue things after their faſhion,
Cleane from the purpoſe of the things themſelves.
Comes *Cæſar* to the Capitoll to morrow?

Cask. He doth: for he did bid *Antonio*
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, *Caska*:
This diſturbed Skie is not to walke in.

Cask. Farewell *Cicero*.

Exit Cicero.

Enter Caſſius.

Caſſi. Who's there?

Cask. A Romane.

Caſſi. *Caska*, by your Voyce.

Cask. Your Eare is good.
Caſſius, what Night is this?

Caſſi. A very pleaſing Night to honeſt men.

Cask. Who ever knew the Heavens menace ſo?

Caſſi. Thoſe that have knowne the Earth ſo full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the ſtreets,
Submitting me unto the perillous Night;
And thus unbraced, *Caſka*, as you ſee,
Have bar'd my Boſome to the Thunder-ſtone:
And when the croſſe blew Lightning ſeem'd to open
The Breſt of Heaven, I did preſent my ſelfe
Even in the ayme, and very flaſh of it.
Cask. But wherefore did you ſo much tempt the Heauens?
It is the part of men, to feare and tremble,
When the moſt mighty Gods, by tokens ſend
Such dreadfull Heraulds, to aſtoniſh us.
Caſſi. You are dull, *Caſka:*
And thoſe ſparkes of Life that ſhould be in a Roman,
You doe want or elſe you uſe not.
You looke pale, and gaze and put on feare,
And caſt your ſelfe in wonder,
To ſee the ſtrange impatience of the Heavens:
But if you would conſider the true cauſe,
Why all theſe Fires, why all theſe gliding Ghoſts,
Why Birds and Beaſts, from quality and kinde,
Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate,
Why all theſe things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monſtrous quality; why you ſhall finde,
That Heaven hath infus'd them with theſe Spirits,
To make them Inſtrments of feare, and warning,
Vnto ſome monſtrous State.
Now could I (*Caska*) name to thee a man,
Moſt like this dreadfull Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and teares,
As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll:
A man no mightier then thy ſelfe, or me,
In perſonall action; yet prodigious growne,
And fearefull, as theſe ſtrange eruptions are.
Cask. Tis *Cæſar* that you meane:
Is it not, *Caſſius?*
Caſ. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Anceſtors;
But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead,
And we are govern'd with our Mothers ſpirits,
Our yoake, and ſufferance, ſhew us Womaniſh.
Cask. Indeed, they ſay, the Senators to morrow
Meane to eſtabliſh *Cæſar* as a King:
And he ſhall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,
In every place, ſave here in Italy.
Caſ. I know where I will weare this Dagger then;
Caſſius from Bondage will deliver *Caſſius:*
Therein, yee Gods, you make the weake moſt ſtrong;
Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat.
Nor Stony Tower, nor Walls of beaten Braſſe,
Nor ayre-leſſe Dungeon, nor ſtrong Linkes of Iron,
Can be retentive to the ſtrength of ſpirit:
But Life being weary of theſe worldly Barres,
Never lacks power to diſmiſſe it ſelfe.
If I know this, know all the World beſides,
That part of Tyranny that I doe beare,
I can ſhake off at pleaſure. *Thunder ſtill.*
Cask. So can I:
So every Bond-man in his owne hand beares
The power to cancell his Captivity.
Caſ. And why ſhould *Cæſar* be a Tyrant then?
Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,
But that he ſees the Romans are but Sheepe;
He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes.
Thoſe that with haſte will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weake Strawes. What traſh is Rome?
What Rubbiſh, and what Offall? when it ſerves
For the baſe matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæſar*. But oh Griefe,
Where haſt thou led me? I (perhaps) ſpeake this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My anſwere muſt be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.
Cask. You ſpeake to *Caska*, and to ſuch a man,
That is no flearing Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:
Be factious for reddreſſe of all theſe Griefes,
And I will ſet this foot of mine as farre,
As who goes fartheſt,
Caſ. There's a Bargaine made.
Now know you, *Caska*, I have mov'd already
Some certaine of the Nobleſt minded Romans
To under-goe, with me, an Enterprize,
Of Honourable dangerous conſequence;
And I doe know by this, they ſtay for me
In *Pompeyes* Porch: for now this fearefull Night,
There is no ſtirre, or walking in the ſtreetes;
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Favors, like the Worke we have in hand,
Moſt bloody, fiery, and moſt terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Caska. Stand cloſe a while, for heere comes one in haſte.
Caſ. Tis *Cinna*, I doe know him by his Gate,
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haſte you ſo?
Cinna. To finde out you: Who's that, *Metellus Cymber?*
Caſ. No, it is *Caska*, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not ſtay'd for, *Cinna?*
Cin. I am glad on't.
What a fearefull Night?
There's two or three of us have ſeene ſtrange ſights.
Caſ. Am I not ſtay'd for? tell me.
Cin. Yes, you are, O *Caſsius*,
If you could but winne the Noble *Brutus*
To our party——
Caſ. Be you content. Good *Cinna* take this Paper,
And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre,
Where *Brutus* may but finde it: and throw this
In at his Window; ſet this up with Waxe
Vpon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,
Repaire to *Pompeyes* Porch, where you ſhall finde us.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?
Cin. All, but *Metellus Cymber*, and hee's gone
To ſeeke you at your houſe. Well, I will hie,
And ſo beſtow theſe Papers as you bad me.
Caſ. That done, repayre to *Pompeyes* Theater.
Exit Cinna.
Come *Caska*, you and I will yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his houſe: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Vpon the next encounter, yeelds him ours.
Cask. O, he ſits high in all the Peoples hearts:
And that which would appeare Offence in vs,
His Countenance, like richeſt Alchymie,
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthineſſe.
Caſ. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited: let us goe,
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,
We will awake him, and be ſure of him.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Bru. What *Lucius*, hoe?
I cannot, by the progreſſe of the Starres,
Give gueſſe how neere to day—*Lucius*, I ſay?
I would it were my fault to ſleepe ſo ſoundly.
When *Lucius*, when? awake, I ſay: what *Lucius*?
Enter Lucius.
Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?
Bru. Get me a Taper in my Study, *Lucius*:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my Lord. *Exit.*
Bru. It muſt be by his death: and for my part,
I know no perſonall cauſe, to ſpurne at him,
But for the generall. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the queſtion?
It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,
And that craves wary walking: Crowne him that,
And then I graunt we put a Sting in him,
That at his will he may doe danger with.
Th'abuſe of Greatneſſe, is, when it dis-joynes
Remorſe from Power: And to ſpeake truth of *Cæſar*,
I have not knowne, when his Affections ſway'd
More then his Reaſon. But tis a common proofe,
That Lowlyneſſe is young Ambitions Ladder,
Whereto the Climber upward turnes his Face:
But when he once attaines the upmoſt Round,
He then unto the Ladder turnes his Backe,
Lookes in the Clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend: ſo *Cæſar* may;
Then leſt he may, prevent. And ſince the Quarrell
Will beare no colour, for the thing he is,
Faſhion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would runne to theſe, and theſe extremities:
And therfore thinke him as a Serpents egge,
Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow miſchievous;
And kill him in the ſhell.
Enter Lucius.
Luc. The Taper burneth in your Cloſet, Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper, thus ſeal'd up, and I am ſure
It did not lye there when I went to Bed.
Gives him the Letter.
Bru. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day:
Is not to morrow (Boy) the firſt of March?
Luc. I know not, Sir.
Bru. Looke in the Calender, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, Sir. *Exit.*
Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre,
Give ſo much light, that I may reade by them.
Opens the Letter, and reades.
Brutus thou ſleep'ſt; awake, and ſee thy ſelfe:
Shall Rome, &c. ſpeake, ſtrike, redreſſe.
Brutus, thou ſleep'ſt: awake.
Such inſtigations have beene often dropt,
Where I have tooke them up:
Shall Rome, &c. Thus muſt I piece it out:
Shall Rome ſtand under one mans awe? What Rome?
My Anceſtors did from the ſtreetes of Rome
The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speake, ſtrike, redreſſe. Am I entreated
To ſpeake, and ſtrike? O Rome, I make the promiſe,
If the redreſſe will follow, thou receiveſt
Thy full Petition at the hand of *Brutus*.
Enter Lucius.
Luc. Sir, March is waſted fifteene dayes.
Knocke within.
Bru. Tis good. Go to the Gate, ſome body knocks:
Since *Caſſius* firſt did whet me againſt *Cæſar*,
I have not ſlept.
Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing,
And the firſt motion, all the *Interim* is
Like a *Phantaſma*, or a hideous Dreame:
The *Genius*, and the mortall Inſtruments
Are then in councell; and the ſtate of man,
Like to a little Kingdome, ſuffers then
The nature of an Inſurrection.

Enter Lucius.
Luc. Sir, tis your Brother *Caſſius* at the Doore,
Who doth deſire to ſee you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him.
Bru. Doe you know them?
Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,
And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloathes,
That by no meanes I may diſcover them,
By any marke of favour.
Bru. Let'em enter:
They are the Faction. O Conſpiracie,
Sham'ſt thou to ſhew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When evills are moſt free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou finde a Caverne darke enough,
To maske thy monſtrous Viſage? Seeke none Conſpiracie,
Hide it in Smiles, and Affability:
For if thou path, thy native ſemblance on,
Not *Erebus* it ſelfe were dimme enough,
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the Conſpirators, Caſsius, Caska, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Caſ. I thinke we are too bold upon your Reſt:
Good morrow *Brutus*, doe we trouble you?
Bru. I have beene up this howre, awake all Night:
Know I theſe men, that come along with you?
Caſ. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honors you: and every one doth wiſh,
You had but that opinion of your ſelfe,
Which every Noble Roman beares of you.
This is *Trebonius*.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Caſ. This, *Decius Brutus*.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Caſ. This, *Caska*; this *Cinna*; and this, *Metellus Cimber*.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchfull Cares doe interpoſe themſelves
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?
Caſ. Shall I intreat a word? *They whiſper.*
Dec. Here lyes the Eaſt: doth not the Day breake heere?
Cask. No.
Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Meſſengers of Day.
Cask. You ſhall confeſſe, that you are both deceiv'd:
Heere, as I point my Sword, the Sunne ariſes,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weigh-

Weighing the youthfull Seaſon of the yeare.
Some two moneths hence,up higher toward the North
He firſt preſents his fire,and the high Eaſt
Stands as the Capitoll,directly heere.
Bru. Give me your hands all over,one by one.
Caſ. And let us ſweare our Reſolution.
Bru. No,not an Oath:if not the Face of men,
The ſufferance of our Soules,the times Abuſe;
If theſe be Motives weake,breake off betimes,
And every man hence,to his idle bed:
So let high-ſighted-Tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by Lottery. But if theſe
(As I am ſure they do) beare fire enough
To kindle Cowards,and to ſteele with valour
The melting Spirits of women; Then Countrymen,
What neede we any ſpurre,but our owne cauſe
To pricke us to redreſſe? What other Bond,
Then ſecret Romans,that have ſpoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Then Honeſty to Honeſty ingag'd,
That this ſhall be,or we will fall for it.
Sweare Prieſts and Cowards,and men Cautelous
Old feeble Carrions,and ſuch ſuffering Soules
That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad cauſes,ſweare
Such Creatures as men doubt;but do not ſtaine
The even vertue of our Enterprize,
Nor th'inſupreſſive Mettle of our Spirits,
To thinke,that or our Cauſe,or our Performance
Did neede an Oath. When every drop of blood
That every Roman beares,and Nobly beares
Is guilty of a ſeverall Baſtardy,
If he do breake the ſmalleſt Particle
Of any promiſe that hath paſt from him.
Caſ. But what of *Cicero*? Shall we ſound him?
I thinke he will ſtand very ſtrong with us.
Cask. Let us not leave him out.
Cin. No,by no meanes.
Met. O let us have him,for his Silver haires
Will purchaſe us a good opinion:
Aud buy mens voyces,to commend our deeds:
It ſhall be ſayd,his judgement rul'd our hands,
Our youths,and wildeneſſe, ſhall no whit appeare,
But all be buried in his Gravity.
Bru. O name him not;let us not breake with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.
Caſ. Then leave him out.
Cask. Indeed,he is not fit.
Dec. Shall no man elſe be toucht,but onely *Cæſar*?
Caſ. Decius,well urg'd:I thinke it is not meet,
Marke Antony,ſo well belov'd of *Cæſar*,
Should out-live *Cæſar*,we ſhall finde of him
A ſhrew'd Contriver. And you know,his meanes
If he improve them,may well ſtretch ſo farre
As to annoy us all:which to prevent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæſar* fall together.
Bru. Our courſe will ſeeme too bloody, *Caius Caſſius*,
To cut the Head off,and then hacke the Limbes:
Like Wrath in death,and Envy afterwards:
For *Antony*,is but a Limbe of *Cæſar*.
Let's be Sacrificers,but not Butchers *Caius*:
We all ſtand up againſt the ſpirit of *Cæſar*,
And in the Spirit of men,there is no blood:
O that we then could come by *Cæſars* Spirits,
And not diſmember *Cæſar*! But(alas)
Cæſar muſt bleed for it. And gentle Friends,
Let's kill him Boldly,but not Wrathfully:
Let's carve him,as a Diſh fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carkaſſe fit for Hounds;
And let our Hearts,as ſubtle Maiſters do,
Stirre up their Servants to an acte of Rage,
And after ſeeme to chide,em. This ſhall make
Our purpoſe Neceſſary,and not Envious.
Which ſo appearing to the common eyes,
We ſhall be call'd Purgers not Murderers.
And for *Marke Antony*,thinke not of him:
For he can do no more then *Cæſars* Arme,
When *Cæſars* head is off.
Caſ. Yet I feare him,
For in the ingrafted love he beares to *Cæſar*.
Bru. Alas,good *Caſsius*,do not thinke of him:
If he love *Cæſar*,all that he can do
Is to himſelfe;take thought,and dye for *Cæſar*.
And that were much he ſhould:for he is given
To ſports,to wildeneſſe,and much company.
Treb. There is no feare in him;let him not dye,
For he will live,and laugh at this heereafter.
Clocke ſtrikes.
Bru. Peace,count the Clocke.
Caſ. The Clocke hath ſtricken three.
Treb. Tis time to part.
Caſ. But it is doubtfull yet,
Whether *Cæſar* will come forth to day,or no:
For he is Superſtitious growne of late,
Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,
Of Fantaſie,of Dreames,and Ceremonies:
It may be,theſe apparant Prodigies,
The unaccuſtom'd Terror of this night,
And the perſwaſion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitoll to day.
Dec. Never feare that:If he be ſo reſolv'd,
I can ore-ſway him:for he loves to heare,
That Vnicornes may be betray'd with Trees,
And Beares with Glaſſes,Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toiles,and men with Flatterers.
But,when I tell him,he hates Flatterers,
He ſayes,he does;being then moſt flattered.
Let me worke:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitoll.
Caſ. Nay,we will all of us,be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eight houre,is that the uttermoſt?
Cin. Be that the uttermoſt,and faile not then.
Met. Caius Ligarius doth beare *Cæſar* hatred,
Who rated him for ſpeaking well of *Pompey*,
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along by him:
He loves me well,and I have given him Reaſons,
Send him but hither,and Ile faſhion him.
Caſ. The morning comes upon's:
Wee'l leave you *Brutus*,
And friends diſperſe your ſelves;but all remember
What you have ſaid,and ſhew your ſelves true Romans.
Bru. Good Gentlemen,looke freſh and merrily,
Let not our lookes put on our purpoſes,
But beare it as our Roman Actors do,
With untyr'd Spirits,and formall Conſtancy,
And ſo good morrow to you every one. *Exeunt.*
Manet Brutus
Boy:*Lucius*: Faſt aſleepe? It is no matter,
Enjoy the hony-heavy-Dew of Slumber:
Thou haſt no Figures,nor no Fantaſies,

Which buſie care drawes, in the braines of men;
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

Enter Portia.

Por. *Brutus*, my Lord.
Bru. *Portia*, What meane you? wherfore riſe you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. Y'have ungently *Brutus*
Stole from my bed: and yeſternight at Supper
You ſodainly aroſe, and walk'd about,
Muſing, and ſighing, with your armes a-croſſe:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You ſtar'd upon me, with ungentle lookes.
I urg'd you further, then you ſcratch'd your head,
And too impatiently ſtampt with your foote:
Yet I inſiſted, yet you anſwer'd not,
But with an angry wafter of your hand
Gave ſigne for me to leave you: So I did,
Fearing to ſtrengthen that impatience
Which ſeem'd too much inkindled; and withall,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,
Which ſometime hath his houre with every man.
It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor ſleepe;
And could it worke ſo much upon your ſhape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your Condition,
I ſhould not know you *Brutus*. Deare my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cauſe of greefe,
Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.
Por. *Brutus* is wiſe, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the meanes to come by it.
Bru. Why ſo I do: good *Portia* go to bed.
Por. Is *Brutus* ſicke? And is it Phyſicall
To walke unbraced, and ſucke up the humors
Of the darke Morning? What, is *Brutus* ſicke?
And will he ſteale out of his wholeſome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rhewmy, and unpurged Ayre,
To adde unto his ſickneſſe? No my *Brutus*,
You have ſome ſicke Offence within your minde,
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
I ought to know of: And upon my knees,
I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vowes of Love, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your ſelfe; your halfe;
Why you are heavy, and what men to night
Have had reſort to you: for heere have beene
Some ſixe or ſeven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkneſſe.
Bru. Kneele not gentle *Portia*.
Por. I ſhould not neede, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I ſhould know no Secrets
That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,
But as it were in ſort, or limitation?
To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,
And talke to you ſometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good pleaſure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus* Harlot, not his Wife.
Bru. You are my true and honourable Wife,
As deere to me, as are the ruddy droppes
That viſit my ſad heart.
Por. If this were true, then ſhould I know this ſecret.
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman that Lord *Brutus* tooke to Wife:
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman well reputed: *Cato's* Daughter.
Thinke you, I am no ſtronger then my Sex
Being ſo Father'd, and ſo Husbanded?
Tell me your Counſels, I will not diſcloſe 'em:
I have made ſtrong proofe of my Conſtancie,
Giving my ſelfe a voluntary wound
Heere, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,
And not my Husbands Secrets?
Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this Noble Wife. *Knocke.*
Hearke, hearke, one knockes: *Portia* go in a while,
And by and by thy boſome ſhall partake
The ſecrets of my Heart.
All my engagements, I will conſtrue to thee,
All the Charactery of my ſad browes:
Leave me with haſt, *Exit Portia.*

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knockes.
Luc. Heere is a ſicke man that would ſpeake with you.
Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* ſpake of.
Boy, ſtand aſide. *Caius Ligarius*, how?
Cai. Vouchſafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O what a time have you choſe out brave *Caius*
To weare a Kerchiefe? Would you were not ſicke.
Cai. I am not ſicke, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand *Ligarius*,
Had you a healthfull eare to heare of it.
Cai. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,
I heere diſcard my ſickneſſe. Soule of Rome,
Brave Sonne, deriv'd from Honourable Loines,
Thou like an Exorciſt, haſt conjur'd up
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,
And I will ſtrive with things impoſſible,
Yea get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A peece of worke,
That will make ſicke men whole.
Cai. But are not ſome whole, that we muſt make ſicke?
Bru. That muſt we alſo. What it is my *Caius*,
I ſhall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it muſt be done.
Cai. Set on your foote,
And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it ſufficeth
That *Brutus* leads me on. *Thunder.*
Bru. Follow me then. *Exeunt.*

Thunder and Lightning.
Enter Iulius Cæſar in his Night-gowne.

Cæſar. Nor Heaven, nor Earth,
Have beene at peace to night:
Thrice hath *Calphurnia*, in her ſleepe cryed out;
Helpe, ho: They murther *Cæſar*. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.
Cæſ. Go bid the Prieſts do preſent Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Succeſſe.
Ser. I will my Lord. *Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What meane you *Cæſar*? Think you to walke forth?
You ſhal not ſtirre out of your houſe to day,
Cæſ. *Cæſar* ſhall forth; the things that threaten'd me,
Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they ſhall ſee
The face of *Cæſar*, they are vaniſhed.

Calp. Cæſar,I never ſtood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me:There is one within,
Beſides the things that we have heard and ſeene,
Recounts moſt horrid ſights ſeene by the Watch.
A Lioneſſe hath whelped in the ſtreets,
And Graves have yawn'd,and yeelded up their dead;
Fierce fiery Warriours fight upon the Clouds
In Rankes and Squadrons,and right forme of Warre
Which drizel'd blood upon the Capitoll:
The noiſe of Battell hurried in the Ayre:
Horſes did neigh, and dying men did grone,
And Ghoſts did ſhrieke and ſqueale about the ſtreets.
O *Cæſar*,theſe things are beyond all uſe,
And I do feare them.
Cæſ. What can be avoyded
Whoſe end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæſar* ſhall go forth:for theſe Predictions
Are to the world in generall,as to *Cæſar*.
Calp. When Beggers dye,there are no Comets ſeene,
The Heavens themſelves blaze forth the death of Princes
Cæſ. Cowards dye many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taſte of death but once:
Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard,
It ſeemes to me moſt ſtrange that men ſhould feare,
Seeing that death,a neceſſary end
Will come,when it will come.
Enter a Servant.
What ſay the Augurers?
Ser. They would not have you to ſtirre forth to day.
Plucking the intrailes of an Offering forth,
They could not finde a heart within the beaſt.
Cæſ. The Gods do this in ſhame of Cowardice:
Cæſar ſhould be a Beaſt without a heart
If he ſhould ſtay at home to day for feare:
No,*Cæſar* ſhall not;Danger knowes full well
That *Cæſar* is more dangerous then he.
We heare two Lyons litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible,
And *Cæſar* ſhall go forth.
Cal. Alas my Lord,
Your wiſedome is conſum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to day:Call it my feare,
That keepes you in the houſe,and not your owne.
Wee'l ſend *Marke Antony* to the Senate houſe,
And he ſhall ſay,you are not well to day:
Let me upon my knee,prevaile in this.
Cæſ. Marke Antony ſhall ſay I am not well,
And for thy humor,I will ſtay at home.
Enter Decius.
Heere's *Decius Brutus* he ſhall tell them ſo.
Dec. Cæſar,all haile:Good morrow worthy *Cæſar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate houſe.
Cæſ. And you are come in very happy time,
To beare my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day:
Cannot,is falſe:and that I dare not,falſer:
I will not come to day,tell them ſo *Decius*.
Cal. Say he is ſicke.
Cæſ. Shall *Cæſar* ſend a Lye?
Have I in Conqueſt ſtretcht mine Arme ſo farre,
To be afear'd to tell Gray-beards the truth:
Decius,go tell them,*Cæſar* will not come.
Dec. Moſt mighty *Cæſar* let me know ſome cauſe,
Leſt I be laught at when I tell them ſo.
Cæſ. The cauſe is in my Will,I will not come,
That is enough to ſatisfie the Senate.
But for your private ſatisfaction,
Becauſe I love you,I will let you know.
Calphurnia heere my wife,ſtayes me at home:
She dream't to nigh,ſhe ſaw my Statue,
Which like a fountaine,with an hundred ſpouts
Did run pure blood:and many luſty Romans
Came ſmiling,and did bathe their hands in it:
And theſe does ſhe apply,for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent;and on her knee
Hath begg'd,that I will ſtay at home to day.
Dec. This dreame is all amiſſe interpreted,
It was a viſion,faire and fortunate:
Your Statue ſpouting blood in many pipes,
In which ſo many ſmiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies,that from you great Rome ſhall ſucke
Reviving blood,and that great men ſhall preſſe
For Tinctures,Staines,Reliques,and Cogniſance.
This by *Calphurnia's* Dreame is ſignified.
Cæſ. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have,when you have heard what I can ſay:
And know it now,the Senate have concluded
To give this day,a Crowne to mighty *Cæſar*.
If you ſhall ſend them word you will not come,
Their mindes may change.Beſides,it were a mocke
Apt to be render'd,for ſome one to ſay,
Breake up the Senate,till another time,
When *Cæſars* wife ſhall meete with better Dreames:
If *Cæſar* hide himſelfe,ſhall they not whiſper
Loe *Cæſar* is affraid?
Pardon me *Cæſar*,for my deere deere love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reaſon to my love is liable.
*Cæſ.*How fooliſh do your fears ſeeme now *Calphurnia*?
I am aſhamed I did yeeld to them.
Give me my Robe,for I will go.

Enter Brutus,Ligarius,Metellus,Caska,Trebonius,Cinna,and Publius.
And looke where *Publius* is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. Welcome *Publius*.
What *Brutus*, are you ſtirr'd ſo earely too?
Good morrow *Caska:Caius Ligarius*,
Cæſar was ne're ſo much your enemy,
As that ſame Ague which hath made you leane.
What is't a Clocke?
Bru. Cæſar,tis ſtrucken eight.
Cæſ. I thanke you for your paines and curteſie.
Enter Antony.
See,*Antony* that Revels long a-nights
Is notwithſtanding up. Good morrow *Antony*.
Ant. So to moſt Noble *Cæſar*
Cæſ. Bid them prepare within:
I am too blame to be thus waited for.
Now *Cynna*,now *Metellus*:what *Trebonius*,
I have an houres talke in ſtore for you:
Remember that you call on me to day:
Be neere me,that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæſar I will;and ſo neere will I be,
That your beſt Friends ſhall wiſh I had beene further.
Cæſ. Good Friends go in, and taſte ſome wine with me
And we(like Friends)will ſtraight way go together.
Bru. That every like is not the ſame,O *Cæſar*,
The heart of *Brutus* earnes to thinke upon. *Exeunt.*
Enter Artemidorus.
Cæſar,beware of Brutus,take heede of Caſſius;come not

neere Caska, have an eye to Cynna, truſt not Trebonius, marke well Metellus Cymber, Decius Brutus loves thee not: Thou haſt wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one minde in all theſe men, and it is bent againſt Cæſar: If thou beeſt not Immortall, looke about you: Security giues way to Conſpiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Lover *Artemidorus.*

Heere will I ſtand, till *Cæſar* paſſe along,
And as a Sutor will I give him this:
My heart laments, that Vertue cannot live
Out of the teeth of Emulation.
If thou reade this, O *Cæſar*, thou mayeſt liue;
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contriue.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-houſe,
Stay not to anſwer me, but get thee gone.
Why doeſt thou ſtay?
Luc. To know my errand Madam.
Por. I would have had thee there and heere agen
Ere I can tell thee what thou ſhould'ſt do there:
O Conſtancy, be ſtrong upon my ſide,
Set a huge Mountaine 'tweene my Heart and Tongue:
I have a mans minde, but a womans might:
How hard it is for women to keepe counſell.
Art thou heere yet?
Luc. Madam, what ſhould I do?
Run to the Capitoll, and nothing elſe?
And ſo returne to you, and nothing elſe?
Por. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord looke well,
For he went ſickly forth: and take good note
What *Cæſar* doth, what Sutors preſſe to him.
Hearke Boy, what noiſe is that?
Luc. I heare none Madam.
Por. Prythee liſten well:
I heard a buſsling Rumor like a Fray,
And the winde brings it from the Capitoll.
Luc. Sooth Madam, I heare nothing.

Enter the Soothſayer.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way haſt thou bin?
Sooth. At mine owne houſe, good Lady.
Por. What is't a clocke?
Sooth. About the ninth houre Lady.
Por. Is *Cæſar* yet gone to the Capitoll?
Sooth. Madam not yet, I go to take my ſtand,
To ſee him paſſe on to the Capitoll.
Por. Thou haſt ſome ſuite to *Cæſar*, haſt thou not?
Sooth. That I have Lady, if it will pleaſe *Cæſar*
To be ſo good to *Cæſar*, as to heare me:
I ſhall beſeech him to befriend himſelfe.
Por. Why know'ſt thou any harme's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be,
Much that I feare may chance:
Good morrow to you: heere the ſtreet is narrow:
The throng that followes *Cæſar* at the heeles,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Sutors,
Will crowd a feeble man (almoſt) to death:
Ile get me to a place more voyd, and there
Speake to great *Cæſar* as he comes along. *Exit.*
Por. I muſt go in:
Aye me! How weake a thing
The heart of woman is? O *Brutus*,
The Heavens ſpeede thee in thine enterprize.
Sure the Boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a ſuite
That *Cæſar* will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,
Say I am merry; Come to me againe,
And bring me word what he doth ſay to thee.

Actus Tertius.

Flouriſh.

Enter Cæſar, Brutus, Caſſius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cynna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, and the Soothſayer.

Cæſ. The Ides of March are come.
Sooth. I *Cæſar*, but not gone.
Art. Haile *Cæſar*: Read this Scedule.
Dec. *Trebonius* doth deſire you to ore-read
(At your beſt leiſure) this his humble ſuite.
Art. O *Cæſar*, reade mine firſt: for mine's a ſuite
That touches *Cæſar* neerer. Read it great *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. What touches us our ſelfe, ſhall be laſt ſerv'd.
Art. Delay not *Cæſar*, read it inſtantly.
Cæſ. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirra, give place.
Cæſ. What, urge you your Petitions in the ſtreet?
Come to the Capitoll.
Pop. I wiſh your enterprize to day may thrive.
Caſ. What enterprize *Popilius*?
Pop. Fare you well.
Bru. What ſaid *Popilius Lena*?
Caſ. He wiſht to day our enterprize might thrive:
I feare our purpoſe is diſcovered.
Bru. Looke how he makes to *Cæſar*: marke him.
Caſ. *Caska* be ſodaine, for we feare prevention.
Brutus what ſhall be done? If this be knowne,
Caſſius or *Cæſar* never ſhall turne backe,
For I will ſlay my ſelfe.
Bru. *Caſſius* be conſtant:
Popilius Lena ſpeakes not of our purpoſes,
For looke he ſmiles, and *Cæſar* doth not change.
Caſ. *Trebonius* knowes his time: for look you *Brutus*
He drawes *Marke Antony* out of the way.
Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber*, let him go,
And preſently preferre his ſuite to *Cæſar*.
Bru. He is addreſt: preſſe neere, and ſecond him.
Cin. *Caska*, you are the firſt that reares your hand.
Cæſ. Are we all ready? What is now amiſſe,
That *Cæſar* and his Senate muſt redreſſe?
Metel. Moſt high, moſt mighty, and moſt puiſant *Cæſar*
Metellus Cimber throwes before thy Seate
An humble heart.
Cæſ. I muſt prevent thee *Cymber*:
Theſe couchings, and theſe lowly courteſies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turne pre-Ordinance, and firſt Decree,
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,
To thinke that *Cæſar* beares ſuch Rebell blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth Fooles, I meane ſweet words,
Low-crooked-curtſies, and baſe Spaniell fawning:
Thy Brother by decree is baniſhed:
If thou doeſt bend, and pray, and fawne for him,
I ſpurne thee like a Curre out of my way:
Know, *Cæſar* doth not wrong, nor without cauſe
Will he be ſatisfied.
Met. Is there no voice more worthy then my owne,

To ſound more ſweetly in great *Cæſars* eare,
For the repealing of my baniſh'd Brother?
Bru. I kiſſe thy hand,but not in flattery *Cæſar:*
Deſiring thee,that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate freedome of repeale.
Cæſ. What *Brutus?*
Caſ. Pardon *Cæſar:Cæſar* pardon:
As love as to thy foote doth *Caſſius* fall,
To begge infranchiſement for *Publius Cimber.*
Cæſ. I could be well mov'd,if I were as you,
If I could pray to moove,Prayers would moove me:
But I am conſtant as the Northerne Starre,
Of whoſe true fixt,and reſting quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament,
The Skies are painted with unnumbred ſparkes,
They are all Fire,and every one doth ſhine:
But,there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So,in the World;'Tis furniſh'd well with Men,
And Men are Fleſh and Blood,and apprehenſive;
Yet in the number,I do know but One
That unaſſayleable holds on his Ranke,
Vnſhak'd of motion:and that I am he,
Let me a little ſhew it,even in this:
That I was conſtant *Cymber* ſhould be baniſh'd,
And conſtant do remaine to keepe him ſo.
Cin. O *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. Hence: Wilt thou lift up Olympus?
Dec. Great *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. Do not *Brutus* bootleſſe kneele?
Cask. Speake hands for me.
They ſtab Cæſar.
Cæſ. Et Tu Brute———— Then fall *Cæſar.*
Cin. Liberty,Freedome;Tyranny is dead,
Run hence,proclaime,cry it about the Streets.
Caſ. Some to the common Pulpits,and cry out
Liberty,Freedome,and Enfrachiſement.
Bru. People and Senators,be not affrighted:
Fly not,ſtand ſtill:Ambitions debt is paid.
Cask. Go to the Pulpit *Brutus.*
Dec. And *Caſsius* too.
Bru. Where's *Publius?*
Cin. Heere,quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand faſt together,leſt ſome Friend of *Cæſars*
Should chance————
Bru. Talke not of ſtanding. *Publius* good cheere,
There is no harme intended to your perſon,
Nor to no Roman elſe:ſo tell them *Publius.*
Caſ. And leave us *Publius*, leſt that the people
Ruſhing on us,ſhould do your Age ſome miſchiefe.
Bru. Do ſo,and let no man abide this deede,
But we the Doers.
Enter Trebonius.
Caſ. Where is *Anthony?*
Treb. Fled to his Houſe amaz'd:
Men,Wives,and Children,ſtare,cry out,and run,
As it were Doomeſday.
Bru. Fates,we will know your pleaſures:
That we ſhall dye we know,tis but the time
And drawing dayes out,that men ſtand upon.
Cask. Why he that cuts off twenty yeares of life,
Cuts off ſo many yeares of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that,and then is Death a Benefit:
So are we *Cæſars* Friends,that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans,ſtoope,
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæſars* blood
Vp to the Elbowes,and beſmeare our Swords:
Then walke we forth,even to the Market place,
And waving our red Weapons o're our heads,
Let's all cry Peace,Freedome,and Liberty.
Caſ. Stoop then,and waſh. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over,
In States unborne,and Accents yet unknowne?
Bru. How many times ſhall *Cæſar* bleed in ſport,
That now on *Pompeyes* Baſis lyes along,
No worthier then the duſt?
Caſ. So oft as that ſhall be,
So often ſhall the knot of us be call'd,
The Men that gave their Country liberty.
Dec. What,ſhall we forth?
Caſ. I every man away.
Brutus ſhall leade,and we will grace his heeles
With the moſt boldeſt,and beſt hearts of Rome.
Enter a Servant.
Bru. Soft,who comes heere? A friend of *Antonyes.*
Ser. Thus *Brutus*,did my Maſter bid me kneele;
Thus did *Marke Antony* bid me fall downe,
And being proſtrate,thus he bad me ſay,
Brutus is Noble,Wiſe,Valiant,and Honeſt,
Cæſar was Mighty,Bold,Royall,and Loving:
Say,I love *Brutus*,and I honour him;
Say,I fear'd *Cæſar*,honour'd him,and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchſafe,that *Antony*
May ſafely come to him,and be reſolv'd
How *Cæſar* hath deſerv'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony,ſhall not love *Cæſar* dead
So well as *Brutus* living;but will follow
The Fortunes and Affaires of Noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,
Withall true Faith. So ſayes my Maſter *Antony.*
Bru. Thy Maſter is a Wiſe and Valiant Romane,
I never thought him worſe:
Tell him,ſo pleaſe him come unto this place
He ſhall be ſatisfied:and by my Honor
Depart untouch'd.
Ser. Ile fetch him preſently. *Exit Servant.*
Bru. I know that we ſhall have him well to Friend.
Caſ. I wiſh we may:But yet have I a minde
That feares him much:and my miſgiving ſtill
Falles ſhrewdly to the purpoſe.
Enter Antony.
Bru. But heere comes *Antony:*
Welcome *Mark Antony.*
Ant. O mighty *Cæſar!* Doſt thou lye ſo low?
Are all thy Conqueſts,Glories,Triumphes,Spoiles,
Shrunke to this little Meaſure? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Who elſe muſt be let blood,who elſe is ranke:
If I my ſelfe,there is no houre ſo fit
As *Cæſars* deaths houre;nor no Inſtrument
Of halfe that worth,as thoſe your Swords;made rich
With the moſt Noble blood of all this World.
I do beſeech yee,if you beare me hard,
Now,whil'ſt your purpled hands do reeke and ſmoake
Fulfill your pleaſure. Live a thouſand yeeres,
I ſhall not finde my ſelfe ſo apt to dye.
No place will pleaſe me ſo,no meane of death,
As heere by *Cæſar*,and by you cut off,
The Choice and Maſter Spirits of this Age.
Bru. O *Antony!* Begge not your death of us:
Though now we muſt appeare bloody and cruell,
As by our hands,and this our preſent Act
You ſee we do:Yet ſee you but our hands,

And this, the bleeding buſineſſe they have done:
Our hearts you ſee not, they are pittifull:
And pitty to the generall wrong of Rome,
As fire drives out fire, ſo pitty, pitty,
Hath done this deed on *Cæſar*. For your part,
To you, our Swords have leaden points *Marke Antony*;
Our Armes in ſtrength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
With all kinde love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Caſ. Your voyce ſhall be as ſtrong as any mans,
In the diſpoſing of new Dignities.
Bru. Onely be patient, till we have appeas'd
The Multitude, beſide themſelves with feare,
And then, we will deliver you the cauſe,
Why I, that did love *Cæſar* when I ſtrooke him,
Have thus proceeded.
Ant. I doubt not of your Wiſedome:
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
Firſt *Marcus Brutus* will I ſhake with you;
Next *Caius Caſſius* do I take your hand;
Now *Decius Brutus* yours, now yours *Metellus*;
Yours *Cinna*; and my valiant *Caska*, yours;
Though laſt, not leaſt in love, yours good *Trebonius*.
Gentlemen all: Alas, what ſhall I ſay,
My credit now ſtands on ſuch ſlippery ground,
That one of two bad wayes you muſt conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
That I did love thee *Cæſar*, O tis true:
If then thy Spirit looke upon us now,
Shall it not greeve thee deerer then thy death,
To ſee thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?
Moſt Noble, in the preſence of thy Coarſe,
Had I as many eyes, as thou haſt wounds,
Weeping as faſt as they ſtreame forth thy blood,
It would become me better, then to cloſe
In tearmes of Friendſhip with thine enemies.
Pardon me *Iulius*, heere was't thou bay'd brave Heart,
Heere did'ſt thou fall, and heere thy Hunters ſtand
Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crimſon'd in thy Lethe.
O World! thou waſt the Forreſt to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deere, ſtricken by many Princes,
Doſt thou heere lye?
Caſ. Marke Antony.
Ant. Pardon me *Caius Caſſius*:
The Enemies of *Cæſar*, ſhall ſay this:
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modeſty.
Caſ. I blame you not for praiſing *Cæſar* ſo,
But what compact meane you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or ſhall we on; and not depend on you?
Ant. Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on *Cæſar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Vpon this hope, that you ſhall give me Reaſons,
Why, and wherein, *Cæſar* was dangerous.
Bru. Or elſe were this a ſavage Spectacle:
Our Reaſons are ſo full of good regard,
That were you *Antony*, the Sonne of *Cæſar*,
You ſhoud be ſatisfied.
Ant. That's all I ſeeke,
And am moreover ſutor, that I may
Produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
Speake in the Order of his Funerall.
Bru. You ſhall *Marke Antony*.
Caſ. Brutus, a word with you:
You know not what you do; Do not conſent
That *Antony* ſpeake in his Funerall:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter.
Bru. By your pardon:
I will my ſelfe into the Pulpit firſt,
And ſhew the reaſon of our *Cæſars* death.
What *Antony* ſhall ſpeake, I will proteſt
He ſpeakes by leave, and by permiſsion:
And that we are contented *Cæſar* ſhall
Have all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies,
It ſhall advantage more, then do us wrong.
Caſ. I know not what may fall, I like it not.
Bru. Marke Antony, heere take you *Cæſars* body:
You ſhall not in your Funerall ſpeech blame us,
But ſpeake all good you can deviſe of *Cæſar*,
And ſay you doo't by our permiſsion:
Elſe ſhall you not have any hand at all
About his Funerall. And you ſhall ſpeake
In the ſame Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my ſpeech is ended.
Ant. Be it ſo:
I do deſire no more.
Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us. *Exeunt.*
Manet Antony.
O pardon me, thou bleeding peece of Earth:
That I am meeke and gentle with theſe Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Nobleſt man
That ever lived in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that ſhed this coſtly Blood.
Ouer thy wounds, now do I Propheſie,
(which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby lips,
To begge the voyce and utterance of my Tongue)
A Curſe ſhall light upon the limbes of men;
Domeſticke Fury, and fierce Civill ſtrife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in uſe,
And dreadfull Objects ſo familiar,
That Mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of Warre:
All pitty choak'd with cuſtome of fell deeds,
And *Cæſars* Spirit ranging for Revenge,
With *Ate* by his ſide, come hot from Hell,
Shall in theſe Confines, with a Monarkes voyce,
Cry havocke, and let ſlip the Dogges of Warre,
That this foule deede, ſhall ſmell above the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.
Enter Octavio's Servant.
You ſerve *Octavius Cæſar*, do you not?
Ser. I do *Marke Antony*.
Ant. Cæſar did write for him to come Rome.
Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is comming,
And bid me ſay to you by word of mouth——
O *Cæſar*!
Ant. Thy heart is bigge: get thee a-part and weepe:
Paſsion I ſee is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing thoſe Beads of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Maſter comming?
Ser. He lies to night within ſeven Leagues of Rome.
Ant. Poſt backe with ſpeede,
And tell him what hath chanc'd:
Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of ſafety for *Octavius* yet,
Hie hence, and tell him ſo. Yet ſtay a-while,
Thou

Thou ſhalt not backe, till I have borne this courſe
Into the market place : There ſhall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruell iſſue of theſe bloody men,
According to the which, thou ſhalt diſcourſe
To young *Octavius* of the ſtate of things.
Lend me your hand. *Exeunt*

Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Caſſius with the Plebeians.

Ple. We will be ſatisfied : let us be ſatisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me Audience friends.
Caſſius go you into the other ſtreete,
And part the Numbers :
Thoſe that will heare me ſpeake, let 'em ſtay heere ;
Thoſe that will follow *Caſſius*, go with him,
And publike Reaſons ſhall be rendred.
Of *Cæſars* death.
1 *Ple.* I will heare *Brutus* ſpeake.
2. I will heare *Caſſius*, and compare their Reaſons,
When ſeverally we heare them rendred.
3. The Noble *Brutus* is aſcended : Silence.
Bru. Be patient till the laſt.

Romans, Countrey-men, and Lovers, heare mee for my cauſe, and be ſilent, that you may heare. Beleeve mee for mine Honor, and have reſpect to mine Honor, that you may beleeve. Cenſure me in your Wiſedome, and awake your Senſes, that you may the better Iudge. If there bee any in this Aſſembly, any deere Friend of *Cæſars*, to them I ſay, that *Brutus* love to *Cæſar*, was no leſſe then his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* roſe againſt *Cæſar*, this is my anſwer : Not that I lov'd *Cæſar* leſſe, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather *Cæſar* were living, and dye all Slaves ; then that *Cæſar* were dead, to live all Free-men ? As *Cæſar* lov'd mee, I weepe for him; as he was Fortunate, I rejoyce at it ; as he was Valiant, I honour him : But, as he was Ambtious, I ſlew him. There is Teares, for his Love : Ioy, for his Fortune : Honor, for his Valour : and death for his Ambition. Who is heere ſo baſe, that would be a Bondman ? If any, ſpeak, for him have I offended. Who is heere ſo rude, that would not be a Roman ? If any, ſpeak, for him have I offended. Who is heere ſo vile, that will not love his Countrey ? If any, ſpeake, for him have I offended. I pauſe for a Reply.

All. None *Brutus*, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to *Cæſar*, then you ſhall do to *Brutus*. The Queſtion of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll : his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he ſuffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Cæſars body.

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by *Marke Antony*, who though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth, as which of you ſhall not. With this I depart, that as I ſlewe my beſt Lover for the good of Rome, I have the ſame Dagger for my ſelfe, when it ſhall pleaſe my Country to need my death.

All. Live *Brutus*, live, live.
1. Bring him with Triumph home unto his houſe,
2. Give him a Statue with his Anceſtors.
3. Let him be *Cæſar*.
4. *Cæſars* better parts,
Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.
1. Wee'l bring him to his Houſe,
With Showts and Clamors.
Bru. My Country-men.
2. Peace, ſilence, *Brutus* ſpeakes.
1. Peace ho.
Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my ſake) ſtay heere with *Antony* :
Do grace to *Cæſars* Corpes, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Cæſars* Glories, which *Marke Antony*
(By our permiſſion) is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart.
Save I alone, till *Antony* have ſpoke. *Exit.*
1 Stay ho, and let us heare *Mark Antony*.
3 Let him go up into the publike Chaire,
Wee'l heare him : Noble *Antony* go up.
Ant. For *Brutus* ſake, I am beholding to you.
4 What does he ſay of *Brutus* ?
3 He ſayes for *Brutus* ſake
He findes himſelfe beholding to us all.
4 'Twere beſt ſpeake no harme of *Brutus* heere ?
1 This *Cæſar* was a Tyrant.
3 Nay thats certaine :
We are glad that Rome is rid of him.
2 Peace, let us heare what *Antony* can ſay.
Ant. you gentle Romans.
All. Peace hoe, let us heare him.
An. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears :
I come to bury *Cæſar*, not to praiſe him :
The evill that men do, lives after them,
The good is oft enterred with their bones,
So let it be with *Cæſar*. The Noble *Brutus*,
Hath told you *Cæſar* was Ambitious :
If it were ſo, it was a greevous Fault,
And greevouſly hath *Cæſar* anſwer'd it
Heere under leave of *Brutus*, and the reſt,
(For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,
So are they all, all Honourable men)
Come I to ſpeake in *Cæſars* Funerall.
He was my Friend, faithfull, and juſt to me;
But *Brutus* ſayes, he was Ambitious,
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
He hath brought many Captives home to Rome,
Whoſe Ranſomes, did the generall Coffers fill :
Did this in *Cæſar* ſeeme Ambitious ?
When that the poore have cry'de, *Cæſar* hath wept :
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuffe,
Yet *Brutus* ſayes, he was Ambitious ;
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
You all did ſee, that on the *Lupercall*,
I thrice preſented him a Kingly Crowne,
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this Ambition ?
Yet *Brutus* ſayes, he was Ambitious :
And ſure he is an Honourable man.
I ſpeake not to diſprove what *Brutus* ſpoke,
But heere I am, to ſpeake what I do know ;
You all did love him once, not without cauſe,
What cauſe with-holds you then, to mourne for him ?
O Iudgement ! thou art fled to brutiſh Beaſts,
And Men have loſt their Reaſon. Beare with me,
My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæſar*.
And I muſt pawſe till it come backe to me.
1 Me thinkes there is much reaſon in his ſayings.
If thou conſider rightly of the matter,
Cæſar ha's had great wrong.
3 Ha's he Maſters ? I feare there will a worſe come in his place.

4 Mark'd ye his words? he would not take ÿ Crowne,
Therefore tis certaine,he was not Ambitious.
1 If it be found ſo,ſome will deere abide it.
2 Poore ſoule,his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3 There's not a Nobler man in Rome then *Antony*.
4 Now marke him,he begins againe to ſpeake.
Ant. But yeſterday,the word of *Cæſar* might
Have ſtood againſt the World:Now lies he there,
And none ſo poore to do him reuerence.
O Maiſters! If I were diſpos'd to ſtirre
Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,
I ſhould doe *Brutus* wrong,and *Caſſius* wrong:
who(you all know)are Honourable men.
I will not do them wrong:I rather chooſe
To wrong the dead,to wrong my ſelfe and you,
Then I will wrong ſuch Honourable men.
But heere's a Parchment,with the Seale of *Cæſar*,
I found it in his Cloſſet,tis his Will:
Let but the Commons heare this Teſtament:
(Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,
And they would go and kiſſe dead *Cæſars* wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
Yea,begge a haire of him for Memory,
And dying,mention it within their Willes,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacy
Vnto their iſſue.
4 Wee'l heare the Will,reade it *Marke Antony*.
All. The Will,the Will;we will heare *Cæſars* Will.
Ant. Have patience gentle Friends, I muſt not read it.
It is not meet you know how *Cæſar* lov'd you:
You are not Wood, you are not Stones,but men:
And being men,hearing the Will of *Cæſar*,
It will inflame you,it will make you mad;
Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,
For if you ſhould,O what would come of it?
4 Read the Will,wee'l heare it *Antony*:
You ſhall reade us the will,*Cæſars* Will.
Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you ſtay a while?
I have o're ſhot my ſelfe to tell you of it,
I feare I wrong the Honourable men,
Whoſe Daggers have ſtabb'd *Cæſar*: I do feare it.
4 They were Traitors:Honourable men?
All. The Will,the Teſtament.
2 They were Villaines, Murderers:the Will,reade the Will.
Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will;
Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Cæſar*,
And let me ſhew you him that made the Will:
Shall I deſcend? And will you giue me leave?
All. Come downe.
2 Deſcend.
3 You ſhall have leave.
4 A Ring,ſtand round.
1 Stand from the Hearſe,ſtand from the Body.
2 Roome for *Antony*,moſt Noble *Antony*.
Ant. Nay preſſe not ſo upon me,ſtand farre off.
All. Stand backe:roome,beare backe.
Ant. If you have teares,prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this Mantle,I remember
The firſt time ever *Cæſar* put it on,
Twas on a Summers Evening in his Tent,
That day he overcame the *Nervij*.
Looke,in this place ran *Caſſius* Dagger through:
See what a rent the envious *Caska* made:
Through this,the welbeloved *Brutus* ſtabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his curſed Steele away:
Marke how the blood of *Cæſar* followed it,
As ruſhing out of doores,to be reſolv'd
If *Brutus* ſo unkindely knock'd,or no:
For *Brutus*,as you know,was *Cæſars* Angel.
Iudge,O you Gods,how deerely *Cæſar* lov'd him:
This was the moſt unkindeſt cut of all.
For when the Noble *Cæſar* ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude,more ſtrong then Traitors armes,
Quite vanquiſh'd him:then burſt his Mighty heart,
And in his Mantle,muffling up his face,
Even at the Baſe of *Pompeyes* Statue
(Which all the while ran blood)great *Cæſar* fell.
O what a fall was there,my Countrymen?
Then I,and you,and all of us fell downe,
Whil'ſt bloody Treaſon flouriſh'd over us.
O now you weepe,and I perceive you feele
The dint of pitty: Theſe are gracious droppes.
Kinde Soules,what weepe you,when you but behold
Our *Cæſars* Veſture wounded? Look you heere,
Heere is Himſelfe,marr'd as you ſee with Traitors.
1 O pitteous ſpectacle!
2 O Noble *Cæſar*!
3 O wofull day!
4 O Traitors,Villaines!
1 O moſt bloody ſight!
2 We will be reveng'd:Revenge
About,ſeeke,burne,fire,kill,ſlay,
Let not a Traitor live.
Ant. Stay Country-men.
1 Peace there,heare the Noble *Antony*,
2 Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him, wee'l dy with him.
Ant. Good Friends,ſweet Friends,let me not ſtirre you up
To ſuch a ſodaine Flood of Mutiny:
They that have done this Deede,are honourable,
What private greefes they have,alas I know not,
That made them do it: They are Wiſe,and Honourable,
And will no doubt with Reaſons anſwer you.
I come not(Friends)to ſteale away your hearts;
I am no Orator,as *Brutus* is;
But (as you know me all)a plaine blunt man
That love my Friend,and that they know full well,
That give me publicke leave to ſpeake of him:
For I have neither wit nor words,nor worth,
Action,nor Vtterance,nor the power of Speech,
To ſtirre mens Blood. I onely ſpeake right on:
I tell you that,which you your ſelves do know,
Shew you ſweet *Cæſars* wounds,poor poor dum mouths
And bid them ſpeake for me:But were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus Antony*,there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle up your Spirits,and put a Tongue
In every Wound of *Cæſar*,that ſhould move
The ſtones of Rome,to riſe and Mutiny.
All. Wee'l Mutiny.
1 Wee'l burne the houſe of *Brutus*.
3 Away then,come ſeeke the Conſpirators.
Ant. Yet heare me Countrymen,yet heare me ſpeake
All. Peace hoe,heare *Antony*,moſt Noble *Antony*.
Ant. Why Friends,you go to do you know not,what.
Wherein hath *Cæſar* thus deſerv'd your loves?
Alas you know not,I muſt tell you then:
You have forgot the Will I told you of.
All. Moſt true,the Will, let's ſtay and heare the Wil.
Ant. Heere is the Will,and under *Cæſars* Seale:
To every Roman Citizen he gives,
To every ſeverall man, ſeventy five Drachmaes.

2 *Ple.* Moſt Noble *Cæſar*, wee'l revenge his death.
3 *Ple.* O Royall *Cæſar*.
Ant. Heare me with patience.
All. Peace hoe
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his Walkes,
His private Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,
On this ſide Tyber, he hath left them you,
And to your heyres for euer: common pleaſures
To walke abroad, and recreate your ſelves.
Heere was a *Cæſar*: when comes ſuch another?
1 *Ple.* Never, never: come, away, away:
Wee'l burne his body in the holy place,
And with the Brands fire all the Traitors houſes.
Take up the body.
2 *Ple.* Go fetch fire.
3 *Ple.* Plucke downe Benches.
4 *Ple.* Plucke downe Formes, Windowes, any thing.
Exeunt Plebeians.
Ant. Now let it worke: Miſcheefe thou art a-foot,
Take thou what courſe thou wilt.
How now Fellow?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is hee?
Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæſars* houſe.
Ant. And thither will I ſtraight, to viſit him:
He comes vpon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Ser. I heard him ſay, *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike they had ſome notice of the people
How I had moved them. Bring me to *Octauius*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to night, that I did feaſt with *Cæſar*,
And things unluckily charge my Fantaſie:
I have no will to wander forth of doores,
Yet ſomething leads me forth.
1 What is your name?
2 Whether are you going?
3 Where do you dwell?
4 Are you a married man, or a Batchellor?
2 Anſwer every man directly.
1 I, and breefely.
4 I, and wiſely.
3 I, and truly, you were beſt.
Cin. What is my name? Whether am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchellour? Then to anſwer every man, directly and breefely, wiſely and truly: wiſely I ſay, I am a Batchellor.
2 That's as much as to ſay, they are fooles that marry: you'l beare me a bang for that I feare: proceede directly.
Cin. Directly I am going to *Cæſars* Funerall.
1 As a Friend, or an Enemy?
Cin. As a friend.
2 That matter is anſwered directly.
4 For your dwelling: breefely.
Cin. Breefely, I dwell by the Capitoll.
3 Your name ſir, truly,
Cin. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.
1 Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conſpirator.
Cin. I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Poet.
4 Teare him for his bad verſes, teare him for his bad Verſes.
Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conſpirator.
4 It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*, pluck but his name out of his heart, and turne him going.
3 Teare him, teare him; Come Brands hoe, Firebrands: to *Brutus*, to *Caſſius*, burne all. Some to *Decius* Houſes and ſome to *Caska's*; ſome to *Ligarius*: Away, go.
Exeunt all the Plebeians.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. Theſe many then ſhall die, their names are prikt
Oct. Your Brother too muſt dye: conſent you *Lepidus*?
Lep. I do conſent.
Oct. Pricke him downe *Antony*.
Lep. Vpon condition *Publius* ſhall not live,
Who is your Siſters ſonne, *Marke Antony*.
Ant. He ſhall not live; looke, with a ſpot I dam him.
But *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæſars* houſe:
Fetch the Will hither, and we ſhall determine
How to cut off ſome charge in Legacies.
Lep. What? ſhall I finde you heere?
Oct. Or heere, or at the Capitoll. *Exit Lepidus.*
Ant. This is a ſlight unmeritable man,
Meet to be ſent on Errands: is it fit
The three-fold World divided, he ſhould ſtand
One of the three to ſhare it?
Oct. So you thought him,
And tooke his voyce who ſhould be prickt to die
In our blacke Sentence and Proſcription.
Ant. *Octavius*, I have ſeene more dayes then you;
And though we lay theſe Honours on this man,
To eaſe our ſelves of divers ſland'rous loads,
He ſhall but beare them, as the Aſſe beares Gold,
To groane and ſweat under the Buſineſſe,
Either led or driven, as we print the way:
And having brought our Treaſure, where we will,
Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off
(Like to the empty Aſſe) to ſhake his eares,
And graze in Commons.
Oct. You may do your will:
But hee's a tried, and valiant Souldier.
Ant. So is my Horſe *Octavius*, and for that
I do appoint him ſtore of Provender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To winde, to ſtop, to run directly on:
His corporall Motion, govern'd by my Spirit,
And in ſome taſte, is *Lepidus* but ſo:
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren ſpirited Fellow; one that feeds
On Objects, Arts, and Imitations.
Which out of vſe, and ſtal'de by other men
Begin his faſhion. Do not talke of him,
But as a property: and now *Octavius*,
Liſten great things. *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are levying Powers; We muſt ſtraight make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our beſt Friends made and our beſt meanes ſtretcht out,
And let us preſently go ſit in Councell,
How covert matters may be beſt diſclos'd,
And open Perils ſureſt anſwered.
Oct. Let us do ſo: for we are at the ſtake,

And bayed about with many Enemies,
And ſome that ſmile have in their hearts I feare
Millions of Miſcheefes. *Exeunt.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and the Army. Titinius and Pindarus meete them.

Bru. Stand ho.
Luc. Give the word ho, and Stand.
Bru. What now *Lucilius*, is *Caſsius* neere?
Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you ſalutation from his Maſter.
Bru. He greets me well. Your Maſter *Pindarus*
In his owne change, or by ill Officers,
Hath given me ſome worthy cauſe to wiſh
Things done, undone: But if he be at hand,
I ſhall be ſatisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Maſter will appeare
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.
Bru. He is not doubted. A word *Lucilius*
How he receiv'd you: let me be reſolv'd.
Luc. With courteſie, and with reſpect enough,
But not with ſuch familiar inſtances,
Nor with ſuch free and friendly Conference
As he hath us'd of old.
Bru. Thou haſt deſcrib'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Ever note *Lucilius*,
When Love begins to ſicken and decay
It uſeth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no trickes, in plaine and ſimple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horſes hot at hand,
Make gallant ſhew, and promiſe of their Mettle:
Low March within.
But when they ſhould endure the bloody Spurre,
They fall their Creſt, and like deceifull Iades
Sinke in the Triall. Comes his Army on?
Luc. They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horſe in generall
Are come with *Caſsius*.

Enter Caſsius and his Powers.

Bru. Hearke, he is arriv'd:
Martch gently on to meete him,
Caſ. Stand ho.
Bru. Stand ho, ſpeake the word along.
Stand.
Stand.
Stand.
Caſ. Moſt Noble Brother, you have done me wrong.
Bru. Iudge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not ſo, how ſhould I wrong a Brother.
Caſ. Brutus, this ſober forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them ——
Bru. Caſsius, be content,
Speake your greefes ſoftly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies heere
(Which ſhould perceive nothing but Love from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away:
Then in my Tent *Caſsius* enlarge your Greefes
And I will give you Audience.
Caſsi. Pindarus,
Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucilius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore. *Exeunt.*

Manet Brutus and Caſsius.

Caſ. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*
For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians;
Wherein my Letter, praying on his ſide,
Becauſe I knew the man, was ſlighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd your ſelfe to write in ſuch a caſe.
Caſ. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence ſhould beare his Comment.
Bru. Let me tell you *Caſsius*, you your ſelfe
Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palme,
To ſell, and Mart your Offices for Gold
To Vndeſervers.
Caſ. I, an itching Palme?
You know that you are *Brutus* that ſpeakes this,
Or by the Gods, this ſpeech were elſe your laſt.
Bru. The name of *Caſsius* Honors this corruption,
And Chaſticement doth therefore hide his head.
Caſ. Chaſticement?
Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great *Iulius* bleede for Iuſtice ſake?
What Villaine touch'd his body, that did ſtab,
And not for Iuſtice? What, Shall one of Vs,
That ſtrucke the Formoſt man of all this World,
But for ſupporting Robbers: ſhall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with baſe Bribes?
And ſell the mighty ſpace of our large Honors
For ſo much traſh, as may be graſped thus?
I had rather be a Dogge, and baite the Moone,
Then ſuch a Roman.
Caſ. Brutus, baite not me,
Ile not indure it: you forget your ſelfe
To hedge me in, I am a Souldier, I,
Older in practice, Abler then your ſelfe
To make Conditions.
Bru. Go to: you are not *Caſsius*.
Caſ. I am.
Bru I ſay, you are not.
Caſ. Vrge me no more, I ſhall forget my ſelfe:
Have minde upon your health: Tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away ſlight man.
Caſ. Is't poſsible?
Bru. Heare me, for I will ſpeake.
Muſt I give way, and roome to your raſh Choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a Madman ſtares?
Caſ. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Muſt I endure all this?
Bru. All this? I more, Fret till your proud heart break,
Go ſhew your Slaves how Cholericke you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Muſt I bouge?
Muſt I obſerve you? Muſt I ſtand and crouch
Vnder your Teſtie Humour? By the Gods,
You ſhall digeſt the Venom of your Spleene
Thought it do Split you. For from this day forth,
Ile vſe you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter
When you are Waſpiſh.
Caſ. Is it come to this?
Bru. You ſay, you are a better Souldier:
Let it appeare ſo; make your vaunting true,
And it ſhall pleaſe me well. For mine owne part,
I ſhall be glad to learne of Noble men.
Caſ. You wrong me every way:
You wrong me *Brutus*:
I ſaide, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.
Did I ſay Better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Caſ. When *Cæſar* liv'd, he durſt not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace, you durſt not ſo have tempted him.

Caſſ.

Caſſi. I durſt not.
Bru. No.
Caſſi. What? durſt not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durſt not.
Caſſi. Doe not preſume too much upon my Love,
I may doe that I ſhall be ſorry for.
Bru. You have done that you ſhould be ſorry for.
There is no terror *Caſſius* in your threats.
For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in Honeſty,
That they paſſe by me, as the idle winde,
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certaine ſummes of Gold, which you deny'de me,
For I can raiſe no money by vile meanes:
By heaven, I had rather Coyne my heart,
And drop my blood for Drachmaes, then to wring
From the hard hands of Peazants, their vile traſh
By any indirection. I did ſend
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like *Caſſius*?
Should I have anſwer'd *Caius Caſſius* ſo?
When *Marcus Brutus* growes ſo Covetous,
To locke ſuch Raſcall Counters from his friends,
Be ready gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
Daſh him to peeces.
Caſſi. I deny'de you not.
Bru. You did.
Caſſi. I did not. He was but a Foole
That brought my anſwer back. *Brutus* hath riu'd my hart
A friend ſhould beare his friends infirmityes,
But *Brutus* makes mine greater then they are.
Bru. I doe not, till you practice them on me.
Caſſi. You love me not.
Bru. I doe not like your faults.
Caſſi. A friendly eye could never ſee ſuch faults.
Brut. A flatterers would not, though they do appeare
As huge as high Olympus.
Caſſi. Come *Antony*, and yong *Octavius* come,
Revenge your ſelves alone on *Caſſius*,
For *Caſſius* is a-weary of the World:
Hated by one he loves, brau'd by his brother,
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults obſerv'd,
Set in a Note-booke, learn'd, and con'd by roate
To caſt into my Teeth. O I could weepe
My Spirit from mine eyes: There is my Dagger,
And heere my naked Breaſt: Within, a heart
Deerer then *Pluto's* Mine: Richer then gold:
If that thou beeſt a Roman, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didſt at *Cæſar*: for I know,
When thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lovedſt him better
Then ever thou lovedſt *Caſſius*.
Bru. Sheath your Dagger:
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope:
Doe what you will, diſhonor, ſhall be humour.
O *Caſſius*, you are yoaked with a Lambe
That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire,
Who much inforced, ſhewes a haſty ſparke,
And ſtraite is cold agen.
Caſſi. Hath *Caſſius* liv'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
When griefe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill temper'd too.
Caſſi. Doe you confeſſe ſo much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Caſſi. O *Brutus*!
Bru. Whats the matter?
Caſſi. Have not you love enough to beare with me,
When that raſh humour which my Mother gave me
Makes me forgetfull?
Bru. Yes *Caſſius*, and from henceforth
When you are over-earneſt with your *Brutus*,
Hee'l thinke your Mother chides, and leave you ſo.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me goe in to ſee the Generals,
There is ſome grudge betweene em, tis not meete
They be alone.
Luci. You ſhall not come to them.
Poet. Nothing but death ſhall ſtay me.
Caſſi. How now? Whats the matter?
Poet. For ſhame you Generals? what doe you meane?
Love, and be friends, as two ſuch men ſhould be,
For I have ſeene more yeeres Ime ſure then yee.
Caſi. Ha, ha, how vildely doth this Cynicke rime:
Bru. Get you hence ſirrah: Sawcy fellow, hence.
Caſi. Beare with him *Brutus*, tis his faſhion,
Bru. Ile know his humour, when he knowes his time:
What ſhould the Warres doe with theſe Iigging fooles?
Companion, hence.
Caſi. Away, away be gone. *Exit Poet.*
Bru. *Lucillius* and *Titinius* bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.
Caſi. And come your ſelves, & bring *Meſſala* with you
Immediately to us.
Bru. *Lucius*, a bowle of Wine.
Caſi. I did not thinke you could have bin ſo angry,
Bru. O *Caſſius*, I am ſicke of many griefes.
Caſſi. Of your Philoſophy you make no uſe,
If you give place to accidentall evills.
Bru. No man beares ſorrow better. *Portia* is dead.
Caſi. Ha? *Portia*?
Bru. She is dead.
Caſi. How ſcap'd I killing, when I croſt you ſo?
O inſupportable, and touching loſſe!
Vpon what ſickneſſe?
Bru. Impatient of my abſence.
And griefe, that yong *Octavius* with *Marke Antony*,
Have made themſelves ſo ſtrong: For with her death
That tydings came. With this ſhe fell diſtract,
And (her Attendants abſent) ſwallow'd fire.
Caſi. And dy'd ſo?
Bru. Even ſo.
Caſi. O ye immortall gods!

Enter Boy with Wine, and Tapers.

Bru. Speake no more of her: Give me a bowle of wine
In this I bury all unkindneſſe *Caſſius*. *Drinkes.*
Caſſi. My heart is thirſty for that Noble pledge,
Fill *Lucius*, till the Wine ore-ſwell the Cup:
I cannot drinke too much of *Brutus* love.

Enter Titinius, and Meſſala.

Brut. Come in *Titinius*:
Welcome good *Meſſala*:
Now ſit we cloſe about this Taper heere,
And call in queſtion our neceſſities.
Caſſi. *Portia*, art thou gone?
Bru. No more I pray you.
Meſſala, I have here received Letters,
That yong *Octavius*, and *Marke Antony*
Come downe upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

Meſſ. My ſelfe have Letters of the ſelfe-ſame Tenure.
Bru. With what Addition.
Meſſ. That by proſcription, and billes of Outlary,
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*,
Have put to death, an hundred Senators.
Bru. Therein our Letters doe not well agree:
Mine ſpeake of ſeventy Senators, that dy'de
By their proſcriptions, *Cicero* being one.
Caſſi. *Cibero* one?
Meſſa. *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of proſcription
Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?
Bru. No *Meſſala*.
Meſſa. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing *Meſſala*.
Meſſa. That me thinkes is ſtrange.
Bru. Why aske you?
Heare you ought of her, in yours?
Meſſa. No my Lord.
Bru. Now as you are a Roman tell me true.
Meſſ. Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell,
For certaine ſhe is dead, and by ſtrange manner.
Bru. Why farewell *Portia*: We muſt dye *Meſſala*:
With meditating that ſhe muſt dye once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Meſſa. Even ſo great men, great loſſes ſhould indure.
Caſſi. I have as much of this in Art as you.
But yet my Nature could not beare it ſo.
Bru. Well, to our worke alive. What doe you thinke
Of marching to *Philippi* preſently.
Caſſi. I doe not thinke it good.
Bru. Your reaſon?
Caſſi. This it is:
Tis better that the Enemy ſeeke us,
So ſhall he waſte his meanes, weary his Souldiers,
Doing himſelfe offence, whilſt we lying ſtill,
Are full of reſt, defence, and nimbleneſſe.
Bru. Good reaſons muſt of force give place to better:
The people twixt *Philippi*, and this ground
Doe ſtand but in a forc'd affection:
For they have grug'd us Contribution.
The Enemy, marching along by them,
By them ſhall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreſht, new added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage ſhall we cut him off.
If at *Philippi* we doe face him there,
Theſe people at our backe,
Caſſi. Heare me good brother.
Bru. Vnder your pardon. You muſt note beſide,
That we have tride the utmoſt of our friends:
Our Legions are brim full, our cauſe is ripe,
The Enemy encreaſeth every day,
We at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a Tide in the affayres of men,
Which taken at the Flood, leades on to Fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miſeries.
On ſuch a full Sea are we now a-float,
And we muſt take the current when it ſerves,
Or looſe our Ventures.
Caſſi. Then with your will goe on: we'll along
Our ſelves, and meet them at *Philippi*.
Bru. The deepe of night is crept upon our talke,
And Nature muſt obey Neceſſity,
Which we will niggard with a little reſt:
There is no more to ſay.
Caſſi. No more, good night,
Early to morrow will we riſe, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius* my Gowne: farewell good *Meſſala*,
Good night *Titinius*: Noble, Noble *Caſſius*,
Good night, and good repoſe.
Caſſi. O my deere brother:
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come ſuch diviſion tweene our ſoules:
Let it not *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius with the Gowne.

Bru. Every thing is well.
Caſſi. Good night my Lord.
Bru. Good night good brother.
Tit. Meſſa. Good night Lord *Brutus*.
Bru. Farewell every one. *Exeunt.*
Give me the Gowne. Where is thy inſtrument?
Luc. Heere in the Tent.
Bru. What thou ſpeak'ſt drowſily?
Poore knave I blame thee art, thou art ore-watch'd.
Call *Claudio*, and ſome other of my men,
Ile have them ſleepe on Cuſhions in my Tent.
Luc. *Varrus*, and *Claudio*.

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Var. Calls my Lord?
Bru. I pray you ſirs, lye in my Tent and ſleepe,
It may be I ſhall raiſe you by and by
On buſineſſe to my brother *Caſſius*.
Vas. So pleaſe you, we will ſtand,
And watch your pleaſure.
Bru, I will not have it ſo: Lye downe good ſirs,
It may be I ſhall otherwiſe bethinke me.
Looke *Lucius*, heeres the booke I ſought for ſo:
I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.
Luc. I was ſure your Lordſhip did not give it me.
Bru. Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.
Canſt thou hold up thy inſtrument a ſtraine or two.
And touch thy heavy eyes a-while,
Luc. I my Lord, an't pleaſe you.
Bru. It does my Boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty Sir.
Bru. I ſhould not urge thy duty paſt thy might,
I know yong blouds looke for a time of reſt.
Luc. I have ſlept my Lord already.
Bru. It was well done, and thou ſhalt ſleepe againe:
I will not hold thee long. If I doe live,
I will be good to thee.

Muſicke, and a Song.

This is a ſleepy Tune; O Murdrous ſlumbler!
Layeſt thou thy Leaden Mace upon my Boy,
That playes thee Muſicke? Gentle knave good night:
I will not doe thee ſo much wrong to wake thee:
If thou doſt nod, thou break'ſt thy inſtrument,
Ile take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.
Let me ſee, let me ſee? is not the Leafe turn'd downe
Where I left reading? Heere it is I thinke.

Enter the Ghoſt of Cæſar.

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha! Who comes heere?
I thinke it is the weakeneſſe of mine eyes
That ſhapes this monſtrous Apparition.
It comes upon me: Art thou any thing?
Art thou ſome god, ſome Angell, or ſome Divell,
That mak'ſt my blood cold, and my haire to ſtare?
Speake to me, what thou art.
Ghoſt. Thy evill Spirit *Brutus*
Bru. Why comſt thou?

Ghoſt. To tell thee thou ſhalt ſee me at *Philippi.*
Brut. Well: then I ſhall ſee thee againe?
Ghoſt. I, at *Philippi.*
Bru. Why I will ſee thee at *Philippi* then:
Now I have taken heart, thou vaniſheſt.
Ill Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.
Boy, *Lucius*, *Varrus*, *Claudio*, Sirs: awake:
Claudio.
Luci. The ſtrings my Lord are falſe.
Bru. He thinkes he ſtill is at his inſtrument.
Lucius, awake.
Luci. My Lord.
Bru. Didſt thou dreame *Lucius*, that thou ſo cryedſt out?
Luc. My Lord, I doe not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes that thou didſt; Didſt thou ſee any thing?
Luc. Nothing my Lord.
Bru. Sleepe againe *Lucius*: Sirra *Claudio*, fellow,
Thou: Awake.
Var. My Lord.
Clau. My Lord.
Bru. Why did you ſo cry out ſirs in your ſleepe?
Both. Did we my Lord?
Bru. I: ſaw you any thing?
Var. No my Lord, I ſaw nothing.
Clau. Nor I my Lord.
Bru. Goe, and commend me to my brother *Caſſius*:
Bid him ſet on his Powres betimes before,
And we will follow.
Both. It ſhall be done my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Octa. Now *Antony*, our hopes are anſwered,
You ſaid the Enemy would not come downe,
But keepe the hilles and upper Regions:
It proves not ſo: their battailes are at hand,
They meane to warne us at *Philippi* here:
Anſwering before we doe demand of them.
Ant. Tut I am in their boſomes, and I know
Wherefore they doe it: They could be content
To viſit other places, and come downe
With fearefull bravery: thinking by this face
To faſten in our thoughts that they have Courage:
But tis not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Prepare you Generals,
The Enemy comes on in gallant ſhew:
Their bloody ſigne of Battell is hung out,
And ſomething to be done immediately.
Ant. *Octavius*, leade your Battaile ſoftly on
Vpon the left hand of the even field.
Octa. Vpon the right hand I, keepe thou the left.
Ant. Why doe you croſſe me in this exigent.
Octa. I doe not croſſe you: but I will doe ſo. *March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Caſſius, and their Army.

Bru. They ſtand, and would have parley.
Caſſi. Stand faſt *Titinius*, we muſt out and talke.
Octa. *Marke Antony*, ſhall we give ſigne of Battaile?
Ant. No *Cæſar*, we will anſwer on their Charge.
Make forth, the generalls would have ſome words.
Octa. Stirre not untill the Signall.
Bru. Words before blowes: is it ſo Countrymen?
Octa. Not that we love words better, as you doe.
Bru. Good words are better then bad ſtrokes *Octavius*
Ant. In your bad ſtrokes *Brutus*, you give good words
Witneſſe the hole you made in *Cæſars* heart,
Crying long live, haile *Cæſar*.
Caſſi. *Antony*,
The poſture of your blowes are yet unknowne;
But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* bees,
And leave them Hony-leſſe.
Ant. Not ſtingleſſe too.
Bru. O yes, and ſoundleſſe too:
For you have ſtolne their buzzing *Antony*,
And very wiſely threat before you ſting.
Ant. Villaines: you did not ſo, when your vile daggers
Hackt one another in the ſides of *Cæſar*:
You ſhew'd your teethes like Apes,
And fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like Bondmen, kiſſing *Cæſars* feete:
Whilſt damned *Caska*, like a Curre, behind
Strooke *Cæſar* on the necke. O you flatterers.
Caſſi. Flatterers? Now *Brutus* thanke your ſelfe,
This tongue had not offended ſo to day,
If *Caſſius* might have ruld.
Octa. Come, come, the cauſe. If arguing make us ſwet,
The proofe of it will turne to redder drops:
Looke, I draw a Sword againſt Conſpirators,
When thinke you that the Sword goes up againe?
Never till *Cæſars* three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another *Cæſar*
Have added ſlaughter to the Sword of Traytors.
Bru. *Cæſar*, thou canſt not dye by Traytors hands,
Vnleſſe thou bringſt them with thee.
Octa. So I hope:
I was not borne to dye on *Brutus* Sword.
Bru. O if thou wert the Nobleſt of thy Straine,
Yong-man, thou couldſt not dye more honorable.
Caſſi. A peeviſh Schoole-boy, worthies of ſuch honor
Ioyn'd with a Maſker, and a Reveller.
Ant. Old *Caſſius* ſtill.
Octa. Come *Antony*: away;
Defiance Traitors, hurle we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the field;
If not, when you have ſtomackes,

Exit Octavius, Antony, and Army.

Caſſi. Why now blow winde, ſwell billow,
And ſwimme Barke:
The Storme is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho *Lucillius*, hearke, a word with you.

Lucillius, and Meſſala ſtand forth.

Luc. My Lord.
Caſſi. *Meſſala.*
Meſſa. What ſayes my generall?
Caſſi. *Meſſala*, this is my Birth-day: as this very day
Was *Caſſius* borne. Give me thy hand *Meſſala*:
Be thou my witneſſe, that againſt my will,
(As *Pompey* was) am I compell'd to ſet
Vpon one Battell all our Liberties.
You know, that I held *Epicurus* ſtrong,
And his opinion: Now I change my minde,
And partly credit things that doe preſage.
Comming from *Sardiis*, on our former Enſigne
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they pearch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our Souldiers hands;

Who

Who to *Philippi* here conſorted us:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their ſteeds, doe Ravens, Crowes, and Kites
Flye ore our heads, and downward looke on us
As we were ſickely prey; their ſhadowes ſeeme
A Canopy moſt fatall, under which
Our Army lyes, ready to give up the Ghoſt.
Meſſa. Beleeve not ſo.
Caſſi. I but beleeve it partly,
For I am freſh of ſpirit, and reſolv'd
To meet all peril, very conſtantly.
Bru. Even ſo *Lucillius.*
Caſſi. Now moſt Noble *Brutus,*
The gods to day ſtand friendly, that we may
Lovers in peace, leade on our dayes to age.
But ſince the affayres of men reſts ſtill incertaine,
Lets reaſon with the worſt that may befall.
If we doe loſe this Battaile, then is this
The very laſt time we ſhall ſpeake together:
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that Philoſophy,
Be which I did blame *Cato,* for the death
Which he did give himſelfe, I know not how:
But I doe find it Cowardly, and vile,
For feare of what might fall, ſo to prevent
The time of life, arming my ſelfe with patience,
To ſtay the providence of ſome high Powers,
That governe us below.
Caſſi. Then, if we looſe this Battaile,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thorow the ſtreets of Rome.
Bru. No *Caſſius,* no:
Thinke not thou Noble Romane,
That ever *Brutus* will goe bound to Rome,
He beares too great a minde. But this ſame day
Muſt end that worke, that Ides of March begun.
And whether we ſhall meete againe, I know not:
Therefore our everlaſting, farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell *Caſſius,*
If we doe meete againe, why we ſhall ſmile:
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Caſſi. For ever, and for ever, farewell *Brutus:*
If we doe meete againe, we'll ſmile indeed;
If not, tis true, this parting was well made.
Bru. Why then leade on. O that a man might know
The end of this dayes buſineſſe, ere it come:
But it ſufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Meſſala.

Bru. Ride, ride *Meſſala,* ride and give theſe Billes
Vnto the Legions, on the other ſide.
Lowd Alarum.
Let them ſet on at once: for I perceive
But cold demeanor in *Octavio's* wing:
And ſodaine puſh gives them the overthrow:
Ride, ride *Meſſala,* let them all come downe. *Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter Caſſius and Titinius.

Caſſi. O looke *Titinius,* looke, the Villaines flye:
My ſelfe have to mine owne turn'd Enemy:
This Enſigne heere of mine was turning backe,
I ſlew the Coward, and did take it from him.
Titin. O *Caſſius, Brutus* gave the word too early,
Who having ſome advantage on *Octavius*
Tooke it too eagerly: his Souldiers fell to ſpoyle,
Whilſt we by *Antony* are all incloſ'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pind. Flye further off my Lord: flye further off,
Marke Antony is in your Tents my Lord:
Flye therefore Noble *Caſſius,* flye farre off.
Caſſi. This hill is farre enough. Looke, looke *Titinius*
Are thoſe my Tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my Lord.
Caſſi. *Titinius,* if thou loveſt me,
Mount thou my horſe, and hide thy ſpurres in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder Troopes
And here againe, that I may reſt aſſurd
Whether yond Troopes, are friend or Enemy.
Tit. I will be heere againe, even with a thought. *Exit.*
Caſſi. Goe *Pindarus,* get thither on that hill,
My ſight was ever thicke: regard *Titinius,*
And tell me what thou notſt about the field.
This day I breathed firſt, time is come round,
And where I did begin, there ſhall I end,
My life is run his compaſſe. Sirra, what newes?
Pind. Above. O my Lord.
Caſſi. What newes?
Pind. *Titinius* is encloſed round about
With horſemen, that make to him on the Spurre,
Yet he ſpurres on. Now they are almoſt on him:
Now *Titinius,* Now ſome light: O he lights too.
Hes tane. *Showt.*
And hearke, they ſhout for joy.
Caſſi. Come downe, behold no more:
O Coward that I am, to live ſo long,
To ſee my beſt friend tane before my face
Enter Pindarus.
Come hither ſirrah; In Parthia did I take thee Priſoner,
And then I ſwore thee, ſaving of thy life,
That whatſoever I did bid thee doe,
Thou ſhouldſt attempt it. Come now, keepe thine oath,
Now be a free-man, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Cæſars* bowels, ſearch this boſome.
Stand not to anſwer: Heere, take thou the Hilts,
And when my face is cover'd, as tis now,
Guide thou the Sword——*Cæſar,* thou art reveng'd,
Even with the Sword that kill'd thee. *Kills him.*
Pin. So, I am free,
Yet would not ſo have beene
Durſt I have done my will. O *Caſſius,*
Farre from this Country *Pindarus* ſhall run,
Where never Roman ſhall take note of him.
Enter Titinius, and Meſſala.
Meſſa. It is but change, *Titinius:* for *Octavius*
Is overthrowne by Noble *Brutus* power,
As *Caſſius* Legions are by *Antony.*
Titin. Theſe tydings will well comfort *Caſſius.*
Meſſa. Where did you leave him.
Titin. All diſconſolate,
With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this hill.
Meſſa. Is not that he that lyes upon the ground?
Titi. He lyes not like the Living. O my heart!
Meſſa. Is not that he?
Titin. No, this was he *Meſſala,*
But *Caſſius* is no more. O ſetting Sunne:
As in thy red Rayes thou doeſt ſinke to night;

So in his red blood *Caſſius* day it ſet.
The Sonne of Rome is ſet. Our day is gone,
Clowds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:
Miſtruſt of my ſucceſſe hath done this deed.

Meſſa. Miſtruſt of good ſucceſſe hath done this deed.
O hatefull Error, Melancholies Childe:
Why do'ſt thou ſhew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error ſoone conceyu'd,
Thou never com'ſt unto a happy byrth,
But kilſt the Mother that engendred thee.

Tit. What *Pindarus*? Where art thou *Pindarus*?

Meſſa. Seeke him *Titinius*, whilſt I goe to meet
The Noble *Brutus*, thruſting this report
Into his eares; I may ſay thruſting it:
For piercing Steele, and Darts invenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the eares of *Brutus*,
As tydings of this ſight.

Tit. Hye you *Meſſala*,
And I will ſeeke for *Pindarus* the while:
Why didſt thou ſend me forth brave *Caſſius*?
Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they
Put on my browes this wreath of Victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didſt thou not heare their
Alas, thou haſt miſconſtrued every thing. (ſhowts?
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy *Brutus* bid me giue it thee, and I
Will doe his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
And ſee how I regarded *Caius Caſſius*:
By your leave gods: This is a Romans part,
Come *Caſſius* Sword, and find *Titinius* heart. *Dyes.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Meſſala yong Cato,
Strato, Volumnius, and Lucillius.

Bru. Where, where *Meſſala*, doth his body lye?

Meſſa. Loe yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Bru. *Titinius* face is upward.

Cato. He is ſlaine.

Bru. O *Iulius Cæſar*, thou art mighty yet,
Thy ſpirit wa'kes abroad, and turnes our Swords
In our owne proper Entrailes. *Low Alarums.*

Cato. Brave *Titinius*,
Looke where he have not crown'd dead *Caſſius*.

Bru. Are yet two Romans living ſuch as theſe?
The laſt of all the Romans, fare thee well:
It is impoſſible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow: friends I owe mo teares
To this dead man, then you ſhall ſee me pay.
I ſhall find time, *Caſſius*: I ſhall find time.
Come therefore, and to *Tharſus* ſend his body,
His funerals ſhall not be in our Campe,
Leaſt it diſcomfort us. *Lucillius* come,
And come yong *Cato*, let us to the field,
Labio and *Flavius* ſet our Battailes on:
Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,
We ſhall try fortune in a ſecond fight. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Meſſala, Cato, Lucillius,
and Flavius.

Bru. Yet Country men: O yet, hold up your heads.

Cato. What Baſtard doth not? who will goe with me?
I will proclaime my name about the Field.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.
A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries friend.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.

Enter Souldiers, and fight.

And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I.
Brutus my Countries friend: Know me for *Brutus*,

Luc. O yong and Noble *Cato*, art thou downe?
Why now thou dyeſt, as bravely as *Titinius*,
And may'ſt be honour'd, being *Cato's* Sonne.

Sold. Yeeld, or thou dyeſt.

Luc. Onely I yeeld to dye:
There is ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight;
Kill *Brutus*, and be honor'd in his death.

Sold. We muſt not: a Noble Priſoner.

Enter Antony.

2 *Sold.* Roome hoe: tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is tane.

1 *Sold.* Ile tell thee newes. Heere comes the Generall,
Brutus is tane, *Brutus* is tane my Lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is ſafe enough:
I dare aſſure thee, that no Enemy
Shall ever take alive the Noble *Brutus*:
The gods defend him from ſo great a ſhame,
When you doe finde him, or a live, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himſelfe.

Ant. This is not *Brutus* friend, but I aſſure you,
A prize no leſſe in worth; keepe this man ſafe,
Give him all kindneſſe. I had rather have
Such men my friends, then Enemies. Goe on,
And ſee where *Brutus* be alive or dead,
And bring us, unto *Octavius* Tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato,
and Volumnius.

Bru. Come poore remaines of friends, reſt on this Rocke.

Clit. *Statillius* ſhew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord
He came not backe: he is or tane, or ſlaine.

Bru. Sit thee downe, *Clitus*: ſlaying is the word,
It is a deed in faſhion. Hearke thee, *Clitus*.

Clit. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Clit. Ile rather kill my ſelfe.

Bru. Hearke thee, *Dardanius*.

Dard. Shall I doe ſuch a deed?

Clit. O *Dardanius*.

Dar. O *Clitus*.

Clit. What ill requeſt did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dard. To kill him, *Clitus*: looke he meditates.

Clit. Now is that Noble Veſſell full of griefe,
That it runnes over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither. good *Volumnius*, liſt a word.

Volum. What ſayes my Lord?

Bru. Why this, *Volumnius*:
The Ghoſt of *Cæſar* hath appear'd to me
Two ſeverall times by Night: at Sardis, once;
And this laſt Night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my houre is come.

Volum. Not ſo, my Lord.

Bru. Nay, I am ſure it is, *Volumnius*.
Thou ſeeſt the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes,
Our Enemies have beat us to the Pit: *Low Alarum.*
It is more worthy, to leape in our ſelves,
Then tarry till they puſh us. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou knowſt, that we two went to Schoole together:
Even for that our love of old, I prethee
Hold thou my Sword Hilts, whileſt I runne on it.

Vol. Thats not an Office for a friend, my Lord.

Alarum ſtill.

Cly. Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.
Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you *Volumnius.*
Strato, thou haſt bin all this while a ſleepe:
Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen:
My heart doth joy, that yet all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I ſhall have glory by this looſing day
More then *Octavius*, and *Marke Antony*,
By this vile Conqueſt ſhall attaine unto.
So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue
Hath almoſt ended his lives Hiſtory:
Night hangs upon mine eyes, my Bones would reſt,
That have but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

Alarum. Cry within, Flye, flye, flye.

Cly. Fly my Lord, flye.
Bru. Hence: I will follow:
I prethee *Strato*, ſtay thou by thy Lord,
Thou art a fellow of a good reſpect:
Thy life hath had ſome ſmatch of honor in it.
Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,
While I doe run upon it. Wilt thou *Strato*?
Stra. Give me your hand firſt. Fare you well my Lord.
Bru. Farewell good *Strato*. —— *Cæſar*, now be ſtill,
I kill'd not thee with halfe ſo good a will. *Dyes.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Meſſala, Lucillius, and the Army.

Octa. What man is that?
Meſſa. My maſters man. *Strato*, where is thy Maſter?
Stra. Free from the Bondage you are in *Meſſala*,
The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:
For *Brutus* onely overcame himſelfe,
And no man elſe hath honor by his death.
Luci. So *Brutus* ſhould be found. I thanke thee *Brutus*
That thou haſt prov'd *Lucillius* ſaying true.
Octa. All that ſerv'd *Brutus*, I will entertaine them,
Fellow, wilt thou beſtow thy time with me?
Stra. I, if *Meſſala* will preferre me to you.
Octa. Doe ſo, good *Meſſala*.
Meſſa. How dyed my *Strato*?
Stra. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.
Meſſa. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the lateſt ſervice to my Maſter.
Ant. This was the Nobleſt Roman of them all:
All the Conſpirators ſave onely he,
Did that they did, in envy of great *Cæſar*:
He, onely in a generall honeſt thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might ſtand up,
And ſay to all the world; This was a man.
Octa. According to his Vertue, let us uſe him
Withall reſpect, and rites of Buriall.
Within my Tent his bones to night ſhall lye,
Moſt like a Souldier ordered honorably:
So call the field to reſt, and lets away,
To part the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 When ſhall we three meet againe?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?
2 When the Hurley-burleys done,
When the Battailes loſt and wonne.
3 That will be ere the ſet of Sunne,
1 Where the place?
2 Vpon the Heath.
3 There to meet with *Macbeth.*
1 I come, *Gray-Malkin.*
All. Padocke calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,
Hover through the fogge and filthy ayre. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbaine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As ſeemeth by his plight, of the Revolt
The neweſt ſtate.
Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy Souldier fought
Gainſt my Captivity: Haile: haile brave friend;
Say to the King, the knowledge of the broyle,
As thou didſt leave it.
Cap. Doubtfull it ſtood,
As two ſpent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
And choake their Art: The mercileſſe *Macdonnell*
(Worthy to be a Rebell, for to that
The multiplying Villaines of Nature
Doe ſwarme upon him) from the Weſterne Iſles
Of Kernes and Gallowglaſſes is ſupply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry ſmiling,
Shew'd like a Rebells Whore: but al's too weake:
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deſerves that Name)
Diſdayning Fortune, with his brandiſht Steele,
Which ſmoak'd with bloody execution
(Like Valours Minion) carv'd out his paſſage,
Till he fac'd the Slave:
Which neu'r ſhooke hands, nor bad farewell to him,
Till he unſeam'd him from the Nave toth' Chops,
And fix'd his head upon our Battlements.
King. O valiant Couſin, worthy Gentleman,
Cap. As whence the Sunne gins his reſtection,
Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders breaking
So from that ſpring, whence comfort ſeem'd to come,
Diſcomfort ſwells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No ſooner juſtice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd theſe skipping Kernes to truſt their heeles,
But the Norweyan Lord, ſurveying vantage,
With furbuſht Armes, and new ſupplyes of men,
Began a freſh aſſault.
King. Diſmaid not this our Captaines, *Macbeih* and *Banquoh?*
Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon:
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report they were
As Cannons over-charg'd with double Crackes
So they doubly redoubled ſtroakes on the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in recking Wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha,*
I cannot tell: but I am faint,
My Gaſhes cry for helpe.
King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds
They ſmacke of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter Roſſe and Angus.

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy *Thane* of Roſſe.
Lenox. What haſt lookes through his eyes?
So ſhould he looke, that ſeemes to ſpeake things ſtrange.
Roſſe. God ſave the King.
King. Whence cam'ſt thou, worthy *Thane?*
Roſe. From Fife, great King,
Where the Norweyan Bannars flowt the Sky,
And fanne our people cold.
Norway himſelfe, with terrible numbers,
Aſſiſted by that moſt diſloyall Traytor,
The *Thane* of Cawdor, began a diſmall Conflict,
Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroome, lapt in proofe,
Confronted him with ſelfe-compariſons,
Point againſt Point, rebellious Arme gainſt Arme,
Curbing his laviſh ſpirit: and to conclude,
The Victory fell on us,
King. Great happineſſe.
Roſſe. That now *Sweno,* the Norwayes King,
Craves compoſition:
Nor would we deigne him butiall of his men,
Till he disburſed, at Saint *Colmes*-hill,
Ten thouſand Dollars, to our generall uſe.

King. No more that *Thane* of Cawdor ſhall deceive
Our Boſome intereſt: Goe pronounce his preſent death,
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth.*
Roſ. Ile ſee it done.
King. What he hath loſt, Noble *Macbeth* hath wonne.
Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Where haſt thou been, Siſter?
2 Killing Swine.
3 Siſter, where thou?
1 A Saylors Wife had Cheſtnuts in her Lappe,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht:
Give me, quoth I.
Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cryes.
Her husbands to Aleppo gone, Maſter oth' *Tiger*:
But in a Syve Ile thither ſayle,
And like a Rat without a tayle,
Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.
2 Ile give thee a Wind.
1 Th'art kind.
3 And I another.
1 I my ſelfe have all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know.
Ith' Ship-mans Card.
I'le dreyne him dry as Hay:
Sleepe ſhall neither Night nor day
Hang upon his Pent-houſe Lid:
He ſhall live a man forbid:
Weary Seu'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be Tempeſt-toſt.
Looke what I have.
2 Shew me, ſhew me.
1 Here I have a Pilots Thumbe,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*
3 A Drumme, a Drumme:
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weyward Siſters, hand in hand,
Poſters of the Sea and Land,
Thus doe goe, about, about,
Thice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make up nine.
Peace, the Charme's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foule and faire a day I have not ſeene.
Banq. How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are theſe,
So wither'd, and ſo wilde in their attyre,
That looke not like th'inhabitants oth'Earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may queſtion? you ſeeme to underſtand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Vpon her skinny Lips: you ſhould be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret
That you are ſo.
Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?
1 All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Glamis.
2 All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Cawdor.
3 All haile *Macbeth*, that ſhalt be King hereafter.
Banq. Good ſir, why doe you ſtart, and ſeeme to feare
Things that doe ſound ſo faire? i'th' name of truth
Are ye fantaſticall, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye ſhew? My Noble Partner
You greet with preſent Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble having, and of Royall hope,
That he ſeemes wrapt withall; to me you ſpeake not.
If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,
And ſay, which Graine will grow, and which will not.
Speake then to me, who neither begge, nor feare
Your favors, nor your hate.
1 Hayle.
2 Hayle.
3 Hayle.
1 Leſſer then *Macbeth*, and greater.
2 Not ſo happy, yet much happyer.
3 Thou ſhalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all haile *Macbeth*, and *Banquo*.
1 *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all haile.
Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
By *Sinells* death, I know I am *Thane* of Glamis,
But how, of Cawdor? the *Thane* of Cawdor lives
A proſperous Gentleman: And to be King,
Stands not within the proſpect of beliefe,
No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this ſtrange Intelligence, or why
Vpon this blaſted heath you ſtop our way
With ſuch Prophetique greeting?
Speake, I charge you. *Witches vaniſh.*
Banq. The earth hath bubbles, as the Water has,
And theſe are of them: whether are they vaniſh'd?
Macb. Into the Ayre: and what ſeem'd corporall,
Melted, as breath into the Winde.
Would they had ſtaid.
Banq. Were ſuch things here, as we doe ſpeake about?
Or have we eaten on the inſane Root,
That takes the Reaſon Priſoner?
Macb. Your Children ſhall be Kings.
Banq. You ſhall be King.
Macb. And *Thane* of Cawdor too: went it not ſo?
Banq. Toth' ſelfe-ſame tune, and words: whos here?

Enter Roſſe, and Angus.

Roſſe. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The newes of thy ſucceſſe; and when he reades
Thy perſonall Venture in the Rebels fight,
His wonders and his Praiſes doe contend,
Which ſhould be thine, or his: ſilenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the reſt o'th'ſelfe-ſame day,
He findes thee in the ſtout Norweyan Rankes,
Nothing afeard of what thy ſelfe didſt make
Strange Images of death, as thicke as Tale
Can poſt with poſt, and every one did beare
Thy prayſes in his Kingdomes great defence,
And powr'd them downe before him.
Ang. We are ſent,
To give thee from our Royall Maſter thankes,
Onely to herrald thee into his ſight,
Not pay thee.
Roſſe. And for an earneſt of a greater honor,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of Cawdor:

In which addition, haile moſt worthy *Thane*,
For it is thine.
Banq. What can the Devill ſpeake true?
Macb. The *Thane* of Cawdor lives:
Why doe you dreſſe me in his borrowed Robes?
Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet,
But under heavy judgement beares that life,
Which he deſerves to looſe.
Whether he was combin'd with thoſe of Norway,
Or elſe did lyne the Rebell with hidden helpe,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countryes wracke, I know not:
But Treaſons Capitall, confeſs'd, and prou'd,
Have overthrowne him.
Macb. Glamis, and *Thane* of Cawdor:
The greateſt is behind. Thankes for your paines.
Doe you not hope your Children ſhall be Kings,
When thoſe that gave the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no leſſe to them.
Banq. That truſted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the Crowne,
Beſides the *Thane* of Cawdor. But tis ſtrange:
And oftentimes, to winne us to our harme,
The Inſtruments of Darkneſſe tell us Truths,
Winne us with honeſt Trifles, to betrays
In deepeſt conſequence.
Couſins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the ſwelling Acte
Of the imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen:
This ſupernaturall ſolliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.
If ill? why hath it given me earneſt of ſucceſſe,
Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.
If good? why doe I yeeld to that ſuggeſtion,
Whoſe horrid Image doth unfixe my heire,
And make my ſeated Heart knocke at my Ribbes,
Againſt the uſe of nature? Preſent Feares
Are leſſe then horrible imaginings:
My thought, whoſe Murther yet is but fantaſticall,
Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of Man,
That function is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe,
And nothing is, but what is not.
Banq. Looke how our Partners rapt.
Macb. If chance will have me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,
Without my ſtirre.
Banq. New honors come upon him
Like our ſtrange Garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of uſe.
Macb. Come what come may,
Time, and the houre, runs through the rougheſt Day.
Banq. Worthy *Macbeth*, we ſtay upon your leyſure.
Macb. Give me your favour:
My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.
Kind Gentlemen, your paines are regiſtred,
Where every day I turne the Leafe,
To reade them.
Let us toward the King; thinke upon
What hath chanc'd: and at more time,
The *Interim* having weigh'd it, let us ſpeake
Our free hearts each to other.
Banq. Very gladly,
Macb. Till then enough:
Come friends.
Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme,
Donalbaine, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor?
Are not thoſe in Commiſſion yet return'd?
Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come backe.
But I have ſpoke with one that ſaw him dye:
Who did report, that very frankly he
Confeſs'd his Treaſons, implor'd your Highneſſe Pardon
And ſet forth a deepe Repentance:
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leaving it. He dy'de,
As one that had beene ſtudied in his death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,
As twere a careleſſe Trifle.
King. Theres no Art,
To finde the mindes conſtruction in the face:
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An abſolute Truſt.
Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Roſſe, and Angus.
O worthyeſt Couſin,
The ſinne of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art ſo farre before,
That ſwifteſt Wine of Recompence is ſlow:
To overtake thee. Would thou hadſt leſſe deſerv'd,
That the proportion both of thankes, and payment,
Might have beene mine: onely I have left to ſay,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.
Macb. The ſervice, and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it payes it ſelfe.
Your highneſſe part, is to receive our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Servants; which doe but what they ſhould
By doing every thing ſafe toward your Love
And honor,
King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
That haſt no leſſe deſerv'd, nor muſt be knowne
No leſſe to have done ſo: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart,
Banq. There if I grow,
The Harveſt is your owne.
King. My plenteous joyes,
Wanton in fulneſſe, ſeeke to hide themſelves
In drops of ſorrow. Sonnes, Kinſman, *Thanes*,
And you whoſe places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtabliſh our Eſtate upon
Our eldeſt, *Malcolme*, whom we name heareafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which honor muſt
Not unaccompained, inveſt him onely.
But ſignes of Nobleneſſe, like Starres ſhall ſhine
On all deſervers. From hence to Envernes,
And bind us further to you.
Mac. The Reſt is labour, which is not us'd for you:
Ile be my ſelfe the Herbenger, and make joyfull
The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:
So humbly take my leave.
King. My worthy *Cawdor*.
Macb. The Prince of *Cumberland*: that is a ſtep,
On which I muſt fall downe, or elſe o're leape,

For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,
Let not Light ſee my blacke and deepe deſires:
The eye winke at the hand: yet let that be,
Which the Eye feares, when it is done to ſee. *Exit.*
King. True, worthy *Banquo*: he is full ſo valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a Banquet to me. Lets after him,
Whoſe care is gone before, to bid us welcome:
It is a peereleſſe Kinſman. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of ſucceſſe: and I have learn'd by the perfect'ſt report, they have more in them, then mortall knowledge. When I burnt in deſire to queſtion them further, they made themſelves Ayre, into which they vaniſh'd. Whiles I ſtood rapt in the wonder of it, came Miſſives from the King, who all hail'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which Title before, theſe weyward Siſters ſaluted me, and referr'd me to the comming on of time, with haile King that ſhalt be. This have I thought good to deliver thee (my deareſt Partner of Greatneſſe) that thou might'ſt not looſe the dues of rejoycing by being ignorant of what Greatneſſe is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature,
It is too full o'th' Milke of humane kindneſſe,
To catch the neereſt way. Thou wouldſt be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The illneſſe ſhould attend it. What thou wouldſt highly,
That wouldſt thou holily: wouldſt not play falſe,
And yet wouldſt wrongly winne.
Thould'ſt have, great Glamis, that which cryes,
Thus thou muſt doe, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou do'ſt feare to doe,
Then wiſheſt ſhould be undone. High thee hither,
That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,
And chaſtiſe with the valour of my Tongue
All that thee hinders from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphyſicall ayde doth ſeeme
To have thee crown'd withall. *Enter Meſſenger.*
What is your tidings?
Meſſ. The King comes here to Night.
Lady. Thou'rt mad to ſay it.
Is not thy Maſter with him? who, wer't ſo,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
Meſſ. So pleaſe you, it is true: our *Thane* is comming:
One of my fellowes had the ſpeed of him;
Who almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Then would make up his Meſſage.
Lady. Give him tending,
He brings great newes. *Exit Meſſenger.*
The Raven himſelfe is hoarſe,
That croakes the fatall entrance of *Duncan*
Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortall thoughts, unſex me here,
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full
Of direſt Cruelty: make thicke my blood,
Stop up th'acceſſe, and paſſage to Remorſe,
That no compunctious viſitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keepe peace betweene
Th'effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Breſts,
And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Miniſters,
Where-ever, in your ſightleſſe ſubſtances,
You wait on Natures Miſchiefe. Come thicke Night,
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoake of hell,
That my keene Knife ſee not the Wound it makes,
Nor heaven peepe through the Blanket of the darke,
To cry, hold, hold. *Enter Macbeth.*
Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor,
Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,
Thy Letters have tranſported me beyond
This ignorant preſent, and I feele now
The future in the inſtant.
Macb. My deareſt Love,
Duncane comes here to Night.
Lady. And when goes hence?
Macb. To morrow, as he purpoſes.
Lady. O never,
Shall Sunne that Morrow ſee.
Your Face, my *Thane*, is as booke, where men
May reade ſtrange matters, to beguile the time.
Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,
Your hand, your Tongue: looke like the innocent flower,
But be the Serpent under't. He thats comming,
Muſt be provided for: and you ſhall put
This Nights great buſineſſe into my diſpatch,
Which ſhall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,
Give ſolely ſoveraigne ſway, and Maſterdome.
Macb. We will ſpeake further.
Lady. Onely looke up cleare:
To alter favor, ever is to feare:
Leave all the reſt to me. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduffe, Roſſe, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat,
The ayre nimbly and ſweetly recommends it ſelfe
Vnto our gentle ſences.
Banq. This Gueſt of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approve,
By his loued Manſonry, that the Heavens breath
Smells wooingly here: no Iutty frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,
Where they muſt breed, and haunt: I have obſerv'd
The ayre is delicate. *Enter Lady.*
King. See, ſee, our honor'd Hoſteſſe:
The love that followes us, ſometime is our trouble,
Which ſtill we thanke as Love. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhall bid god-eyld us for your paines,
And thanke us for your trouble.
Lady. All our ſervice,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poore, and ſingle Buſineſſe, to contend
Againſt thoſe honors deepe, and broad,
Wherewith your Majeſty loades our houſe:
For thoſe of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd up to them, we reſt your Hermites.

King. Wheres the *Thane* of *Cawdor*?
We courſt him at the heeles, and had a purpoſe
To be his Purveyor: But he rides well,
And his great Love (ſharpe at his Spurre) hath holpe him
To his home before us: Faire and Noble Hoſteſſe
We are your gueſt to night.

Lady. Your Servants ever,
Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your higneſſe pleaſure,
Still to returne your owne.

King. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine Hoſt we love him highly,
And ſhall continue, our Graces towards him.
By your leave Hoſteſſe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Septima.

Ho-boyes. Torches.
Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with Diſhes and Service over the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when tis done, then twer well,
It were done quickly: if th'Aſſaſſination
Could trammell up the Conſequence, and catch
With his ſurceaſe, Succeſſe: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,
But heere, upon this Banke and Schoole of time,
We'ld jumpe the life to come. But in theſe Caſes,
We ſtill have judgement heere, that we but teach
Bloody inſtructions, which being taught, returne
To plague th'Ingredience of our poyſon'd Challice
To our owne lips. Hes here in double truſt;
Firſt, as I am his Kinſman, and his ſubject,
Strong both againſt the Deed: then, as his Hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his Murtherer ſhut the doore,
Not beare the knife my ſelfe. Beſides, this *Duncane*
Hath borne his Faculties ſo meeke: hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd againſt
The deepe damnation of his taking off:
And Pitty, like a naked Newborne-babe,
Striding the blaſt, or heavens Cherubin, hors'd
Vpon the ſightleſſe Curriors of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That teares ſhall drowne the winde. I have no Spurre
To pricke the ſides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it ſelfe,
And falles on th'other. *Enter Lady.*
How now? What Newes?

La. He has almoſt ſupt: why have you left the chamber?

Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not, he has?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this Buſineſſe:
He hath honour'd me of late, and I have bought
Golden Opinions from all ſorts of people,
Which would be worne now in their neweſt gloſſe,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoone.

Lady. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you dreſt your ſelfe? hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now to looke ſo greene, and pale,
At what it did ſo freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou affear'd
To be the ſame in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in deſire? Wouldſt thou have that
Which thou eſteem'ſt the Ornament of Life,
And live a Coward in thine owne Eſteeme?
Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
Like the poore Cat i'th'Addage.

Macb. Prethee peace:
I dare doe all that may become a man,
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beaſt was't then
That made you breake this enterprize to me?
When you durſt doe it, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be ſo much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themſelves, and that their fitneſſe now
Do's unmake you. I have given Sucke, and know
How tender tis to love the Babe that milkes me,
I would, while it was ſmyling in my face,
Have pluckt my Nipple from his boneleſſe Gummes,
And daſht the Braines out, had I ſo ſworne
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we ſhould faile?

Lady. We faile?
But ſcrew your courage to the ſticking place,
And wee'l not faile: when *Duncan* is a ſleepe,
(Whereto the rather ſhall his dayes hard Iourney
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with Wine, and Waſſell, ſo convince,
That Memory, the Warder of the Braine,
Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Reaſon
A Lymbecke onely: when in Swiniſh ſleepe,
Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,
What cannot you and I performe upon
Th'unguarded *Duncan*? What not put upon
His ſpungy Officers? who ſhall beare the guilt
Of our great quell.

Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely:
For thy undaunted Mettle ſhould compoſe
Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
Of his owne Chamber, and us'd their very Daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we ſhall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,
Vpon his death?

Macb. I am ſettled, and bend up
Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat.
Away, and mocke the time with faireſt ſhow,
Falſe Face muſt hide what the falſe heart doth know.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch before him.

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?

Fleance. The Moone is downe: I have not heard the Clocke.

Banq. And ſhe goes downe at Twelve.

Flean. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Banq. Hold, take my Sword:
There's Husbandry in Heaven,
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

A heavy Summons lyes like Lead upon me,
And yet I would not ſleepe:
Mercifull Powers, reſtraine in me the curſed thoughts
That Nature gives way to in repoſe.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Give me my Sword: whos there?
Macb. A friend.
Banq. What Sir, not yet at reſt? the Kings a bed.
He hath beene in unuſuall pleaſure.
And ſent forth a great Largeſſe to your Offices.
This Diamond he greets your Wife withall,
By the name of moſt kind hoſteſſe,
And ſhut it up in meaſureleſſe content.
Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the ſervant to defect,
Which elſe ſhould free have wrought.
Banq. Alls well.
I dreampt laſt Night of the three weyward Siſters:
To you they have ſhew'd ſome truth.
Macb. I thinke not of them:
Yet when we can intreat an houre to ſerve,
We would ſpend it in ſome words upon that Buſineſſe,
If you would graunt the time.
Ban. At your kindſt leyſure.
Macb, If you ſhall cleave to my conſent,
When tis, it ſhall make honor for you.
Banq. So I loſe none,
In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keepe
My boſome franchis'd, and Allegeance cleare,
I ſhall be counſail'd.
Macb. Good repoſe the while.
Banq. Thankes Sir: the like to you. *Exit Banquo.*
Macb. Goe bid thy Miſtreſſe, when my drinke is ready
She ſtrike upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. *Exit.*
Is this a dagger, which I ſee before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill,
Art thou not fatall Viſion, ſenſible
To feeling, as to ſight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a falſe Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed Braine?
I ſee thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.
Thou marſhalſt me the way that I was going,
And ſuch an inſtrument I was to uſe.
Mine eyes are made the fooles o'th' other Senſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt: I ſee thee ſtill;
And on thy blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of blood,
Which was not ſo before. There's no ſuch thing:
It is the bloody Buſineſſe, which informes
Thus to mine eyes. Now ore the one halfe World
Nature ſeemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuſe
The Curtain'd ſleepe: Witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Heccates* Offrings: and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,
Whoſe howles his Watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With *Tarquins* raviſhing ſides, towards his deſigne
Moves like a Ghoſt. Thou ſowre and firme-ſet Earth
Heare not my ſteps, which they may walke, for feare
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about,
And take the preſent horror from the time,
Which now ſutes with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

A Bell rings.

I goe, and it is done: the bell invites me.
Heare it not, *Duncane*, for it is a Knell,
That ſummons thee to heaven, or to hell. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made them drunke, hath made me
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire. (bold:
Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that ſhriek'd,
The fatall Bell-man, which gives the ſtern'ſt good-night,
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the ſurfeted Groomes doe mocke their charge
With Snores. I have drugg'd their Poſſets,
That death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they live, or dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Whos there? what hoa?
Lady. Alacke, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And tis not done: th'attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us: hearke: I laid their Daggers ready,
He could not miſſe em. Had he not reſembled
My father as he ſlept, I had don't.
My husband?
Macb. I have done the deed:
Didſt thou not heare a noyſe?
Lady. I heard the Owle ſchreame, and the Crickets cry
Did not you ſpeake?
Macb. When?
Lady. Now.
Macb. As I deſcended?
Lady. I.
Macb. Hearke, who lyes ith' ſecond Chamber?
Lady. *Donalbaine.*
Macb. This is a ſorry ſight.
Lady. A fooliſh thought, to ſay a ſorry ſight.
Macb. Theres one did laugh ins ſleepe,
And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other:
I ſtood, and heard them: but they did ſay their Prayers,
And addreſt them againe to ſleepe.
Lady. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cry'd God bleſſe us, and Amen the other,
As they had ſeene me with theſe hangmans hands:
Liſtning their feare, I could not ſay Amen,
When they did ſay God bleſſe us.
Lady. Conſider it not ſo deepely.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had moſt need of bleſſing, and Amen ſtuck in my throat
Lady. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought
After theſe wayes: ſo, it will make us mad.
Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, ſleepe no more:
Macbeth does murther Sleepe, the innocent ſleepe,
Sleepe that knits up the ravel'd ſleeve of Care,
The death of each dayes Life, ſore Labors Bath,
Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures ſecond Courſe,
Chiefe nouriſher in lifes feaſt.
Lady. What doe you meane?
Macb. Still it cry'd, ſleepe no more to all the houſe:
Glamis hath murther'd ſleepe, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall ſleepe no more: *Macbeth* ſhall ſleepe no more.
Lad. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy *Thane,*
You doe unbend your Noble ſtrength, to thinke
So braine-ſickly of things: Goe get ſome Water,
And

And waſh this filthy Witneſſe from your Hand.
Why did you bring theſe Daggers from the place?
They muſt lye there: goe carry them, and ſmeare
The ſleepy Groomes with blood.
Macb. Ile goe no more:
I am afraid, to thinke what I have done:
Looke on't againe, I dare not.
Lady. Infirme of purpoſe:
Give me the Daggers: the ſleeping, and the dead,
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That feares a painted Divell. If he doe bleed,
Ile guilde the Faces of the Groomes withall,
For it muſt ſeeme their Guilt. *Exit.*

Knocke within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noyſe appalls me?
What Hands are here? hah: they plucke out mine Eyes.
Will all great *Neptunes* Ocean waſh this blood
Cleane from my Hand? no: this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Greene one, Red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour: but I ſhame
To weare a heart ſo white. *Knocke.*
I heare a knocking at the South entry:
Retyre we to our Chamber:
A little Water cleares us of this deed.
How eaſie is it then? your Conſtancie
Hath left you unattended, *Knocke.*
Hearke, more knocking.
Get on your Night-Gowne, leſt occaſion call us,
And ſhew vs to be Watchers: be not loſt
So poorely in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, *Knocke.*
'Twere beſt not know my ſelfe.
Wake *Duncan* with thy knocking:
I would thou could'ſt. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter a Porter.

Knocking within.

Porter. Heere's a knocking indeed: if a man were Porter of Hell Gate, hee ſhould have old turning the Key. *Knocke,* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there i'th'name of *Belzebub*? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himſelfe on th'expectation of Plenty: Come in time, have Napkins enough about you, here you'le ſweat for't. *Knock.* Knock, Knock. Who's there in th'other Devils Name? Faith here's an Equivocator, that could ſweare in both the Scales, againſt eyther Scale, who committed Treaſon enough for Gods ſake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven: oh come in, Equivocator, *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there? Faith here's an Engliſh Taylor come hither, for ſtealing out of a French Hoſe: Come in Taylor, here you may roſt your Gooſe. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Never at quiet: What are you? but this place is too cold for Hell. Ile Devill-Porter it no further: I had thought to have let in ſome of all profeſſions, that goe the Primroſe way to th'everlaſting Bonfire. *Knock.* Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it ſo late, friend, ere you went to Bed,
That you doe lye ſo late?

Port. Faith Sir, we were carowſing till the ſecond Cock: And Drinke, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does Drinke eſpecially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, Noſe-painting, Sleepe, and Vrine. Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it Provokes the deſire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drinke may be ſaid to be an Equivocator with Lechery: it makes him and it marres him; it ſets him on, and it takes him off; it perſwades him, and diſheartens him; makes him ſtand to, and not ſtand to: in concluſion, equivocates him in a ſleepe, and giving him the Lye, leaves him.

Macd. I beleeve, Drinke gave thee the Lye laſt Night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i'the very Throat on me: but I requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too ſtrong for him, though he tooke up my Legges ſometime, yet I made a Shift to caſt him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Maſter ſtirring?
Our knocking ha's awak'd him: here he comes.
Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.
Macb. Good morrow both.
Macd. Is the King ſtirring, worthy *Thane*?
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I have almoſt ſlipt the houre.
Macb. Ile bring you to him.
Macd. I know this is a ioyfull trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in, Phyſicks paine:
This is the Doore.
Macd. Ile make ſo bold to call, for 'tis my limited
ſervice. *Exit Macduffe.*
Lenox. Goes the King hence to day.
Macb. He does: he did appoint ſo.
Lenox. The Night ha's beene vnruly;
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe.
And (as they ſay) lamentings heard i'th'Ayre;
Strange Schreemes of Death,
And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,
Of dyre Combuſtions and confus'd Events,
New hatch'd toth'wofull time.
The obſcnre Bird clamor'd the live-long Night,
Some ſay, the Earth was fevorous,
And did ſhake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.
Lenox. My young remembrance cannot parallell
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceive, nor name thee.
Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?
Macd. Confuſion now hath made his Maſter-peece:
Moſt ſacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lords anoynted Temple, and ſtole thence
The Life o'th'Building.
Macb. What is't you ſay? the Life?
Lenox. Meane you his Maieſtie?
Macb. Approch the Chamber, and deſtroy your ſight
With a new *Gorgon*. Doe not bid me ſpeake:

See, and then ſpeake your ſelves : awake, awake,
Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.
Ring the Alarum Bell : Murther, and Treaſon,
Banquo, and *Donalbaine* : *Malcolme* awake,
Shake off this Downy ſleepe, Deaths counterfeit,
And looke on death it ſelfe : up, up, and ſee
The great Doomes Image : *Malcolme*, *Banquo*,
As from your Graves riſe up, and walke like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.
Bell Rings. Enter Lady.
Lady. What's the buſineſſe ?
That ſuch a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The ſleepers of the Houſe ? ſpeake, ſpeake,
Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to heare what I can ſpeake :
The repetition in a Womans eare,
Would murther as it fell.
Enter Banquo.
O *Banquo*, *Banquo*, Our Royall Maſter's murther'd.
Lady. Woe, alas :
What, in our houſe ?
Ban. Too cruell, any where.
Deare *Duff*, I prythee contract thy ſelfe,
And ſay, it is not ſo.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Roſſe.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had liv'd a bleſſed time : for from this inſtant,
There's nothing ſerious in Mortality :
All is but Toyes : Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees
Is left this Vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amiſſe ?
Macb. You are and doe not know't :
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is ſtopt; the very Source of it is ſtopt,
Macd. Your Royall Father's murther'd.
Mal. Oh, by whom ?
Lenox. Thoſe of his Chamber, as it ſeem'd, had don't:
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which unwip'd, we found
Vpon their Pillowes : they ſtar'd, and were diſtracted,
No mans life was to be truſted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my furie,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you ſo ?
Macb. Who can be wiſe, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,
Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment ? No man :
Th'expedition of my violent Love
Out-run the pawſer, Reaſon. Here lay *Duncan*,
His Silver skinne, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gaſh'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines waſtfull entrance : there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade ; their Daggers
Vnmannerly breech'd with gore : who could refraine,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart,
Courage, to make's love knowne ?
Lady. Helpe me hence, hoa,
Macd. Looke to the Lady,.
Mal, Why do we hold our tongues,
That moſt may claime this argument for ours ?
Donal. What ſhould be ſpoken here,
Where our Fate hid within an augure hole,
May ruſh, and ſeize us ? Let's away,
Our Teares are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our ſtrong Sorrow
Vpon the foote of Motion.
Banq. Looke to the Lady :
And when we have our naked Frailties hid,
That ſuffer in expoſure ; let us meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloody piece of worke,
To know it further. Feares and ſcruples ſhake us :
In the great Hand of God I ſtand, and thence,
Againſt the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of Treaſonous Malice.
Macd. And ſo doe I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's breefely put on manly readineſſe,
And meet i'th' Hall together.
All. Well contented, *Exeunt.*
Malc. What will you doe ?
Let's not conſort with them :
To ſhew an unfelt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the falſe man do's eaſie.
Ile to England.
Don. To Ireland, I :
Our ſeperated fortune ſhall keepe us both the ſafer :
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles ;
The neere in blood, the neerer bloody.
Macl. This murtherous Shaft that's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighte'd : and our ſafeſt way,
Is to avoid the ayme. Therefore to Houſe,
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But ſhift away : there's warrant in that Theft,
Which ſteales it ſelfe, when there's no mercie left.
Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Roſſe, with an Old man.

Old man. Threeſcore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which Time, I have ſeene
Houres dreadfull, and things ſtrange : but this ſore Night
Hath trified former knowings.
Roſſe. Ha, good Father,
Thou ſeeſt the heavens, as troubled with mans Act,
Threatens his bloody Stage : by th' Clock tis Day,
And yet darke Night ſtrangles the travailing Lampe :
Iſt Nights predominance, or the Dayes ſhame,
That darkeneſſe does the face of Earth intombe,
When living Light ſhall kiſſe it ?
Oldman. 'Tis unnaturall,
Even like the deed that's done : on Tueſday laſt,
A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowſing Owle hawkt at, and kill'd
Roſſe. And *Duncans* Horſes,
(A thing moſt ſtrange, and certaine)
Beauteous, and ſwift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their ſtalls, flong out,
Contending 'gainſt Obedience, as they would
Make warre with Mankinde.
Old man. 'Tis ſaid, they eate each other.
Roſſe. They did ſo :

To th'amazement of mine eyes that look'd upon't.
Enter Macduffe.
Heere comes the good *Macduffe*.
How goes the world Sir, now?
Macd. Why ſee you not?
Roſſe. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?
Macd. Thoſe that *Macbeth* hath ſlaine.
Roſſe. Alas the day,
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were ſubborned,
Malcolme, and *Donolbaine* the Kings two Sonnes
Are ſtolne away and fled, which puts upon them
Suſpition of the deed.
Roſſe. 'Gainſt Nature ſtill,
Thriftleſſe Ambition, that will raven upon
Thine owne lives meanes: Then 'tis moſt like,
The Soveraignty will fall upon *Macbeth*.
Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be inveſted.
Roſſe. Where is *Duncans* body?
Macd. Carried to Colmekill,
The Sacred Store-houſe of his Predeceſſors,
And Guardian of their Bones.
Roſſe. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No Coſin, Ile to Fife.
Roſſe. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well may you ſee things well done there: Adieu
Leſt our old Robes ſit eaſier then our new.
Roſſe. Farewell, Father.
Old M. Gods benyſon go with you ſir, and with thoſe
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.
Exeunt omnes.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Banquo.
Banq. Thou haſt it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weyward Women promis'd, and I feare
Thou plaid'ſt moſt foully for't: yet it was ſaid
It ſhould not ſtand in thy Poſterity,
But that my ſelfe ſhould be the Roote, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As upon thee *Macbeth*, their Speeches ſhine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And ſet me up in hope. But huſh, no more.

Senit ſounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox, Roſſe, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. Heere's our chiefe Gueſt.
La. If he had beene forgotten,
It had beene as a gap in our great Feaſt,
And all-things unbecomming.
Macb. To night we hold a ſolemne Supper, ſir,
And Ile requeſt your preſence.
Banq. Let your Highneſſe
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tye
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoone?
Ban. I, my good Lord.
Macb. We ſhould have elſe deſir'd your good advice
(Which ſtill hath been both grave, and proſperous)
In this dayes Councell: but wee'le take to morrow.
Is't farre you ride?
Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill up the time
Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horſe the better,
I muſt become a borrower of the Night,
For a darke houre or twaine.
Macb. Faile not our Feaſt.
Ban. My Lord, I will not.
Macb. We heare our bloody Cozens are beſtow'd
In England, and in Ireland, not confeſſing
Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers
With ſtrange inuention. But of that to morrow,
When therewithall we ſhall have cauſe of State,
Craving us joyntly. Hye you to horſe:
Adieu, till you returne at Night.
Goes *Fleance* with you?
Ban. I, my good Lord: our time does call upon's.
Macb. I wiſh your Horſes ſwift, and ſure of foot:
And ſo I doe commend you to their backs.
Farwell. *Exit Banquo.*
Let every man be maſter of his time,
Till ſeaven at Night, to make ſociety
The ſweeter welcome:
We will keepe our ſelfe till Supper time alone:
While then, God be with you. *Exeunt Lords.*
Sirrha, a word with you: Attend thoſe men
Our pleaſure?
Servant. They are, my Lord, without the Palace Gate.
Macb. Bring them before us. *Exit Servant.*
To be thus, is nothing, but to be ſafely thus:
Our feares in *Banquo* ſticke deepe,
And in his Royalty of Nature reignes that
Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntleſſe temper of his Minde,
He hath a Wiſdome, that doth guide his Valour,
To act in ſafetie. There is none but he,
Whoſe being I doe feare: and under him,
My *Genius* is rebuk'd, as it is ſaid
Mark Anthonies was by *Cæſar*, He chid the Siſters,
When firſt they put the Name of King upon me
And bad them ſpeake to him. Then Prophet-like,
They hayld him Father to a Line of Kings.
Vpon my head they plac'd a fruitleſſe Crowne,
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
Thence to be wrencht with an unlineall Hand,
No Sonne of mine ſucceeding: if't be ſo,
For *Banquo's* Iſſue have I fil'd my Minde,
Fot them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murther'd,
Put Rancours in the Veſſell of my Peace
Onely for them, and mine eternall Iewell
Given to the common Enemy of Man,
To make them Kings, the Seedes of *Banquo* Kings:
Rather then ſo, come Fate into the Lyſt,
And champion me to th' utterance.
Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

Now goe to the Doore, and ſtay there till we call.
Exit Servant.
Was it not yeſterday we ſpoke together?
Murth. It was, ſo pleaſe your Highneſſe.
Macb. Well then,
Now have you conſider'd of my ſpeeches?

Know, that it was he, in the times paſt,
Which held you ſo under fortune,
Which you thought had beene our innocent ſelfe,
This I made good to, you, in our laſt conference,
Paſt in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how croſt:
The Inſtruments: who wrought with them:
And all things elſe, that might
To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did *Banquo*.
1. Murth. You made it knowne to us.
Macb. I did ſo:
And went further, which is now
Our point of ſecond meeting,
Doe you finde your patience ſo predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this goe?
Are you ſo Goſpell'd to pray for this good man,
And for his Iſſue, whoſe heavie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Grave, and begger'd
Yours for ever?
1. Murth. We are men, my Liege.
Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhoundes, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolves are clipt
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The Houſe-keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and ſo of men.
Now, if you have a ſtation in the file,
Not i'th' worſt ranke of Manhood, ſay't,
And I will put that Buſineſſe in your Boſomes,
Whoſe execution takes your Enemie off,
Grapples you to the heart; and love of us,
Who weare our Health but ſickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.
2. Murth. I am one my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
Hath ſo incens'd, that I am reckleſſe what I doe,
To ſpight the World.
1. Murth. And I another,
So wearie with Diſaſters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would ſet my Life on any Chance,
To mend it or be rid on't.
Macd. Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemie.
Murth. True, my Lord.
Macb. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance,
That every minute of his being, thruſts
Againſt my neer'ſt of Life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power ſweepe him from my ſight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whoſe loves I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my ſelfe ſtrucke downe: and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance doe make love,
Masking the Buſineſſe from the common Eye,
For ſundry weightie Reaſons.
2. Murth. We ſhall, my Lord,
Performe what you command us.
1. Murth. Though our Lives——
Macb. Your Spirits ſhine through you.
Within this houre, at moſt,
I will adviſe you where to plant your ſelves,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,
The moment on't, for't muſt be done to Night,
And ſomething from the Palace: alwayes thought,
That I require a cleareneſſe; and with him,
To leave no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:
Fleans, his Sonne, that keepes him companie,
Whoſe abſence is no leſſe materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, muſt embrace the fate
Of that darke houre: reſolue your ſelves apart,
Ile come to you anon.
Murth. We are reſolu'd, my Lord.
Macb. Ile call upon you ſtraight: abide within,
It is concluded: *Banquo*, thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heaven, muſt finde it out to Night. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda,

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Servant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?
Servant. I, Madame, but returnes againe to Night.
Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leyſure,
For a few words.
Servant. Madame, I will. *Exit.*
Lady. Nought's had, all's ſpent,
Where our deſire is got without content:
'Tis ſafer, to be that which we deſtroy,
Then by deſtruction dwell in doubtfull joy.
Enter Macbeth.
How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?
Of ſorryeſt Francies your Companions making,
Vſing thoſe Thoughts, which ſhould indeed have dy'd
With them they thinke on: things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.
Macb. We have ſcorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
Shee'le cloſe, and be her ſelfe, whileſt our poore Malice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.
But let the frame of things diſ-joynt,
Both the Worlds ſuffer,
Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and ſleepe
In the affliction of theſe terrible Dreames,
That ſhake us Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gayne our place, have ſent to peace:
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In reſtleſſe extaſie:
Duncane is in his Grave:
After Lifes fitfull Fever, he ſleepes well,
Treaſon ha's done his worſt: nor Steele nor Poyſon,
Malice domeſtique, forraine Levie, nothing,
Can touch him further.
Lady. Come on:
Gentle my Lord, ſleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and Ioviall 'mong your Gueſts to Night.
Macb. So ſhall I Love, and ſo I pray be you:
Let your remembrance ſtill apply to *Banquo*,
Preſent him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Vnſafe the while, that we muſt lave
Our Honors in theſe flattering ſtreames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Diſguiſing what they are.
Lady. You muſt leave this.
Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know'ſt, that *Banquo* and his *Feans* lives.

Lady. But in them, Natures Coppie's not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet, they are aſſaileable,
Then be thou jocund: ere the Bat hath flowne
His Cloyſter'd flight, ere to blacke *Hecats* ſummons
The ſhard-borne Beetle, with his drowſie hums,
Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,
There ſhall be done a deed of dreadfull note.
Lady. What's to be done?
Macb: Be innocent of the knowledge, deareſt Chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed: Come, ſeeling Night,
Skarfe up the tender Eye of pittifull Day,
And with thy bloody and inviſible Hand
Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,
Which keepes me pale. Light thickens,
And the Crow makes Wing to th' Rookie Wood:
Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowſe,
Whiles nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowſe.
Thou marvell'ſt at my words: but hold thee ſtill,
Things bad begun, make ſtrong themſelves by ill:
So prythee goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter three murtherers.

1. But who did bid thee joyne with us?
3. *Macbeth.*
2. He needes not our miſtruſt, ſince he delivers
Our Offices, and what we have to doe,
To the direction juſt.
1. Then ſtand with us.
The Weſt yet glimmers with ſome ſtreakes of Day.
Now ſpurres the lateſt Traveller apace,
To gayne the timely Inne, and neere approches
The ſubject of our Watch.
3. Hearke, I heare Horſes.
Banquo within. Give us a Light there, hoa.
2. Then 'tis hee:
The reſt, that are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'th' Court.
1. His Horſes goe about.
3. Almoſt a mile: but he does uſually,
So all men doe, from hence to th' Pallace Gate
Make it their Walke.

Enter Banquo and Fleans, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light.
3. 'Tis hee.
1. Stand too't.
Ban. It will be Rayne to Night.
1. Let it come downe.
Ban. O, Trecherie!
Flye godd *Fleans*, flye, flye, flye,
Thou may'ſt revenge. O Slave!
3. Who did ſtrike out the Light?
1. Was't not the way?
3. There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.
2. We have loſt
Beſt halfe of our Affaire.
1. Well, let's away, and ſay how much is done.
Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Roſſe, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your owne degrees, ſit downe:
At firſt and laſt, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thankes to your Majeſty.
Macb. Our ſelfe will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Hoſt:
Our Hoſteſſe keepes her State, but in the beſt time
We will require her welcome.
La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart ſpeakes, they are welcome.
Enter firſt Murtherer.
Macb. See they encounter thee with their hearts thanks
Both ſides are even: heere Ile ſit i'th' mid'ſt,
Be large in mirth, anon wee'l drinke a Meaſure
The Table round. There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.
Is he diſpatch'd?
Mur. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him:
Mac Thou art the beſt o'th' Cut-throats,
Yet hee's good that did the like for *Fleans*:
If thou did'ſt it, thou art the Non-pareill.
Mur. Moſt Royall Sir
Fleans is ſcap'd.
Macb. Then comes my Fit againe:
I had elſe beene perfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
As broad, and generall, as the caſing Ayre:
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To ſawcy doubts, and feares. But *Banquo's* ſafe?
Mur. I, my good Lord: ſafe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gaſhes on his head;
The leaſt a Death to Nature.
Macb. Thankes for that,
There the growne Serpent lyes, the worme that's fled
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th' preſent. Get thee gone, to morrow
Wee'l heare our ſelves againe. *Exit Murderer.*
Lady. My Royall Lord,
You do not give the Cheere, the Feaſt is ſold
That is not often vouch'd, while'tis making:
Tis given, with welcome: to feede were beſt at home:
From thence, the ſawce to meate is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghoſt of Banquo, and ſits in Macbeths place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer:
Now good digeſtion waite on Appetite,
And health on both.
Lenox. May't pleaſe your Highneſſe ſit.
Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,
Were the grac'd perſon of our *Banquo* preſent:
Who may I rather challenge for unkindneſſe,
Then pitty for Miſchance.
Roſſe. His abſence (Sir)
Layes blame upon his promiſe. Pleas't your highneſſe
To grace us with your Royall Company?

Macb. The Table's full.
Lenox. Here is a place reſerv'd Sir.
Macb. Where?
Lenox. Heere my good Lord.
What is't that moves your Highneſſe?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good Lord?
Macb. Thou canſt not ſay I did it; never ſhake
Thy goary lockes at me,
Roſſe. Gentlemen riſe, his Highneſſe is not well.
Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
And hath beene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat,
The fit is momentany, upon a thought
He will againe be well. If much you note him
You ſhall offend him, and extend his Paſſion,
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that
Which might appall the Divell.
La. O proper ſtuffe:
This is the very painting of your feare:
This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you ſaid
Led you to *Duncan.* O, theſe flawes and ſtarts
(Impoſters to true feare) would well become
A womans ſtory at a Winters fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: ſhame it ſelfe,
Why do you make ſuch faces? When all's done
You looke but on a ſtoole.
Macb. Prythee ſee there:
Behold, looke, loe, how ſay you:
Why what care I, if thou canſt nod, ſpeake too.
If Charnell houſes, and our Graves muſt ſend
Thoſe that we bury, backe; our Monuments
Shall be the Mawes of Kytes. *Exit Ghoſt.*
La. What? quite unmann'd in folly.
Macb. If I ſtand heere, I ſaw him.
La. Fie for ſhame.
Macb, Blood hath bene ſhed ere now, i'th' olden time
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:
I, and ſince too, Murthers have bene perform'd
Too terrible for the eare. The times have beene,
That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,
And there an end: But now they riſe againe
With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,
And puſh us from our ſtooles. This is more ſtrange
Then ſuch a murther is.
La. My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lacke you.
Macb. I do forget:
Do not muſe at me my moſt worthy Friends,
I have a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing
To thoſe that know me. Come, love and health to all,
Then Ile ſit downe: Give me ſome Wine, fill full:
Enter Ghoſt.
I drinke to th' generall joy o'th' whole Table,
And to our deere Friend *Banquo,* whom we miſſe:
Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirſt,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Mac. Auant, & quit my ſight, let the earth hide thee:
Thy bones are marrowleſſe, thy blood is cold:
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes
Which thou doſt glare with.
La. Thinke of this good Peeres.
But as a thing of Cuſtome: 'Tis no other,
Onely it ſpoyles the pleaſure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Ruſſian Beare,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' Hircan Tiger,
Take any ſhape but that, and my firme Nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive againe,
And dare me to the Deſart with thy Sword:
If trembling I inhabit, then proteſt me
The Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible ſhadow, *Exit.*
Vnreall mock'ry hence. Why ſo, being gone
I am a man againe: pray you ſit ſtill.
La. You have diſplac'd the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with moſt admir'd diſorder.
Macb. Can ſuch things be,
And overcome us like a Summers Clowd,
Without our ſpeciall wonder? You make me ſtrange
Even to the diſpoſition that I owe,
When now I thinke you can behold ſuch ſights,
And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,
When mine is blanchd with feare.
Roſſe. What ſignes, my Lord?
La. I pray you ſpeake not: he growes worſe & worſe,
Queſtion enrages him: at once, goodnight.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majeſty.
La. A kinde goodnight to all. *Exeunt Lords:*
Macb. It will have blood they ſay:
Blood will have Blood:
Stones have beene knowne to move, & Trees to ſpeake:
Augures, and underſtood Relations, have
By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth
The ſecretſt man of blood. What is the night?
La. Almoſt at oddes with morning, which is which.
Macb. How ſayſt thou that *Macduff* denies his perſon
At our great bidding.
La. Did you ſend to him Sir?
Macb. I heare it by the way: But I will ſend:
There's not a one of them but in his houſe
I keepe a Servant Feed. I will to morrow
(And betimes I will) to the wizard Siſters.
More ſhall they ſpeake: for now I am bent to know
By the worſt meanes, the worſt, for mine owne good,
All cauſes ſhall give way, I am in blood
Spent in ſo farre, that ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go ore:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which muſt be acted, ere they may be ſcand.
La. You lacke the ſeaſon of all Natures, ſleepe.
Macb. Come, weel to ſleepe; My ſtrange & ſelf-abuſe
Is the initiate feare, that wants hard uſe:
We are yet but young indeed. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecat.

1. Why how now *Hecat,* you looke angerly?
Hec. Have I not reaſon (Beldams) as you are?
Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare
To Trade, and Trafficke with *Macbeth,*
In Riddles, and Affaires of death;

And I the Miſtris of your Charmes,
The cloſe contriver of all harmes,
Was never call'd to beare my part,
Or ſhew the glory of our Art?
And which is worſe, all you have done
Hath beene but for a wayward Sonne,
Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
Loves for his owne ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gon,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meete me i'th' Morning: thither he
Will come, to know his Deſtinie,
Your Veſſels, and your Spels provide,
Your Charmes, and every thing beſide;
I am for th' Ayre: This night Ile ſpend
Vnto a diſmall, and a Fatall end.
Great buſineſſe muſt be wrought ere Noone.
Vpon the Corner of the Moone,
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
Ile catch it ere it come to ground;
And that diſtill'd by Magicke ſleights,
Shall riſe ſuch Artificiall Sprights,
As by the ſtrength of their illuſion,
Shall draw him on to his Confuſion.
He ſhall ſpurne Fate, ſcorne Death, and beare
His hopes 'bove Wiſedome, Grace, and Feare:
And you all know, Security
Is mortals cheefeſt Enemie.

Muſicke, and a Song.

Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit ſee
Sits in a Foggy cloud, and ſtayes for me.

Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

1 Come, let's make haſt, ſhee'l ſoone be
Backe againe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
Have but hit your Thoughts
Which can interpret farther: Onely I ſay
Things have bin ſtrangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pittied of *Macbeth*: marry he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late,
Whom you may ſay (if't pleaſe you) *Fleans* kill'd,
For *Fleans* fled: Men muſt not walke too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monſtrous
It was for *Malcolme*, and for *Donalbane*
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,
How it did greeve *Macbeth*? Did he not ſtraight
In pious rage, the two delinquents teare,
That were the Slaves of drinke, and thralles of ſleepe?
Was not that Nobly done? I, and wiſely too:
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To heare the men deny't. So that I ſay,
He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke,
That had he *Duncans* Sonnes under the Key,
(As, and't pleaſe Heaven he ſhall not) they ſhould finde
What 'twere to kill a Father: So ſhould *Fleans*.
But peace; for from broad words, and cauſe he fayl'd
His preſence at the Tyrants Feaſt, I heare
Macduffe lives in diſgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he beſtowes himſelfe?
Lord. The Sonnes of *Duncane*
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Live in the Engliſh Court, and is receyv'd
Of the moſt Pious *Edward*, with ſuch grace,
That the malevolence of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high reſpect. Thither *Macduffe*
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, upon his ayd
To wake Northumberland, and warlike *Seyward*,
That by the helpe of theſe (with him above
To ratifie the Worke) we may againe
Give to our Tables meate, ſleepe to our Nights:
Free from our Feaſts, and Banquets bloody knives;
Do faithfull Homage, and receive free Honors,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath ſo exaſperate their King, that hee
Prepares for ſome attempt of Warre.
Len. Sent he to *Macduffe*?
Lord. He did: and with an abſolute, Sir, not I,
The clowdy Meſſenger turnes me his backe,
And hums; as who ſhould ſay, you'l rue the time
That clogges me with this Anſwer.
Lenox. And that well might
Adviſe him to a Caution, t'hold what diſtance
His wiſedome can provide. Some holy Angell
Flye to the Court of England, and unfold
His Meſſage ere he come, that a ſwift bleſſing
May ſoone returne to this our ſuffering Country,
Vnder a hand accurs'd.
Lord. Ile ſend my Prayers with him. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
2 Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.
3 Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.
1 Round about the Caldron go:
In the poyſond Entrailes throw
Toad, that under cold ſtone,
Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty one:
Sweltred Venom ſleeping got,
Boyle thou firſt i'th' charmed pot.
All. Double, double, toile and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
2 Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron boyle and bake:
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge:
Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:
Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,
Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:
For a Charme of powerfull trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
3 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
Witches Mummy, Maw, and Gulfe
Of the ravin'd ſalt Sea ſharke:
Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th darke:
Liver of Blaſpheming Iew,
Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,
Sliver'd in the Moones Ecclipſe:

Noſe of Turke, and Tartars lips:
Finger of Birth-ſtrangled Babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,
Make the Grwell thicke, and ſlab.
Adde thereto a Tigars Chawdron,
For th' Ingredience of our Cawdron.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
2 Coole it with a Baboones blood,
Then the Charme is firme and good.

Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O well done: I commend your paines,
And every one ſhall ſhare i'th' gaines:
And now about the Cauldron ſing
Like Elves and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.
Muſicke and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.
2 By the pricking of my Thumbes,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open Lockes, who ever knockes.
Enter Macbeth.
Macb. How now you ſecret, black, & midnight Hags?
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I conjure you, by that which you Profeſſe,
(How ere you come to know it) anſwer me:
Though you untye the Windes, and let them fight
Againſt the Churches: Though the yeſty Waves
Coufound and ſwallow Navigation up:
Though bladed Corne be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,
Though Caſtles topple on their Warders heads:
Though Palaces, and Pyramids do ſlope
Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treaſure
Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,
Even till deſtruction ſicken: Anſwere me
To what I aske you.
1 Speake.
2 Demand.
3 Wee'l anſwer.
1 Say, if th' hadſt rather heare it from our mouthes,
Or from our Maſters.
Macb. Call 'em: let me ſee 'em.
1 Powre in Sowes blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Greace that's ſweaten
From the Murtherers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.
All. Come high or low:
Thy Selfe and Office deaftly ſhow. *Thunder.*
1. Apparation, an Armed Head.
Macb. Tell me thou unknowne power.
1 He knowes thy thought:
Heare his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.
1 *Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:*
Beware *Macduffe*,
Beware the Thane of Fife: diſmiſſe me. Enough.
He Deſcends.
Macb. What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou haſt harp'd my feare aright. But one word more.
1 He will not be commanded: heere's another
More potent then the firſt. *Thunder*
2 Apparition, a Bloody Childe.
2 *Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.*
Macb. Had I three eares, Il'd heare thee.
2 *Appar.* Be bloody, bold, and reſolute:
Laugh to ſcorne
The power of man: For none of woman borne
Shall harme *Macbeth.* *Deſcends.*
Mac. Then live *Macduffe*: what need I feare of thee?
But yet Ile make aſſurance, double ſure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou ſhalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies;
And ſleepe in ſpight of Thunder. *Thunder.*
3 Apparation, a Childe Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.
What is this, that riſes like the iſſue of a King,
And weares upon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Soveraignty?
All. Liſten, but ſpeake not too't.
3 *Appar.* Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care:
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conſpirers are:
Macbeth ſhall never vanquiſh'd be, untill
Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunſinane Hill
Shall come againſt him. *Deſcend.*
Macb. That will never be:
Who can impreſſe the Forreſt, bid the Tree
Vnfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadments, good:
Rebellious dead, riſe never till the Wood
Of Byrnam riſe, and our high plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the Leaſe of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortall Cuſtome. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art
Can tell ſo much: Shall *Banquo's* iſſue ever
Reigne in this Kingdome?
All. Seeke to know no more.
Macb. I will be ſatisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternall Curſe fall on you: Let me know.
Why ſinkes that Caldron? & what noyſe is this? *Hoboyes*
1. Shew.
2 Shew.
3 Shew.
All. Shew his Eyes, and greeve his Heart,
Come like ſhadowes, ſo depart.
A ſhew of eight Kings, and Banquo laſt, with a glaſſe in his hand.
Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo*: Down:
Thy Crowne do's ſeare mine Eye-bals. And thy haire
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the firſt:
A third, is like the former. Filthy Hagges,
Why do you ſhew me this? —— A fourth? Start eyes!
What will the Line ſtretch out to'th' cracke of Doome?
Another yet? A ſeaventh? Ile ſee no more:
And yet the eight appears, who beares a glaſſe,
Which ſhewes me many more: and ſome I ſee,
That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.
Horrible ſight: Now I ſee 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd *Banquo* ſmiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What is this ſo?
1 I Sir, all this is ſo. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come Siſters, cheere we up his ſprights,
And ſhew the beſt of our delights.
Ile Charme the Ayre to give a ſound,
While you performe your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly ſay,
Our duties, did his welcome pay. *Muſicke.*
The Witches Dance, and vaniſh.
Macb. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernitious houre,
Stand aye accurſed in the Kalender.
Come in, without there. *Enter Lenox.*
Lenox. What's your Graces will.

Macb. Saw you the Wizard Siſters?
Lenox. No my Lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Lenox. No indeed my Lord.
Macb. Infected be the Ayre whereon they ride,
And damn'd all thoſe that truſt them. I did heare
The gallopping of Horſe. Who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. I, my good Lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread exploits:
The flighty purpoſe never is o're-tooke
Vnleſſe the deed go with it, From this moment,
The very firſtling of my heart ſhall be
The firſtlings of my hand. And even now
To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thought & done:
The Caſtle of *Macduff*, I will ſurprize.
Seize upon Fife; give to th' edge o'th' Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all unfortunate Soules
That trace him in his Line. No boaſting like a Foole,
This deed Ile do, before this purpoſe coole,
But no more ſights. Where are theſe Gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Roſſe.

Wife. What had hee done, to make him fly the Land?
Roſſe. You muſt have patience Madam.
Wife. He had none:
His flight was madneſſe: when our Actions do not,
Our feares do make us Traitors.
Roſſe. You know not
Whether it was his wiſedome, or his feare.
Wife. Wiſedom? to leave his wife, to leave his Babes,
His Manſion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himſelfe does flye? He loves us not.
He wants the naturall touch. for the poore Wren
(The moſt diminiuive of Birds) will fight,
Her young ones in her Neſt, againſt the Owle:
All is the Feare, and nothing is the Love;
As little is the Wiſedome, where the flight
So runnes againſt all reaſon.
Roſſe. My deereſt Cooz,
I pray you ſchoole your ſelfe, But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wiſe, Iudicious, and beſt knowes
The fits o'th' Seaſon. I dare not ſpeake much further,
But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our ſelves: when we hold Rumor
From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,
But floate upon a wilde and violent Sea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but Ile be here againe:
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climbe upward,
To what they were before. My pretty Coſine,
Bleſſing upon you.
Wife. Father'd he is,
And yet hee's Fatherleſſe.
Roſſe. I am ſo much a Foole, ſhould I ſtay longer
It would be my diſgrace, and your diſcomfort.
I take my leave at once. *Exit Roſſe.*
Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead,
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Son. As Birds do Mother.
Wife. What with Wormes, and Flyes?
Son. With what I get, and ſo do they.
Wife. Poore bird,
Thoud'ſt never Feare the Net, nor Line,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.
Son. Why ſhould I Mother?
Poore Birds they are not ſet for:
My Father is not dead for all your ſaying.
Wife. Yes, he is dead:
How wilt thou doe for a Father?
Son. Nay how will you doe for a husband?
Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.
Son. Then you'l by 'em to ſell againe.
Wife. Thou ſpeak'ſt with all thy wit,
And yet I'faith with wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?
Wife. I, that he was.
Son. What is a Traitor?
Wife. Why one that ſweares, and lyes.
Son. And be all Traytors, that doe ſo.
Wife. Every one that do's ſo, is a Traitor,
And muſt be hang'd.
Son. And muſt they all be hang'd, that ſwear and lye?
Wife. Every one.
Son. VVho muſt hang them?
Wife. VVhy, the honeſt men.
Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beate the honeſt men, and hang up them.
Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:
But how wilt thou doe for a Father?
Son. If hee were dead, youl'd weepe for him: if you would not it were a good ſigne, that I ſhould quickely have a new Father.
Son. Poore pratler, how thou talk'ſt?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Bleſſe you faire Dame: I am not to you knowne,
Though in your ſtate of honour I am perfect;
I doubt ſome danger does approach you neerely.
If you will take a homely mans advice,
Be not found heere: hence with your little ones:
To fright you thus, Me thinkes I am to ſavage:
To do worſe to you, were fell Cruelty,
VVhich is too nie your perſon. Heauen preſerve you,
I dare abide no longer. *Exit Meſſenger.*
Wife. Whether ſhould I flye?
I have done no harme, But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where to doe harme
Is often laudable, to doe good ſometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Doe I put up that womanly defence,
To ſay I had done no harme?
What are theſe faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your husband?
Wife. I hope in no place ſo unſanctified,
Where ſuch as thou mayſt find him.
Mur. He's a Traitor.
Sor. Thou lyſt thou ſhagge-ear'd Villaine.
Mur. What you Egge?
Yong fry of Treachery?
Son. He has killd me Mother,
Run away I pray you. *Exit crying Murther.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Malcolme and Macduffe.

Mal. Let us ſeeke out ſome deſolate ſhade, & there
Weepe our ſad boſomes empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold faſt the mortall Sword: and like good men,
Beſtride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne,
New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new ſorowes
Strike Heaven on the face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like Syllable of Dolour.
Mal. What I beleeve, Ile waile;
What know, beleeve; and what I can redreſſe,
As I ſhall finde the time to friend, I will.
What you have ſpoke, it may be ſo perchance.
This Tyrant, whoſe ſole name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but ſomething
You may diſcerne of him through me, and wiſedome
To offer up a weake, poore innocent Lambe
T'appeaſe an angry God.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Malc. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle
In an Imperiall charge. But I ſhall crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpoſe;
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell.
Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace
Yet Grace muſt ſtill looke ſo.
Macd. I have loſt my Hopes.
Malc. Perchance even there
Where I did finde my doubts
Why in that rawneſſe left you Wife, and Children?
Thoſe precious Motives, thoſe ſtrong knots of Love,
Without leave-taking. I pray you,
Let not my Iealouſies, be your Diſhonors,
But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly juſt,
What ever I ſhall thinke.
Macd. Bleed, bleed poore Country,
Great Tyrany, lay thou thy baſis ſure,
For goodneſſe dare not check thee: weare yͧ thy wrongs
The Title is affear'd. Fare thee well Lord,
I would not be the Villaine that thou think'ſt,
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graſpe,
And the rich Eaſt to boot.
Mal. Be not offended:
I ſpeake not as in abſolute feare of you:
I thinke our Country ſinkes beneath the yoake,
It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,
There would be hands uplifted in my right:
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thouſands. But for all this,
When I ſhall tread upon the Tyrants head,
Or weare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country
Shall have more vices then it had before,
More ſuffer, and more ſundry wayes then ever,
By him that ſhall ſucceede.
Macd. What ſhould he be?
Mal. It is my ſelfe I meane: in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice ſo grafted,
That when they ſhall be open'd, blacke *Macbeth*
Will ſeeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State
Eſteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd
With my confineleſſe harmes.
Macd, Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Divell more damn'd
In evils, to top *Macbeth.*
Macb. I grant him Bloody,
Luxurious, Auaricious, Falſe, Deceitfull,
Sodaine, Malicious, ſmoaking of every ſinne
That ha's a name. But there's no bottome, none
In my Voluptuouſneſſe: Your Wives, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill up
The Ceſterne of my Luſt, and my Deſire
All continent Impediments would ore-beare
That did oppoſe my will. Better *Macbeth,*
Then ſuch an one to reigne.
Macd. Boundleſſe intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath beene
Th' untimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeeme cold. The time you may ſo hoodwinke:
We have willing Dames enough: there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to devoure ſo many
As will to Greatneſſe dedicate themſelves,
Finding it ſo inclinde.
Mal. With this, there growes
In my moſt ill-compos'd Affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſſe Auarice, that were I King,
I ſhould cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Deſire his Iewels, and this others Houſe,
And my more-having, would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I ſhould forge
Quarrels unjuſt againſt the Good and Loyall,
Deſtroying them for wealth.
Macd. This Auarice
ſtickes deeper: growes with more pernicious roote
Then Summer-ſeeming Luſt: and it hath bin
The Sword of our ſlaine Kings: yet do not feare,
Scotland hath Foyſons to fill up your will
Of your meere Owne. All theſe are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.
Mal. But I have none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Iuſtice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableneſſe,
Bounty, Perſeverance, Mercy, Lowlineſſe,
Devotion, Patience, Courage, fortitude,
I have no reliſh of them, but abound
In the diviſion of each ſeverall Crime,
Acting it many wayes. Nay had I power I ſhould
Poure the ſweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,
Vprore the univerſall peace, confound
All unity on earth.
Macd. O Scotland, Scotland.
Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to governe, ſpeake:
I am as I have ſpoken.
Mac. Fit to govern? No not to live. O Nation miſerable!
With an untitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholſome dayes againe?
Since that the trueſt Iſſue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdiction ſtands accurſt,
And do's blaſpheme his breed? Thy Royall Father
Was a moſt Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees, then on her feet,
Dy'de every day ſhe liv'd. Fare thee well,

Theſe Evils thou repeat'ſt upon thy ſelfe,
Hath baniſht me from Scotland. O my Breſt,
Thy hope ends heere.
Mal. Macduff, this Noble paſſion
Childe of integrity, hath from my ſoule
Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good Truth, and Honor. Divelliſh *Macbeth*,
By many of theſe traines, hath ſought to win me
Into his power: and modeſt Wiſedome pluckes me
From over-credulous haſt: but God above
Deale betweene thee and me; For even now
I put my ſelfe to thy direction, and
Vnſpeake mine owne detraction. Heere abiure
The taints, and blames I laid upon my ſelfe,
For ſtrangers to my Nature, I am yet
Vnknowne to women, never was forſwore,
Scarſely have coveted what was mine owne,
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Divell to his Fellow, and delight
No leſſe in truth then life. My firſt falſe ſpeaking
Was this upon my ſelfe. what I am truly
Is thine, and my poore Countries to command:
Whither indeed, before thy heere approach,
Old *Seyward* with ten thouſand warlike men
Already at a point, was ſetting foorth?
Now wee'l together, and the chance of goodneſſe
Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you ſilent?
Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth
I pray you?
Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules
That ſtay his Cure: their malady convinces
The great aſſay of Art: But at his touch,
Such ſanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They preſently amend. *Exit.*
Mal. I thanke you Doctor.
Macd. What's the Diſeaſe he meanes?
Mal. Tis call'd the Evill,
A moſt miraculous worke in this good King,
Which often ſince my heere remaine in England,
I have ſeene him doe: How he ſolicites heaven
Himſelfe beſt knowes; but ſtrangely viſited people
All ſwolne and Vlcerous, pittifull to the eye,
The meere deſpaire of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden ſtampe about their neckes,
Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis ſpoken
To the ſucceeding Royalty he leaves
The healing Benediction. with this ſtrange vertue,
He hath a heavenly guift of Propheſie,
And ſondry Bleſſings hang about his Throne,
That ſpeake him full of Grace.

Enter Roſſe.

Macd. Se who comes heere.
Malc. My Countryman: but yet I know him not.
Macd. My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.
Malc. I know him now. Good God betimes remoue
The meanes, the meanes that makes us ſtrangers,
Roſſ. Sir. Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Roſſ. Alas poore Country,
Almoſt affraid to know it ſelfe. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing
But who knowes nothing is once ſeene to ſmile:
Where ſighes, and groanes, and ſhrieks that rent the ayre
Are made, not mark'd: Where violent ſorrow ſeemes
A Moderne extaſie: The Deadmans knell,
Is there ſcarſe ask'd for who, and good mens lives
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or ere they ſicken.
Macd. Oh relation; too nice, and yet too true.
Malc. What's the neweſt griefe?
Roſſe. That of an houeres age, doth hiſſe the ſpeaker,
Each minute teemes a new one.
Macd. How does my Wife?
Roſſe. Why well.
Macd. And all my Children?
Roſſe. Well too.
Macd. The Tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Roſſe. No, they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech: How gos't?
Roſſe. When I came hither to tranſport the Tidings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was to my beleefe witneſt the rather,
For that I ſaw the Tyrants Power a-foot,
Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,
To doffe their dire diſtreſſes.
Malc. Bee't their comfort
We are comming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent us good *Seyward*, and ten thouſand men,
An older and a better Souldier, none
That Chriſtendome gives out.
Roſſe. Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the deſert ayre,
Where hearing ſhould not latch them.
Macd. What concerne they,
The generall cauſe, or is it a Fee-griefe
Due to ſome ſingle breſt?
Roſſe. No minde that's honeſt
But in it ſhares ſome woe, though the maine part
Pertaines to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine
Keepe it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Roſſe. Let not your eares deſpiſe my tongue for ever,
Which ſhall poſſeſſe them with the heavieſt ſound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humh: I gueſſe at it.
Roſſe. Your Caſtle is ſurpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes
Savagely ſlaughter'd: To relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of theſe murther'd Deere
To adde the death of you.
Malc. Mercifull Heaven:
What man, ne're pull your hat upon your browes:
Give ſorrow words; the griefe that do's not ſpeake,
Whiſpers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake.
Macd. My Children too?
Ro. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I muſt be from thence? My wife kill'd too?
Roſſe. I have ſaid.
Malc. Be comforted.
Let's make us Med'cines of our great Revenge,
To cure this deadly greefe.
Macd. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you ſay All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme
At one fell ſwoope?
Malc. Diſpute it like a man.
Macd. I ſhall do ſo:

But I muſt alſo feele it as a man;
I cannot but remember ſuch things were
That were moſt precious to me: Did heaven looke on,
And would not take their part? Sinfull *Macduffe*,
They were all ſtrooke for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their owne demerits, but for mine
Fell ſlaughter on their ſoules: Heaven reſt them now.

Mal. Be this the Whetſtone of your ſword, let griefe
Convert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heavens,
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion: Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my ſelfe
Within my Swords length ſet him, if he ſcape
Heaven forgive him too.

Mal. This time goes manly:
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lacke is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the Powers aboue
Put on their Inſtruments: Receiue what cheere you may,
The night is long that never findes the Day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter a Doctor of Phyſicke, and a Wayting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two Nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it ſhe laſt walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majeſty went into the Field, I have ſeene her riſe from her bed, throw her Night-Gown upon her, unlocke her cloſſet, take foorth paper, folde it, write upon't, read it, afterwards ſeale it, and againe returne to bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleepe.

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature, to receive at once the benefit of ſleepe and do the effects of watching. In this ſlumbry agitation, beſides her walking, and other actuall performances, what (at any time) have you heard her ſay?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witneſſe to confirme my ſpeech. *Enter Lady with a Taper.*
Lo you, here ſhe comes: This is her very guiſe, and upon my life faſt aſleepe; obſerve her, ſtand cloſe.

Doct. How came ſhe by that light?

Gent. Why it ſtood by her: ſhe ha's light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You ſee her eyes are open.

Gent. I but their ſenſe are ſhut.

Doct. What is it ſhe do's now?
Looke how ſhe rubbes her hands.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſeeme thus waſhing her hands: I have knowne her continue in this a quarter of an houre.

Lad. Yet heere's a ſpot.

Doct. Heark, ſhe ſpeakes, I will ſet downe what comes from her, to ſatisfie my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

La. Out damned ſpot: out I ſay. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie, a Souldier, and affear'd? what need we feare? who knows it, when none can call our power to accompt: yet who would have thought the olde man to have had ſo much blood in him.

Doct. Do you marke that?

Lad. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is ſhe now? What will theſe hands neere be cleane? No more o'that my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with ſtatting.

Doct. Go to, go to:
You have knowne what you ſhould not.

Gent. She ha's ſpoke what ſhe ſhould not, I am ſure of that: Heaven knowes what ſhe ha's knowne.

La. Here's the ſmell of the blood ſtill: all the perfumes of Arabia will not ſweeten this little hand.
Oh, oh, oh.

Doct. What a ſigh is there? The heart is ſorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have ſuch a heart in my boſome, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be ſir.

Doct. This diſeaſe is beyond my practiſe: yet I have knowne thoſe which have walkt in their ſleep, who have dyed holily in their beds.

Lad. Waſh your hands, put on your Night-Gowne, looke not ſo pale: I tell you yet againe *Banquo's* buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even ſo?

Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate: Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: What's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. *Exit Lady.*

Doct. Will ſhe go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foule whiſp'rings are abroad: unnaturall deeds
Do breed unnaturall troubles: infected mindes
To their deafe pillowes will diſcharge their Secrets:
More needes ſhe the Divine, then the Phyſitian:
God, God forgive us all. Looke after her,
Remove from her the meanes of all annoyance,
And ſtill keepe eyes upon her: So goodnight;
My minde ſhe ha's mated, and amaz'd my ſight.
I thinke, but dare not ſpeake.

Gent. Good night good Doctor. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, Lenx, Souldiers.

Met. The Engliſh power is neere, led on by *Malcolm*,
His Vnkle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenges burne in them: for their deere cauſes
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Neere Byrnan wood
Shall we well meet them, that way are they comming.

Cath. Who knowes if *Donalbane* be with his brother?

Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I have a File
Of all the Gentry; there is *Seywards* Sonne,
And many unruffe youths, that even now
Proteſt their firſt of Manhood.

Ment. What do's the Tyrant.

Cath. Great Dunſinane he ſtrongly Fortifies,
Some ſay hee's mad: Others, that leſſer hate him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine

He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe
Within the belt of Rule.
Ang. Now doe's he feele
His ſecret Murthers ſticking on his hands,
Now minutely Revolts upbraid his faith-breach :
Thoſe he commands,move onely in command,
Nothing in love : Now doe's he feele his Title
Hang looſe about him,like a Giants Robe
Vpon a Dwarfiſh Theefe.
Ment. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd Senſes to recoyle,and ſtart,
When all that is within him,doe's condemne
It ſelfe, for being there.
Cath. Well,march we on,
To give obedience where tis truely ow'd :
Meet we the Med'cine of the ſickly Weale,
And with him powre we in our Countries purge,
Each drop of us.
Lenox. Or ſo much as it needs,
To dew the Soveraigne Flower,and drowne the Weeds
Make we our March towards Birnam. *Exeunt marching*

Scæna Tertia.

[illegible] Macbeth,Doctor,and Attendants.

Mac[illegible]ing me no more Reports,let them flye all :
Till Byrnam Wood remove to Dunſinane,
I cannot taint with Feare. Whats the Boy *Malcolme*?
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortall Conſequences,have pronounc'd me thus :
Feare not *Macbeth*,no man that's borne of woman
Shall ere have power upon thee. Then fly falſe Thanes,
And mingle with the Engliſh Epicures,
The minde I ſway by,and the heart I beare,
Shall never ſagge with doubt,nor ſhake with feare.
Enter Servant.
The Divell damne thee blacke,thou cream-fac'd Loone :
Where got'ſt thou that Gooſe-looke.
Ser. There is ten thouſand.
Macb. Geeſe Villaine?
Ser. Souldiers ſir.
Macb. Goe pricke thy face,and over-red thy feare
Thou Lilly-liver'd Boy. What Souldiers,Patch?
Death of thy ſoule,thoſe linnen cheekes of thine
Are Counſailours to feare. What Souldiers Whay-face?
Ser. The Engliſh Force,ſo pleaſe you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. *Seyton*,I am ſicke at heart,
When I behold : *Seyton*,I ſay,this puſh
Will cheere me ever,or diſeaſe me now.
I have liv'd long enough : my way of life
Is falne into the Seare,the yellow Leafe,
And that which ſhould accompany Old Age,
As honour,love,obedience,Troopes of Friends,
I muſt not looke to have : but in their ſtead,
Curſes,not lowd but deepe,Mouth-honour,breath
Which the poore heart would faine deny,and dare not.
Seyton?

Enter Seyton.
Sey. Whats your Gracious pleaſure?
Mac. What newes more?
Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord,which was reported.
Mac. Ile fight,till from my bones,my fleſh is hackt.
Give me my Armour.
Sey. Tis not needed yet.
Mac. Ile put it on :
Send out moe horſes,skirre the Countrey round,
Hang thoſe that ſtand in feare. Give me mine Armor :
How doe's your Patient,Doctor?
Doct. Not ſo ſicke my Lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies
That keepe her from her reſt.
Macb. Cure her of that :
Canſt thou not Miniſter to a minde diſeas'd,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with ſome ſweet oblivious Antidote
Cleanſe the ſtuft boſome,of that perillous ſtuffe
Which weighes upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the Patient
Muſt Miniſter unto himſelfe.
Macb. Throw Phyſicke to the Dogs,Ile none of it.
Come,put mine Armor on : give me my Staffe :
Seyton,ſend out : Doctor,the Thanes flye from me :
Come ſir,diſpatch. If thou could'ſt Doctor,caſt
The water of my Land,find her diſeaſe,
And purge it to a ſound and priſtine Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,
That ſhould applaud againe. Pull't off I ſay,
What Rubarb,Cæny,or what Purgative drug
Would ſcowre theſe Engliſh hence : hearſt thou of them?
Doct. I my good Lord : your Royall preparation
Makes us heare ſomething.
Mac. Bring it after me :
I will not be afraid of Death and Bane,
Till Birnam Forreſt come to Dunſinane.
Doct. Were I from Dunſinane away,and cleare,
Profit againe ſhould hardly draw me here. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, Seywards Sonne, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, and Souldiers Marching.

Malc. Coſins I hope the dayes are neere at hand
That Chambers will be ſafe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Seyw. What Wood is this before us?
Ment. The Wood of Byrnam.
Malc. Let every Souldier hew him downe a Bough,
And bear't before him,thereby ſhall we ſhadow
The numbers of our Hoaſt,and make diſcovery
Erre in report of us.
Sold. It ſhall be done.
Seyw. We learne no other,but the confident Tyrant,
Keepes ſtill in Dunſinane,and will indure
Our ſetting downe befor't.
Malc. Tis his maine hope :
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and leſſe have given him the Revolt,
And none ſerve with him, but conſtrained things,
Whoſe hearts are abſent too.
Macd. Let our beſt Cenſures
Before the true event,and put we on

Induſtrious Souldierſhip.
Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due deciſion make us know
What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts ſpeculative, their unſure hopes relate,
But certaine iſſue, ſtrokes muſt arbitrate,
Towards which, advance the warre. *Exeunt marching.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Souldiers, with Drum and Colours.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is ſtill, they come: Our Caſtles ſtrength
Will laugh a Siege to ſcorne: Here let them lye,
Till Famine and the Ague eate them up:
Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might have met them darefull, beard to beard,
And beat them backeward home. What is that noyſe?
A cry within of Women.
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.
Macb. I have almoſt forgot the taſte of Feares:
The time has beene, my ſenſes would have cool'd
To heare a Night-ſhrieke, and my Fell of haire
Would at a diſmall Treatiſe rowze, and ſtirre
As life were in't. I have ſupt full with horrors,
Direneſſe familiar to my ſlaughterous thoughts
Cannot once ſtart me. Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.
Macb. She ſhould have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yeſterdayes, have lighted Fooles
The way to ſtudy death. Out, out, briefe Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
That ſtruts and frets his houre upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of ſound and fury
Signifying nothing. *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Thou com'ſt to uſe thy Tongue: thy ſtory quickly.
Meſ. My Gracious Lord,
I ſhould report that which I ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to doo't.
Macb. Well, ſay ſir.
Meſ. As I did ſtand my watch upon the hill
I look't toward Byrnam, and anon me thought
The Wood began to move.
Macb. Lyar, and Slave.
Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo:
Within this three mile may you ſee it comming.
I ſay, a moving Grove.
Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Vpon the next tree ſhalt thou hang alive
Till Famine cling thee: If thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not if thou doſt for me as much.
I pull in Reſolution, and begin
To doubt the Equivocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrnam Wood
Doe come to Dunſinane, and now a Wood
Comes toward Dunſinane. Arme, arme, and out,
If this which he avouches doe's appeare,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here,
I'gin to be a weary of the Sunne,
And wiſh th'eſtate o'th' world were now undon.
Ring the alarum Bell, blow Wind, come wracke,
At leaſt wee'l dye with Harneſſe on our backe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Drumme and Colours.
Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Mackduffe, and their Army, with Boughes.

Mal. Now neere enough:
Your Leavy Screenes throw downe,
And ſhew like thoſe you are: You (worthy Vncle)
Shall with my Couſin, your right Noble ſonne,
Lead our firſt Battell. Worthy *Macduffe*, and we
Shall take upon's what elſe remaines to doe
According to our order.
Sey. Fare you well:
Doe we but find the Tyrants power to night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our Trumpets ſpeake, [illegible] them all (breath,
Thoſe clamourous Harbingers of blood, a[illegible].
Alarums continued.

Scæna Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tyed me to a ſtake, I cannot flye,
But Beare-like I muſt fight the courſe. Whats he
That was not borne of woman? Such a one
Am I to feare, or none.
Enter yong Seyward.
Y. Sey. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to heare it.
Y. Sey No: though thou call'ſt thy ſelfe a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name's *Macbeth.*
Y. Sey. The Divell himſelfe could not pronounce a Title
More hatefull to mine eare.
Macb. No: nor more fearefull.
Y. Sey. Thou lieſt thou abhorred Tyrant, with my ſword
Ile prove the lye thou ſpeak'ſt.
Fight, and yong Seyward ſlaine.
Macb. Thou waſt borne of Woman;
But ſwords I ſmile at, Weapons laugh to ſcorne,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a Woman borne. *Exit.*
Alarums. Enter Macduffe.
Macd. That way the noyſe is: Tyrant ſhew thy face,
If thou beeſt ſlaine, and with no ſtroake of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghoſts will haunt me ſtill:
I cannot ſtrike at wretched Kernes, whoſe armes
Are hyr'd to beare their Staves; either thou *Macbeth*,
Or elſe my ſword with an unbatterred edge
I ſheath againe undeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be,
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note

Seemes bruited. Let me finde him Fortune,
And more I beg not. *Exit. Alarums.*

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Seyw. This way my Lord, the Caſtles gently rendred:
The Tyrants people, on both ſides doe fight,
The Noble Thanes doe bravely in the Warre,
The day almoſt it ſelfe profeſſes yours,
And little is to doe.

Malc. We have met with Foes
That ſtrike beſide us.

Seyw. Enter, Sir, the Caſtle. *Exeunt. Alarum.*

Enter Macbeth.

Mac. Why ſhould I play the Roman Foole, and dye
On mine owne ſword? whiles I ſee lives, the gaſhes
Doe better upon them.

Enter Macduffe.

Macd. Turne Hell-hound, turne.

Mac. Of all men elſe I have avoyded thee:
But get thee backe, my ſoule is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voyce is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine
Than tearmes can give thee out. *Fight: Alarum.*

Macb. Thou loſeſt labour,
As eaſie m[illegible]ou the intrenchant Ayre
With th[illegible]word impreſſe, as make me bleed:
Let fall t[illegible]e on vulnerable Creſts,
I beare a charmed life, which muſt not yeeld
To one of woman borne.

Macd. Diſpaire thy Charme,
And let the Angell whom thou ſtill haſt ſerv'd
Tell thee, *Macduffe* was from his Mothers wombe
Vntimely ript.

Macb. Accurſed be that tongue that tels me ſo;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
And be theſe Iugling Fiends no more beleev'd,
That palter with us in a double ſenſe,
That keepe the word of promiſe to our eare,
And breake it to our hope. Ile not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yeeld thee Coward,
And live to be the ſhew, and gaze o'th'time.
Wee'l have thee, as our Rarer Monſters are
Painted upon a Pole, and under-writ,
Here may you ſee the Tyrant.

Macb. I will not yeeld
To kiſſe the ground before yong *Malcolmes* feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles curſe,
Though Byrnam Wood be come to Dunſinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman borne,
Yet I will try the laſt. Before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on *Macduffe*,
And damn'd be him, that firſt cryes hold, enough.

Exeunt fighting. Alarums.

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth ſlaine.

Retreat, and Flouriſh. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Malcolme, Seyward, Roſſe, Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the Friends we miſſe, were ſafe arriv'd.

Sey. Some muſt goe off: and yet by theſe I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheapely bought.

Mal. Macduffe is miſſing, and your noble Sonne.

Roſſ. Your ſonne my Lord, ha's paid a Souldiers debt,
He onely liv'd but till he was a man,
The which no ſooner had his Prowſſe confirm'd
In the unſhrinking ſtation where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

Sey. Then he is dead?

Roſſe. I, and brought off the Field: your cauſe of ſorrow
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Sey. Had he his hurts before?

Roſſ. I, on the Front.

Sey. Why then, Gods Souldier be he:
Had I as many ſonnes, as I have haires,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his Knell is knoll'd.

Mal. Hee's worth more ſorrow,
And that Ile ſpend for him.

Sey. He's worth no more,
They ſay he parted well, and paid his ſcore,
And ſo God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduffe, with Macbeths head.

Macd. Haile King, for ſo thou art.
Behold where ſtands
Th'Vſurpers curſed head: the time is free:
I ſee thee compaſt with thy Kingdomes Pearle,
That ſpeake my ſalutation in their minds:
Whoſe voyces I deſire alowd with mine.
Haile King of Scotland.

All. Haile King of Scotland. *Flouriſh.*

Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your ſeverall loves,
And make us even with you. My Thanes and Kinſmen
Henceforth be Earles, the firſt that ever Scotland
In ſuch an honor nam'd: Whats more to doe
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchfull tyranny,
Producing forth the cruell Miniſters
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene;
Who (as 'tis thought) by ſelfe and violent hands,
Tooke off her life. This, and what needfull elſe
That cals upon us, by the Grace of Grace,
We will performe in meaſure, time, and place:
So thankes to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite, to ſee us Crown'd at Scone.

Flouriſh. Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDY OF
HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Franciſco two Centinels.

Barnardo.
WHo's there?
Fran. Nay anſwer me: Stand and unfold your ſelfe.
Bar. Long live the King.
Fran. Barnardo?
Bar. He.
Fran. You come moſt carefully upon your houre.
Bar. Tis now ſtruck twelve, get thee to bed *Franciſco.*
Fran. For this reliefe much thankes: Tis bitter cold,
And I am ſicke at heart.
Barn. Have you had quiet Guard?
Fran. Not a Mouſe ſtirring.
Barn. Well, goodnight. If you doe meet *Horatio* and
Marcellus, the Rivals of my Watch, bid them make haſt.
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.
Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Liege-men to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O farewel honeſt Soldier, who hath reliev'd you?
Fra. Barnardo ha's my place: give you good night.
Exit Franciſco.
Mar. Holla *Barnardo.*
Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?
Hor. A peece of him.
Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*
Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.
Bar. I have ſeene nothing.
Mar. Horatio ſayes, tis but our phantaſie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him
Touching this dreaded ſight, twice ſeene of us,
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and ſpeake to it.
Hor. Tuſh, tuſh, 'twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let us once againe aſſaile your eares,]
That are ſo fortified againſt our Story,
What we two nights have ſeene.
Hor. Well, ſit we downe,
And let us heare *Barnardo* ſpeake of this.
Barn. Laſt night of all,
Whon yond ſame Starre thats Weſtward from the Pole
Had made his courſe t'illume that part of heaven
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my ſelfe,
The Bell then beating one.
Mar. Peace, breake thee off: *Enter the Ghoſt.*
Looke where it comes againe.
Bar. In the ſame figure like the King thats dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholler; ſpeake to it *Horatio.*
Bar. Looke it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio.*
Hor. Moſt like: It harrowes me with feare and wonder.
Bar. It would be ſpoke to.
Mar. Queſtion it *Horatio.*
Hor. What art thou that uſurp'ſt this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme
In which the Majeſty of buried Denmarke
Did ſometimes march: By heaven I charge thee ſpeake.
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See, it ſtalkes away.
Hor. Stay: ſpeake; ſpeake: I charge thee, ſpeake.
Exit the Ghoſt.
Mar. Tis gone, and will not anſwer.
Bar. How now *Horatio?* You tremble & looke pale:
Is not this ſomething more than phantaſie?
What thinke you on't?
Hor. Before my God I might nor this beleeve
Without the ſenſible and true avouch
Of mine owne eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy ſelfe,
Such was the Armour he had on,
When th'Ambitious Norway combatted:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He ſmot the ſledded Pollax on the Ice.
Tis ſtrange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and juſt at this ſame houre,
With Martiall ſtalke, hath he gone by our Watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to worke, I know not:
But in the groſſe and ſcope of my opinion,
This boads ſome ſtrange eruption to our State,
Mar. Good now ſit downe, and tell me he that knowes
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſervant Watch,
So nightly toyles the ſubject of the Land,
And why ſuch daily Caſt of Brazen Cannon
And forraigne Mart for Implements of Warre:
Why ſuch impreſſe of Shipwrights, whoſe ſore Taske
Do's not divide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this ſweaty haſte
Doth make the night joynt-labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?
Hor. That can I,

At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo: Our laſt King,
Whoſe Image even but now appear'd to us,
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a moſt emulate pride)
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our knowne world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbras*: Who by a ſeal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all thoſe his Lands
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd on, to the Conqueror:
Againſt the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he bin Vanquiſher, as by the ſame Cov'nant
And carriage of the Article deſign'd,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now ſir, yong *Fortinbras*,
Of unimproved mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a Liſt of Landleſſe Reſolutes,
For food and Dyet, to ſome Enterprize
That hath a ſtomake in't: which is no other
(And it doth well appeare unto our State)
But to recover of us by ſtrong hand
And termes Compulſative, thoſe foreſaid Lands
So by his father loſt: and this (I take it)
Is the maine motive of our Preparations,
The ſourſe of this our Watch, and the chiefe head
Of this poſt-haſte, and Romage in the Land.

Enter Ghoſt againe.

But ſoft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe:
Ile croſſe it, though it blaſt me. Stay Illuſion:
If thou haſt any ſound, or uſe of voyce,
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee doe eaſe, and grace to me; ſpeake to me.
If thou art privy to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may avoyd) Oh ſpeake.
Or, if thou haſt uphoorded in thy life
Extorted Treaſure in the wombe of Earth,
(For which, they ſay, you ſpirits oft walke in death)
Speake of it. Stay, and ſpeake. Stop it *Marcellus*.

Mar. Shall I ſtrike at it with my Partizan?

Hor. Doe if it will not ſtand,

Barn. Tis here.

Hor. Tis here.

Mar. Tis gone. *Exit Ghoſt.*

We doe it wrong, being ſo Majeſticall
To offer it the ſhew of Violence,
For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious mockery.

Barn. It was about to ſpeake, when the Cocke crew.

Hor. And then it ſtarted, like a guilty thing
Vpon a fearfull Summons. I have heard,
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding throat
Awake the god of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
Th'extravagant and erring ſpirit, hyes
To his Confine. And of the truth herein,
This preſent Object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
Some ſayes, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes
Wherein our Saviours Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning ſingeth all night long:
And (they ſay) no ſpirit can walke abroad,
The nights are wholſom, then no Planets ſtrike,
No Faiery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:
So hallow'd, and ſo gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and doe in part beleeve it.
But looke, the Morne in Ruſſet Mantle clad,
Walkes o're the Dew of yon high Eaſterne hill,
Breake we our Watch up, and by my advice
Let us impart what we have ſeene to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet*. For upon my life,
This ſpirit dumbe to us, will ſpeake to him:
Doe you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we ſhall finde him moſt conveniently. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertrud the Queene, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Siſter Ophelia, Lords Attendants.

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare Brothers death,
The memory be greene: and that it us befitted
To beare our hearts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet ſo farre hath Diſcretion fought with Nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our ſelves.
Therefore our ſometimes Siſter, now our Queene,
Th'Imperiall Ioyntreſſe of this warlike State,
Have we, as twere, with a defeated joy,
With one Auſpicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to wife; nor have we herein barr'd
Your better Wiſedomes, which have freely gone
With this affaire along, for all our Thankes.
Now followes, that you know yong *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weake ſuppoſall of our worth;
Or thinking by our late deare Brothers death,
Our State to be diſioynt, and out of Frame,
Colleagued with the dreame of his Advantage;
He hath not fail'd to peſter us with Meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe lands
Loſt by his Father, with all Bonds of Law
To our moſt valiant Brother. So much for him.

Enter Voltimand and Cornelius.

Now for our ſelfe, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the buſineſſe is. We have here writ
To Norway, Vncle of yong *Fortinbras*,
Who impotent and bedrid, ſcarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpoſe, to ſuppreſſe
His further gate herein. In that the Levies,
The Liſts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his ſubject: and we here diſpatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltimand*,
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further perſonall power
To buſineſſe with the King, more than the ſcope
Of theſe dilated Articles allow:
Farewell, and let your haſte commend your duty.

Volt. In that, and all things, will we ſhew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

Exit Voltimand and Cornelius.

And now *Laertes*, whats the newes with you?

You told us of ſome ſuite. What is't *Laertes*?
You cannot ſpeake of Reaſon to the Dane,
And looſe your voyce. What wouldſt thou beg *Laertes*,
That ſhall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
The head is not more Native to the heart,
The hand more inſtrumentall to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy father.
What wouldſt thou have *Laertes*?
Laer. Dread my Lord,
Your leave and favour to returne to France,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
To ſhew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I muſt confeſſe, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend againe towards *France*,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your Fathers leave?
What ſayes *Polonius*?
Pol. He hath my Lord:
I doe beſeech you give him leave to goe.
King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy beſt graces ſpend it at thy will:
But now my Coſin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne?
Ham. A little more then kin, and leſſe then kind.
King. How is it that the Clouds ſtill hang on you?
Ham. Not ſo my Lord, I am too much ith' Sun.
Quee. Good *Hamlet* caſt thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.
Doe not for ever with thy veyled lids
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the duſt;
Thou knowſt tis common, all that live muſt dye,
Paſſing through Nature, to Eternity.
Ham. I Madam, it is common.
Quee. If it be;
Why ſeemes it ſo particular with thee.
Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:
Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
Nor Cuſtomary ſuites of ſolemne Blacke,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitfull River in the Eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the Viſage,
Together with all Formes, Moods, ſhewes of Griefe,
That can denote me truly. Theſe indeed Seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that Within, which paſſeth ſhow;
Theſe, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.
King. Tis ſweet and commendable
In your Nature *Hamlet*,
To give theſe mourning duties to your Father:
But you muſt know, your father loſt a father,
That father loſt, loſt his, and the Surviver bound
In filiall Obligation, for ſome terme
To doe obſequious Sorrow. But to perſever
In obſtinate Condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubborneſſe. Tis unmanly griefe,
It ſhewes a will moſt incorrect to Heaven,
A heart unfortified, a Mind impatient,
An Vnderſtanding ſimple, and unſchool'd:
For, what we know muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſence,
Why ſhould we in our peeviſh Oppoſition
Take it to heart? Fye, tis a fault to heaven,
A fault againſt the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reaſon moſt abſur'd, whoſe common Theame
Is death of Fathers, and who ſtill hath cryed,
From the firſt Coarſe, till he that dyed to day,
This muſt be ſo. We pray you throw to earth
This unprevayling woe, and thinke of us,
As of a Father; For let the world take note,
You are the moſt immediate to our Throne,
And with no leſſe Nobility of Love,
Then that which deereſt Father beares his Sonne,
Doe I impart towards you. For your intent
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is moſt retrogarde to our deſire:
And we beſeech you, bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our cheifeſt Courtier Coſin, and our Sonne.
Que. Let not thy Mother loſe her Prayers *Hamlet*:
I prethee ſtay with us, goe not to Wittenberg.
Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt
Obey you Madam.
King. Why tis a loving, and a faire Reply,
Be as our ſelfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No jocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clowds ſhall tell,
And the Kings Rouce, the heavens ſhall bruite againe,
Reſpeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too ſolid Fleſh, would melt,
Thaw, and reſolve it ſelfe into a Dew:
Or that the Everlaſting had not fixt
His Cannon gainſt ſelfe-ſlaughter. O God, O God!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable
Seemes to me all the uſes of this world?
Fye on't? Oh fie, fie, tis an unweeded Garden
That growes to Seed: things rank, and groſſe in Nature
Poſſeſſe it meerely. That it ſhould come to this:
But two months dead: Nay, not ſo much; not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyre: ſo loving to my Mother,
That he might not beteene the windes of heaven
Viſit her face too roughly. Heaven and Earth
Muſt I remember: why ſhe would hang on him,
As if encreaſe of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman!
A little Month, or ere thoſe ſhooes were old,
With which ſhe followed my poore Fathers body
Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why ſhe, even ſhe,
(O heaven! A beaſt that wants diſcourſe of Reaſon
Would have mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,
My fathers brother: but no more like my father,
Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Month?
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous Teares
Had left the fluſhing of her gauled eyes,
She married. O moſt wicked ſpeed to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Hor. Haile to your Lordſhip.
Ham. I am glad to ſee you well:
Horatio, or I doe forget my ſelfe.
Hor. The ſame my Lord,
And your poore Servant ever.
Ham. Sir my good friend,
Ile change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio*?

Marcellus.
Mar. My good Lord.
Ham. I am very glad to ſee you : good even ſir.
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberge*.
Hor. A Truant diſpoſition,good my Lord.
Ham. I would not have your enemy ſay ſo ;
Nor ſhall you doe mine eare that violence,
To take it truſter of your owne report
Againſt your ſelfe. I know you are no Truant :
But what is your affaire in *Elſenour* ?
Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe ere you depart.
Hor. My Lord,I came to ſee your Fathers Funerall.
Ham. I prythee doe not mocke me(fellow Student)
I thinke it was to ſee my Mothers wedding.
Hor. Indeed my Lord,it followeth hard upon.
Ham. Thrift,thrift,*Horatio:* the Funerall Bak'd meats,
Did coldly furniſh forth the Marriage Tables ;
Would I had met my dearest Foe in heaven,
Ere I had ever ſeene that day *Horatio*.
My father,me thinkes I ſee my father.
Hor. Oh where my Lord ?
Ham. In my minds eye (*Horatio.*)
Hor. I ſaw him once,he was a goodly King.
Ham. He was a man,take him for all in all :
I ſhould not looke upon his like againe.
Hor. My Lord,I thinke I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. Saw ? Who ?
Hor. My Lord,the King your Father.
Ham. The King my father !
Hor. Seaſon your admiration for a while
With an attent eare ; till I may deliver
Vpon the witneſſe of theſe Gentlemen,
This marvell to you.
Ham. For heavens love let me heare.
Hor. Two nights together,had theſe Gentlemen
(*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch
In the dead waſte and middle of the night
Beene thus encountred. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly,*Cap a Pe*,
Appeares before them,and with ſolemne March
Goes ſlow and ſtately : By them thrice he walkt,
By their oppreſt and feare-ſurprized eyes,
Within his Truncheons length; whilſt they beſtill'd
Almoſt to Ielly with the Act of feare,
Stand dumbe and ſpeake not to him. This to me
In dreadfull ſecrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the Watch,
Whereas they had deliver'd both in time,
Forme of the thing ; each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your Father :
Theſe hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this ?
Mar. My Lord upon the platforme where we watcht.
Ham. Did you not ſpeake to it ?
Hor. My Lord,I did ;
But anſwer made it none : yet once me thought
It lifted up it head,and did addreſſe
It ſelfe to motion,like as it would ſpeake :
But even then, the morning Cocke crew lowd ;
And at the ſound it ſhrunke in haſte away,
And vaniſht from our ſight.
Ham. Tis very ſtrange.
Hor. As I doe live my honourable Lord 'tis true ;
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed,indeed Sirs ; but this troubles me.
Hold you the Watch to night ?
Both. We doe my Lord.
Ham. Arm'd,ſay you ?
Both. Arm'd,my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe ?
Both. My Lord,from head to foote.
Ham. Then ſaw you not his face ?
Hor. O yes,my Lord,he wore his *Beaver* up.
Ham. What,lookt he frowningly ?
Hor. A countenance more in ſorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale,or red ?
Hor. Nay,very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you ?
Hor. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would I had beene there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like,very like : ſtaid it long ? (dred.
Hor. While one with moderate haſte might tell a hun-
All. Longer,longer.
Hor. Not when I ſaw't.
Ham. His Beard was griſly ?
Hor. It was,as I have ſeene it in his life,
A Sable Silver'd. (gaine.
Ham. Ile watch to night ; perchance twill walke a-
Hor. I warrant you it will.
Ham. If it aſſume my noble fathers perſon,
Ile ſpeake to it,though Hell it ſelfe ſhould gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceald this ſight ;
Let it be trebble in your ſilence ſtill :
And whatſoever elſe ſhall hap to night,
Give it an underſtanding,but no tongue ;
I will requite your loves ; ſo,fare ye well :
Vpon the Platforme twixt eleven and twelve,
Ile viſit you.
All. Our duty to your Honour. *Exeunt.*
Ham. Your love,as mine to you : farewell.
My fathers ſpirit in Armes ? All is not well :
I doubt ſome foule play : would the night were come ;
Till then ſit ſtill my ſoule ; foule deeds will riſe,
Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eyes. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My neceſſaries are imbark't,farewell :
And ſiſter,as the Winds give benefit,
And Convoy is aſſiſtant; doe not ſleepe,
But let me heare from you,
Ophe. Doe you doubt that ?
Laer. For *Hamlet*,and the trifling of his favours,
Hold it a faſhion and a toy in Bloud ;
A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature ;
Froward,not permanent ; ſweet not laſting
The ſuppliance of a minute ; No more.
Ophel. No more but ſo.
Laer. Thinke it no more :
For nature creſſant does not grow alone,
In thewes and Bulke : but as his Temple waxes,
The inward ſervice of the minde and ſoule
Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no foyle nor cautell doth beſmerch
The vertue of his feare : but you muſt feare
His

His greatneſſe weigh'd,his will is not his owne;
For he himſelfe is ſubject to his Birth:
He may not,as unvalued perſons doe,
Carve for himſelfe; for,on his choyce depends
The ſanctity and health of the whole ſtate.
And therefore muſt his choyce be circumſcrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body,
Whereof he is the head. Then if he ſayes he loves you,
It fits your wiſedome ſo farre to beleeve it;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May give his ſaying deed; which is no further,
Than the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then weigh what loſſe your honour may ſuſtaine,
If with two credent eare you liſt his Songs;
Or loſe your heart; or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſtred importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia*,feare it my deare Siſter,
And keepe within the reare of your affection;
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
The charieſt Maid is prodigall enough,
If ſhe unmaske her beaty to the Moone:
Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious ſtroaks,
The Canker galls the infant of the Spring
Too oft before the Buttons be diſclos'd,
And in the morne and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary than,beſt ſafety lies in feare;
Youth to it ſelfe rebels,though none elſe neere.
Ophe. I ſhall th'effect of this good Leſſon keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Doe not as ſome ungracious Paſtors doe,
Shew me the ſteepe and thorny way to heaven;
Whilſt like a puft and reckleſſe Libertine
Himſelfe,the Primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And reakes not his owne reade.
Laer. Oh,feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I ſtay too long; but here my Father comes:
A double bleſſing is a double grace;
Occaſion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.
Polon. Yet here *Laertes*? Aboord,aboord for ſhame,
The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſaile,
And you are ſtaid for there: my bleſſing with you:
And theſe few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his Act:
Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:
The friends thou haſt,and their adoption tride,
Grapple them to thy ſoule,with hoopes of Steele:
But doe not dull thy palme,with entertainment
Of each unhatch't,unfledg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
Bear't that th'oppoſed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
Take each mans cenſure: but reſerve thy judgement:
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy;
But not expreſt in fancy; rich,not gaudy:
For the apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they in France of the beſt ranke and ſtation,
Are of a moſt ſelect and generous cheff in that.
Neither a borrower,nor a lender be;
For Loane oft loſes both it ſelfe and friend:
A borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.
This above all; to thine owne ſelfe be true:
And it muſt follow,as the Night the Day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewell: my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee.
Laer. Moſt humbly doe I take my leave,my Lord.
Polon. The time invites you,goe,your ſervants tend.
Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*,and remember well
What I have ſaid to you.
Ophe. 'Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your ſelfe ſhall keepe the Key of it.
Laer. Farewell. *Exit Laer.*
Polon. What iſt *Ophelia*,he hath ſaid to you?
Ophe. So pleaſe you,ſomthing touching the L.*Hamlet.*
Polon. Marry,well bethought:
Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you your ſelfe
Have of your audience beene moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo,as ſo tis put on me;
And that in way of caution: I muſt tell you,
You doe not underſtand your ſelfe ſo clearely,
As it behoves my Daughter,and your honour.
What is betweene you,give me up the truth?
Ophe. He hath my Lord of late,made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Polon. Affection,puh. You ſpeake like a greene Girle,
Vnſifted in ſuch perillous circumſtance.
Doe you beleeve his tenders,as you call them?
Ophe. I doe not know,my Lord, what I ſhould thinke.
Polon. Marry Ile teach you; thinke your ſelfe a Baby,
That you have tane his tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſtarling. Tender your ſelfe more dearely;
Or not to cracke the wind of the poore Phraſe,
Roaming it thus,you'l tender me a foole.
Ophe. My Lord,he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable faſhion.
Polon. I,faſhion you may call it,goe to,goe to.
Ophe. And hath given countenance to his ſpeech,
My Lord,with all the vowes of heaven.
Polon. I,Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
When the blood burnes,how prodigall the ſoule
Gives the tongue vowes: theſe blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat; extinct in both,
Even in their promiſe,as it is a making;
You muſt not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
Be ſomewhat ſcanter of your Maiden preſence,
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleeve ſo much in him,that he is yong,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be given you. In few,*Ophelia*,
Doe not beleeve his vowes; for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye,which their Inveſtments ſhew:
But meere implorators of unholy Sutes,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not,in plaine termes,from this time forth,
Have you ſo ſlander any moment leiſure,
As to give words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*:
Looke too't,I charge you; come your way.
Ophe. I ſhall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet,Horatio,Marcellus.

Ham. The Ayre bites ſhrew'dly: is it very cold?
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.
Ham. What houre now?
Hor. I thinke it lackes of twelve.
Mar. No,it is ſtrooke. (ſeaſon,
Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.

What does this meane my Lord? (rouſe,
Ham. The King doth wake to night,and takes his
Keepes waſſels,and the ſwaggering upſpring reeles,
And as he dreines his draughts of Reniſh downe,
The Kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. It is a cuſtome?
Ham. I marry is't:
And to my mind,though I am native here,
And to the manner borne: It is a cuſtome
More honour'd in the breach,than the obſervance.

Enter Ghoſt.

Hor. Looke my Lord it comes.
Ham. Angels and Miniſters of grace defend us:
Be thou a ſpirit of health,or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heaven,or blaſts from hell,
Be thy events wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape
That I will ſpeake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King,Father,Royall Dane: Oh,oh,anſwer me,
Let me not burſt in ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones hearſed in death,
Have burſt their Cearments,why the Sepulcher
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly Inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble jawes,
To caſt thee up againe? What may this meane?
That thou dead Coarſe againe in compleat ſteele,
Reviſitſt thus the glimpſes of the Moone,
Making night hideous? And we fooles of Nature,
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſoules,
Say,why is this,wherefore? what ſhould we doe?

Ghoſt Beckens Hamlet.

Hor. It beckens you to goe away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.
Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more removed ground:
But doe not goe with it.
Hor. No,by no meanes.
Ham. It will not ſpeake: then will I follow it.
Hor. Doe not my Lord.
Ham. Why,what ſhould be the feare?
I doe not ſet my life at a Pins fee;
And for my ſoule what can it doe to that?
Being a thing immortall as it ſelfe:
It waves me forth againe; Ile follow it.
Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,
That beetles o're his baſe into the Sea,
And there aſſumes ſome other horrible forme,
Which might deprive your Soveraignty of Reaſon,
And draw you into madneſſe? thinke of it.
Ham. It wafts me ſtill: goe on,Ile follow thee.
Mar. You ſhall not goe my Lord.
Ham. Hold off your hand.
Hor. Be rul'd,you ſhall not goe.
Ham My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artire in this body,
As hardy as the Nemian Lions Nerve:
Still am I call'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:
By heav'n,Ile make a Ghoſt of him that lets me:
I ſay away,goe on,Ile follow thee.

Exeunt Ghoſt and Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes deſperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after,to what iſſue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.
Hor. Heaven will direct it.
Mar. Nay,let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou leade me? ſpeake; Ile goe no
Ghoſt. Marke me. (further.
Ham. I will.
Gho. My honour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting Flames
Muſt render up my ſelfe.
Ham. Alas poore Ghoſt.
Ghoſt. Pitty me not but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold.
Ham. Speake,I am bound to heare.
Gho. So art thou to revenge,when thou ſhalt heare.
Ham. What?
Ghoſt. I am thy fathers ſpirit.
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;
And for the day confin'd to faſt in fiers,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my Priſon-houſe;
I could a Tale unfold,whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoule,freeze thy yong blood,
Make thy two eyes like Starres, ſtart from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined lockes to part,
And each particular haire to ſtand an end,
Like Quills upon the fretfull Porpentine:
But this eternall blazon muſt not be
To eares of Fleſh and Blood; liſt *Hamle*,oh liſt,
If thou didſt ever thy deare father love.
Ham. Oh heaven!
Ghoſt. Revenge his foule and moſt unnaturall Murther.
Ham. Murther?
Ghoſt. Murther moſt foule,as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foule,ſtrange,and unnaturall.
Ham. Haſte,haſte me to know it,
That I with wings as ſwift
As Meditation,or the thoughts of Love,
May ſweepe to my Revenge.
Ghoſt. I finde thee apt,
And duller ſhould'ſt thou be than the fat weed
That rots it ſelfe in eaſe,on Lethe Wharfe,
Would'ſt thou not ſtirre in this. Now *Hamlet* heare:
It's given out,that ſleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent ſtung me: ſo the whole eare of Denmarke,
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death
Rankly abus'd: But know thou noble youth,
The Serpent that did ſting thy fathers life,
Now weares his Crowne.
Ham. O my Propheticke ſoule: mine Vncle?
Ghoſt. I,that inceſtuous,that adulterate Beaſt
With witchraft of his wits, hath traiterous gifts.
Oh wicked wit,and gifts,that have the power
So to ſeduce? Won to this ſhamefull Luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queene:
Oh *Hamlet*,what a falling off was there,
From me,whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand,even with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
Vpon a Wretch,whoſe naturall gifts were poore
To thoſe of mine. But Vertue, as it never will be moved,
Though Lewdneſſe court it in a ſhape of heaven;
So Luſt,though to a radiant Angell link'd,
Will ſate it ſelfe in a Celeſtiall bed, and prey on Garbage.

But ſoft, me thinks I ſcent the Mornings Ayre:
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
My cuſtome alwayes in the afternoone;
Vpon my ſecure howre thy Vncle ſtole
With juyce of curſed Hebenon in a Violl,
And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
The leaperous Diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with bloud of Man,
That ſwift as Quick-ſilver it courſes through
The naturall Gates and Allies of the body;
And with a ſodaine vigour it doth poſſet
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,
The thin and wholſome blood: ſo did it mine;
And a moſt inſtant Tetter bak'd about,
Moſt Lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt,
All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I, ſleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once diſpatcht:
Cut off even in the bloſſomes of my Sinne,
Vnhouzzled, diſappointed, unnaneld,
No reckoning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head,
Oh, horrible, Oh horrible, moſt horrible:
If thou haſt nature in thee beare it not;
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Inceſt,
But howſoever thou purſueſt this Act,
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy ſoule contrive
Againſt thy Mother ought; leave her to heaven,
And to thoſe Thornes that in her boſome lodge,
To pricke and ſting her. Fare thee well at once,
The Glow-worme ſhowes the Matine to be neere,
And gins to pale his uneffectuall Fire:
Adue, adue, *Hamlet*: remember me. *Exit.*

Ham. Oh all you hoſt of heaven! Oh Earth; what elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;
And you my ſinnewes, grow not inſtant Old;
But beare me ſtiffely up: remember thee?
I, thou poore Ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeate
In this diſtracted Globe: Remember thee?
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
Ile wipe away all triviall fond Records,
All ſawes of bookes, all formes, all preſſures paſt,
That youth and obſervation coppied there;
And thy Commandment all alone ſhall live
Within the booke and Volume of my braine,
Vnmixt with baſer matter; yes, yes, by heaven:
Oh moſt pernicious woman!
Oh Villaine, Villaine, ſmiling damned Villaine!
My Tables, my Tables: meet it is I ſet it downe,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile and be a Villaine;
At leaſt I'm ſure it may be ſo in Denmarke;
So Vnckle there you are: now to my word;
It is; Adue, Adue, Remember me: I have ſworn't.

Hor. & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.

Hor. Heaven ſecure him.

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.

Mar. How iſt't my Noble Lord?

Hor. What newes, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderfull!

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No you'll reveale it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord.

Ham. How ſay you then, would heart of man once (thinke it?
But you'l be ſecret?

Both. I, by heav'n, my Lord-

Ham. There's ne'er a villaine dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant Knave.

Hor. There needs no Ghoſt my Lord, come from the Grave to tell us this.

Ham. Why right, you are i'th'right;
And ſo without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands, and part:
You, as your buſineſſe and deſires ſhall point you:
For every man has buſineſſe and deſire,
Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,
Looke you, Ile goe pray.

Hor. Theſe are but wilde and hurling words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm ſorry they offend you heartily:
Yes faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint *Patricke*, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Viſion here:
It is an honeſt Ghoſt, that let me tell you:
For your deſire to know what is betweene us,
O're-maſter't as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends, Schollers, and Souldiers,
Give me one poore requeſt.

Hor. What is't my Lord? we will.

Ham. Never make knowne what you have ſeene to (night.

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but ſwear't.

Hor. In faith my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord: in faith.

Ham. Vpon my Sword.

Mar. We have ſworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my ſword, indeed.

Gho. Sweare. *Ghoſt cries under the Stage.*

Ham. Ah ha boy, ſayeſt thou ſo. Art thou there truepenny? Come on, you heare this fellow in the ſelleridge. Conſent to ſweare.

Hor. Propoſe the oath my Lord.

Ham. Never to ſpeake of this that you have ſeene.
Sweare by my Sword.

Gho. Sweare.

Ham. Hic & vbique? Then wee'l ſhift for ground,
Come hither Gentlemen,
And lay your hands againe upon my ſword.
Never to ſpeake of this that you have heard:
Sweare by my Sword.

Ghoſt. Sweare.

Ham. Well ſaid old Mole, can'ſt worke i'th'ground ſo (faſt?
A worthy Pioner, once more remove good friend.

Hor. Oh day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange.

Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth *Horatio*,
Than are dream't of in our Philoſophy. But come,
Here as before, never ſo helpe you mercy,
How ſtrange or odde ſo ere I beare my ſelfe;
(As I perchance hereafter ſhall thinke meet
To put an Anticke diſpoſition on:)
That you at ſuch time ſeeing me, never ſhall
With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head ſhake;
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtfull phraſe;
As well, we know, or we could, and if we would,
Or if we liſt to ſpeake; or there be and if there might,
Or ſuch ambiguous giving out to note,

That you know ought of me; this not to doe:
So grace and mercy at your moſt need helpe you:
Sweare.
Ghoſt. Sweare.
Ham. Reſt, reſt perturbed Spirit: ſo Gentlemen,
With all my love commend me to you;
And what ſo poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expreſſe his love and friending to you,
God willing ſhall not lacke: let us goe in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of joynt: Oh curſed ſpight,
That ever I was borne to ſet it right.
Nay, come, lets goe together. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius and Reynoldo.

Polon. Give him his money, and thoſe notes *Reynoldo.*
Reynold. I will my Lord.
Polon. You ſhall doe marvels wiſely: good *Reynoldo.*
Before you viſite him you make inquiry
Of his behaviour.
Reynold. My Lord, I did intend it.
Polo. Marry, well ſaid:
Very well ſaid. Looke you ſir,
Enquire me firſt what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe:
What company, at what expence: and finding
By this encompaſſement and drift of queſtion,
That they doe know my ſonne: Come you more neere
Than your particular demaunds will touch it,
Take you as twere ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
And thus, I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynoldo?*
Reynold. I, very well my Lord,
Polon. And in part him, but you may ſay not well;
But if't be he I meane, hees very wilde;
Addicted ſo and ſo; and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe: marry, none ſo ranke,
As may diſhonour him; take heed of that:
But Sir, ſuch wanton, wilde, and uſuall ſlips,
As are companions noted and moſt knowne
To youth and liberty.
Reynold. As gaming my Lord.
Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarrelling, Drabbing. You may goe ſo farre.
Rey. My Lord that would diſhonour him.
Polon. Faith no, as you may ſeaſon it in the charge;
You muſt not put another ſcandall on him,
That he is open to Incontinency;
Thats not my meaning; but breathe his faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeeme the taints of liberty;
The flaſh and out-breake of a fiery minde,
A ſavageneſſe in unreclaim'd blood of generall aſſault.
Reynold. But my good Lord.
Polon. Wherefore ſhould you doe this?
Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that.
Polon. Marry Sir, here's my drift,
And I beleeve it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying theſe ſlight ſulleyes on my Sonne,
As twere a thing a little ſoil'd i'th' working: (ſound,
Marke you your party in converſe; him you would
Having ever ſeene. In the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breath of guilty, be aſſur'd
He cloſes with you in this conſequence:
Good ſir, or ſo, or friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phraſe and the Addition,
Of man and Countrey.
Reynol. Very good my Lord.
Polon. And then ſir does he this?
He does: what was I about to ſay?
I was about to ſay nothing: where did I leave?
Reynol. At cloſes in the conſequence:
At friend, or ſo, and Gentleman.
Reynol. At cloſes in the conſequence, I marry,
He cloſes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I ſaw him yeſterday, or tother day;
Or then, or then, with ſuch and ſuch, and as you ſay,
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouſe,
Their falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſaile;
Videlicet, a Brothell, or ſo forth. See you now;
Your bait of falſhood, takes this Cape of truth;
And thus doe we of wiſedome and of reach
With Windleſſes, and with aſſayes of Byas,
By indirections finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and advice
Shall you my ſonne; you have me, have you not?
Reynol. My Lord I have.
Polon. God buy you; fare you well.
Reynol. Good my Lord.
Polon. Obſerve his inclination in your ſelfe.
Reynol. I ſhall my Lord.
Polon. And let him ply his Muſicke.
Reynol. Well, my Lord. *Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell:
How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter?
Ophe. Alas my Lord, I have been ſo affrighted.
Pol. With what, in the Name of Heaven?
Ophe. My Lord, as I was ſowing in my Chamber,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No Hat upon his head, his ſtockings foul'd,
Vngartter'd, and downe-gyved to his Ancle,
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke ſo pitteous in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of Hell,
To ſpeake of horrors: he comes before me.
Polon. Mad for thy Love?
Ophe. My Lord, I do not know: but truly I do feare it.
Polon. What ſaid he?
Ophe. He tooke me by the wriſt.
Then goes he to the length of all his Arme;
And with his other hand, thus o're his brow,
He fals to ſuch peruſall of my face,
As he would draw it. Long ſtaid he ſo,
At laſt, a little ſhaking of my arme,
And thrice his head thus waving up and downe,
He rais'd a ſigh, ſo hideous and profound,
That it did ſeeme to ſhatter all his bulke,
And end his being. That done, he lets goe,
And with his head over his ſhoulders turn'd,
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out adores he went without their helpe;
And to the laſt, bended their light on me.
Polon. Goe with me, I will goe ſeeke the King,
This is the very extaſie of Love,
Whoſe violent propertie foredoes it ſelfe,

And leads the will to deſperate Vndertakings,
As oft as any paſſion under heaven,
That does afflict our Natures. I am ſorry,
What have you given him any hard words of late?
Ophe. No my good Lord: but as you did command,
I did repell his Letters, and deny'd
His acceſſe to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am ſorry that with better ſpeed and judgement
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,
And meant to wracke thee: but beſhrew my jealouſie:
It ſeemes it is as proper to our Age,
To caſt beyond our ſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the yonger ſort
To lacke diſcretion. Come, goe we to the King, (move
This muſt be knowne, which being kept cloſe might
More griefe to hide, than hate to utter love. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter King, Queene, Roſincroſſe, and Guildenſtare Cumaliys.
King. Welcome deare *Roſincros* and *Guildenſtare*.
Moreover, that we much did long to ſee you,
The need we have to uſe you, did provoke
Our haſty ſending. Something have you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation: ſo I call it,
Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was. What it ſhould be
More than his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'underſtanding of himſelfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
That being of ſo yong dayes brought up with him:
And ſince ſo Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
That you vouchſafe your reſt here in our Court
Some little time: ſo by your Companies
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather
So much as from Occaſions you may gleane,
That open'd lies within our remedy,
Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And ſure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleaſe you
To ſhew us ſo much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the ſupply and profit of our hope,
Your Viſitation ſhall receive ſuch thankes,
As fits a Kings remembrance.
Roſin. Both your Maieſties
Might by the Soveraigne power you have of us,
Put your dread pleaſures, more into command
Than to Entreaty.
Guil. We both obey,
And here give up our ſelves, in the full bent,
To lay our Services freely at your feet,
To be commanded.
Kin. Thankes *Roſincros*, and gentle *Guildenſtare*.
Qu. Thankes *Guildenſtare* and gentle *Roſincros*,
And I beſeech you inſtantly to viſit
My too-much changed ſonne.
Goe ſome of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
Guil. Heavens make our preſence and our practiſes,
Pleaſant and helpefull to him. *Exeunt.*
Queen. Amen.
Enter Polonius.
Pol. The Ambaſſadors from Norway, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.
King. Thou ſtill haſt bin the father of good Newes.
Pol. Have I, my Lord? Aſſure you, my good Liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my Soule,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:
And I doe thinke, or elſe this braine of mine
Hunts not the traile of Policy, ſo ſure
As I have us'd to doe, that I have found
The very cauſe of *Hamlets* Lunacy.
Kin. Oh ſpeake of that, that I doe long to heare.
Pol. Give firſt admittance to th'Ambaſſadors,
My Newes ſhall be the Newes to that great Feaſt.
King. Thy ſelfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tels me my ſweet Queene, that he hath found
The head and ſourſe of all your ſonnes diſtemper.
Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
His fathers death, and our ore-haſty Marriage.
Enter Polonius, Voltimand, and Cornelius.
King. Well, we ſhall ſift him. Welcome good Friends:
Say *Voltimand*, what from our Brother Norway?
Volt. Moſt faire returne of Greetings, and Deſires.
Vpon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſſe
His Nephewes Levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the Polak:
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was againſt your Highneſſe, whereat grieved,
That ſo his Sickneſſe, Age, and Impotence
Was falſely borne in hand, ſends out Arreſts
On *Fortinbras*, which he (in briefe) obeyes,
Receives rebuke from Norway: and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Vncle, never more
To give th'aſſay of Armes againſt your Majeſty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thouſand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commiſſion to imploy thoſe Souldiers
So levied as before, againſt the Polak:
With an intreaty herein further ſhewne,
That it might pleaſe you to give quiet paſſe
Through your Dominions for his enterprize,
On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance,
As therein are ſet downe.
King. It likes us well:
And at our more conſider'd time wee'l read,
Anſwer, and thinke upon this Buſineſſe.
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-look't labour.
Goe to your reſt, at night wee'l Feaſt together.
Moſt welcome home. *Exit Ambaſ.*
Pol. This buſineſſe is very well ended.
My Liege and Madrm, to expoſtulate
What Majeſtie ſhould be, what Duty is,
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſte Night, Day, and Time.
Therefore, ſince Brevitie is the Soule of Wit,
And tediouſneſſe, the limbes and outward flouriſhes,
I will be briefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true Madneſſe,
What is't, but to be nothing elſe but mad.
But let that goe.
Qu. More matter, with leſſe Art.
Pol. Madam, I ſweare I uſe no Art at all:
That he is mad 'tis true: T is true, tis pitty,
And pitty it is true: A fooliſh figure,
But farewell it: for I will uſe no Art.

Mad let us grant him then : and now remaines
That we find out the the cauſe of this effect,
Or rather ſay, the cauſe of this defect ;
For this effect defective, comes by cauſe,
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend.
I have a daughter : have, whilſt ſhe is mine,
Who in her Duty and Obedience, marke,
Hath giveu me this : now gather, and ſurmiſe.

The Letter.

To the Celeſtiall, and my Soules Idoll, the moſt beautified Ophelia.

Thats an ill Phraſe, a vilde Phraſe, beautified is a vilde Phraſe : but you ſhall heare theſe in her excellent white boſome, theſe.

Quee. Came this from *Hamlet* to her.

Pol. Good Madam ſtay awhile, I will be faithfull.

Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,
Doubt, that the Sunne doth move :
Doubt Truth to be a Lier,
But never Doubt, I love.

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at theſe Number : I have not Art to reckon my grones ; but that I love thee beſt, oh moſt Beſt beleeve it. Adieu.

Thine evermore moſt deere Lady, whilſt this
Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in Obedience hath my daughter ſhew'd me :
And more above hath his ſoliciting,
As they fell out by Time, by meanes, and place,
All given to mine eare,

King. But how hath ſhe receiv'd his Love ?

Pol. What doe you thinke of me ?

King. As of a man, faithfull and honorable.

Pol. I would faine prove ſo. But what might you think?
When I had ſeene this hot love on the wing,
As I perceived it, I muſt tell you that
Before my daughter told me, what might you
Or my deere Majeſty you Queene heere, thinke,
If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or look'd upon this Love, with idle ſight,
What might you thinke ? No, I went round to worke,
And my yong Miſtris thus I did beſpeake ;
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Sphere,
This muſt not be : and then, I precepts gave her,
That ſhe ſhould locke her ſelfe from his Reſort,
Admit no Meſſengers, receive no Tokens :
Which done, ſhe tooke the fruites of my Advice,
And he repulſed , a ſhort Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadneſſe, then into a Faſt,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weakeneſſe,
Thence to a Lightneſſe, and by this declenſion
Iuto the Madneſſe whereon now he raves,
And all we waile for.

King. Doe you thinke tis this ?

Que. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there bene ſuch a time, Ide faine know that,
That I have poſitively ſaid, tis ſo,
When it prov'd otherwiſe ?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this , if this be otherwiſe,
If Circumſtances leade me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further ?

Pol. You know ſometimes
He walkes foure houres together, heere
In the Lobby.

Quee. So he has indeed.

Pol. At ſuch a time Ile loose my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arrs then,
Marke the encounter ; If he love her not,
And be not from his reaſon falne thereon ;
Let me be no Aſſiſtant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters,

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Que. But looke where ſadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.

Pol. Away I doe beſeech you, both away,
Ile boord him preſently. *Exit King and Queene.*
Oh give me leave. How does my good Lord *Hamlet.*

Ham. Well, god-a-mercy.

Pol. Doe you know me, my Lord ?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well : y'are a Fiſhmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.

Pol. Honeſt, my Lord ?

Ham. I ſir, to be honeſt as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of two thouſand.

Pol. Thats very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge, being a good kiſſing Carrion——
Have you a daughter ?

Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunne : Conception is a bleſſing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend looke too't.

Pol. How ſay you by that ? Still harping on my daughter : yet he knew me not at firſt ; he ſaid I was a Fiſhmonger : he is farre gone, farre gone : and truly in my youth, I ſuffred much extreamity for love : very neere this. Ile ſpeake to him againe. What doe you read my Lord ?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord ?

Ham. Betweene whom ?

Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders ſir : for the Satyricall ſlave ſayes here, that old men have gray Beards ; that their faces are wrinkled ; their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree Gumme : and that they have a plentifull locke of Wit, together with weake hammes. All which Sir, though I moſt powerfully, and potently beleeve ; yet I hold it not Honeſty to have it thus ſet downe : For you your ſelfe Sir, ſhould be old as I am, if like a Crab you could goe backward.

Pol. Though this be madneſſe.
Yet there is Method in't : will you walke
Out of the ayre my Lord ?

Ham. Into my Grave ?

Pol. Indeed that is out oth'Ayre :
How pregnant (ſometimes) his Replies are ?
A happineſſe,
That often Madneſſe hits on,
Which Reaſon and Sanity could not
So proſperouſly be deliver'd of.
I will leave him,
And ſodainely contrive the meanes of meeting
Betweene him, and my daughter.
My honorable Lord, I will moſt humbly
Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fooles.

Polon. You goe to ſeeke my Lord *Hamlet*; there he is.

Enter Roſincros and Guildenſtar.

Roſin. God ſave you Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Roſin. My moſt deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do'ſt thou *Guildenſtar?* Oh, *Roſincros*, good Lads: How doe yee both?

Roſin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not over-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shooe?

Roſin. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waſte, or in the middle of her favour?

Guild. Faith, her privates, we.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of Fortune? Oh, moſt true: ſhe is a Strumpet. Whats the newes.

Roſin. None my Lord; but that the Worlds growne honeſt.

Ham. Then is Doomeſday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me queſtion more in particular: what have you my good friends, deſerved at the hands of fortune, that ſhe ſends you to Priſon hither?

Guild. Priſon, my Lord?

Ham. *Denmark's* a Priſon.

Roſin. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmarke* being one o'th' worſt.

Roſin. We thinke not ſo my Lord.

Ham. Why then tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it ſo: to me it is a priſon.

Roſin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutſhell, and count my ſelfe a King of infinite ſpace; were it not that I have bad dreames.

Guild. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the very ſubſtance of the Ambitious, is meerely the ſhadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it ſelfe is but a ſhadow,

Roſin. Truely, and I hold Ambition of ſo ayry and light a quality, that it is but a ſhadowes ſhadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarchs and out-ſtretcht Heroes the Beggers Shadowes: ſhall we to th'Court: for, by my fey I cannot reaſon?

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No ſuch matter. I will not ſort you with the reſt of my ſervants: for to ſpeake to you like an honeſt man: I am moſt dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendſhip. What make you at *Elſinooer?*

Roſin. To viſit you my Lord, no other occaſion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poore in thankes; but I thanke you: and ſure deare friends my thankes are too deare a halfepeny; were you not ſent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free-viſitation? Come, deale juſtly with me: come, come; nay ſpeake.

Guild. What ſhould we ſay my Lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpoſe; you were ſent for; and there is a kind confeſſion in your lookes; which your modeſties have not craft enough to colour, I know the good King and Queene have ſent for you.

Roſin. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me: but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowſhip, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our ever-preſerved love, and by what more deare, a better propoſer could charge you withall; be even and direct with me, whether you were ſent for or no.

Roſin. What ſay you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you: if you love me hold not off.

Guild. My Lord, we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; ſo ſhall my anticipation prevent your diſcovery of your ſecrecy to the King and Queene: moult no feather, I have of late, but wherefore I know not, loſt all my mirth, forgone all cuſtome of exerciſe; and indeed, it goes ſo heavenly with my diſpoſition; that this goodly frame the earth,, ſeemes to me a ſterrill Promontory; this moſt excellent Canopy the Ayre looke you, this brave ore-hanging, this Majeſticall Roofe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appeared no other thing to me, then a foule and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! How Noble in Reaſon? how infinite in faculty? in forme and moving how expreſſe and admirable? in Action, how like an Angell? in apprehenſion, how like a god? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quinteſſence of Duſt? Man delights not mee; no, nor Woman neither; though by your ſmiling you ſee me to ſay ſo.

Roſin. My Lord, there was no ſuch ſtuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I ſaid, Man delights not me?

Roſin. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players ſhall receive from you: we coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that playes the King ſhall be welcome; his Majeſty ſhall have Tribute of me: the adventurous Knight ſhall uſe his Foyle and Target: The Lover ſhall not ſigh *gratis*, the humorous man ſhall end his part in peace: the Clowne ſhall make thoſe laugh whoſe lungs are tickled ath' ſere: and the Lady ſhall ſay her mind freely; or the blanke Verſe ſhall halt for't: what Players are they?

Roſin. Even thoſe you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they travaile? their reſidence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Roſin. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late innovation?

Ham. Doe they hold the ſame eſtimation they did when I was in the City? Are they ſo follow'd?

Roſin. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow ruſty?

Roſin. Nay, their indeavour keepes in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an ayry of Children, little Yaſes, that cry out on the top of queſtion; and are moſt tyrannically clapt fort: theſe are now the faſhion, and ſo be ratle the common Stages (ſo they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraid of Gooſe-quils, and dare ſcarſe come thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintaines em? How are they eſcoted? Will they purſue the Quality no longer then they can ſing? Will they not ſay afterwards if they ſhould grow themſelves to common Players (as it is like moſt if their meanes are not better) their Writers doe them wrong, to make them exclaim againſt their owne Succeſſion.

Roſin. Faith there has been much to doe on both ſides: and the Nation holds it no ſinne, to tarre them to Controverſie. There was for a while, no money bid for argument, unleſſe the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in the Queſtion.

Ham. Iſt poſſible?

Guild. Oh there has beene much throwing about of braines.

Ham. Doe the Boyes carry it away?

Roſin. I that they do my Lord, *Hercules* & his load too

Ham. It is not ſtrange for mine Vnckle is King of *Denmarke*, and thoſe that would make mowes at him while my father lived; give twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is ſomething in this more then Naturall, if Philoſophy could find it out.

Flouriſh for the Players.

Guild. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elſinooer*: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Faſhion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, leſt my extent to the Players (which I tell you muſt ſhew fairely outward) ſhould more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Vnckle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiv'd.

Guild. In what my deere Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-Weſt: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handſaw.

Enter Polonius.

Polo. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hearke you *Guildenſtar*, and you too: at each eare a hearer: that great Baby you ſee there, is not yet out of his ſwathing clouts.

Roſin, Happily hes the ſecond time come to them: for they ſay, an old man is twice a child.

Ham, I will Propheſie, He comes to tell me of the Players. Marke it, you ſay right Sir: for a Monday morning twas ſo indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have Newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have Newes to tell you,
When *Roſcius* an Actor in Rome———

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Vpon mine honor.

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Aſſe———

Polo. The beſt Actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, hiſtory, Paſtorall: Paſtoricall-Comicall-Hiſtoricall-Paſtorall: Tragicall-Hiſtoricall; Tragicall-Comicall-Hiſtoricall-Paſtorall: Scæne indivible, or Poem unlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. Theſe are the onely men.

Ham. O *Iephta* Iudge of *Iſrael*, what a Treaſure hadſt thou?

Pol. What a Treaſure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more.
The which he loved paſſing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not ith'right old *Iephta*?

Pol. If you call me *Iephta* my Lord, I have a daughter that I love paſſing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polo. What followes then, my Lord?

Ham. Why, as by lot, God wot? and then you know, It came to paſſe, as moſt like it was: the firſt rowe of the *Pans Chanſon* will ſhew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter foure or five Players.

Y'are welcome Maſters, welcome all. I am glad to ſee thee well; Welcome good friends. O my old friend? Thy face is valiant ſince I ſaw thee laſt: Comſt thou to beard me in *Denmarke*? What, my yong Lady and Miſtris? Berlady your Ladiſhip is neerer heaven then when I ſaw you laſt, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voyce like a peece of uncurrant gold be not crak'd within the ring. Maſters, you are all welcome: we'll e'ne to't like French Faulconers, flye at any thing we ſee: we'll have a ſpeech ſtraight. Come give us a taſt of your quality: come, a paſſionate ſpeech.

1 *Play.* What ſpeech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeake me a ſpeech once, but it was never Acted: or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, twas *Cantary* to the Generall: but it was (as I received it, and others, whoſe judgement in ſuch matters, cryed in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digeſted in the Scænes, ſet downe with as much modeſty, as cunning. I remember one ſaid, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe, that might indite the Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honeſt method. One chiefe ſpeech in it, I chiefely lov'd, twas *Æneas* Tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it eſpecially, where he ſpeakes of *Priams* ſlaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this Line, let me ſee, let me ſee: The rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'*Hyrcanian* Beaſt. It is not ſo: it begins with *Pyrrhus*
The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whoſe Sable Armes
Blacke as he purpoſe, did the night reſemble
When his lay couched in the Ominous Horſe,
Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion ſmear'd
With Heraldry more diſmall: head to foote
Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick'd
With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes,
Bak'd and impaſted with the parching ſtreets,
That lend a tyrannous, and damned light
To their vilde Murthers, roaſted in wrath and fire,
And thus o're-ſized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbuncles, the helliſh *Pyrrhus*
Old Grandſire *Priam* ſeekes.

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well ſpoken, with good accent, and good diſcretion.

1 *Play.* Anon he findes him,
Striking too ſhort at Greekes. His anticke Sword,
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles
Repugnant to command: unequall match,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in Rage ſtrikes wide:
But with the whiffe and wind of his fell Sword,
Th'unnerved father fals. Then ſenſeleſſe Illium,
Seeming to feele his blow. with flaming top
Stoopes to his Bace, and with a hideous craſh
Takes Priſoner *Pyrrhus* eare. For loe, his Sword
Which was declining on the Milky head
Of Reverend *Priam*, ſeem'd ith'Ayre to ſticke:

So as a painted Tirant *Pyrrhus* ſtood,
And lik'd a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often ſee againſt ſome ſtorme,
A ſilence in the heavens, the Racke ſtand ſtill,
The bold windes ſpeechleſſe, and the Orbe below
As huſh as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pauſe,
A rowſed Vengeance ſets him new a worke,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for proofe Eterne,
With leſſe remorſe then *Pyrrhus* bleeding ſword
Now falles on *Priam*.
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boule the round Nave downe the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It ſhall to'th Barbars, with your beard. Prethee ſay on: Hes for a Iigge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee ſleepes. Say on; come to *Hecuba*.

1 *Play.* But who, O who, had ſeen the Mobled Queene.

Ham. The Mobled Queene?

Pol. Thats good: Mobled Queene is good.

1 *Play.* Run bare-foot up and downe,
Threatning the flame
With Biſſon Rheume: A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem ſtood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loynes,
A blanket in th'Alarum of feare caught up.
Who this had ſeene, with tongue in Venome ſteep'd,
Gainſt fortunes State, would Treaſon have pronounc'd?
But if the gods themſelves did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pyrrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his Sword her husbands limbes,
The inſtant Burſt of Clamour that ſhe made
(Vnleſſe things mortall move them not at all)
Would have made milche the Burning eyes of heaven,
And paſſion in the Gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turn'd his colour, and has teares ins eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ile have thee ſpeake out the reſt, ſoone. Good my Lord, will you ſee the Players well beſtow'd. Doe ye heare, let them be well us'd: for they are the Abſtracts and briefe Chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, then their ill report while you lived.

Pol. My Lord, I will uſe them according to their deſart.

Ham. Godsbodykins man, better. Vſe every man after his deſart, and who ſhould ſcape whipping: uſe them after your owne Honor and dignity. The leſſe they deſerve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come ſirs. *Exit Polonius.*

Ham. Follow him friends: we'll heare a play to morrow. Doſt thou heare me old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to morrow night. You could for a need ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome doſen or ſixteen lines, which I would ſet downe, and inſert int? Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you mocke him not. My good friends, Ile leave you till night you are welcome to *Elſonower*?

Roſin. Good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I ſo, god buy'ye: Now I am alone.
Oh what a Rogue and Peſant ſlave am I?
Is it not monſtrous that this Player heere,
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Paſſion,
Could force his ſoule ſo to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his uiſage warm'd;
Teares in his eyes, diſtraction ins Aſpect,
A broken voyce, and his whole function ſuiting
With formes, to his conceit? And all for nothing?
For *Hecuba*?
Whats *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he ſhould weepe for her? What would he doe,
Had he the Motive and the Cue for paſſion
That I have? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
And cleave the generall eare with horrid ſpeech:
Make mad the guilty, and apale the free.
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculty of eyes and Eares. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-metled Raſcall, peake
Like Iohn a-deames, unpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing: No, not for a King,
Vpon whoſe property, and moſt deere life,
A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward?
Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a-croſſe?
Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
Tweakes me byth'Noſe? gives me the Lye ith'Throate,
As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
Ha? Why I ſhould take it: for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liver'd, and lacke Gall
To make Oppreſſion bitter, or ere this,
I ſhould have fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaves Offall, bloudy: a Bawdy villaine,
Remorſleſſe, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindleſſe villaine!
Oh Vengeance!
Who? What an Aſſe am I? I ſure, this is moſt brave,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered,
Prompted to my Revenge by heaven, and hell,
Muſt (like a Whore) unpacke my heart with words,
And fall a Curſing like a very Drab,
A Scullion? Fye upon't. Foh. About my Braine.
I have heard, that guilty Creatures ſitting at a Play,
Have by the very cunning of the Scæne,
Beene ſtrooke ſo to the ſoule, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murther, though it have no tongue, will ſpeake
With moſt myraculous Organ. Ile have theſe Players,
Play ſomething like the murder of my father,
Before mine Vnkle. Ile obſerve his lookes
Ile rent him to the quicke: if he but blench
I know my courſe. The Spirit that I have ſeene
May be the divell, and the divell hath power
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weakneſſe, and my Melancholly,
As he is very potent with ſuch Spirits,
Abuſes me to damne me. Ile have grounds
More Relative then this: The Plays the thing,
Wherein Ile catch the Conſcience of the King. *Exit.*

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincros, Guildenſtar, and Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of circumſtance
Get from him why he puts on this Confuſion
Grating ſo harſhly all his dayes of quiet

With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.
Roſin. He does confeſſe he feeles himſelfe diſtracted,
But from what cauſe he will by no meanes ſpeake.
Guil. Nor doe we find him forward to be ſounded,
But with a crafty Madneſſe keepes aloofe:
When we would bring him on to ſome Confeſſion
Of his true ſtate,
Quee. Did he receive you well?
Roſin. Moſt like a Gentleman.
Guild. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.
Roſin. Niggard of queſtion, but of our demands
Moſt free in his reply.
Quee. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?
Roſin. Madam, it ſo fell out, that certaine Players'
We ore-wrought on the way: of theſe we told him,
And there did ſeeme in him a kind of joy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they have already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. Tis moſt true:
And he beſeech'd me to intreate your Majeſties
To heare, and ſee the matter.
King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him ſo inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Give him a further edge, and drive his purpoſe on
To theſe delights.
Roſin. We ſhall my Lord. *Exeunt.*
King. Sweet *Gertrude* leave us too;
For we have cloſely ſent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia.* Her father, and my ſelfe (lawfull eſpials)
Will ſo beſtow our ſelves, that ſeeing unſeene
We may of their encounter frankely judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
Ift be th'affliction of his love, or no.
That thus he ſuffers for.
Quee. I ſhall obey you,
And for your part *Ophelia.* I doe wiſh
That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlets* wildneſſe: ſo ſhall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.
Ophe. Madam, I wiſh it may.
Pol. *Ophelia*, walke you heere. Gracious ſo pleaſe ye
We will beſtow our ſelves: Reade on this booke,
That ſhew of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
Your lonelineſſe. We are oft too blame in this
Tis too much prov'd, that with Devotions viſage,
And pious Action, we doe ſurge ore
The divell himſelfe.
King. Oh tis true:
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth give my Conſcience?
The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaiſtring Art
Is not more ugly to the thing that helpes it,
Then is my deede, to my moſt painted word,
Oh heavy burthen!
Pol. I heare him comming, lets withdraw my Lord.
Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Queſtion:
Whether tis Nobler in the mind to ſuffer
The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Armes againſt a Sea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them: to dye, to ſleepe
No more: and by a ſleepe, to ſay we end
The heart-ake, and the thouſand naturall ſhockes
That fleſh is heire to? Tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To dye to ſleepe,
To ſleepe, perchance to Dreame; I there's the rub,
For in that ſleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When he have ſhuffel'd off this mortall coile,
Muſt give us pawſe. Theres the reſpect
That makes Calamity of ſo long life:
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppreſſors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
The pangs of diſpriz'd Love, the Lawes delay,
The inſolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himſelfe might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would theſe Fardles beare
To grunt and ſweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The undiſcovered Country, from whoſe Borne
No Traveller returnes, Puzels the will,
And makes us rather beare thoſe illes we have,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conſcience does make Cowards of us all,
And thus the Native hew of Reſolution
Is ſicklied ore, with the pale caſt of thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And looſe the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*? Nimph, in thy Horizons
Be all my ſinnes remembred.
Ope. Good my Lord,
How does your honor for this many a day?
Ham. I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.
Ophe. My Lord, I have Remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to redeliver.
I pray you now, receive them.
Ham. No, no, I never gave you ought.
Ophe. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
Take theſe againe, for to the Noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore, when givers prove unkind.
There my Lord.
Ham. Ha, ha: Are you honeſt?
Ophe. My Lord.
Ham. Are you faire?
Ophe. What meanes you Lordſhip?

Ham. That if you be honeſt and faire, your Honeſty ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your Beauty.

Ophe. Could beauty my Lord, have better Comerce then your honeſty?

Ham. I truely: for the power of beauty, will ſooner transforme honeſty from what it is, to a Bawd, then the force of honeſty can tranſlate Beauty into his likeneſſe, This was ſometime a Paradox, but now the time gives it proofe. I did love you once.

Ophe. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleeve ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not have beleeved me. For vertue cannot ſo inocculate our old ſtocke, but we ſhall relliſh of it. I loved you not.

Ophe. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnery. Why wouldſt thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my ſelfe indifferent honeſt, but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better my Mother had not borne me. I am very prowd, revengefull. Ambitious, with more offences at my becke, then I have thoughts to put them in imagination, to give them ſhape, or time to acte them in. What ſhould ſuch

Fellowes as I doe crawling betweene heaven and Earth. We are arrant Knaves all, beleeve none of us. Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery. Wheres your father?

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be ſhut upon him, that he may play the Foole no way, but ins owne houſe. Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him, you ſweet heavens.

Ham. If thou doeſt Marry, Ile give thee this Plague for thy Dowry. Be thou as chaſte as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou ſhalt not eſcape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Goe, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a foole: for Wiſe men know well enough, what monſters you make of them. To a Nunnery goe, and quickly too. Farewell.

Ophe. O heavenly Powers reſtore him.

Ham. I have heard of your pratling too well enough. God has given you one pace, and you make your ſelfe another: you gidge, you amble, and you liſpe, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonneſſe, your ignorance. Goe, ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I ſay, we will have no more Marriages. Thoſe that are married already, all but one ſhall, the reſt ſhall keepe as they are, To a Nunnery, goe. *Exit Hamlet.*

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is heere ore-throwne?
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers? Eye, tongue, ſword,
Th'expectanſie and Roſe of the faire State,
The glaſſe of faſhion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obſerv'd of all Obſervers, quite, quite downe.
Have I of Ladies moſt deject and wretched,
That ſuck'd the Hony of his Muſicke Vowes:
Now ſee that Noble, and moſt Soveraigne Reaſon,
Like ſweet bels iangled out of tune, and harſh,
That unmatch'd fortune and feature of blowne youth,
Blaſted with extaſie. Oh woe is me,
T'have ſeene what I have ſeene: ſee what I ſee.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Love? his affections doe not that way tend,
Nor what he ſpake, though it lack'd forme a little,
Was not like Madneſſe. Theres ſomething in his ſoule,
Ore which his Melancholly ſits on brood,
And I doe doubt the hatch, and the diſcloſe
Will be ſome danger, which to prevent
I have in quicke determination
Thus ſet it downe. He ſhall with ſpeed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different
With variable Objects, ſhall expell
This ſomething ſetled matter in his heart:
Whereon his braines ſtill beating, puts him thus
From faſhion of himſelfe. What thinke you on't?

Pol. It ſhall doe well. But yet doe I beleeve
The Origin and Commencement of this greefe
Sprung from neglected love. How now *Ophelia*?
You neede not tell us, what Lord *Hamlet* ſaid,
We heard it all. My Lord, doe as you pleaſe,
But if you hold it fit after the Play,
Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him
To ſhew his Griefes: let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd ſo, pleaſe you in the eare
Of all their conference. If ſhe find him not,
To England ſend him: Or confine him where
Your wiſedome beſt ſhall thinke.

King. It ſhall be ſo:
Madneſſe in great Ones, muſt not unwatch'd goe.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of your Players doe, I had as live the Towne-Cryer had ſpoke my Lines; Nor doe not ſaw the Ayre too much your hand thus, but uſe all gently; for in the very Torrent, Tempeſt, and (as I may ſay) the Whirle-winde of paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a Temperance that may give it Smoothneſſe. O it offends me to the Soule, to ſee a robuſtious Pery-wig-parted fellow, teare a Paſſion to tatters, to very ragges, to ſplit the eares of the Groundlings: who (for the moſt part) are capeable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe ſhewes, and noiſe: I could have ſuch a fellow whipt for ore-doing Termagant: it out-*Herods Herod.* Pray you avoyd it.

Player. I warrant your honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neither: but let your owne Diſcretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the word, the word to the Action, with this ſpeciall obſervance: That you ore-ſtep not the modeſty of Nature; for any thing ſo over-done, is from the purpoſe of Playing, whoſe end both at the firſt and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour up to Nature; to ſhew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the very Age and Body of the Time, his forme and preſſure. Now, this over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilfull laugh, cannot but make the judicious greive; The cenſure of the which one, muſt in your allowance ore-ſway a whole Theater of others. Oh, there be Players that I have ſeene Play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly (not to ſpeake it prophanely) that neither having the accent of Chriſtians, nor the gate of Chriſtian, Pagan, or Norman, have ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I have thought ſome of Natures Iouerney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity ſo abhominably.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us, Sir.

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let thoſe that play your Clownes, ſpeake no more then is ſet down for them. For there be of them, that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the Play be then to be conſidered: thats Villanous, and ſhewes a moſt pittifull Ambition in the Foole that uſes it. Goe make you ready. *Exeunt Players.*

Enter Polonius, Roſincros, and Guildenſtare.

How now my Lord,
Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

Pol. And the Queene too, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haſt. *Exit Polonius.*
Will you two helpe to haſten them?

Both. We will my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, *Horatio*?

Hora. Heere ſweet Lord, at your ſervice.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art eene as juſt a man
As ere my Converſation coap'd withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay, doe not thinke I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no Revennew haſt, but thy good ſpirits

To feed and cloath thee. Why ſhould the poore be flat-
No, let the Candied tongue, like abſurd pompe, (terd
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow faining? Doſt thou heare,
Since my deere Soule was Miſtris of my choyſe,
And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
Hath ſeal'd thee for her ſelfe. For thou haſt beene
As one in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing.
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hath tane with equall thankes. And bleſt are thoſe,
Whoſe blood and Iudgement are ſo well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for fortunes finger.
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe. Give me that man,
That is not Paſſions Slave, and I will weare him
In my hearts Core: I, in my heart of heart,
As I doe thee. Something too much of this.
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scæne of it comes neere the Circumſtance:
Which I have told thee, of my Fathers death.
I prethee, when thou ſeeſt that Act a-foot,
Even with the Comment of my ſoule
Obſerve mine Vnkl[illegible]if his occulted guilt,
Doe not it ſelfe unk[illegible]ll in one ſpeech,
It is a damned Ghoſt that we have ſeene:
And my imaginations are as foule
As Vulcans Styth. Give him heedfull note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face?
And after we will both our judgement joyne,
To cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hora. Well my Lord.
If he ſteale ought the whilſt this Play is playing,
And ſcape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincros:
Guildenſtar, and other Lords attendant, with
his Guard carrying Torches. Daniſh
March. Sound a Flouriſh.

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I muſt be idle. Get you a place.

King. How fares our Coſin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent ifaith, of the Camelions diſh: I eate the Ayre promiſe-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons ſo.

King. I have nothing with this anſwer *Hamlet*, theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once ith'Vniverſity, you ſay?

Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Polo. I did enact *Iulius Cæſar*, I was kill'd ith'Capitoll: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a bruite part of him, to kill ſo Capitall a Calfe there. Be the Players ready?

Koſin. I my Lord, they ſtay upon your patience.

Quee. Come hither my good *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ham. No good Mother, heres Mettle more attractive.

Polo. Oh ho, doe you marke that?

Ham. Lady, ſhall I lye in your Lap?

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. I meane, my head upon your Lap?

Ophe, I my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant Country matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing, my Lord.

Ham. Thats a faire thought to lye between Maids legs

Obpe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merry, my Lord?

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely Iigge-maker: what ſhould a man doe, but be merry. For looke you how cheerefully my Mother lookes, and my father dyed within's two houres.

Ophe. Nay, tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Divell weare blacke, for Ile haue a ſuite of Sables. Oh heavens! dye two moneths agoe, and not forgotten yet? Then theres hope, a great mans Memoty, may out-live his life halfe a yeare: But berlady he muſt build Churches then: or elſe ſhall he ſuffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horſſe, whoſe Epitaph is, for o, for o, the Hoby-horſe is forgot.

Hoboyes play, The dumbe ſhew enters.

Enter a King and Queene, very lovingly; the Queene embracing him. She kneeles; and makes ſhew of Proteſtation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her necke. Layes him downe upon a Banke of Flowers. She ſeeing him a-ſleepe, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his Crowne, kiſſes it, and powers poyſon in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and makes paſſionate Action. The Poyſoner, with ſome two or three Mutes comes in againe, ſeeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away: The Poyſoner Wooes the Queene with Gifts, ſhe ſeemes loath and unwilling a while, but in the end, accepts his love. Exeunt.

Ophe. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marty this is Miching *Malicho*, that meanes Miſchiefe.

Ophe. Be like this ſhew imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham. We ſhall know by theſe fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counſell, they'll tell all.

Ophe. Will they teil us what this ſhew meant?

Ham. I, or any ſhew that you'll ſhew him. Be not you aſham'd to ſhew, he'll not ſhame to tell you what it meanes.

Ophe. You are naught, you are naught, Ile ma‸rke the Play.

Enter Prologue.

For us, and for our Tragedy,
Heere ſtooping to your Clemency:
We begge your hearing Patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poeſie of a Ring?

Ophe. Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As Womans love.

Enter King, and his Queene.

King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus Cart gon round,
Neptunes ſalt Waſh, and *Tellus* Orbed ground:
And thirty dozen Moones with borrowed ſheene,
About the World have time, twelve thirties beene,
Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall, in moſt ſacred Bands.

Quee. So many journies may the Sunne and Moone
Make us againe count ore, ere love be done.
But woe is me, you are ſo ſicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your former ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you: yet though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you (my Lord) it nothing muſt:
For womens Feare and Love, holds quantity,

In neither ought, or in extremiy:
Now what my love is, proofe hath made you know,
And as my Love is ſiz, my feare is ſo.
King. Faith I muſt leave thee Love, and ſhortly too:
My operant Powers my functions leave to doe
And thou ſhalt live in this faire world behind,
Honor'd, belov'd, and haply, one as kind.
For husband ſhalt thou——
Que. Oh confound the reſt:
Such Love, muſt needs be Treaſon in my breſt:
In ſecond husband, let me be accurſt,
None wed the ſecond, but who killd the firſt.
Ham. Wormewood, Wormewood.
Quee. The inſtances that ſecond Marrage move,
Are baſe reſpects of Trift, but none of Love.
A ſecond time, I kill my husband dead,
When ſecond husband kiſſes me in Bed.
King. I doe beleeve you. Thinke what now you ſpeake:
But what we doe determine, oft we breake;
Purpoſe is but the ſlave to Memory,
Of violent Birth, but poore validity:
Which now like fruite unripe ſtickes on the Tree,
But fall unſhaken, when they mellow be.
Moſt neceſſary tis, that we forget
To pay our ſelves, what to our ſelves is debt:
What to our ſelves in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe.
The violence of other Griefe or joy,
Their owne enactors with themſelves deſtroy:
Where Ioy moſt Revels, Griefe doth moſt lament;
Griefe joyes, Ioy greeves on ſlender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor tis not ſtrange
That even our Loves ſhould with our Fortunes change.
For tis a queſtion left us yet to prove,
Whether Love lead fortune, or elſe fortune Love.
The great man downe, you marke his favourite flyes,
The poore aduanc'd makes ſriends of Enemies:
And hither to doth Love on fortune tend,
For who not needs, ſhall never lacke a friend?
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his Enemy.
But orderly to end, where I begun,
Our Willes and Fates doe ſo contrary run,
That our Devices ſtill are overthrowne,
Our thoughtes are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no ſecond husband wed.
But dye thy thoughts, when thy firſt Lord is dead.
Quee. Nor Earth to give me food, nor heaven light,
Sport and repoſe locke from me day and night:
Each oppoſite that blankes the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it deſtroy:
Both heere, and hence, purſue me laſting ſtrife,
If once a Widdow, ever I be Wife.
Ham. If ſhe ſhould breake it now.
King. Tis deepely ſworne:
Sweet, leave me heare a while,
My ſpirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleepe.
Quee. Sleepe rocke thy braine, *Sleepes.*
And never come miſchance betweene us twaine. *Exit.*
Ham. Madam, how like you the Play?
Que. The Lady proteſts too much me thinkes.
Ham. Oh but ſhe'll keepe her word,
King. Have you heard the Argument, is there no Offence in't?
Ham. No, no, they doe but jeſt, poyſon in jeſt, no Offence ith'world.
King. What doe you call the Play?
Ham. The Mouſe-trap: Marry how? Tropically: This Play is the image of a murder done in *Vienna*: *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptiſta*: you ſhall ſee anon: tis a knaviſh peece of worke: But what o'that? Your Majeſty, and we that have free ſoules, it touches us not: let the gall'd jade winch: our withers are unrung,

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.
Ophe. You are a good Chorus. my Lord.
Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your love: if I could ſee the Puppets dallying.
Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.
Ham. It would coſt you a groaning, to take off my edge.
Ophe. Still better and worſe.
Ham. So you miſtake husbands. Begin Murderer. Pox, leave thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the croaking Raven doth bellow for Revenge.
Lucian. Thonghts blacke, hands apt,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:
Confederate ſeaſon, elſe no Creature ſeeing:
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight-Weeds collected,
With Hecats Ban, thrice blaſted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall Magicke, and dire property,
On wholſome life, uſurpe immediately.

Powres the poyſon in his eares.

Ham. He poyſons him i'th' Garden fors eſtate: His names *Gonzago*: the Story is extant and writ in choyce Italian. You ſhall ſee anon how the Murtherer gets the love of *Gonzagos* wife.
Ophe. The King riſes.
Ham. What, frighted with falſe fire.
Quee. How fares my Lord?
Pol. Give o're the Play.
King. Giue me ſome Light. Away,
All. Lights, Lights, Lights. *Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why let the ſtrucken Deere goe weepe,
The Heart ungalled play:
For ſome muſt watch, while ſome muſt ſleepe?
So runnes the world away.
Would not this Sir, and a Forreſt of Feathers, if the reſt of my fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Provinciall Roſes on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowſhip in a cry of Players ſir.
Hor. Halfe a ſhare.
Ham. A whole one I,
For thou doſt know: Oh *Damon* deere,
This Realme diſmantled was of *Iove* himſelfe,
And now reignes heere,
A very very Pajocke.
Hora. You might have Rim'd.
Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghoſts word, for a thouſand pound. Didſt perceive?
Hora. Very well my Lord.
Ham. Vpon the talke of the poyſoning?
Hora. I did very well note him.

Enter Roſincros, and Guildenſtar.

Ham. Oh, ha? come ſome Muſick. Come the Recorders
For if the King like not the Comedy.
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come ſome Muſicke.
Guild, Good my Lord, vouchſafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole Hiſtory.

Guild. The King, ſir.

Ham. I ſir, what of him.

Guild. Is in his retyrement, marvellous diſtemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wiſedome ſhould ſhew it ſelfe more rich to ſignifie this to his Doctor; for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, and ſtart not ſo wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courteſie is not of the right breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholſome anſwer, I will doe your Mothers command'ment: if not, your pardon, and my returne ſhall be the end of my buſineſſe.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholeſome anſwer: my wit's diſeas'd. But ſir, ſuch anſwers as I can make, you ſhall command: or rather you ſay, my mother: therefore no more but to the matter. My mother you ſay.

Roſin. Then thus ſhe ſayes: your behavior hath ſtroke her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can ſo aſtoniſh a Mother. But is there no ſequell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration?

Roſin. She deſires to ſpeake with you in her Cloſſet, ere you goe to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our Mother.
Have you any further Trade with us?

Roſin. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I doe ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſin. Good my Lord, what is your cauſe of deſtemper? You doe freely barre the doore of your owne Liberty, if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Advancement.

Roſin. How can that be, when you have the voyce of the King himſelfe, for your Succeſſion in Denmarke?

Ham. I, but while the graſſe growes, the Proverbe is ſomething muſty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me ſee, to withdraw with you, why doe you goe about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toile?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham, I doe not well underſtand that. Will you play upon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Beleeve me, I cannot.

Ham. I doe beſeech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. Tis as eaſie as lying: governe theſe Ventiges with your finger and thumbe, give it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt excellent Muſicke. Looke you, theſe are the ſtoppes.

Guild. But theſe cannot I command to any utterance of harmony, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me: you would play upon me: you would ſeeme to know my ſtops: you would plucke out the heart of my Myſtery; you would ſound me from my loweſt Note, to the top of my compaſſe: and there is much Muſicke, excellent Voyce, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why doe you thinke, that I am eaſier to be plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God bleſſe your Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord; the Queene would ſpeake with you and preſently.

Ham. Doe you ſee that Clowd? thats almoſt in ſhape like a Camell.

Polon. By'th'Miſſe, and its like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother, by and by:
They foole me to the top of my bent.
I will come by and by.

Polon. I will ſay ſo. *Exit.*

Ham. By and by, is eaſily ſaid. Leave me friends:
Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and hell it ſelfe breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drinke hot blood,
And doe ſuch bitter buſineſſe as the day
Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my mother:
Oh heart, looſe not thy Nature; let not ever
The Soule of *Nero*, enter this firme boſome:
Let me be cruell, not unnaturall,
I will ſpeake Daggers to her, but uſe none:
My tongue and ſoule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words ſomever ſhe be ſhent,
To give them ſeales, never my ſoule conſent.

Enter King, Roſincros, and Guildenſtar.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with us,
To let his madneſſe range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to England ſhall along with you,
The termes of our eſtate, may not endure
Hazard ſo dangerous as doth hourely grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our ſelves provide:
Moſt holy and Religious feare it is
To keepe thoſe many bodies ſafe
That live and feede upon your Majeſty.

Roſin. The ſingle
And peculiar life is bound
With all the ſtrength and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it ſelfe from noyance: but much more,
That Spirit, upon whoſe ſpirit depends and reſts
The lives of many, the ceaſe of Majeſty
Dies not alone: but like a Gulfe doth draw
Whats neere it, with it. It is a maſſie wheele
Fixt on the Somnet of the higheſt Mount,
To whoſe huge Spoakes, ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortiz'd and adjon'd: which when it falles,
Each ſmall annexment, petty conſequence
Attends the boyſtrous Ruine. Never alone
Did the King ſighe, but with a generall grone

King. Arme you, I pray you to this ſpeedy Voyage;
For we will Fetters put upon this feare,

Which now goes too free-footed.
Both. We will haſte us. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, hes going to his Mothers Cloſſet:
Behinde the Arras Ile convey my ſelfe
To heare the Proceſſe. Ile warrant ſhe'll tax him home.
And as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
Tis meete that ſome more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, ſhould o're-heare
The ſpeech of vantage, Fare you well my Liege,
Ile call upon you ere you goe to bed,
And tell you what I know. *Exit.*
King. Thankes deere my Lord,
Oh my offence is ranke, it ſmels to heaven,
It hath the primall eldeſt curſe upon't,
A brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharpe as will:
My ſtronger guilt, defeats my ſtrong intent,
And like a man to double buſineſſe bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect; what if this curſed hand
Were thicker then it ſelfe with brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the ſweet heavens
To waſh it white as Snow? Whereto ſerves mercy,
But to confront the viſage of Offence?
And whats in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-ſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke up,
My fault is paſt. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can ſerue my turne? Forgive me my foule Murther:
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
Of thoſe effects for which I did the Murther
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences guilded hand may ſhove by Iuſtice,
And oft tis ſeene, the wicked prize it ſelfe
Buyes out the Law; but tis not ſo above,
There is no ſhuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true Nature, and we our ſelves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? What reſts?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched ſtate? Oh boſome, blacke as death!
Oh limed ſoule, that ſtrugling to be free,
Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make aſſay:
Bow ſtubborne knees, and heart with ſtrings of Steele,
Be ſoft as ſinewes of the new-borne Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it pat, now he is praying,
And now Ile doo't, and ſo he goes to heaven,
And ſo am I reveng'd: that would be ſcann'd,
A Villaine killes my Father, and for that
I his foule Sonne, doe this ſame Villaine ſend
To heaven. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Revenge.
He tooke my Father groſſely, full of bread,
With all his Crimes broad blowne, as freſh as May,
And how his Audit ſtands, who knowes, ſave heaven:
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought
Tis heavy with him: and am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soule,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage? No.
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent
When he is drunke aſleepe: or in his Rage,
Or in th'inceſtuous pleaſure of his bed,
At gaming, ſwearing, or about ſome acte
That has no relliſh of Saluation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at heaven,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke
As hell, whereto it goes. My Mother ſtayes,
This Phyſicke but prolongs thy ſickly dayes. *Exit.*
King. My words flye up, my thoughts remaine below,
Words without thoughts, never to heaven goe. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Polo. He will come ſtraight:
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prankes have been too broad to berre with,
And that yovr grace hath ſcree'nd, and ſtood betweene
Much heat, and him. Ile ſilence me e'ne heere:
Pray you be round with him.
Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.
Que. Ile warrant you, feare me not.
Withdraw, I heare him comming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now mother, whats the matter?
Que. *Hamlet*, thou haſt thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Que. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Goe, goe, you queſtion with an idle tongue.
Que. Why how now *Hamlet*.
Ham. Whats the matter now?
Que. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No by the Rood, not ſo:
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
But would you were not ſo. You are my Mother.
Quee. Nay, then Ile ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeake.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you downe, you ſhall not boudge:
You goe not till I ſet up a glaſſe.
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you?
Que. What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe, helpe, hoa.
Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.
Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.
Pol. Oh I am ſlaine. *Killes Polonius.*
Quee. Oh me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?
Quee. Oh what a raſh, and bloody deed is this?
Ham. A bloody deed, almoſt as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Quee. As killd a King?
Ham. I Lady, twas my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy fortune,
Thou findſt to be too buſie, is ſome danger.
Leave wringing of your hands, peace ſit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall
If it be made of penetrable ſtuffe;
If damned Cuſtome have not braz'd it ſo,
That it is proofe and bulwarke againſt Senſe.
Qu. What have I done, that thou darſt wag thy (tongue,
In noyſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an Act
That blurres the grace and bluſh of Modeſty,
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Roſe
From the faire forehead of an innocent love,
And makes a bliſter there. Makes marriage vowes
As falſe as Dicers Oathes. Oh ſuch a deed,

As from the body of contraction pluckes
The very ſoule, and ſweet Religion makes
A rapſody of words. Heavens face doth glow,
Yea this ſolidity and compound maſſe,
With triſtfull viſage as againſt the doome,
Is thought-ſicke at the act.
Quee. Aye me, what act, that roares ſo lowd, and thunders in the Index.
Ham. Looke heere upon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfet preſentment of two brothers:
See what a grace ſeated on his Brow,
Hyperions curles, the front of Iove himſelfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercury
New lighted on a heaven-kiſſing hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where every god did ſeeme to ſet his Seale,
To give the world aſſurance of a man.
This was your husband. Looke you now what followes.
Heere is your husband, like a Mildew'd deare
Blaſting his wholſome breath. Have you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leave to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? have you eyes?
You cannot call it Love: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, its humble,
And waites upon the Iudgement: and what judgement
Would ſtep from this, to this? What divell was't,
That thus hath couſend you at hoodman-blind?
O Shame! where is thy bluſh? Rebellious Hell,
If thou canſt mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe.
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no ſhame,
When the compulſiue Ardure gives the charge,
Since Froſt it ſelfe, as actively doth burne,
As Reaſon panders Will.
Quee. O *Hamlet*, ſpeake no more.
Thou turnſt mine eyes into my very ſoule,
And there I ſee ſuch blacke and grained ſpots.
As will not leave their Tinct.
Ham. Nay, but to live
In the ranke ſweat of an enſeamed bed,
Stewd in Corruption; honying and making love
Over the naſty Stye.
Quee. Oh ſpeake to me, no more,
Theſe words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more ſweet *Hamlet*.
Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurſe of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a ſhelfe, the precious Diadem ſtole,
And put it in his Pocket.
Que. No more.

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. A King of ſhreds and patches.
Save me: and hover o're me with your wings
You heavenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?
Quee. Alas hes mad.
Ham. Doe you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That laps't in Time and Paſſion, lets goe by
Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh ſay.
Ghoſt. Doe not forget: this Viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But looke Amazement on thy Mother ſits;
O ſtep betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakeſt bodies, ſtrongeſt workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet*.
Ham. How is it with you Lady?
Que. Alas, how is't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the corporall ayre doe hold diſcourſe.
Forth at your eyes, your ſpirits wildely peepe,
And as the ſleeping Souldiours in th'Alarme,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start up, and ſtand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heate and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon doe you looke?
Ham. On him, on him: looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cauſe conjoyn'd, preaching to ſtones,
Would make them capeable. Doe not looke upon me,
Leaſt with this pitteous action you convert
My ſterne effects: then what I have to doe,
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.
Quee. To whom doe you ſpeake this?
Ham. Doe you ſee nothing there?
Quee. Nothing at all, yet all that is I ſee.
Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?
Quee. No, nothing but our ſelves.
Ham. Why looke you there: looke how it ſteals away;
My father in his habite, as he lived,
Looke where he goes even now out at the Portall. *Exit.*
Quee. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodileſſe Creation extaſie is very cunning in.
Ham. Extaſie?
My Pulſe as youre doth temperately keepe time,
And makes as healthfull Muſicke. It is not madneſſe
That I have uttered; bring me to the Teſt
And I the matter will re-word: which madneſſe
Would gamboll from. Mother, for love of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vnction to your ſoule,
That not your treſpaſſe, but my madneſſe ſpeakes:
It will but skin and filme the Vlcerous place,
Whilſt ranke corruption mining all within,
Infects unſeene. Confeſſe your ſelfe to heaven,
Repent whats paſt, avoyd what is to come,
And doe not ſpred the Compoſt or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgive me this my Vertue,
For in the fatneſſe of theſe purſie times,
Vertue it ſelfe, of Vice muſt pardon begge,
Yea courbe, and wooe, for leave to doe him good.
Quee. Oh *Hamlet*,
Thou haſt cleft my heart in twaine.
Ham. O throw away the worſer part of it,
And live the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but goe not to mine Vnkles bed,
Aſſume a Vertue, if you have it not, refraine to night,
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſſe
To the next abſtinence. Once more goodnight,
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
Ile bleſſing begge of you. For this ſame Lord,
I doe repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it ſo.
To puniſh me with this, and this with me,
That I muſt be their Scourge and Miniſter.
I will beſtow him, and will anſwer well
The death I gave him: ſo againe, good night.
I muſt be cruell, onely to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worſe remaines behind.
Que. What ſhall I doe?
Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe:
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouſe,
And let him for a paire of reechy kiſſes,

Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravell all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſſe,
But mad in craft. Twere good you let him know,
For who thats but a Queene, faire, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such deere concernings hide? Who would doe ſo?
No in deſpight of Senſe and Secrecy,
Vnpegge the Basket on the houſes top :
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape,
To try Concluſions, in the Basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Que. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life : I have no life to breath
What thou haſt ſaid to me.

Ham. I muſt to England, you know that ?

Quee. Alacke I had forgot : Tis ſo concluded on.

Ham. This man ſhall ſet me packing :
Ile lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counſellor
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt grave,
Who was in life a fooliſh prating Knave.
Come ſir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

Enter King.

King. Theres matters in theſe ſighes.
Theſe profound heaves
You muſt tranſlate, Tis fit we underſtand them.
Where is your Sonne ?

Quee. Ah my good Lord, what have I ſeene to night ?

King. What *Gertrude*? How dos *Hamlet* ?

Quee. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawleſſe fit
Behind the Arras, hearing ſomething ſtirre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainiſh apprehenſion killes
The unſeene good old man.

King. Oh heavy deed.
It had bine ſo with us had we beene there :
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your ſelfe, to us, to every one.
Alas, how ſhall this bloody deede be anſwered ?
It will be laid to us, whoſe providence
Should have kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad yong man. But ſo much was our love,
We would not underſtand what was moſt fit,
But like the Owner of a foule diſeaſe,
To keepe it from divulging, lets it feede
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?

Quee. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom his very madneſſe like ſome Oare
Among a Minerall of Methals baſe
Shewes it ſelfe pure. He weepes for wat is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away :
The Sun no ſooner ſhall the Mountaines touch,
But we will ſhip him hence, and this vilde deed,
We muſt with all our Majeſty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuſe. *Enter Rroſincros, and Guildenſtar.*
Ho *Guildenſtar* :
Friends both, go joyne you with ſome further ayde :
Hamlet in madneſſe hath *Polonius* ſlaine,
And from his Mothers Cloſſet hath he dragg'd him.
Goe ſeeke him out, ſpeake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell. I pray you haſte in this. *Exit Gent.*
Come *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wiſeſt friends,
To let them know both what we meane to doe,
And whats untimely done. Oh come away,
My ſoule is full of diſcord and diſmay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely ſtowed.

Gentlemen within. Hamlet, Lord *Hamlet.*

Ham. What noiſe ? Who cals on *Hamlet* ?
Oh heere they come. *Enter Roſincros, and Guildenſtar.*

Roſ. What have you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with duſt, whereto tis kinne.

Roſin. Tell us where tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Doe not beeleeve it.

Roſin. Beleeve what ?

Ham. That I can keepe your counſell, and not mine owne. Beſides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what replication ſhould be made by the Sonne of a King.

Roſin. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord ?

Ham. I ſir, that ſokes up the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities(but ſuch Officers do the King beſt ſervice in the end.) He keepes them like an Ape in the corner of his jaw, firſt mouth'd to be laſt ſwallowed, when he needes what you have glean'd, it is but ſqueezing you, and Spundge you ſhall be dry againe.

Roſin. I underſtand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it : a knaviſh ſpeech ſleepes in a fooliſh eare.

Roſin. My Lord, you muſt tell us where the body is, and goe with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King, is a thing——.

Guild. A thing my Lord ?

Hvm. Of nothing? bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after. *Exeunt.*

Enter King.

King. I have ſent to ſeeke him, and to find the body:
How dangerous is it that this man goes looſe :
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong Law on him :
Hes loved of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes :
And where tis ſo, th'Offenders ſcourge is weigh'd
Bnt neerer the offence : to beare all ſmooth, and even,
This ſodaine ſending him away, muſt ſeeme
Deliberate pauſe, diſeaſes deſperate growne,
By deſperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all. *Enter Roſincros.*
How now ? what hath befalne ?

Roſin. Where the dead body is beſtow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Roſin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleaſure.

King. Bring him before us.

Roſin. Hoa, *Guildenſtar* ? bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenſtar.

King. Now *Hamlet*, wheres *Polonius* ?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper ? Where ?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certaine convocation of wormes are ene at him. Your worm is your onely Emperour for diet. We fat all creatures elſe to fat us, and we fat our ſelues for Magots. Your fat King and your leane Begger is but variable ſervice, two diſhes, but to one Table, thats the end.

King. What doſt thou meane by this ?

Ham. Nothing but to ſhew you how a King may goe a Progreſſe through the gut of a Begger.

King. Where is *Polonius.*

Ham. In heaven, ſend thither to ſee. If your Meſſenger finde him not there, ſeeke him i'th other place your ſelfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you ſhall noſe him as you goe up the ſtaires into the Lobby.

King. Goe ſeeke him there:

Ham. He will ſtay till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine eſpeciall ſafety
Which we doe tender, as we dearely grieve
For that which thou haſt done, muſt ſend thee hence
With fiery quickneſſe. Therefore prepare thy ſelfe,
The Barke is ready, and the wind at helpe,
Th'Aſſociates tend, and every thing at bent
For England.

Ham. For England.

King. I, *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knewſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a Cherube that ſees him: but, come, for England. Farewell deare Mother.

King. Thy loving Father *Hamlet.*

Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is Man and Wife: Man and Wife is one fleſh, and ſo my Mother. Come, for England. *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot,
Tempt him with ſpeed aboord:
Delay it not, Ile have him hence to night.
Away, for every thing is Seal'd and done
That elſe leanes on th'Affaire, pray you make haſte.
And England, if my love thou holdſt at ought,
As my great power thereof may give thee ſenſe,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red
After the Daniſh Sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to us; thou maiſt not coldly ſet
Our Soveraigne Proceſſe, which imports at full
By letters conjuring to that effect
The preſent death of *Hamlet.* Doe it England,
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
How ere my haps, my joyes were ne're begun.
Exit:

Enter Fortinbras with an Army.

For. Goe Captaine, from me to the Daniſh King,
Tell him that by his licenſe, *Fortinbras*
Claimes the conveyance of a promis'd March
Over his Kingdome. You know the Rendevouz:
If that his Majeſtie would ought with us,
We ſhall expreſſe our durie in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

Cap. I will doo't, my Lord.

For. Goe ſafely on. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Qu. I will not ſpeake with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed diſtract, her moode will needs be pittied.

Qu. What would ſhe have?

Hor. She ſpeakes much of her Father; ſayes ſhe heares
There's trickes i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enviouſly at Strawes, ſpeakes things in doubt,
That carry but halfe ſenſe: Her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the unſhaped uſe of it doth move
The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it,
And botch the words up fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as her winkes, and nods, and geſtures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,
Though nothing ſure, yet much unhappily.

Qu. 'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with,
For ſhe may ſtrew dangerous conjectures
In ill breeding mindes. Let her come in
To my ſicke ſoule (as ſinnes true nature is)
Each toy ſeemes Prologue, to ſome great amiſſe,
So full of Artleſſe jealouſie is guilt,
It ſpils it ſelfe in fearing to be ſpilt.

Enter Othelia diſtracted.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majeſty of Denmarke.

Qu. How now *Ophelia?*

Ophe. How ſhould I your true love know from another
By his Cockle Hat and Staffe, and his Sandal Shoone (one?

Qu. Alas ſweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Ophe. Say you? Nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a graſſe-greene Turfe, at his heeles a ſtone,

Enter King.

Qu. Nay but *Ophelia.*

Oph. Pray you marke.
White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.

Qu. Alas, looke here my Lord.

Oph. Larded with ſweet flowers:
Which bewept to the grave did not goe,
With True-love ſhowers.

King. How doe ye, pretty Lady?

Oph. Well, God dil'd you. They ſay the Owle was a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Ophe. Pray you let's have no words of this: but when they aske you what it meanes, ſay you this:
To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morne betime,
And I a Maid at your window, to be your Valentine. (dore.
Then up he roſe, & don'd his cloathes, & dupt the chamber
Let in the Maid, let in a Maid, never departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia.*

Ophe. Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end ont.
By gis, and by S. Charity.
Alacke, and fie for ſhame:
Yong men will doo't, if they come too't,
By Cocke they are too blame.
Quoth ſhe before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:
So would I ha done, by yonder Sunne,
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.

King. How long hath ſhe been thus?

Ophe. I hope all will be well. Wee muſt be patient, but I cannot chooſe but weepe, to thinke they ſhould lay him i'th'cold ground: My Brother ſhall know of it, and ſo I thanke you for your good counſell. Come, my Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight ſweet Ladies: Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*

King. Follow her cloſe,
Give her good watch I pray you:
Oh this is the poyſon of deepe griefe, it ſprings
All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude, Gertrude,*
When ſorrowes come, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in Battaliaes. Firſt, her father ſlaine,
Next your ſonne gone, and he moſt violent author
Of his owne juſt remove: the people muddied,
Thicke and unwholſome in their thoughts and whiſpers,
For good *Polonius* death; and we have done but greenly,
In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore *Ophelia*
Divided from her ſelfe, and her faire judgement,

Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beaſts,
Laſt, and as much containing as all theſe,
Her brother is in ſecret come from France,
Keepes on his wonder, keepes himſelfe in clouds
And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare
With peſtilent Speeches of his fathers death,
Where in neceſſity of matter Beggard
Will nothing ſticke our perſons to Arraigne
In eare and eare. O my deere *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murdering Peece in many places,
Gives me ſuperfluous death. *A Noiſe within.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Que. Alacke, what noyſe is this?

King. Where are my *Switzers*?
Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?

Meſ. Save your ſelfe, my Lord.
The Ocean (over-peering of his Liſt)
Eates not the Flats with more impetuous haſte
Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,
Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, Cuſtome not knowne,
The Ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry chooſe we? *Laertes* ſhall be King.
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes ſhall be King, *Laertes* King.

Quee. How cheerefully on the falſe Traile they cry,
Oh this is Counter, you falſe Daniſh Dogges.

Noiſe within. Enter Laertes.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is the King, ſirs? Stand you all without.

All. No, lets come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you: Keepe the doore.
Oh thou vilde King, give me my father.

Que. Calmely good *Laertes.*

Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclaimes me Baſtard:
Cries Cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Even here betweene the chaſte unſmitched brow
Of my true Mother.

King. What is the cauſe *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion lookes ſo Gyant-like?
Let him goe *Gertrude*: Doe not feare our perſon:
Theres ſuch Divinity doth hedge a King,
That Treaſon can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,
Why thou art thus incenſt? Let him goe *Gertrude*,
Speake man.

Laer. Wheres my Father?

King. Dead.

Que. But not by him,

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be Iuggel'd with.
To hell Allegeance: Vowes, to the blackeſt divell.
Conſcience and Grace, to the Profoundeſt Pit.
I dare Damnation: to this point I ſtand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes: onely Ile be reveng'd
Moſt throughly for my father.

King. Who ſhall ſtay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the world.
And for my meanes, Ile husband them ſo well,
They ſhall goe farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*:
If you deſire to know the certainty
Of your deare fathers death, if writ in your revenge,
That Soop-ſtake you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and Looſer.

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then.

La. To his good Friends thus wide Ile hope my
And like the kinde life-rendring Pelican, (Armes,
Repaſt them with my blood.

King. Why now? what noyſe is that?
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltleſſe of your Fathers death,
And am moſt ſenſible in griefe for it,
It ſhall as levell to your Iudgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.

A noyſe within, Let her come in,
Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now? what noyſe is that?
Oh heat dry up my braines, teares ſeven times ſalt,
Burne out the ſenſe and vertue of mine eye.
By heaven thy madneſſe ſhall be paid by waight,
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Roſe of May,
Deare Maide, kinde Siſter, ſweet *Ophelia*:
Oh heavens, is't poſſible, a yong Maids wits,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
Nature is fine in Love, and where tis fine,
It ſends ſome precions inſtance of it ſelfe
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him bare fac'd on the Beere.
Hey non nony, noney, hey noney:
And on his grave raines many a teare,
Fare you well my Dove.

Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and didſt perſwade Revenge, it could not move thus.

Oph. You muſt ſing downe a-downe, and you call him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheeles become it? It is the falſe Steward that ſtole his Maſters daughter.

Laer. This nothings more than matter.

Ophe. There's Roſemary, that's for Remembrance. I Pray Love remember: and there is Pancies, that's for Thoughts.

Laer. A document in madneſſe, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophe. There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: there's Rue for you, and here's ſome for me. Wee may call it Herbe-Grace a Sundayes: Oh you muſt weare your Rue with a difference. There's a Daſie, I would give you ſome Violets, but they wither'd all whē my Father dyed: They ſay, he made a good end;

For Bonny ſweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Paſſion, Hell it ſelfe:
She turnes to favour; and to prettineſſe.

Oph. And will he not come againe.
And will he not come againe?
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy Death-bed,
He never will come againe.
His Beard as white as Snow.
All Flaxen was his Pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away mone,
Gramercy on his Soule.
And of all Chriſtian Soules, I pray God.
God buy ye. *Exit Ophelia.*

Laer. Doe you ſee this, you gods?

King. *Laertes*, I muſt commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right: goe but apart,

Make choyce of whom your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall heare and judge twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Collaterall hand
They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdome give,
Our Crown, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in ſatisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your paience to us,
And we ſhall joyntly labour with your ſoule
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo:
His meanes of death his obſcure buriall:
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment ore his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall oſtentation,
Cry to be heard, as twere from heaven to earth,
That I muſt call in queſtion.

King. So you ſhall;
And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hora. What are they that would ſpeake with me?

Ser. Saylors ſir, they ſay they have Letters for you.

Hora. Let them come in,
I doe not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*.

Enter Saylor,

Say. God bleſſe your Sir.

Hora. Let him bleſſe thee too.

Say. He ſhall Sir, and't pleaſe him. Theres a Letter for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambaſſadours that was bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*: as I am let to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

Horatio, When thou ſhalt have overlook'd this, give these fellowes ſome meanes to the King: They have Letters for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very Warlicke appointment gave us Chace. Finding our ſelves too ſlow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I boorded them: On the inſtant they got cleare of our Ship, ſo I alone became their Priſoner. They have dealt with me, like Theeves of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe a good turne for them. Let the King have the Letters I have ſent, and repaire thou to me with as much haſt as thou wouldeſt flye death I have words to ſpeake in your eare, will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. Theſe goodfellowes will bring thee where I am. Roſincros and Guildenſtar, hold their courſe for England. Of them I have much to tell thee, Farewell.

He that thou knoweſt thine,
Hamlet.

Come, I wil give you way for theſe your Letters,
And do't the ſpeedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exit.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeal,
And you muſt put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble father ſlaine,
Purſued my life.

Laer. It well appeares. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not againſt aheſe feates,
So crimefull, and ſo Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wiſedome, all things elſe,
You mainely were ſtirr'd up?

King. O for two ſpeciall Reaſons,
Which may to you (perhaps) ſeeme much unſinnowed,
And yet to me they are ſtrong. The Queene his Mother,
Lives almoſt by his lookes: and for my ſelfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
Shes ſo conjunctive to my life and ſoule;
That as the Starre moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motive,
Why to a publike count I might not goe,
Is the great love the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Convert his Gyves to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too ſlightly timbred for ſo loud a Wind,
Would have reverted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had aym'd them.

Laer. And ſo have I a Noble father loſt,
A Siſter driven into deſperate tearmes,
Who was (if praiſes may goe backe againe)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come,

King. Breake not your ſleepes for that;
You muſt not thinke
That we are made of ſtuffe, ſo flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be ſhooke with danger,
And thinke it paſttime. You ſhortly ſhall heare more,
I lov'd your father, and we love your ſelfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine——

Enter a Meſſenger.

How now? What Newes?

Meſ. Letters my Lord from *Hamlet*. This to your Majeſty: this to the Queene.

King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?

Meſ. Saylors my Lord they ſay, I ſaw them not:
They were given me by *Clandio*, he receiv'd them.

King. *Laertes* you ſhall them:
Leave us. *Exit Meſſenger.*

High and Mighty, you ſhall know I am ſet naked on your Kingdome. To morrow ſhall I beg leave to ſee your Kingly Eyes When I ſhall (firſt asking your Pardon thereunto) recount th'Occaſions of my ſodaine, and more ſtrange returne. *Hamlet.*

What ſhould this meane? Are all the reſt come backe?
Or is it ſome abuſe? Or no ſuch thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. Tis *Hamlets* Character, naked, and in a Poſtſcript here he ſayes alone: Can you adviſe me?

Laer. I'm loſt in it my Lord, but let him come,
It warmes the very ſickneſſe in my heart,
That I ſhall live and tell him to his teeth:
Thus diddeſt thou.

King. If it be ſo *Laertes*, as how ſhould it be ſo?
How otherwiſe? will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If ſo you'll not o'rerule me to a peace.

Kin. To thine owne peace: If he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes
No more to undertake it; I will worke him
To an exploy t now ripe in my Device,
Vnder the which he ſhall not chooſe but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breath,
But even his Mother ſhall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*.
I've ſeene my ſelfe and ſeru'd againſt the French,
And they ran well on Horſebacke; but this Gallant

Had witchcraft in't ; he grew into his Seat,
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his Horſe,
As had he been encorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the brave Beaſt, ſo farre he paſt my thought,
That I in forgery of ſhapes and trickes,
Come ſhort of what he did.
Laer. A Norman was't?
King. A Norman.
Lear. Vpon my life *Lamound*.
King. The very ſame.
Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And Iemme of all our Nation.
King. He made confeſſion of you,
And gave you ſuch a Maſterly report,
For Art and exerciſe in your defence;
And for your Rapier moſt eſpecially,
That he cryed out, t'would be a ſight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo envenom with his Envy,
That he could nothing doe but wiſh and begge,
Your ſodaine comming over to play with him;
Now out of this.
Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?
King. *Laertes*, was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why aske you this?
Kin. Not that I thinke you did not love your Father,
But that I know Love is begun by Time:
And that I ſee in paſſages of proofe,
Time qualifies the ſparke and fire of it:
Hamlet come backe; what would you undertake,
To ſhew your ſelfe your Fathers ſonne indeed,
More than in words?
Laer. To cut his throat i'th'Church.
Kin. No place indeed ſhould murder Sanctuarize;
Revenge ſhould have no bounds: but good *Laertes*,
Will you doe this, keepe cloſe within your Chamber?
Hamlet return'd, ſhall know you are come home:
Wee'l put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the ſame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remiſſe,
Moſt generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruſe the Foiles? So that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chooſe
A Sword unbaited, and in a paſſe of practice,
Requit him for your Father.
Laer. I will doo't,
And for that purpoſe Ile annoiot my Sword:
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplaſme ſo rare,
Collected from all Simples that have Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can ſave the thing from death,
That is but ſcratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him ſlightly,
It may be death.
Kin. Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and meanes
May fit us to our ſhape, if this ſhould faile;
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not aſſaid; therefore this Project
Should have a backe or ſecond, that might hold,
If this ſhould blaſt in proofe: Soft, let me ſee
Wee'l make a ſolemne wager on your commings,
I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowts more violent to the end,
And that he cals for drinke; Ile have prepar'd him
A Challice for the nonce; whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd ſtuck,
Our purpoſe may hold there; how now ſweet Queene.

Enter Queene.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon anothers heele,
So faſt they'l follow: your Siſter's drown'd *Laertes*.
Laer. Drown'd! O where?
Queen. There is a Willow growes aſlant a Brooke,
That ſhewes his hore leaves in the glaſſie ſtreame:
There with fantaſticke Garlands did ſhe come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Dayſies, and long Purples,
That liberall Shepheards give a groſſer name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an envious ſliver broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her ſelfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes ſpred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her up,
Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne diſtreſſe,
Or like a creature Native, and deduced
Vnto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drinke,
Pull'd the poore wretch from her melodious by,
To muddy death.
Laer. Alas then, is ſhe drown'd?
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.
Laer. Too much of water haſt thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
It is our tricke, Nature her cuſtome holds,
Let ſhame ſay what it will; when theſe are gone
The woman will be out: Adue my Lord,
I have a ſpeech of fire, that faine would blaze,
But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*
King. Let's follow, *Gertrude*:
How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will give it ſtart againe;
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is ſhee to be buried in Chriſtian buriall, that wilfully ſeekes her owne ſalvation?

Other. I tell thee ſhe is, and therefore make her Grave ſtraight, the Crowner hath ſate on her, and finds it Chriſtian buriall.

Clo. How can that be, unleſſe ſhe drowned her ſelfe in her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found ſo.

Clo. It muſt be *Se offendendo*, it cannot be elſe: for here lies the point: If I drowne my ſelfe wittingly, it argues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe, and to performe; argall ſhe drown'd her ſelfe wittingly.

Other. Nay but here you Goodman Delver.

Clown. Give me leave; here lies the water, good: here ſtands the man, good: if the man goe to this water and drowne himſelfe; it is will he, nill he, hee goes; marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him; he drownes not himſelfe. Argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death, ſhortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this Law?

Clo. I marry is't, Crowners Queſt Law.

Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not been a Gentlewoman, ſhee ſhould have beene buried out of Chriſtian Buriall.

Clo. Why there thou ſay'ſt. And the more pitty that great folke ſhould have countenance in this world to drowne or hang themſelves, more than their even Chriſtian. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Grave-makers; they hold up *Adams* profeſſion.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clo. He was the firſt that ever bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clo. What, art a Heathen? how doſt thou underſtand the Scripture? the Scripture ſayes *Adam* digg'd; could he digge without Armes? Ile put another queſtion to thee? if thou anſwereſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſſe thy ſelfe——

Other. Goe to.

Clo. What is he that builds ſtronger than either the Maſon, the Shipwright or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallowes maker, for that Frame out-lives a thouſand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes does well; but how does it well? it does well to thoſe that doe ill: now thou doſt ill to ſay the Gallowes is built ſtronger than the Church: Argall, the Gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

Other. Who builds ſtronger than a Maſon, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I, tell me that, and unyoke.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clo. Too't.

Other. Maſſe, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clo. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your dull Aſſe will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are askt this queſtion next, ſay a Grave-maker: the Houſes that he makes, laſts till Doomes-day: go, get thee to *Yaughan*, fetch me a ſtoape of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did love, did love,
me thought it was very ſweet,
To contract O the for a my behove,
O me thought there was nothing meet.

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his buſineſſe, that he ſings at Grave-making?

Hor. Cuſtome hath made it in him a property of eaſineſſe.

Ham. Tis ee'n ſo; the hand of little imployment hath the daintier ſenſe.

Clowne ſings.

But Age with his ſtealing ſteps
hath caught me in his clutch:
And hath ſhipped me intill the Land,
as if I had never been ſuch.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once; how the Knave jowles it to th' ground, as if it were *Caines* Iaw-bone, that did the firſt murther; It might be the Pate of a Polititian which this Aſſe ore-Offices: one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could ſay, Good Morrow ſweet Lord: how doſt thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord ſuch a one, that prais'd my Lord ſuch a ones horſe, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why ee'n ſo: and now my Lady Wormes, Chapleſſe, and knockt about the Mazzard with a Sextons Spade; heere's fine Revolution, if we had the tricke to ſee't. Did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

Clowne ſings.

A Picke-axe and a Spade, a Spade,
for and a ſhrowding-ſheet:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for ſuch a Gueſt is meet.

Ham. There's another: why might not that be the Scull of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Caſes? his Tenures, and his Trickes? why doe's he ſuffer this rude knave now to knocke him about the Sconce with a dirty Shovell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Recoveries, to have his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchaſes, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of Indentures? the very Conveyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and muſt the Inheritor himſelfe have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calve-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calves that ſeeke out aſſurance in that. I will ſpeake to this fellow: whoſe Grave's this Sir?

Clo. Mine Sir:

O a pit of Clay for to be made,
for ſuch a Gueſt is meet.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou lieſt in't.

Clo. You lie out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part I doe not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lye in't, to be in't, and ſay tis thine: tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeſt.

Clo. Tis a quicke lye Sir, twill away againe from mee to you.

Ham. What man doſt thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham, Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but reſt her ſoule ſhee's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the Knave is? wee muſt ſpeake by the Carde, or equivocation will follow us: by the Lord *Horatio*, theſe three yeares I have taken note of it, the Age is growne ſo picked, and the toe of the Peſant comes ſo neare the heele of our Courtier, hee galls his Kibe. How long haſt thou been a Grave-maker?

Clo. Of all the dayes i'th' yeare, I came too't that day that our laſt King *Hamlet* orecame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that: It was the very day that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee that was mad and ſent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he ſent into England?

Clo. Why, becauſe he was mad; he ſhall recover his wits there; or if he doe not, its no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. Twill not be ſeene in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very ſtrangely they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clo. Faith e'ene with looſing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clo. Why here in Denmarke: I have been Sexeſtone here, Man and Boy thirty yeeres.

Ham. How long will a man lie 'ith'earth ere he rot?

Clo. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he dye (as we have many pocky Coarſes now adayes, that will ſcarce hold the laying in) he will laſt you ſome eight yeere, or nine yeare. A Tanner will laſt you nine yeares.

Ham. Why he, more than another?

Clo. Why ſir, his hide is ſo tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water is a ſore Decayer of your whorſon dead body, heres a Scull now: this Scull has laine in the earth three and twenty yeeres.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clo. A whoreſon mad Fellowes it was;
Whoſe doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A peſtilence on him for a mad Rogue, a pow'r'd a Flagon of Reniſh on my head once. This ſame Scull Sir, this ſame Scull ſir, was *Yoricks* Scull the Kings Ieſter.

Ham. This?

Clo. E'ene that.

Ham. Let me ſee. Alas poore *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinit Ieſt; of moſt excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thouſand times: And how abhorred my imagination is, my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lippes, that I have kiſt I know not how oft. Where be your Iibes now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flaſhes of Merriment that were wont to ſet the Table on a Rore? No one now to mocke your own Ieering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this favour ſhe muſt come. Make her laugh at that: prythee *Horatio* tell me one thing,

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Doſt thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this faſhion i'th'earth?

Hor. E'ene ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo? Puh.

Hor. E'ene ſo my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe uſes we may returne *Horatio*. Why may not imagination trace the Noble duſt of *Alexander*, till he find it ſtopping a bunghole.

Hor. Twere to conſider: too curiouſly to conſider ſo.

Ham. No faith, not a jot. But to follow him thither with modeſty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus. *Alexander* dyed: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was converted) might they not ſtop a Beere-barrell?
Imperiall *Cæſar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keepe the wind away.
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a Wall, expell the Winters flaw.
But ſoft, but ſoft, aſide; heere comes the King.

Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant.

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is't that they follow,
And with ſuch maimed rights? This doth betoken,
The Coarſe they follow, did with deſperate hand,
Foredoe it owne life; twas ſome Eſtate.
Couch we a while, and marke.

Laer. What Ceremony elſe?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Laer. What Ceremony elſe?

Prieſt. Her Obſequies have beene as farre enlarg'd,
As we have warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command, o'reſwayes the order,
She ſhould in ground unſanctied have lodg'd,
Till the laſt Trumpet. For charitable prayer,
Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, ſhould be throwne on her;
Yet here ſhe is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Muſt there no more be done?

Prieſt. No more be done:
We ſhould prophane the ſervice of the dead,
To ſing ſage *Requiem*, and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted Soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th'earth,
And from her faire and unpolluted fleſh,
May Violets ſpring. I tell thee (churliſh Prieſt)
A Miniſtring Angell ſhall my Siſter be,
When thou lieſt howling?

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*?

Queen. Sweets, to the ſweet farewell,
I hop'd thou ſhould'ſt have been my *Hamlets* wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to have deckt (ſweet Maid)
And not t'have ſtrew'd thy Grave.

Laer. Oh terrible wooer,
Fall ten times trebble on that curſed head
Whoſe wicked deed, thy moſt ingenious ſenſe
Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine armes:
Leaps in the grave.
Now pile your duſt upon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you have made,
To o'retop old *Pelion*, or the skyiſh head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whoſe griefes
Beares ſuch an Emphaſis? whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Conjures the wandring Starres, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The Divell take thy ſoule.

Ham. Thou prai'ſt not well,
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not ſpleenative and raſh,
Yet have I ſomething in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiſeneſſe feare. Away thy hand

King. Plucke them aſunder.

Queen. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him upon this Theame.
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. Oh my Sonne, what Theame?

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thouſand brothers
Could not (with all their quantity of love)
Make up my ſumme. What wilt thou doe for her?

King. Oh he is mad *Laertes*,

Qu. For love of God forbeare him.

Ham. Come ſhew me what thou'lt doe.
Woo't weepe? woo't fight? woo't teare thy ſelfe?
Woo't drinke up *Eſile*, eate a Crocodile?

Ile doo't. Doſt thou come here to whine;
To outface me with leaping in her Graue?
Be buried quicke with her, and ſo will I.
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground
Sindging his pate againſt the burning Zone,
Make *Oſſa* like a Wart. Nay, and thou'lt mouthe,
Ile rant as well as thou.

King. This is meere madneſſe:
And thus a while the fit will worke on him:
Anon as patient as the female Dove,
When that her golden Cuplet are diſclos'd;
His ſilence will ſit drooping.

Ham. Heare you ſir:
What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter:
Let *Hercules* himſelfe doe what he may,
The Cat will mew, and Dog will have his day. *Exit.*

King. I pray you good *Horatio* wait upon him,
Strengthen you patience in our laſt nights ſpeech,
Wee'l put the matter to the preſent puſh:
Good *Gertrude* ſet ſome watch over your ſonne,
This Grave ſhall have a living Monument:
An houre of quiet ſhortly ſhall we ſee;
Till then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this ſir; now let me ſee the other,
You doe remember all the circumſtance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me ſleepe; me thought I lay
Worſe than the mutines in the Bilboes, raſhly,
(And praiſe be raſhneſſe for it) let us know,
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well,
When our deare plots do paule, and that ſhould teach us,
There's a Divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is moſt certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin
My Sea-gowne ſcarft about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to find out them; had my deſire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making ſo bold,
(My teares forgetting manners) to unſeale
Their grand Commiſſion, where I found *Horatio*,
Oh royall knavery; An exact command,
Larded with many ſeverall ſorts of reaſon;
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, ſuch Bugges and Goblins in my life,
That on the ſupervize no leaſure bated,
No not to ſtay the gringding of the Axe,
My head ſhould be ſtrucke off.

Hor. Iſt poſſible?

Ham. Here's the Commiſſion, reade it at more leiſure:
But wilt thou heare how I did proceed?

Hor. I beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play. I ſate me downe,
Devis'd a new Commiſſion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statiſts doe,
A baſeneſſe to write faire; and laboured much
How to forget that learning: but ſir now,
It did me yeomans ſervice: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earneſt Conjuration from the King;
As England was his faithfull Tributary,
As love betweene them, as the Palme ſhould flouriſh,
As Peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten Garland weare,
And ſtand a Comma tweene their amities,
And many ſuch like Aſſis of great charge,
That on the view and know of theſe Contents,
Without debatement further, more or leſſe,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſodaine death,
Not ſhriving time allowed.

Hor. How was this ſeal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinate;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purſe,
Which was the Modell of that Daniſh Seale:
Folded the Writ up in forme of the other,
Subſcrib'd it, gau'th' Impreſſion, plac'd it ſafely,
The changling never knowne: Now, the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was ſement,
Thou know'ſt already.

Hor. So *Guildenſtare* and *Roſincros*, goe too't.

Ham. Why man, they did make love to this imployment
They are not neere my conſcience; their debate
Doth by their owne inſinuation grow:
Tis dangerous when baſer nature comes
Betweene the paſſe, and fell incenſed points
Of mighty oppoſites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, think'ſt thee, ſtand me now vpon,
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in betweene th' election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch cozenage; is't not perfect conſcience,
To quit him with his arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further evill.

Hor. It muſt be ſhortly knowne to him from *England*
What is the iſſue of the buſineſſe there.

Ham. It will be ſhort,
The *interim's* mine, and a mans life's no more
Than to ſay one: but I am very ſorry good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my ſelfe;
For by the image of my cauſe I ſee
The portraiture of his; Ile count his favours:
But ſure the bravery of his griefe did put me
Into a Towring paſſion.

2*Hor*. Peace, who comes here?

Enter Oſricke.

Oſr. Your Lordſhip is right welcome backe to Denmarke.

Ham. I humbly thanke you ſir, doſt know this waterfly?

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious; for tis a Vice to know him: hee hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beaſt be Lord of Beaſts, and his Crib ſhall ſtand at the Kings Meſſe; tis a Chough; but as I ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.

Oſr. Swet Lord, if your friendſhip were at leaſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his Majeſty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of ſpirit; put your Bonnet to his right uſe, tis for the head.

Oſr, I thanke your Lordſhip, tis very hot.

Ham. No, beleeve mee, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Oſr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. Mee thinkes it is very ſoultry, and hot for my Complexion.

Orſ. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very ſoultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Majeſty bad me ſignifie to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.
Ham. I beſeech you remember.
Oſr. Nay, in good faith, for mine eaſe in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.
Ham. What's his weapon?
Orſ. Rapier and Dagger.
Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.
Orſ. The King ſir has wag'd with him ſixe Barbary horſes, againſt the which he impon'd, as I take it, ſixe French Rapiers and Poniards, with their aſſignes, as Girdle, Hangers, or ſo: three of the carriages infaith are very deare to fancy, very reſponſive to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.
Ham. What call you the Carriages?
Orſ. The Carriages Sir, are the Hangers.
Ham. The phraſe would be more Germane to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by out ſides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on, ſixe Barbary Horſes, againſt ſixe French Swords: their Aſſignes and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French, but againſt the Daniſh; why is this impon'd as you call it?
Orſ. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen paſſes betweene you and him, he ſhall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelve for mine, and that would come to immediate triall, if your Lordſhip would vouchſafe the Anſwer.
Ham. How if I anſwer no?
Orſ. I meane my Lord the oppoſition of your perſon in triall.
Ham. Sir, I will walke here in the Hall; if it pleaſe his Majeſtie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe; I will winne for him if I can: if not, Ile gaine nothing but my ſhame, and the odde hits.
Orſ. Shall I redeliver you ee'n ſo?
Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flouriſh your nature will.
Oſr. I commend my duty to your Lordſhip. *Exit.*
Ham. Yours, yours; he does well to commend it himſelfe, there are no tongues elſe for's tongue:
Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.
Ham. He did Comply with his Dug before he ſuck't it: thus had he and nine more of the ſame Beavy that I know the droſſie Age dotes on; onely got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yeſty collection, which carries them through & through the moſt fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls, the Bubbles are out.
Hor. You will loſe this wager, my Lord.
Ham. I doe not thinke ſo, ſince he went into France, I have beene in continuall practice; I ſhall winne at the oddes; but thou wouldeſt not thinke how all heere about my heart: but it is no matter.
Hor. Nay, good my Lord.
Ham. It is but foolery; but it is ſuch a kind of gaingiving as would perhaps trouble a woman.
Hor. If your mind diſlike any thing, obey. I will foreſtall their repaire hither, and ſay you are not fit.
Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury; theres a ſpeciall Providence in the fall of a ſparrow. If it be now, tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now; yet it will come; the readineſſe is all, ſince no man ha's ought of what he leaves. What is't to leave betimes?

Enter King, Queene, *Laertes and* Lords, *with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.*

Kin. Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.
Ham. Give me your pardon ſir, I've done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.
This preſence knowes,
And you muſt needs have heard how I am puniſh'd
With ſore diſtraction? What I have done
That might your natures honor, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaime was madneſſe:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Never *Hamlet*:
If *Hamlet* from himſelfe be tane away:
And when he's not himſelfe, do's wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* doe's it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? His madneſſe? If't be ſo,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His Madneſſe is poore *Hamlets* enemy.
Sir, in this Audience,
Let my diſclaiming from a purpos'd evill,
Free me ſo farre in your moſt generous thoughts,
That I have ſhot mine Arrow o're the houſe,
And hurt my Mother.
Laer. I am ſatisfied in Nature,
Whoſe motive in this caſe ſhould ſtirre me moſt
To my Revenge. But in my termes of honor
I ſtand aloofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by ſome elder Maſters of knowne honour,
I have a voyce, and preſident of peace
To keepe my name ungorg'd. But till that time,
I doe receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.
Ham. I doe embrace it freely,
And will this brothers wager frankely play.
Give us the Foyles: Come on.
Laer. Come one for me.
Ham. Ile be your Foyle *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
Your skill ſhall like a Starre i'th'brighteſt night,
Sticke fiery off indeed.
Laer. You mocke me ſir.
Ham. No, by this hand.
Kin. Give the Foyles young *Oſricke*,
Couſen *Hamlet*, you know the wager.
Ham. Very well my Lord,
Your Grace hath laid the oddes a'th'weaker ſide.
King. I doe not feare it,
I have ſeene you both:
But ſince he is better'd, we have therefore oddes.
Laer. This is too heavy,
Let me ſee another.
Ham. This likes me well,
Theſe Foyles have have all a length. *Prepare to Play.*
Oſr. I my good Lord.
King. Set me the Stopes of Wine upon that Table;
If *Hamlet* give the firſt, or ſecond hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordnance fire,
The King ſhall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the Cup an union ſhall he throw
Richer than that, which foure ſucceſſive Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne have worne.]

Give me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets ſpeake,
The Trumpet to the Canoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heavens, the Heaven to Earth,
Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye,
Ham. Come on ſir.
Laer. Come on ſir. *They play*.
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Iudgement.
Oſr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well: againe.
King. Stay, give me drinke.
Hamlet, this Pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health. Give him the Cup,
Trumpet ſound, ſhot goes off.
Ham. Ile play this bout firſt, ſet by a while.
Come: Another hit; what ſay you?
Laer. A touch, a tonch, I doe confeſſe.
King. Our ſonne ſhall win.
Qu. He's fat, and ſcant of breath.
Here's a Napkin, rub thy browes,
The Queene Carowſes to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.
Ham. Good Madam.
King. *Gertrude*, doe not drinke.
Qu. I will my Lord;
I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poyſon'd Cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,
By and by.
Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My Lord Ile hit him now.
King. I doe not think't.
Laer. And yet 'tis almoſt 'gainſt my conſcience.
Ham. Come, for the third.
Laertes, you but dally,
I pray you paſſe with your beſt violence,
I am affeard you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you ſo? Come on. *Play*.
Oſr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
In ſcuffling they change Rapiers.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay, come againe.
Oſr. Looke to the Queene there hoa.
Hor. They bleed on both ſides. How is't my Lord?
Oſr. How is't *Laertes*?
Laer. Why as a Woodcocke
To my Sprindge, *Oſricke*,
I am juſtly kill'd with mine owne treachery.
Ham. How does the Queene?
King. She ſounds to ſee them bleed.
Qu. No, no the drinke, the drinke,
Oh my deare *Hamlet*, the drinke, the drinke,
I am poyſon'd.
Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd;
Treachery, ſeeke it out.
Laer. It is here *Hamlet*.
Hamlet, thou art ſlaine,
No medicine in the world can doe thee good.
In thee there is not halfe an houre of life;
The treacherous Inſtrument is in thy hand,
Vnbated and envenom'd: the foule practiſe
Hath turn'd it ſelfe on me, Loe, here I lye,
Never to riſe againe: Thy Mothers poyſon'd:
I can no more, the King, the King's to blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy worke.
Hurts the King.
All. Treaſon, Treaſon.
King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Heere thou inceſtuous, murdrous,
Damned Dane.
Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion here?
Follow my Mother. *King Dyes*.
Laer. He is juſtly ſerv'd:
It is a poyſon temp'red by himſelfe:
Exchange forgiveneſſe with me, Noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my Fathers death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me. *Dyes*.
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead *Heratio*, wretched Queene adiew,
You that looke pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience at this act:
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is ſtrick't in this Arreſt) oh I could tell you,
But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,
Thou liv'ſt, report me and my cauſes right
To the unſatisfied.
Hor. Never beleeve it.
I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
Heere's yet ſome Liquor left.
Ham. As th'art a man, give me the Cup,
Let go, by heaven Ile have't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
(Things ſtanding thus unknowne) ſhall live behind me.
If thou did'ſt ever hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicitie a while,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in paine,
To tell my Storie.
March a farre off, and ſhout within.
What warlike noyſe is this?

Enter Oſricke. (*land*,
Oſr. Yong *Fortinbras*, with conqueſt come from *Po-*
To th'Ambaſſadors of *England* gives this warlike volly.
Ham. O I dye *Horatio*;
The potent poyſon quie ore-crowes my ſpirit,
I cannot live to heare the Newes from *England*.
But I doe propheſie th'election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he ha's my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurrents more and leſſe,
Which have ſolicited. The reſt is ſilence, O, o, o, o, *Dies*.
Horo. Now cracks a Noble heart:
Goodnight ſweet Prience,
And flights of Angels ſing thee to thy reſt,
Why do's the Drumme come hither?

Enter Fortinbras and Engliſh Ambaſſador, with Drumme, Colours, and Attendents.
Fort. Where is this ſight?
Hor. What is it ye would ſee;
If ought of woe or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
For. His quarry cries on Havocke. Oh proud death,
What Feaſt is toward in thine eternall Cell.
That thou ſo many Princes at a ſhoot,
So bloodily haſt ſtrooke.
Amb. The ſight is diſmall,
And our affaires from *England* come too late,
The eares are ſenſeleſſe that ſhould give us hearing,
To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,

That *Roſincros* and *Guildenſtern* are dead:
Where ſhould we have our thankes?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you:
He never gave command'ment for their death.
But ſince ſo jumpe upon this bloody queſtion,
You from the Polake warres, and you from *England*
Are here arrived. Give order that theſe bodies
High on a ſtage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeake to th'yet unknowing world,
How theſe things came about. So ſhall you heare
Of carnall, bloody, and unnaturall acts,
Of accidentall judgements, caſuall ſlaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cauſe,
And in this upſhot, purpoſes miſtooke,
Falne on the Inventors heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.
For. Let us haſte to heare it,
And call the Nobleſt to the Audience.
For me, with ſorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I have ſome Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are to claime, my vantage doth
Invite me.
Hor. Of that I ſhall alwayes cauſe to ſpeake
And from his mouth
Whoſe voyce will draw on more:
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Even whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Leſt more miſchance
On plots, and errours happen.
For. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Souldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To have prov'd moſt royally:
And for his paſſage,
The Souldiers Muſicke, and the rites of Warre
Speake loudly for him.
Take up the body; Such a ſight as this
Becomes the Field, but here ſhewes much amiſſe.
Goe, bid the Souldiers ſhoot.
Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of Ordnance are ſhot off.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Kent, Glouceſter, and Edmond.

Kent.

I Thought the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany*, then *Cornwall*.

Glou. It did alwayes ſeeme to us: But now in the diviſion of the Kingdome, it appeares not which of the Dukes he values moſt, for qualities are ſo weigh'd, that curioſity in neither, can make choiſe of eithers moity.

Kent. Is not this your ſonne, my Lord?

Glou. His breeding Sir, hath been at my charge. I have ſo often bluſh'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd too't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glou. Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could; whereupon ſhe grew round womb'd, and had indeed (Sir) a Sonne for her Cradle, ere ſhe had a husband for her bed. Doe you ſmell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wiſh the fault undone, the iſſue of it being ſo proper.

Glou. But I have a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, ſome yeere elder than this; who, yet is no dearer in my account, though this Knave came ſomething ſawcily to the world before hee was ſent for: yet was his Mother faire, there was good ſport at his making, and the whorſon muſt be acknowledged. Doe you know this Nobleman, *Edmond*?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glou. My Lord of Kent:
Remember him hereafter, as my honourable Friend.

Edm. My ſervices to your Lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt love you, and ſue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy deſerving.

Glou. He hath been out nine yeares, and away he ſhall againe. The King is comming.

Sennet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Generill, Regan, Cordelia, and attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, Gloſter.

Glou. I ſhall my Lord. *Exit.*

Lear. Meane time we ſhal expreſſe our darker purpoſe.
Give me the Map there. Know, that we have divided
In three, our Kingdome: and 'tis our faſt intent,
To ſhake all cares and buſineſſe from our Age,
Conferring them on yonger ſtrengths, while we
Vnburthen'd crawle toward death. Our ſon of *Cornwall*,
And you our no leſſe loving Sonne of *Albany*,
We have this houre a conſtant will to publiſh
Our Daughters ſeverall Dowers, that future ſtrife
May be preveted now. The Princes, *France*, & *Burgundy*.
Great Rivals in our yonger daughters love,
Long in our Court, have made their amorous ſojourne,
And here are to be anſwer'd. Tell me my daughters
(Since now we will diveſt us both of Rule,
Intereſt of Territory, Cares of State)
Which of you ſhall we ſay doth love us moſt,
That we, our largeſt bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. *Generill*,
Our eldeſt borne, ſpeake firſt.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than word can weild the (matter,
Dearer than eye-ſight, ſpace, and liberty,
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare,
No leſſe than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor:
As much, as childe ere lov'd, or Father found.
A love that makes breath poore, and ſpeech unable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I love you.

Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* ſpeake? Love, and be ſilent.

Lear. Of all theſe bounds even from this Line, to this,
With ſhadowy Forreſts, and with Champions rich'd
With plenteous Rivers, and wide-ſkirted Meades
We make thee Lady. To thine and *Albanies* iſſues
Be this perpetuall. What ſayes our ſecond Daughter,
Our deareſt *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall*?

Reg. I am made of that ſelfe-mettle as my ſiſter,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,
I finde ſhe names my very deed of love:
Onely ſhe comes too ſhort, that I profeſſe
My ſelfe an enemy to all other joyes,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſenſe profeſſes,
And finde I am alone felicitate
In your deere Highneſſe love.

Cor. Then poore *Cordelia*,
And yet not ſo, ſince I am ſure my love's
More ponderous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditary ever,
Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome,
No leſſe in ſpace, validity, and pleaſure
Than that conferr'd on *Generill*. Now our Ioy,
Although our laſt and leaſt; to whoſe yong love,
The Vines of *France*, and Milke of *Burgundy*,
Strive to be intereſt. What can you ſay, to draw
A third, more opulent then your Siſters? ſpeake.

Cor. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, ſpeake againe.
Corn. Vnhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your Majeſty
According to my bond, no more nor leſſe.
Lear. How, how *Cordelia*? Mend your ſpeech a little,
Leſt you may marre your fortunes.
Cor. Good my Lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me.
I returne thoſe duties backe as are right fit,
Obey you, Love you, and moſt honour you.
Why have my Siſters husbands, if they ſay
They love you all? happily when I ſhall wed.
That Lord, whoſe hand muſt take my plight, ſhall carry
Halfe my love with him, halfe my Care, and Duty,
Sure I ſhall never marry like my Siſters.
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
Cor. I my good Lord.
Lear. So young, and ſo untender?
Cor. So young my Lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be ſo, thy truth then be thy dowre:
For by the ſacred radience of the Sunne,
The myſteries of *Hecat* and the night:
By all the operations of the Orbes,
From whom we doe exiſt, and ceaſe to be,
Heere I diſclaime all my Paternall care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation meſſes
To gorge his appetite, ſhall to my boſome
Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and releiv'd,
As thou my ſometime Daughter.
Kent. Good my Liege.
Lear. Peace *Kent.*
Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath,
I lov'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kind nurſery. Hence and avoyd my ſight;
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her fathers heart from her; call *France*, who ſtirres?
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albany*,
With my two Daughters, Dowres, digeſt the third,
Let pride, which ſhe calls plainneſſe, marry her:
I doe inveſt you jontly with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troope with Majeſty. Our ſelfe by Monthly courſe,
With reſervation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turne, onely we ſhall retaine
The name, and all th'addition to a King: the Sway,
Revennew, Execution of the reſt,
Beloved Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
This Coronet part betweene you.
Kent. Royall *Lear*,
Whom I have ever honor'd as my King,
Lov'd as my Father, as my Maſter follow'd,
As my Patron thought on in my praiers.
Lear. The bow is bent and drawne, make from the ſhaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forke invade
The region of my heart, be *Kent* unmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad, what wouldeſt thou doe old man?
Thinkſt thou that duty ſhall have dread to ſpeake
When power to flattery bowes?
To plainneſſe honour's bound,
When Majeſty falls to folly, reſerve thy ſtate,
And in thy beſt conſideration checke
This hideous raſhneſſe, anſwer my life, my judgement:
Thy yongeſt Daughter do's not love thee leaſt,
Nor are thoſe emty hearted, whoſe low ſounds
Reverbe no hollowneſſe.
Lear. *Kent*, on thy life no more.
King. My life I never held but as a pawne
To wage againſt thine enemies, nere feare to loſe it,
Thy ſafety being motive.
Lear. Out of my ſight.
Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me ſtill remaine
The true blanke of thine eye.
Lear. Now by *Apollo.*
Kent. Now by *Apollo*, King
Thou ſwear'ſt thy gods in vaine.
Lear. O Vaſſall! Miſcreant.
Alb. Cor. Deare Sir forbeare.
Kent. Kill thy Phyſitian, and thy fee beſtow
Vpon the foule diſeaſe, revoke thy gift,
Or whilſt I can vent clamour from my throat,
Ile tell thee thou doſt evill.
Lear. Heare me recreant, on thine allegeance heare me;
That thou haſt ſought to make us breake our vowes,
Which we durſt never yet; and with ſtrain'd pride,
To come betwixt our ſentence, and our power.
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare;
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five dayes we doe allot thee for proviſion,
To ſhield thee from diſaſters of the world,
And on the ſixt to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our Kingdome; if the tenth day following,
Thy baniſht trunke be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away. By *Iupiter*,
This ſhall not be revok'd.
Kent. Fare thee well King, ſith thus thou wilt appeare,
Freedome lives hence, and baniſhment is here;
The gods to their deare ſhelter take thee Maid,
That juſtly think'ſt, and haſt moſt rightly ſaid:
And your large ſpeeches, may your deeds approve,
That good effects may ſpring from words of love:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adieu,
Hee'l ſhape his old courſe in a Countrey new. *Exit.*

Enter Gloſter with France, and Burgundy Attendants.

Cor. Here's *France* and *Burgundy*, my Noble Lord.
Lear. My Lord of *Burgundy*,
We firſt addreſſe toward you, who with this King
Hath rival'd for our Daughter; what in the leaſt
Will you require in preſent Dower with her,
Or ceaſe your queſt of Love?
Bur. Moſt Royall Majeſtie,
I crave no more than hath your Highneſſe offer'd,
Nor will you tender leſſe?
Lear. Right Noble *Burgundy*,
When ſhe was deare to us, we held her ſo,
But now her price is fallen: Sir, there ſhe ſtands,
If ought within that little ſeeming ſubſtance,
Or all of it with our diſpleaſure piec'd,
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,
Shee's there, and ſhe is yours.
Bur. I know no anſwer.
Lear. Will you with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dowr'd with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her.

Bur. Pardon me Royall Sir,
Election makes not up in ſuch conditions.
Lear. Then leave her ſir, fot by the powre that made
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King, (me,
I would not from your love make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beſeech you
T'avert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whom Nature is aſham'd
Almoſt t'acknowledge hers.
Fra. This is moſt ſtrange,
That ſhe who even but now, was your beſt object,
The argument of your praiſe, balme of your age,
The beſt, the deereſt, ſhould in this trice of time
Commit a thing ſo monſtrons, to diſmantle
So many folds of favour: ſure her offence
Muſt be of ſuch unnaturall degree,
That monſters it: Or your fore-voucht affection
Fall into taint; which to beleeve of her
Muſt be a faith that reaſon without miracle
Should never plant in me.
Cor. I yet beſeech your Majeſty,
If for I want that glib and oylye Art,
To ſpeake and purpoſe not, ſince what I will intend,
Ile do't before I ſpeake, that you make knowne
It is no vicious blot, murther, or fouleneſſe,
No unchaſte action or diſhonored ſtep
That hath depriv'd me of your Grace and favour,
But even for want of that, for which I am richer,
A ſtill ſoliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue,
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath loſt me in your liking.
Lear. Better thou hadſt,
Not beene borne, then not t'have pleas'd me better,
Fra. Is it but this? A tardineſſe in nature,
Which often leaves the hiſtory unſpoke
That it intends to doe; my Lord of *Burgundy*,
What ſay you to the Lady? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards, that ſtands
Aloofe from th'intire point, will yon have her?
She is herſelfe a Dowry.
Bur. Royall King,
Give but that portion which your ſelfe propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutcheſſe of *Burgundy*.
Lear. Nothing, I have ſworne, I am firme.
Bur. I am ſorry then you have ſo loſt a Father.
That you muſt looſe a husband.
Cor. Peace be with *Burguny*,
Since that reſpect and fortunes are his love,
I ſhall not be his wife.
Fra, Faireſt *Cordelia*, that art moſt rich being poore,
Moſt choiſe forſaken, and moſt lov'd deſpis'd,
Thee and thy vertues here I ſeize upon,
Be it lawfull I take up whats caſt away,
Gods, gods! Tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neglect
My love ſhould kindle to enflam'd reſpect.
Thy dowreleſſe Daughter, King, throwne to my chance,
Is Queene of us, of ours, and our faire *France*:
Not all the Dukes of watriſh *Burgundy*,
Can buy this unpriz'd precious Maid of me.
Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though unkind,
Thou looſeſt here a better where to find.
Lear. Thou haſt her *France*, let her be thine, for we
Have no ſuch Daughter, nor ſhall ever ſee
That face of hers againe, therefore be gone,
Without our Grace, our Love, our Benizon:
Come Noble *Burgundy*. *Flouriſh.* *Exeunt.*
Fra. Bid farewell to your Siſters.
Cor. The Iewels of our father, with waſh'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you, I know you what you are,
And like a Siſter am moſt loth to call
Your faults as they are named. Love well our father:
To your profeſſed boſomes I commit him,
But yet alas, ſtood I within his Grace,
I would perfer him to a better place,
So farewell to you both.
Reg. Preſcribe not us our duty.
Gon. Let your ſtuddy
Be to coutent your Lord, who hath receiv'd you,
At fortunes almes, you have obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.
Cor. Time ſhall unfold what plighted cunning hides,
Who covers faults, at laſt with ſhame derides.
Well may you proſper.
Fra. Come my faire *Cordelia*. *Exit France and Cor.*
Gon. Siſter, it is not little I have to ſay,
Of what moſt neerely appertaines to us both,
I thinke our father will hence to night. (with us.
Reg. Thats moſt certaine, and with you: next moneth

Gon. You ſee how full of changes his age is, the obſervation we have made of it hath beene little: he alwayes lov'd our Siſter moſt, and with what poore judgement he hath now caſt her off, appeares too too groſſely.

Reg. Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath ever but ſlenderly knowne himſelfe.

Gon. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath beene but raſh, then muſt we looke from his age, to receive not alone the imperfections of long ingraffed condition, but therewithall the unruly way-wardneſſe, that infirme and cholericke yeeres bring with them.

Reg. Such unconſtant ſtarts are we like to have from him, as this of *Kents* baniſhment.

Gon. There is further complement of leave-taking betweene *France* and him, pray you let us ſit together, if our father carry authority with ſuch diſpoſition as he beares this laſt ſurrender of his will but offend us.

Reg: We ſhall further thinke of it,
Gon. We muſt doe ſomething, aud i'th'heate. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Thou Nature art my Goddeſſe, to thy Law
My ſervices are bound, wherefore ſhould I
Stand in the plague of cuſtome, and permit
The curioſity of Nations, to deprive me?
For that I am ſome twelve, or fourteene Moonſhines
Lag of a brother? Why Baſtard? Wherefore baſe?
When my Dimenſions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my ſhape as true
As honeſt Madams iſſue? Why brand they us
With Baſe? With baſeneſſe Baſtardy? Baſe, Baſe?
Who in the luſty ſtealth of Nature, take
More compoſition, and fierce quality,
Then doth within a dull ſtale tyred bed
Goe to th'creating a whole tribe of Fops
Got 'tweene a ſleepe, and wake? Well then,
Legitimate *Edgar*, I muſt have your land,
Our fathers love, is to the Baſtard *Edmund*,
As to th'legitimate: fine word: Legitimate.

Well, my Legittimate, if this Letter ſpeed,
And my invention thrive, *Edmund* the baſe
Shall to'th'Legitimate: I grow, I proſper:
Now gods, ſtand up for Baſtards.

Enter Glouceſter.

Glo. Kent baniſh'd thus? and France in choller parted?
And the King gone to night? Preſcrib'd his power,
Confin'd to exhibition? All this gone
Vpon the gad? *Edmund*, how now? What newes?

Baſt. So pleaſe your Lordſhip, none.

Glou. Whe ſo earneſtly ſeeke you to put up that Letter?

Baſt. I know no newes, my Lord.

Glou. What Paper were you reading?

Baſt. Nothing my Lord.

Glou. No? what needed then that terrible diſpatch of it into your Pocket? The quality of nothing, hath not ſuch neede to hide it ſelfe. Lets ſee: come, if it be nothing, I ſhall not need Spectacles,

Baſt. I beſeech you Sir, pardon me; it is a Letter from my Brother, that I have not all ore-read; and for ſo much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your ore-looking.

Glou. Give me the Letter, Sir,

Baſt. I ſhall offend, either to detaine, or give it:
The Contents, as in part I underſtand them,
Are too blame.

Glou. Lets ſee, lets ſee.

Baſt. I hope for my brothers juſtification, he wrote this but as an eſſay, or taſte of my Vertue.

Glou reads. This policy, and reverence of Age, makes the world bitter to beſt of our times: keepes our Fortunes from us, till our oldneſſe cannot reliſh them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage, in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny, who ſwayes not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffer'd. Come to me, that of this I may ſpeake more. If our Father would ſleepe till I wak'd him, you ſhould enjoy halfe his Revennew for ever, and live the beloved of your brother. Edgar.

Hum? Conſpiracy? Sleepe till I wake him, you ſhould enjoy halfe his Revennew: my Sonne *Edgar*, had he a hand to write this? A heart and braine to breede it in? When came you to this? Who brought it?

Baſt. It was not brought me, my Lord; theres the cunning of it. I found it throwne in at the Caſement of my Cloſſet.

Glou. You know the character to be your Brothers?

Baſt. If the matter were good my Lord, I durſt ſweare it were his: but in reſpect of that, I would faine thinke it were not.

Glou. It is his.

Baſt. It is his hand, my Lord: I hope his heart is not in the Contents.

Glo. Has he never before ſounded you in this buſineſſe?

Baſt. Never my Lord. But I have heard him oft maintaine it to befit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers declind, the Father ſhould be as Ward to the Son, and the Sonne manage his Revennew.

Glou. O Villaine, villaine: his very opinion in the Letter. Abhorred Villaine, unnaturall, deteſted, brutiſh Villaine; worſe then brutiſh: Goe ſirrah, ſeeke him: Ile apprehend him. Abhominable Villaine, where is he?

Baſt. I doe not well know my L. if it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my brother, till you can derive from him better teſtimony of his intent, you ſhould run a certaine courſe: where, if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your honor, and ſhake in peeces, the heart of his obedience. I dare pawne downe my life for him, that he hath writ this to feele my affection to your honor, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glou. Thinke you ſo?

Baſt. If your honor judge it meete, I will place you where you ſhall heare us conferre of this, and by an Auricular aſſurance have your ſatisfaction, and that without any further delay, then this very Evening.

Glou. He cannot be ſuch a Monſter. *Edmund* ſeeke him out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the Buſineſſe after your owne wiſedome. I would unſtate my ſelfe, to be in a due reſolution.

Baſt. I will ſeeke him Sir, preſently: convey the buſineſſe as I ſhall find meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Glou. Theſe late Elipſes in the Sun and Moone portend no good to us: though the wiſedome of Nature can reaſon it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it ſelfe ſcourg'd by the ſequent effects. Love cooles, friendſhip falls off, brothers divide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, diſcord: in Palaces, Treaſon; and the Bond crack'd, twixt Sonne and Father. This villaine of mine comes under the prediction: theres Son againſt Father, the King fals from by as of Nature, theres father againſt Child. We have ſeene the beſt of our time. Machinations, hollowneſſe, treachery, and all ruinous diſorders follow us diſquietly to our Graves, Find out this Villaine *Edmund*, it ſhall loſe thee nothing, doe it carefully: and the Noble and true harted Kent baniſh'd; his offence, honeſty. Tis ſtrange. *Exit.*

Baſt. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are ſick in fortune, often the ſurfets of our owne behaviour, we make guilty of our diſaſters, the Sun, the Moone, and Starres, as if we were villaines on neceſſity, Fooles by heavenly compulſion, Knaves, Theeves, and Treachers by Sphæricall predominance. Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an inforc'd obedience of Planetary influence; and all that we are evill in, by a divine thruſting on. An admirable evaſion of Whore-maſter-man, to lay his Goatiſh diſpoſition on the charge of a Starre, My father compounded with my mother under the Dragonstaile, and my Nativity was under *Vrſa Maior*, ſo that it followes, I am rough and Leacherous. I ſhould have bin that I am, had the maidenleſt Starre in the Firmament twinkled on my baſtardizing.

Enter Edgar.

Pat: he comes like the Cataſtrophe of the old Comedy: my Cue is villanous Melancholly, with a ſigh like *Tom* o'Bedlam.——O theſe Eclipſes do portend theſe diviſions. Fa, Sol, La, Me.

Edg. How now brother *Edmund*, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Baſt. I am thinking brother of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe Elipſes.

Edg. Doe you buſie your ſelfe with that?

Baſt. I promiſe, the effects he writes of, ſucceede unhappily.
When ſaw you my Father laſt?

Edg. The night gone by.

Baſt. Spake you with him?

Edg. I, two houres together.

Baſt. Parted you in good tearmes? Found you no diſpleaſure in him, by word, nor countenance?

Epg. None at all.

Baſt. Bethinke your ſelfe wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbeare his preſence, untill ſome little time hath qualified the heat of his diſpleaſure, which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the miſchiefe

chiefe of your perſon, it would ſcarſely alay.

Edg. Some Villaine hath done me wrong.

Edm. Thats my feare, I pray you have a continent forbearance till the ſpeed of his rage goes ſlower : and as I ſay, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to heare .my· Lord ſpeake : pray ye goe, theres my key : if you doe ſtirre abroad, goe arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, Brother ?

Edm. Brother, I adviſe you to the beſt, I am no honeſt man, if there be any good meaning toward you : I have told you what I have ſeene, and heard : But faintly. Nothing like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.

Edga. Shall I heare from you anon ? *Exie.*

Edm. I doe ſerve you in this buſineſſe :
A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble,
Whoſe nature is ſo farre from doing harmes,
That he ſuſpects none : on whoſe fooliſh honeſty
My practiſes ride eaſie : I ſee the buſineſſe.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit,
All with me's meete, that I can faſhion fit. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Gonerill, and Steward.

Gon. Did my father ſtrike my Gentleman for chiding of his foole ?

Stew. I Madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me, every howre
He flaſhes into one groſſe crime, or other,
That ſets us all at ods : Ile not endure it ;
His Knights grow riotous, and himſelfe upbraides us
On every trifle. When he returnes from hunting,
I will not ſpeake with him, ſay I am ſicke,
If you come ſlacke of former ſervices
You ſhall doe well, the fault of it Ile anſwer.

Stew. Hes comming Madam, I heare him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you pleaſe.
You and your Fellowes : I'de have it come to queſtion ;
If he diſtaſte it, let him to my Siſter,
Whoſe mind and mine I know in that are one,
Remember what I have ſaid.

Stew. Well Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights have colder lookes among you : what growes of it no matter, adviſe your fellowes ſo, Ile write ſtraight to my Siſter to hold my courſe: prepare for dinner.

Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my ſpeech defuſe, my good intent
May carry through it ſelfe to that full iſſue
For which I raiz'd my likeneſſe. Now baniſht *Kent*,
If thou canſt ſerve where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy Maſter whom thou lov'ſt,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Hornes within. Enter Lear and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not ſtay a jot for dinner, goe get it ready : how now, what art thou ?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſſe? What wouldſt thou with us ?

Kent. I doe profeſſe to be no leſſe then I ſeeme ; to ſerve him truely that will put me in truſt, to love him that is honeſt, to converſe with him that is wiſe and ſayes little, to feare judgement, to fight when I cannot chooſe, and to eate no fiſh.

Lear. What are thou ?

Kent. A very honeſt hearted Fellow, and as poore as the King.

Lea.. If thou beſt as poore for a ſubject, as he's for a King, thou art poore enough. What wouldſt thou ?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom wouldſt thou ſerve ?

Kent. You,

Lear. Do'ſt thou know me fellow ?

Kent. No Sir, but you have that in your countenance, which I would faine call Maſter.

Lear. Whats that ?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What ſervices canſt thou doe ?

Kent. I can keepe honeſt counſailes, ride, run, marre a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plaine meſſage bluntly : that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the beſt of me, is Diligence.

Lear. How old art thou ?

Kent. Not ſo young Sir to love a woman for ſinging, nor ſo old to dote on her for any thing. I have yeares on my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, that ſhalt ſerve me, if I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, dinner, wheres my knave? my foole? goe you and call my foole hither. You you Sirrah, wheres my Daughter?

Enter Steward.

Stew. So pleaſe you—— *Exit.*

Lear. What ſayes the fellow there ? Call the Clotpole backe : wheres my Foole ? Ho, I thinke the worlds aſleepe, how now ? Wheres that Mungrell ?

Knigh. He ſaies my Lord, your Daughters is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlave backe to mee when I call'd him ?

Knigh, Sir, he anſwered me in the roundeſt manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not ?

Knigh. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my judgement your highneſſe is not entertain'd with that Ceremonious affection as you were wont, theres a great abatement of kindneſſe appeares as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himſelfe alſo, and your Daughter.

Lear. Ha ? Saiſt thou ſo ?

Knigh. I beſeech you pardon me my Lord, if I bee miſtaken, for my duty cannot be ſilent, when I thinke your highneſſe wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembreſt me of mine owne Concepception, I have perceived a moſt faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine owne jealous curioſity, then as a very pretence and purpoſe of unkindneſſe; I will looke further into't : but wheres my Foole ? I have not ſeene him this two dayes.

Knight. Since my young Ladies going into *France*

Sir, the foole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well, goe you and tell my Daughter, I would ſpeake with her. Goe you call hither my Foole; Oh you Sir, you, come you hither Sir, who am I Sir.

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies Father? my Lords knave, you whorſon dog, you ſlave, you curre.

Stew. I am none of theſe my Lord,
I beſeech your pardon.

Lear. Doe you bandy lookes with me, you Raſcall?

Stew. Ile not be ſtrucken my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you baſe Foot-ball player.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow.
Thou ſerv'ſt me, and Ile love thee.

Kent. Come ſir, ariſe, away, Ile teach you differences: away, away, if you will meaſure your lubbers length againe, tarry, but away, goe to, have you wiſedome, ſo.

Lear. Now my friendly knave I thanke thee, theres earneſt of thy ſervice.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, heres my Coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knave, how doſt thou?

Foole. Sirrah, you were beſt take my Coxcombe.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foole. Why? for taking ones part thats out of favour; nay, and thou canſt not ſmile as the wind ſits, thou'lt catch cold ſhortly, there take my Coxcombe; why this fellow has baniſh'd two on's daughters, and did the third a bleſſing againſt his will; if thou follow him, thou muſt needes weare my Coxcomb. How now Nunckle? would I had two Coxcombes and two Daughters.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, Ild keepe my Coxcombe my ſelfe, theres mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed Sirrah, the whip.

Foole. Truths a dog muſt to kennell, he muſt bee whipt out, when the Lady Brach may ſtand by'th fire and ſtinke.

Lear. A peſtilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirha, Ile teach thee a ſpeech.

Lear. Doe.

Foole. Marke it Nuncle;
Have more then thou ſhoweſt,
Speake leſſe then thou knoweſt,
Lend leſſe then thou oweſt,
Ride more then thou goeſt,
Learne more then thou troweſt,
Set leſſe then thou throweſt:
Leave thy drinke and thy whore,
And keepe in a dore,
And thou ſhalt have more,
Then two tens to a ſcore.

Kent. This is nothing foole.

Foole. Then tis like the breath of an unfeed Lawyer, you gave me nothing for't, can you make no uſe of nothing Nuncle?

Lear. Why no Boy,
Nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Prethee tell him, ſo much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleeve a Foole.

Lear. A bitter Foole.

Foole. Doſt thou know the difference my Boy, betweene a bitter Foole, and a ſweet one.

Lear. No Lad; teach me.

Foole. Nunckle, give me an egge, and Ile give thee two Crownes.

Lear. What two Crownes ſhall they be?

Fool. Why after I have cut the egge ith'middle and eate up the meate, the two Crownes of the egge. when thou cloveſt thy Crowne ith'middle, and gav'ſt away both parts, thou boar'ſt thine Aſſe on thy backe o're the durt, thou hadſt little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gav'ſt thy golden one away: if I ſpeake like my ſelfe in this, let him be whipt that firſt findes it ſo.
Fooles had nere leſſe grace in a yeere,
For wiſemen are growne foppiſh,
And know not how their wits to weare,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Lea. When were you wont to be ſo full of Songs ſirra?

Fool. I have uſed it Nunckle, ere ſince thou mad'ſt thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gav'ſt them the rod, and putſt downe thine owne breeches, then they
For ſudaine joy did weepe,
And I for ſorrow ſung,
That ſuch a King ſhould play bo-peepe,
And goe the Foole among.
Prethy Nunckle keepe a Schoolemaſter that can teach thy Foole to lye, I would faine learne to lye.

Lear. And you lye ſirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Foole. I marvell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l have me whipt for ſpeaking true: thou'lt have me whipt for lying, and ſometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing then a foole, and yet I would not be thee Nunnkle, thou haſt pared thy wit o'both ſides, and left nothing i'th'middle; heare comes one o'the parings.

Enter Generill.

Lear. How now Daughter? what makes that Frontlet on? You are too much of late ith'frowne.

Foole. Thou waſt a pretty fellow when thou hadſt no need to care for her frowning, now thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a foole, thou art nothing. Yes forſooth I will hold my tongue, ſo your face bids me, though you ſay nothing.
Mum, mum, he that keepes nor cruſt, not crum,
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome. Thats a ſheal'd Peſcod.

Gon. Not onely Sir this, your all-lycenc'd Foole,
But other of your inſolent retinue
Doe hourely Carpe and Quarrell, breaking forth
In ranke, and not to be endured) riots Sir.
I had thought by making this well knowne unto you,
To have found a ſafe redreſſe, but now grow fearefull
By what your ſelfe too late have ſpoke and done,
That you protect this courſe, and put it on
By your allowance, which if you ſhould, the fault
Would not ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſes ſleepe,
Which in the tender of a wholeſome weale,
Might in their working doe you that offence,
Which elſe were ſhame, that then neceſſity
Will call diſcreet proceeding.

Foole. For you know Nunckle, the Hedge-Sparrow fed the Cuckooe ſo long, hat it had its head bit off by it young, ſo out went the Candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our Daughter? (dome

Gon. I would you would make uſe of your good wiſ-
(Whereof I know you are fraught) and put away
Theſe diſpoſitions, which of late tranſport you
From what you rightly are.

Foole. May not an Aſſe know, when the Cart drawes the Horſe?
Whoop Iugge I love thee.
Lear. Dos any heere know me?
This is not *Lear*:
Do's *Lear* walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his Notion weakens, his Diſcernings
Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? Tis not ſo?
Who is it that can tell me who I am?
Foole. *Lears* ſhadow.
Lear. Your name, faire Gentlewoman?
Gon. This admiration Sir, is much oth'ſavour
Of other your new prankes. I doe beſeech you
To underſtand my purpoſes aright:
As you are Old, and Reverend, ſhould be Wiſe.
Heere doe you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires,
Men ſo diſorder'd, ſo deboſh'd, and bold,
That this our Court infected, with their manners,
Shewes like a riotous Inne; Epicuriſme and Luſt
Makes it more like a Taverne, or a Brothell,
Then a grac'd Pallace. The ſhame it ſelfe doth ſpeake
For inſtant remedy. Be then deſir'd
By her, that elſe will take the thing ſhe begges,
A little to diſquantity your Traine,
And the remainders that ſhall ſtill depend,
To be ſuch men as may beſort your Age,
Which know themſelves, and you.
Lear. Darkeneſſe, and Divels,
Saddle my horſes: call my Traine together.
Degenerate Baſtard, Ile not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.
Gon. You ſtrike my people, and your diſorder'd rable,
make Servants of their Betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents:
Is it your will, ſpeake Sir? Prepare my Horſes.
Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a Child,]
Then the Sea-monſter.
Alb. Pray Sir be patient.
Lear. Deteſted Kite, thou lyeſt.
My Traine are men of choyce, and rareſt parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the moſt exact regard, ſupport
The worſhips of their name. O moſt ſmall fault,
How ugly didſt thou in *Cordelia* ſhew?
Which like an Engine, wrencht my frame of Nature
From the fixt place: drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O *Lear*, *Lear*, *Lear*!
Beate at this gate that let thy Folly in,
And thy deere Iudgement out. Goe, goe, my people.
Alb. My Lord, I am guiltleſſe, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.
Lear. It may be ſo, my Lord,
Heare Nature, heare deere Goddeſſe, heare:
Suſpend thy purpoſe, if thou didſt intend
To make this Creature fruitfull:
Into her Wombe convey ſterility,
Dry up in her the Organs of increaſe,
And from her derogate body, never ſpring
A Babe to honor her. If ſhe muſt teeme,
Create her child of Spleene, that it may live
And be a thwart diſnatur'd torment to her.
Let it ſtampe wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent Teares fret Channels in her cheekes,
Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefits
To laughter, and contempt: That ſhe may feele,
How ſharper than a Serpents tooth it is,
To have a thankeleſſe Childe. Away, away. *Exit.*
Alb. Now Gods that we adore.
Whereof comes this?
Gon. Never afflict your ſelfe to know of it:
But let his diſpoſition have that ſcope
As dotage gives it.

Enter Lear.

Lear. What fifty of my followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?
Alb. Whats the matter, Sir?
Lear. Ile tell thee:
Life and death, I am aſham'd
That thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus,
That theſe hot teares, which breake from me perforce
Should make thee worth them,
Blaſts and Fogges upon thee:
Th'untented woundings of a Fathers curſe
Pierce every ſenſe about thee. Old fond eyes,
Beweepe thee once againe, Ile plucke ye out,
And caſt you with the waters that you looſe
To temper Clay. Ha? Let it be ſo.
I have another daughter,
Who I am ſure is kinde and comfortable:
When ſhe ſhall heare this of thee, with her nailes
Shee'l flea thy Wolviſh viſage. Thou ſhalt finde,]
That Ile reſume the ſhape which thou doſt thinke
I have caſt off for ever.
Gon. Doe you marke that?
Alb. I cannot be ſo partiall *Gonerill*,
To the great love I beare you.
Gon. Pray you content. What *Oſwald* hoa?
You Sir, more Knave then Foole, after your Maſter.
Foole. Nunkle *Lear*, Nuncle *Lear*,
Tarry, take the Foole with thee:
A Fox, when one has caught her,
And ſuch a daughter,
Should ſure to the ſlaughter,
If my Cap would by a Halter,
So the Foole followes after. *Exit.*
Gon. This man hath had good counſell,
A hundred Knights?
Tis politike, and ſafe to let him keepe
At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on every dreame,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, diſlike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powres,
And hold our lives in mercy. *Oſwald*, I ſay.
Alb. Well, you may feare too farre.
Gon. Safer then truſt too farre;
Let me ſtill take away the harmes I feare,
Not feare ſtill to be taken. I know his heart,
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my ſiſter:
If ſhe ſuſtaine him, and his hundred Knights
When I have ſhew'd th'unfitneſſe.

Enter Steward.

How now *Oſwald*?
What have you writ that letter to my Siſter?
Stew. I Madam.
Gon. Take you ſome company, and away to horſe,
Informe her full of my particular feare,
And thereto adde ſuch reaſons of your owne,
As may compact it more. Get you gone,

And haſten your returne; no, no, my Lord,
This milky gentleneſſe, and courſe of yours
Though I condemne not, yet under pardon
You are much more at taske for want of wiſedome,
Then prais'd for harmefull mildneſſe.

Alb. How farre your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we marre whats well.

Gon. Nay then ——

Alb. Well, well, the'vent. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole.

Lear. Goe you before to *Gloſter* with theſe Letters; acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter, if your diligence be not ſpeedy, I ſhall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not ſleepe my Lord, till I have delivered your Letter. *Exit.*

Foole. If a mans braines were ins heeles, wert not in danger of kybes?

Lear. I boy.

Foole. Then I prethee be merry, thy wit ſhall not goe ſlip-ſhod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Foole. Shalt ſee thy other Daughter will uſe thee kindly, for though ſhes as like this, as a Crabbes like an Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canſt tell Boy?

Foole. She will taſte as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a Crab: thou canſt tell why ones noſe ſtands ith'middle on's face?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why to keepe ones eyes of either ſides noſe, that what a man cannot ſmell out, he may ſpy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Foole. Can'ſt tell how an Oyſter makes his ſhell?

Lear. No.

Foole. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snaile ha's a houſe.

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why to puts head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his hornes without a caſe.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, ſo kind a Father? Be my horſes ready?

Foole. Thy Aſſes are gone about em; the reaſon why the ſeven Starres are no mo then ſeven, is a pretty reaſon.

Lear. Becauſe they are not eight.

Foole. Yes indeed, thou wouldſt make a good foole.

Lear. To tak't againe perforce? Monſter ingratitude!

Foole. If you wert my foole Nunckle, Il'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Foole. Thou ſhouldſt not have bin old, till thou hadſt bin wiſe.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad ſweet heaven: keep me in temper, I would not be mad. How now, are the horſes ready?

Gent. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come Boy.

Fool. She thats a Maid now, and laughs at my departure
Shall not be a Maid long, unleſſe things be cut ſhorter.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Baſtard, and Curan, ſeverally.

Baſt. Save thee *Curan*.

Cur. And you Sir, I have bin
With your Father, and given him notice
That the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Ducheſſe
Will be here with him this night.

Baſt. How comes that?

Cur. Nay I know not, you have heard of the newes abroad, I meane the whiſper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kiſſing arguments.

Baſt. Not I: pray you what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely Warres toward,
Twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall*, and *Albany*?

Baſt. Not a word.

Cur. You may doe then in time,
Fare you well Sir. *Exit*

Baſt. The Duke be here to night? the better beſt,
This weaves it ſelfe perforce into my buſineſſe,
My father hath ſet guard to take my brother,
And I have one thing of a queazy queſtion
Which I muſt act, briefeneſſe, and Fortune worke.

Enter Edgar.

Brother, a word, diſcend; brother I ſay,
My father watches; O Sir, flye this place,
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night,
Have you not ſpoken gainſt the Duke of *Cornwall*?
Hes comming hither, now ith'night, ith'haſte,
And *Regan* with him, have you nothing ſaid
Vpon his party gainſt the Duke of *Albany*?
Adviſe your ſelfe.

Edg. I am ſure on't, not a word.

Baſt. I heare my father comming, pardon me:
In cunning, I muſt draw my Sword upon you:
Draw, ſeeme to defend your ſelfe,
Now quit you well.
Yeeld, come before my father, light hoa, here,
Flye Brother, Torches, ſo farewell,
Exit Edgar.
Some blood drawne on me would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeavour. I have ſeene drunkards
Doe more then this in ſport; Father, father,
Stop, ſtop, no helpe?

Enter Gloſter, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now *Edmund*, wheres the villaine?

Baſt. Here ſtood he in the darke, his ſharpe Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charmes, conjuring the Moone
To ſtand auſpicious Miſtris.

Glo. But where is he?

Baſt. Looke Sir, I bleed,

Glo. Where is the villaine, *Edmund*?

Baſt. Fled this way Sir, when by no meanes he could

Glo. Purſue him, ho: goe after. By no meanes, what?

Baſt. Perſwade me to the murther of your Lordſhip,

Gainſt

But that I told him the revenging Gods,
Gainſt Parricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and ſtrong a Bond
The Child was bound to'th'Father; Sir in fine,
Seeing how lothly oppoſite I ſtood
To his unnaturall purpoſe, in fell motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, latch'd mine arme:
And when he ſaw my beſt alarum'd ſpirits
Bold in the quarrels right, rouz'd to th'encounter,
Or whether gaſted by the noyſe I made,
Full ſodainely he fled.

Gloſt. Let him flye farre:
Not in this Land ſhall he remaine uncaught
And found; diſpatch, the Noble Duke my Maſter,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his authority I will proclaime it,
That he which finds him ſhall deſerve our thankes,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the ſtake:
He that conceales him, death.

Baſt. When I diſſwaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to doe it, with curſt ſpeech
I threatned to diſcover him; he replied,
Thou unpoſſeſſing Baſtard, doſt thou thinke,
If I would ſtand againſt thee, would the repoſall
Of any truſt, vertue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No, what ſhould I deny,
(As this I would, though thou didſt produce
My very Character) Ild turne it all
To thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned practiſe:
And thou muſt make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potentiall ſpirits
To make thee ſeeke it. *Tucket within.*

Glo. O ſtrange and faſtned Viliaine,
Would he deny his Letter, ſaid he?
Hearke, the Dukes trumpets, I know not where he comes
All Ports Ile barre, the villaine ſhall not ſcape,
The Duke muſt grant me that: beſides, his picture
I will ſend farre and neere, that all the kingdome
May have due note of him, and of my land,
(Loyall and naturall Boy) Ile worke the meanes
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornewall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now my Noble friend, ſince I came hither
(Which I can call but now) I have heard ſtrangeneſſe.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort
Which can purſue th'offender: how does my Lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, its crack'd.

Reg. What, did my Fathers Godſonne ſeeke your life?
He whom my father nam'd, your *Edgar*?

Glo. O Lady, Lady, ſhame would have it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights
That tended upon my father?

Glo. I know not Madam, tis too bad, too bad.

Baſt. Yes Madam, he was of that conſort.

Reg. No marvaile then, though he were ill affected,
Tis they have put him on the old mans death,
To have th'expence and waſt of Revenues:
I have this preſent evening from my Siſter
Beene well inform'd of them, and with ſuch cautions,
That if they come to ſojourne at my houſe,
Ile not be there.

Cor. Nor I, aſſure thee *Regan*;
Edmund, I heare that you have ſhewne your Father
A Child-like Office.

Baſt. It was my duty Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practiſe, and receiv'd
This hurt you ſee, ſtriving to apprehend him.

Cor. Is he purſued?

Glo. I my good Lord.

Cor. If he be taken, he ſhall never more
Be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpoſe,
How in my ſtrength you pleaſe: as for you *Edmund*,
Whoſe vertue and obedience doth this inſtant
So much commend itſelfe, you ſhall be ours,
Natures of ſuch deepe truſt, we ſhall much need:
You we firſt ſeize on.

Baſt. I ſhall ſerve you Sir truely, how ever elſe.

Glo. For him I thanke your Grace.

Cor. You know not why we came to viſit you?

Reg. Thus out of ſeaſon, thredding darke ey'd night,
Occaſions Noble *Gloſter* of ſome prize,
Wherein we muſt have uſe of your aduice.
Our Father he hath writ, ſo hath our Siſter,
Of differences, which I beſt thought it fit
To anſwer from our home: the ſeverall Meſſengers
From hence attend diſpatch, our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your boſome, and beſtow
Your needfull counſaile to our buſineſſes,
Which craves the inſtant uſe.

Glo. I ſerve you Madam,
Your Graces are right welcome.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Kent, and Steward ſeverally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee friend, art of this houſe?

Kent. I.

Stew. Where may we ſet our horſes?

Kent. I th'myre.

Stew. Prethee, if thou lov'ſt me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why do'ſt thou uſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Stew. What doſt thou know me for?

Kent. A Knave, a Raſcall, an eater of broken meates, a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggerly, three-ſuited, hundred pound, filthy wooſted-ſtocking knave, a Lilly-livered, action-taking, whoreſon glaſſe-gazing ſuper-ſerviceable finicall Rogue, one Trunke-inheriting ſlave, one that wouldſt be a Baud in way of good ſervice, and art nothing but the compoſition of a Knave, Begger, Coward, Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrill Bitch, one whom I will beate into clamours whining, if thou deny'ſt the leaſt ſillable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monſtrous fellow art thou, thus to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny thou knoweſt me? Is it two dayes ſince I tript up thy heeles, and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue, for though it be night, yet the Moone ſhines, Ile make a ſop oth'Mooneſhine of you, you whorſon Cullyenly Barbar-monger, draw.

Stew. Away, I have nothing to doe with thee.

Kent. Draw you Raſcall, you come with Letters againſt the King, and take Vanity the puppets part, againſt the Royalty of her father: draw you Rogue, or Ile ſo carbonado your ſhankes, draw you Raſcall, come your wayes.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent. Strike you ſlave: ſtand rogue, ſtand you neat ſlave, ſtrike.

Stew. Helpe hoa, murther, murther.

Enter Baſtard, Cornewall, Regan, Gloſter, Servant.

Baſt. How now, whats the matter? Part.

Kent. With you goodman boy, if you pleaſe, come, Ile fleſh ye, come on yong Maſter.

Glo. Weapons? Armes? whats the matter here?

Cor. Keepe peace upon your lives, he dyes that ſtrikes againe, what is the matter?

Reg. The Meſſengers from our Siſter, and the King?

Cor. What is your difference, ſpeake?

Stew. I am ſcarce in breath my Lord.

Kent. No Marvell, you have ſo beſtir'd your valour, you cowardly Raſcall, nature diſclaimes in thee: a Taylor made thee.

Cor. Thou art a ſtrange fellow, a Taylor make a man?

Kent. A Taylor Sir; a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could not have made him ſo ill, though they had bin but two yeares oth'trade.

Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Stew. This ancient Ruffian Sir, whoſe life I have ſpar'd at ſute of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whoreſon Zed, thou unneceſſary letter, my Lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unboulted villaine into morter, and daube the wall of a Iakes with him. Spare my gray-beard, you wagtaile?

Cor. Peace ſirrah,
You beaſtly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priviledge.

Cor. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That ſuch a ſlave as this ſhould weare a Sword,
Who weares no honeſty: ſuch ſmiling rogues as theſe,
Like Rats oft bite the holy cords a twaine,
Which art t'intrince, t'unlooſe: ſmooth every paſſion
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,
Being oile to fire, ſnow to the colder moodes,
Renege, affirme, and turne their Halcion beakes
With every gale, and vary of their Maſters,
Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:
A plague upon your Epilepticke viſage,
Smoile you my ſpeeches, as I were a foole?
Gooſe, if I had you upon *Sarum* Plaine,
I'ld drive ye cackling home to *Camelot*.

Corn. What art thou mad old Fellow?

Gloſt. How fell you out, ſay that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then I, and ſuch a knave.

Corn. Why do'ſt thou call him Knave?
What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Cor. No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, tis my occupation to be plaine,
I have ſeene better faces in my time,
Then ſtands on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me, at this inſtant.

Corn. This is ſome fellow,
Who having beene prais'd for bluntneſſe, doth affect
A ſaucy roughneſſe, and conſtraines the garb
Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter, he,
An honeſt mind and plaine, he muſt ſpeake truth,
And they will take it ſo, if not, he's plaine.
Theſe kind of Knaves I know, which in this plainneſſe
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Then twenty ſilly-ducking obſervants,
That ſtretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in ſincere verity,
Vnder th'allowance of your great aſpect,
Whoſe influence like the wreath of radient fire
On flicking *Phœbus* front.

Corn. What mean'ſt by this?

Kent. To goe out of my dialect: which you diſcommend ſo much; I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knave, which for my part I will not be, though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to entreat me too't.

Corn. What was th'offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the King his Maſter very late
To ſtrike at me upon his miſconſtruction,
When he compact, and flattering his diſpleaſure
Tript me behind: being downe, inſulted, rail'd,
And put upon him ſuch a deale of Man,
That worthied him, got praiſes of the King,
For him attempting, who was ſelfe-ſubdued,
And in the fleſhment of this dead exploit,
Drew on me here againe.

Kent. None of theſe Rogues, and Cowards
But *Ajax* is their foole.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stockes?
You ſtubborne ancient Knave, you reverent Bragart,
We'll teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learne:
Call not your Stockes for me, I ſerve the King.
On whoſe imployment I was ſent to you,
You ſhall doe ſmall reſpects, ſhew too bold malice
Againſt the Grace, and Perſon of my Maſter,
Stocking his Meſſenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stockes;
As I have life and honor, there ſhall he ſit till Noone.

Reg. Till noone? till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,
You ſhould not uſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir, being his Knave, I will. *Stockes brought out.*

Cor. This is a fellow of the ſelfe ſame colour,
Our Siſter ſpeakes of. Come, bring away the Stockes.

Glo. Let me beſeech your Grace, not to doe ſo,
The King his Maſter, needs muſt take it ill
That he ſo ſlightly valued in his Meſſenger,
Should have him thus reſtrained.

Corn. Ile anſwer that.

Reg. My Siſter may receive it much more worſe,
To have her Gentleman abus'd, aſſaulted.

Corn. Come my Lord, away. *Exit.*

Glo. I am ſorry for thee friend, tis the Dukes pleaſure,
Whoſe diſpoſition all the world well knowes
Will not be rubb'd nor ſtopt, Ile entreat for thee.

Ken. Pray do not Sir, I have watch'd and travail'd hard,
Some time I ſhall ſleepe out, the reſt Ile whiſtle:
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles:

Give you good morrow.
Glo. The Duke's too blame in this,
Twill be ill taken. *Exit.*
Kent. Good King, that muſt approve the common ſaw,
Thou out of heavens benediction com'ſt
To the warme Sun.
Approach thou Beacon to this under Globe,
That by thy comfortable Beames I may
Peruſe this Letter. Nothing almoſt ſees miracles
But miſery. I know tis from *Cordelia*,
Who hath moſt fortunately beene inform'd
Of my obſcured courſe. And ſhall find time
From this enormous State, ſeeking to give
Loſſes their remedies. All weary and o're-watch'd,
Take vantage heavy eyes, not to behold
This ſhamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight,
Smile once more, turne thy wheele.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard my ſelfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Eſcap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place
That guard, and moſt unuſall vigilance
Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may ſcape
I will preſerve my ſelfe: and am bethought
To take the baſeſt, and moſt pooreſt ſhape
That ever penury in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beaſt: my face Ile grime with filth,
Blanket my loynes, elſe all my haires in knots,
And with preſented nakedneſſe out-face
The Windes, and perſecutions of the sky:
The Country gives me proofe, and preſident
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voyces,
Strike in their numm'd and mortified Armes,
Pins, Wodden-prickes, Nayles, Sprigs of Roſemary:
And with this horrible object, from low Farmes,
Poore pelting Villages, Sheepes-Coates, and Milles,
Sometimes with Lunaticke bans, ſometimes with Praiers
Inforce their charity: poore *Turlygod*, poore *Tom*.
Thats ſomething yet: *Edgar* I nothing am, *Exit.*

Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman.

Lear. Tis ſtrange that they ſhould ſo depart from home,
And not ſend backe my Meſſengers.
Gen. As I learn'd,
The night before, there was no purpoſe in them
Of this remove.
Kent. Haile to thee Noble Maſter.
Lear. Ha? Mak'ſt thou this ſhame thy paſtime?
Kent. No my Lord.
Foole. Ha, ha, he weares Cruell Garters; horſes are tide by the heads, Dogges and Beares by'th'necke, Monkies by'th'loynes, and Men by'th'legs; when a man is overluſty at legs, then he weares wodden nether-ſtockes.
Lear. Whats he,
That hath ſo much thy place miſtooke
To ſet thee heere?
Kent. It is both he and ſhe,
Your Son, and Daughter,
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No I ſay.
Kent. I ſay yea.
Lear. By *Iupiter* I ſweare no.
Kent. By *Iuno*, I ſweare I.
Lear. They durſt not do't:
They could not, would not do't: tis worſe then murther,
To doe upon reſpect ſuch violent outrage:
Reſolve me with all modeſt haſte, which way
Thou mightſt deſerve, or they impoſe this vſage,
Comming from us.
Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your highneſſe Letters to them,
Ere I was riſen from the place, that ſhewed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking Poſte,
Stew'd in his haſte, halfe breathleſſe, panting forth
From *Generill* his Miſtris, ſalutation;
Deliver'd Letters ſpight of intermiſſion,
Which preſently they read; on thoſe contents
They ſummon'd up their meiney, ſtraight tooke horſe,
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leiſure of their anſwer, gave me cold lookes,
And meeting heere the other Meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome I perceiv'd had poiſon'd mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Diſplaid ſo ſawcily againſt your highneſſe,
Having more man then wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the houſe, with loud and coward cryes,
Your Sonne and daughter found this treſpaſſe worth
The ſhame which heere it ſuffers. (way,
Foole. Winters not gone yet, if the wild Geeſe fly that
Fathers that weare rags, doe make their Children blind,
But fathers that beare bags, ſhall ſee their children kind.
Fortune that arrant whore, nere turnes the key toth' poore
But for all this yͧ ſhalt have as many Dolors for thy deare
Daughters, as thou canſt tell in a yeare.
Lear. Oh how this Mother ſwels up toward my heart!
Hiſtorica paſſio, downe thou climing ſorrow,
Thy Element's below; where is this daughter?
Kent. With the Earle Sir, here within.
Lear. Follow me not, ſtay heere. *Exit.*
Gen. Made you no more offence,
But what you ſpeake of?
Kent. None;
How chance the King comes with ſo ſmall a number?
Foole. And thou hadſt beene ſet ith'Stockes for that queſtion, thoud'ſt well deſerv'd it.
Kent. Why foole?
Foole. We'll ſet thee to ſchoole to an Ant, to teach thee theres no labouring ith'winter. All that follow their noſes, are led by their eyes, but blind men; and theres not a noſe among twenty, but can ſmell him thats ſtinking; let goe thy hold, when a great wheele runs downe a hill, leſt it breake thy necke with following. But the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after: when a wiſeman gives thee better counſell give me mine againe, I would have none but knaves follow it, ſince a foole gives it.
That Sir, which ſerves and ſeekes for gaine,
And followes but for forme;
Will packe, when it begins to raine,
And leave thee in the ſtorme,
But I will tarry, the foole will ſtay,
And let the wiſeman flye:
The knave turnes foole that runnes away,
The foole no knave perdy.

Enter Lear, and Glower.

Kent. Where learn'd you this foole;
Foole. Not ith'Stockes foole.

Lear. Deny to ſpeake with me?
They are ſicke, they are weary,
They have travail'd all the night? meere fetches,
The Images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better anſwer.
Glo. My deere Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How unremoveable and fixt he is
In his owne courſe.
Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confuſion:
Fiery? What quality? Why *Gloſter*, *Gloſter*,
Il'd ſpeake with the Duke of Cornewall, and his wife.
Glo. Well, my good Lord, I have inform'd them ſo.
Lear. Inform'd them? Doſt thou underſtand me man?
Glo. I my good Lord.
Lear. The King would ſpeake with Cornewall,
The deere Father
Would with his Daughter ſpeake, commands, tends, ſer-
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood: (vice,
Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that———
No, but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound, we are not our ſelves,
When Nature being oppreſt, commands the mind
To ſuffer with the body; Ile forbeare,
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit,
For the ſound man. Death on my ſtate: wherefore
Should he ſit here? This Act perſwades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practiſe onely. Give me my ſervant forth;
Goe tell the Duke, and's wife, Il'd ſpeake with them:
Now, preſently: bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their chamber doore Ile beat the Drum,
Till it cry ſleepe to death.
Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. *Exit.*
Lear. Oh me my heart! my riſing heart! but downe.

Foole. Cry to it Nuncle, as the Cockney did to the Eeles, when hee put 'em i'th'Paſte alive, ſhe knapt 'em o'th'Coxcombs with a ſticke, and cryed downe wantons, downe; 'twas her brother, that in pure kindneſſe to his horſe buttered his Hey.

Enter Cornewell, Regan, Gloſter, Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Corn. Haile to your Grace. *Kent here ſet at liberty.*
Reg. I am glad to ſee your Highneſſe.
Lear. *Regan*, I thinke you are. I know what reaſon,
I have to thinke ſo, if thou ſhould'ſt not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy Mothers Tombe,
Sepulchring an Adultereſſe. O are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloved *Regan*
Thy ſiſters naught: Oh *Regan*, ſhe hath tyed
Sharpe tooth'd unkindneſſe, like a vulture here;
I can ſcarce ſpeake to thee, thou'lt not beleeve
With how deprav'd a quality. Oh *Regan*.
Reg. I pray you Sir, take patience, I have hope
You leſſe know how to value her deſert,
Than ſhe to ſcant her duty.
Lear. Say? how is that?
Reg. I cannot thinke my ſiſter in the leaſt
Would faile her Obligation. If Sir perchance
She have reſtrained the Riots of your Followers,
'Tis on ſuch ground, and to ſuch wholeſome end,
As cleares her from all blame.
Lear. My curſes on her.
Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you ſtands on the very Verge
Of her confine: you ſhould be rul'd, and led
By ſome diſcretion, that diſcernes your ſtate
Better then you your ſelfe: therefore I pray you,
That to our Siſter, you doe make returne,
Say you have wrong'd her.
Lear. Aske her forgiveneſſe?
Doe you but marke how this becomes the houſe?
Deere daughter, I confeſſe that I am old;
Age is unneceſſary: on my knees I begge,
That you'll vouchſafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food.
Reg. Good Sir, no more: theſe are unſightly trickes:
Returne you to my Siſter.
Lear. Never *Regan*:
She hath abated me of halfe my Traine;
Look'd blacke upon me, ſtrooke me with her Tongue
Moſt Serpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the ſtor'd Vengeances of heaven, fall
On her ingratefull top: ſtrike her yong bones
You taking Ayres, with Lameneſſe.
Corn. Fye ſir, fie.
Lear. You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornfull eyes: infect her Beauty,
You Fen-ſuck'd Fogges, drawne by the powerfull Sunne
To fall, and bliſter.
Reg. O the bleſt Gods!
So will you wiſh on me, when the raſh moode is on.
Lear. No *Regan*, thou ſhalt never have my curſe:
Thy tender-heſted Nature ſhall not give
Thee ore to harſhneſſe: Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Doe comfort, and not burne. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my Traine,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,
And in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my comming in. Thou better knowſt
The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,
Effects of Curteſie, dues of Gratitude:
Thy halfe o'th kingdome haſt thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.
Reg. Good Sir, to'th'purpoſe. *Tucket within.*
Lear. Who put my man ith'Stockes?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What Trumpets that?
Reg. I know't my Siſters: this approves her Letter,
That ſhe would ſoone be heere. Is your Lady come?
Lear. This is a Slave, whoſe eaſie borrowed pride
Dwels in the fickly grace of her he followes.
Out Varlet, from my ſight.
Corn. What meanes your Grace?

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. Who ſtockt my Servant? *Regan*, I have good hope
Thou didſt not know on't.
Who comes here? O heavens!
If you doe love old men; if your ſweet ſway
Allow Obedience: if you your ſelves are old,
Make it your cauſe: Send downe, and take my part.
Art not aſham'd to looke upon this Beard?
O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by th'hand Sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence that indiſcretion findes,
And dotage termes ſo.
Lear. O ſides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?
How came my man i'th'Stockes?
Corn. I ſet him there, Sir: but his owne Diſorders

Deſerv'd much leſſe advancement.
Lear. You? Did you?
Reg. I pray you Father being weake, ſeeme ſo.
If till the expiration of your Moneth
You will returne and ſojourne with my Siſter,
Diſmiſſing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that proviſion
Which ſhall be needfull for your entertainement.
Lear. Returne to her? and fifty men diſmiſs'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofes, and chuſe,
To wage againſt the enmity oth'ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle,
Neceſſities ſharpe pinch. Returne with her?
Why the hot-bloodied *France*, that dowerleſſe tooke
Our yongeſt borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like penſion beg,
To keepe baſe life a foote; returne with her?
Perſwade me rather to be ſlave and ſumpter
To this deteſted groome.
Gon. At your choyce Sir.
Lear. I prethee Daughter doe not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my Child: farewell:
We'll no more meete, no more ſee one another,
But yet thou art my fleſh, my blood, my daughter,
Or rather a diſeaſe thats in my fleſh,
Which I muſt needs call mine. Thou art a Byle,
A plague ſore, or imboſſed Carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But Ile not chide thee.
Let ſhame come when it will, I doe not call it,
I doe not bid the Thunder-bearer ſhoote,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging *Iove*,
Mend when thou can'ſt, be better at thy leiſure,
I can be patient, I can ſtay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.
Reg. Not altogether ſo,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome, give eare Sir to my Siſter,
For thoſe that mingle reaſon with you paſſion,
Muſt be content to thinke you old, and ſo,
But ſhe knowes what ſhe doe's.
Lear. Is this well ſpoken?
Reg. I dare avouch it Sir, what fifty Followers?
Is it not well? What ſhould you need of more?
Yea, or ſo many? Sith that both charge and danger,
Speake gainſt ſo great a number: How in one houſe
Should many people, under two commands
Hold amity? Tis hard, almoſt impoſſible.
Gon. Why might not you my Lord, receive attendance
From thoſe that ſhe calls Servants, or from mine?
Reg. Why not my Lord?
If then they chanc'd to ſlacke ye,
We could comptroll them; if you will come to me,
(For now I ſpye a danger) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty, to no more
Will I give place or notice.
Lear. I gave you all.
Reg. And in good time you gave it.
Lear. Made you my Guardians, my Depoſitaries,
But kept a reſervation to be followed
With ſuch a number? What, muſt I come to you
With five and twenty? *Regan*, ſaid you ſo?
Reg. And ſpeak't againe my Lord, no more with me.
Lear. Thoſe wicked Creatures yet do looke wel favor'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worſt
Stands in ſome ranke of praiſe, Ile goe with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her Love.
Gon. Heare me my Lord;
What need you five and twenty? Ten? Or five?
To follow in a houſe, where twice ſo many
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What need one?
Lear. O reaſon not the need: our baſeſt Beggers
Are in the pooreſt thing ſuperfluous,
Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs:
Mans life is cheape as Beaſtes. Thou art a Lady;
If onely to goe warme were gorgeous,
Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'ſt,
Which ſcarcely keepes thee warme, but for true need,
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need,
You ſee me here (you gods) a poore old man,
As full of griefe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that ſtirres theſe Daughters hearts
Againſt their father, foole me not ſo much,
To beare it tamely: touch me with Noble anger,
And let not womens weapons, water drops,
Staine my mans cheekes. No you unnaturall Hags,
I will have ſuch revenges on you both,
That all the world ſhall——I will doe ſuch things,
What they are yet, I know not, but they ſhall be,
The terrors of the earth? you thinke Ile weepe,
No, Ile not weepe, I have full cauſe of weeping.
Storme and Tempeſt.
But this heart ſhal breake into a hundred thouſand flawes
Or ere I weepe. O foole, I ſhall goe mad. *Exeunt.*
Corn. Let us withdraw, twill be a Storme.
Reg. This houſe is little, the old man and's people,
Cannot be well beſtow'd.
Gon. Tis his owne blame hath put himſelfe from reſt,
And muſt needs taſte his folly.
Reg. For his particular, Ile receive him gladly,
Bnt not one follower.
Gon. So am I purpos'd,
Where is my Lord of *Gloſter*?
Enter Gloſter.
Corn. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.
Glo. The King is in high rage.
Corn. Whether is he going?
Glo. He calls to horſe, but will I know not whether.
Corn. Tis beſt to give him way, he leads himſelfe.
Gon. My Lord, entreate him by no meanes to ſtay.
Glo. Alacke the night comes on, and the high windes
Doe ſorely ruffle, for many Miles about
Theres ſcarce a Buſh.
Reg. O Sir, to willfull men,
The injuries that they themſelves procure,
Muſt be their Schoole-Maſters: ſhut up your doores,
He is attended with a deſperate traine,
Aud what they may incenſe him to, being apt,
To have his eare abus'd, wiſedome bids feare.
Corn. Shut up your doores my Lord, tis a wil'd night,
My *Regan* counſels well: come out oth'ſtorme. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Storme ſtill. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, ſeverally.

Kent. Who's there beſides foule weather?
Gen. One minded like the weather, moſt unquietly.

Kent. I know you: Wheres the King?
Gent. Coutending with the fretfull Elements.
Bids the winde blow the Earth into the Sea,
Or ſwell the curled Waters bove the Maine,
That things might change, or ceaſe.
Kent. But who is with him?
Gent. None but the foole, who labours to out-jeſt
His heart-ſtrooke injuries.
Kent. Sir, I doe know you,
And dare upon the warrant of my note
Commend a deere thing to you. There is diviſion
(Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
With mutuall cunning) twixt Albany, and Cornwall:
Who have, as who have not, that their great Starres
Thron'd and ſet high; Servants, who ſeeme no leſſe,
Which are to France the Spies and Speculations
Intelligent of our State. What hath bin ſeene,
Either in ſnuffes, and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard Reine which both of them have borne
Againſt the old kind King; or ſomething deeper,
Whereof (perchance) theſe are but furniſhings.
Gent. I will talke further with you.
Kent. No, doe not:
For confirmation that I am much more
Then my out-wall; open this Purſe, and take
What it containes. If you ſhall ſee *Cordelia*,
(As feare not but you ſhall) ſhew her this Ring,
And ſhe will tell you who that fellow is
That yet you doe not know. Fye on this Storme,
I will goe ſeeke the King.
Gent. Give me your hand,
Have you no more to ſay?
Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet;
That when we have found the King, in which your paine
That way, Ile this: He that firſt lights on him,
Holla the other. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Storme ſtill. *Enter Lear, and Foole.*

Lear. Blow windes, and cracke your cheeks; Rage, blow
You Cataracts, and Hurricano's ſpout,
Till you have drench'd our Steeples, drowne the Cockes.
You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-curriors of Oake-cleaving Thunder-bolts,
Sindge my white head. And thou all-ſhaking Thunder,
Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th' world,
Cracke Natures moulds, all germaines ſpill at once
That makes ingratefull Man.

Foole. O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry houſe, is better then this Rain-water out o'doore. Good Nunkle, in, aske thy Daughters bleſſing, heeres a night pitties neither Wiſemen, nor Fooles.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full: ſpit Fire, ſpowt Raine;
Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my daughters,
I taxe not you, you Elements with unkindneſſe.
I never gave you Kingdome, call'd you Children;
You owe me no ſubſcription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure. Heere I ſtand your Slave,
A poore, infirme, weake, and deſpis'd old man:
But yet I call you Servile Miniſters,
That will with two pernicious daughters joyne
Your high-engender'd Battailes, gainſt a head
So old, and white as this. O, ho! tis foule.
Foole. He that has a houſe to puts head in, has a good Head-peece:
The Codpiece that will houſe, before the head has any;
The Head, and he ſhall Lowſe: ſo Beggers marry many.
The man yͤ makes his Toe, what he his heart ſhould make,
Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turne his ſleepe to wake,

For there was never yet faire woman, but ſhe made mouthes in a glaſſe.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patience.
I will ſay nothing.
Kent. Whos there?

Foole. Marry heres Grace, and a Codpiece, thats a Wiſeman, and a Foole.

Kent. Alas Sir are you here? things that love night,
Love not ſuch nights as theſe: the wrathfull Skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the darke
And make them keepe their Caves: Since I was man,
Such ſheets of fire, ſuch burſts of horrid Thunder,
Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I never
Remember to have heard. Mans Nature cannot carry
Th'affliction, nor the feare.
Lear. Let the great gods
That keepe this dreadfull pudder ore our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That haſt within thee undivulged Crimes
Vnwhipt of Iuſtice. Hide thee, thou Bloudy hand;
Thou Periur'd, and thou Simular of Vertue
That art Inceſtuous. Caytiffe, to peeces ſhake
That under covert, and convenient ſeeming
Has practis'd on mans life. Cloſe pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing Continents, and cry
Theſe dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man,
More ſinn'd againſt, then ſinning.
Kent. Alacke, bare-headed?
Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Hovell,
Some friendſhip will it lend you gainſt the Tempeſt:
Repoſe you there, while I to this hard houſe
(More harder then the ſtones whereof tis rais'd,
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) returne, and force
Their ſcanted curteſie.
Lear. My wits begin to turne.
Come on my boy. How doſt my boy? Art cold?
I am cold my ſelfe. Where is this ſtraw, my fellow?
The Art of our Neceſſities is ſtrange,
And can make vilde things precious. Come, your hovell;
Poore Foole, and Knave, I have one part in my heart
Thats ſorry yet for thee.
Foole. He that has and a little-tyne wit,
    With heigh-ho, the Winde and the Raine,
    Muſt make content with his Fortunes fit,
    Though the Raine it raineth every day.
Lear. True Boy: Come bring us to this Hovell. *Exit.*
Foole. This is a brave night to coole a Curtizan:
Ile ſpeake a Propheſie ere I goe:
When Prieſts are more in word, then matter:
When Brewers marre their Malt with water;
When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors,
No Heretiques burn'd but wenches Sutors,
When every Caſe in Law is right:
No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight:
When Slanders doe not live in Tongues;
Nor Cut-purſes come not to throngs;
When Vſurers tell their Gold i'th' field,

And Baudes, and whores, doe Churches build.
Then ſhall the Realme of *Albion*, come to great confuſion
Then comes the time, who lives to ſee't,
That going ſhalbe us'd with feet.
This prophecy *Merlin* ſhall make, for I live before his time. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Gloſter, and Edmund.

Glo. Alacke, alacke *Edmund*, I like not this unnaturall dealing; when I deſired their leave that I might pity him, they tooke from me the uſe of mine owne houſe, charg'd me on paine of perpetuall diſpleaſure, neither to ſpeake of him, entreat for him, or any way ſuſtaine him.

Baſt. Moſt ſavage and unnaturall.

Glo. Goe too; ſay you nothing. There is diviſion betweene the Dukes, and a worſe matter then that: I have received a Letter this night, tis dangerous to be ſpoken, I have lock'd the Letter in my Cloſſet, theſe injuries the King now beares, will be revenged home; there is part of a Power already footed, we muſt incline to the King, I will looke him, and privily relieve him; goe you and maintaine talke with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceived; if he aske for me, I am ill, and gone to bed, if I dye for it, (as no leſſe is threaned me) the King my old Maſter muſt be relieved. There is ſtrange things toward *Edmund*, pray you be carefull. *Exit.*

Baſt. This Curteſie forbid thee, ſhall the Duke
Inſtantly know, and of that Letter too;
This ſeemes a faire deſerving, and muſt draw me
That which my father looſes: no leſſe then all,
The yonger riſes, when the old doth fall. *Exit.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

Kent. Heere is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,
The tirrany of the open night's too rough
For Nature to endure. *Storme ſtill.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord enter heere.

Lear. Wilt breake my heart?

Kent. I had rather breake mine owne,
Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Thou thinkſt tis much that this contentious
Invades us to the skin ſo: tis to thee, (ſtorme
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt. Thou'dſt ſhun a Beare,
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring Sea,
Thou'dſt meet the Beare ith' mouth, when the minds free
The bodies delicate the tempeſt in my mind,
Doth from my ſences take all feeling elſe,
Save what beates there, Filliall ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth ſhould teare this hand
For lifting food too't: But I will puniſh home;
No, I will weepe no more: in ſuch a night,
To ſhut me out? Poure on, I will endure:
In ſuch a night as this? O *Regan*, *Generill*,
Your old kind Father, whoſe franke heart gave all,
O that way madneſſe lyes, let me ſhun that:
No more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter here.

Lear. Prythee goe in thy ſelfe, ſeeke thine owne eaſe,
This tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but Ile goe in,
In Boy, goe firſt. You houſeleſſe poverty, *Exit.*
Nay get thee in; Ile pray, and then Ile ſleepe.
Poore naked wretches, where ſo ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pittileſſe ſtorme,
How ſhall your houſe-leſſe heads, and unfed ſides,
Your lop'd, and window'd raggedneſſe defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe? O I have tane
Too little care of this: Take Phyſicke, Pompe,
Expoſe thy ſelfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou maiſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the Heavens more juſt.

Enter Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. Fathom, and halfe, Fathom and halfe? poore *Tom.*

Foole. Come not in heere Nuncle, heres a ſpirit, helpe me, helpe me.

Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there?

Foole. A ſpirit, a ſpirit, he ſayes his name's poore *Tom.*

Ken. What art thou that doſt grumble there i'th ſtraw? Come forth.

Edg, Away, the foule Fiend followes me, through the ſharpe Hauthorne blow the winds. Humh, goe to thy bed and warme thee,

Lear. Didſt thou give all to thy Daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poore *Tom*? Whom the foule Fiend hath led through Fire, & through Flame through Sword, and Whirle Poole, ore Bog, and Quagmire, that hath laid Knives under his Pillow, and Halters in his Pue, ſet Rate-bane by his Porredge; made him Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting horſe, over foure archt Bridges, to courſe his own ſhadow for a Traitor, Bliſſe thy five Wits, *Toms* a cold. O do, de, do, de, do, de, bliſſe thee from Whirle-Winds, Starre-blaſting, and taking, doe poore *Tom* ſome charity, whom the foule fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and there againe, and there.

Storme ſtill.

Lear. Has his Daughters brought him to this paſſe? Couldſt thou ſave nothing? Wouldſt thou give em all?

Foole. Nay, he reſerv'd a Blanket, elſe we had bin all ſham'd.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
Hang fated ore mens faults, light on thy daughters.

Kent. He hath no Daughters Sir.

Lear. Death Traitor, nothing could have ſubdu'd
To ſuch a lowneſſe, but his unkind Daughters. (Nature
Is it the faſhion, that diſcarded Fathers,
Should have thus little mercy on their fleſh:
Iudicious puniſhment, twas this fleſh begot
Thoſe Pelicane Daughter.

Edg. Pillicock ſat on Pillicock hill, alow: alow, loo, loo.

Fool. This cold night will turne us all to fooles, and Madmen.

Edgar. Take heed oth' foule fiend, obey thy Parents, keepe thy word, juſtice, ſweare not, commit not, with mans ſworne Spouſe; ſet not thy Sweet-heart on proud array. *Tom's* a cold.

Lear. What haſt thou bin?

Edg. A Servingman? Proud in heart, and mind: that curl'd my haire, wore Gloves in my cap; ſerv'd the Luſt of my Miſtris heart, and did the act of darkeneſſe with her. Swore as many Oathes, as I ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweet face of heaven. One, that ſlept in the contriving of Luſt, and wak'd to doe it. Wine lov'd I deerely, Dice deerely; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd the Turke. Falſe of heart, light of care, bloody hand: Hog in ſloth, Foxe in ſtealth, Wolfe in greedineſſe, Dog in madneſſe, Lion in prey. Let not the creaking of ſhooes, Nor the ruſtling of Silkes, betray thy poore heart to woman. Keepe thy foote out of brothels, thy hand out of Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and defye the foule fiend. Still through the Hauthorne blowes the cold wind: Sayes ſuum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy *Seſſey*: let him trot by. *Storme ſtill.*

Lear. Thou wert better in a Grave, then to anſwer with thy uncover'd body, this extremity of the Skies. Is man no more then this? Conſider him well. Thou owſt the Worme no Silke: the Beaſt, no Hide: the Sheepe, no Wooll: the Cat, no perfume. Ha? Heres three ons are ſophiſticated. Thou art the thing it ſelfe, unaccomodated man, is no more but ſuch a poore, bare, forked Animall as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, unbutton heere.

Enter Glouceſtar, with a Torch.

Fool. Prethee Nunckle be contented, tis a naughty night to ſwimme in. Now a little fire in a wilde field, were like an old Letchers heart, a ſmall ſparke, all the reſt on's body, cold: Looke, heere comes a walking fire.

Edga. This is the foule Flibbertigibbet; he begins at Curfew, and walkes at firſt Cocke: He gives the Web and the Pin, ſquints the eye, and makes the Hare-lippe; Mildewes the white Wheate, and hurts the poore Creature of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the old.
He met the Night-Mare, and her ninefold;
Bid her a-light, and her troth-plight,
And aroynt thee Witch, aroynt thee.

Kent. How fares your grace?

Lear. Whats he?

Kent. Whos there? What iſt you ſeeke?

Glou. What are you there? Your Names?

Edg. Poore Tom, that eates the ſwimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Neut, and the water: that in the fury of his heart, when the foule fiend rages, eats Cow-dung for Sallets; ſwallowes the old Rat, and the ditch-Dogge: drinkes the green Mantle of the ſtanding Poole: who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and ſtockt, puniſh'd, and impriſon'd: who hath three Suites to his backe, ſixe ſhirts to his Body:

Horſe to ride, and weapon to weare;
But Mice, and Rats, and ſuch ſmall Deare,
Have bin Toms food, for ſeven long yeere:

Beware my follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou fiend.

Glou. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkeneſſe is a Gentleman. *Modo* hes calld, and *Mahu*.

Glou. Our fleſh and blood, my Lord, is growne ſo vild, that it doth hate what gets it,

Edg. Poore Toms a cold.

Glou. Goe in with me; my duty cannot ſuffer
T'obey in all your daughters hard commands:
Though their injunction be to barre my doores,
And let this Tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventured to come ſeeke you out,
And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.

Lear. Firſt let me talke with this Philoſopher,
What is the cauſe of Thunder?

Kent. Good my Lord take his offer,
Goe into th'houſe.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this ſame learned Theban:
What is your ſtudy?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill Vermine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to goe my Lord,
His wits begin t'unſettle.

Glou. Canſt thou blame him? *Storme ſtill.*
His Daughters ſeeke his death: Ah, that good Kent,
He ſaid it would be thus: poore baniſh'd man:
Thou ſayeſt the King growes mad, Ile tell thee friend
I am almoſt mad my ſelfe, I had a Sonne,
Now out-law'd from my blood: he ſought my life
But lately: very late: I lov'd him (friend)
No father his Sonne deerer: true to tell thee,
The griefe hath craz'd my wits. What a nights this?
I doe beſeech your grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir:
Noble Philoſopher, your company.

Edg. Toms a cold.

Glou. In fellow there, into th'Hovell; keep thee warme

Lear. Come, lets in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keepe ſtill with my Philoſopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, ſooth him:
Let him take the fellow.

Glou. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirra, come on: goe along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glou. No words, no words, huſh.

Edg. Child *Rowland* to the darke Tower came,
His word was ſtill, fie, foh, and fum
I ſmell the blood of a Brittiſh man. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his houſe.

Baſt. How my Lord, I may be cenſured, that Nature thus gives way to Loyalty, ſomething feares me to thinke of.

Cornw. I now perceive, it was not altogether your Brothers evill diſpoſition made him ſeeke his death: but a provoking merit ſet a worke by a reprovable badneſſe in himſelfe.

Baſt. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to be juſt? This is the Letter which he ſpoke of; which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O Heavens! that this Treaſon were not; or not I the detector.

Corn. Goe with me to the Dutcheſſe.

Baſt. If the matter of this Paper be certaine, you have mighty buſineſſe in hand.

Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earle of Glouceſter: ſeeke out where thy father is, that he may bee ready for our apprehenſion.

Baſt. If I find him comforting the King, it will ſtuffe his ſuſpition more fully. I will perſever in my courſe of Loyalty, though the conflict be ſore betweene that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay truſt upon thee; and thou ſhalt finde a deere father in my Love. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Kent, and Glouceſter.

Glou. Here is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully: I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you. *Exit.*

Kent. All the power of his wits, have given way to his impatience: the gods reward your kindneſſe.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Foole.

Edga. Frateretto cals me, and tells me *Nero* is an Angler in the Lake of Darkneſſe: pray innocent, and beware the foule fiend.

Foole. Prethee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be a Gentlemen, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King.

Foole. No, he's a Yeoman, that has a Gentleman to his Sonne: for hes a mad Yeoman that ſees his Sonne a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thouſand with red burning ſpits
Come hizzing in upon'em.

Edga. Bleſſe thy five wits.

Kent. O pitty: Sir, where is the patience now
That you ſo oft have boaſted to retaine?

Edga. My teares begin to take his part ſo much,
They marre my counterfetting.

Lear. The little dogges, and all;
Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart: ſee, they barke at me,

Edga. Tom will throw his head at them: Avaunt you
Curres, be thy mouth or blacke or white:
Tooth that poyſons if it bite:
Maſtiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim,
Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym:
Or Bobtaile tight, or Troudle taile,
Tom will make him weepe and wale,
For with throwing thus my head;
Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.
Do, de, de, de: ſeſe; Come, march to Wakes and Faires,
And Market Townes: poore Tom thy horne is dry. *Exit.*

Lear. Then let them Anatomize *Regan*: See what breeds about her heart. Is there any cauſe in Nature that make theſe hard-hearts. You ſir, I entertaine for one of my hundred; onely, I doe not like the faſhion of your garments. You will ſay they are Perſian; but let them be chang'd,

Enter Gloſter.

Kent. Now good my Lord, lye heere, and reſt awhile.

Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noyſe, draw the Curtaines: ſo, ſo, we'll goe to ſupper ith'morning.

Foole. And Ile goe to bed at noone.

Glou. Come hither friend;
Where is the King my Maſter?

Kent. Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glou. Good friend, I prethee take him in thy armes;
I have ore-heard a plot of death upon him:
There is a Litter ready, lay him in't,
And drive toward Dover friend, where thou ſhalt meete
Both welcome, and protection. Take up thy Maſter,
If thou ſhouldſt dally halfe an houre, his life
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in aſſured loſſe. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to ſome proviſion
Give thee quicke conduct. Come, come, away. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Septima.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Baſtard,
and Servants.

Corn. Poſte ſpeedily to my Lord your husband, ſhew him this Letter, the Army of France is landed: ſeeke out the Traitor Gloſter.

Reg. Hang him inſtantly.

Gon. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my diſpleaſue. *Edmund*, keepe you our Siſter company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your Traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Adviſe the Duke where you are going, to a moſt feſtinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our Poſtes ſhall be ſwift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell deere Siſter, farewell my Lord of Gloſter.

Enter Steward.

How now? Wheres the King?

Stew. My Lord of Gloſter hath convey'd him hence.
Some five or ſix and thirty of his Knights
Hot Queſtriſts after him, met him at gate,
Who, with ſome other of the Lords dependants,
Are gone with him toward Dover; where they boaſt
To have well armed friends.

Corn. Get horſes for your Miſtris.

Gon. Farewell ſweet Lord, and Siſter. *Exit.*

Corn. Edmund farewell: goe ſeeke the Traitor Gloſter,
Pinnion him like a Theefe, bring him before us:
Though well we may not paſſe upon his life
Without the forme of Iuſtice: yet our power
Shall doe a curt'ſie to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not comptroll.

Enter Glouceſter, and Servants.

Whos there? the Traitor?

Reg. Ingratefull Fox, tis he.

Corn. Binde faſt his corky armes.

Glou. What meanes your Graces?
Good my friends conſider you are my Gheſts:
Doe me no foule play, friends.

Corn. Binde him I ſay.

Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy Traitor.

Glou. Vnmercifull Lady, as you are, Ime none.

Corn. To this Chaire bind him,
Villaine, thou ſhalt finde.

Glou. By the kinde gods, tis moſt ignobly done
To plucke me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and ſuch a Traitor?

Glou. Naughty Lady,
Theſe haires which thou doſt raviſh from my chin
Will quicken aud accuſe thee. I am your Hoſt,
With Robbers hands, my hoſpitable favours

You ſhould not ruffle thus. What will you doe
Corn. Come Sir.
What Letters had you late from France?
Reg. Be ſimple anſwer'd, for we know the truth.
Corn. And what confederacy have you with the Traitors, late footed in the Kingdome?
Reg. To whoſe hands
You have ſent the Lunaticke King: ſpeake.
Glou. I have a Letter gueſſingly ſet downe
Which came from one thats of a newtrall heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Cunning.
Reg. And falſe.
Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the King?
Glou. To Dover.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Was't thou not charg'd at perill.
Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him anſwer that.
Glou. I am tyed to th'Stake,
And I muſt ſtand the Courſe.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Glou. Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruell Nailes
Plucke out his poore old eyes: nor thy fierce Siſter,
In his Annointed fleſh, ſticke boariſh phangs.
The Sea, with ſuch a ſtorme as his bare head,
In hell-blacke-night indur'd, would have buoy'd up
And quench'd the Stelled fires:
Yet poore old heart, he holpe the heavens to raine.
If Wolves had at thy Gate howl'd that ſterne time,
Thou ſhouldſt have ſaid, good Porter turne the Key:
All Cruels elſe ſubſcribe: but I ſhall ſee
The winged Vengeance overtake ſuch Children.
Corn. See't ſhalt thou never. Fellowes hold the Chaire,
Vpon theſe eyes of thine, Ile ſet my foote.
Glou. He that will thinke to live, till he be old,
Give me ſome helpe,——O cruell! O you gods.
Reg. One ſide will mocke another: Th'other too.
Corn. If you ſee vengeance.
Serv. Hold your hand, my Lord?
I have ſerv'd you ever ſince I was a Child:
But better ſervice have I never done you,
Then now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dogge?
Ser. If you did weare a beard upon your chin,
Ild ſhake it on this quarrell. What doe you meane?
Corn. My Villaine?
Serv. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.
Reg. Give me thy Sword. A peſant ſtand up thus?
Killes him.
Ser. Oh I am ſlaine: my Lord, you have one eye left
To ſee ſome miſchiefe on him. Oh.
Corn. Leſt it ſee more, prevent it; Out vilde gelly:
Where is thy luſter now?
Glou. All darke and comfortleſſe?
Wheres my Sonne *Edmund?*
Edmund, enkindle all the ſparkes of Nature
To quit this horrid acte.
Reg. Out treacherous Villaine,
Thou call'ſt on him, that hates thee. It was he
That made the overture of thy Treaſons to us:
Who is too good to pitty thee.
Glou. O my follies! then *Edgar* was abus'd,
Kind gods, forgive me that, and proſper him.
Reg. Goe thruſt him out at gates, and let him ſmell
His way to Dover. *Exit with Gloſter.*
How is't my Lord? How looke you?
Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt: Follow me Lady;
Turne out that eyeleſſe Villaine: throw this Slave
Vpon the Dunghill: *Regan,* I bleed apace,
Vntimely comes this hurt. Give me your arme. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Edgar.
Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,
Then ſtill contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worſt:
The loweſt, and moſt deject thing of Fortune,
Stands ſtill in eſperance, lives not in feare:
The lamentable change is from the beſt,
The worſt returnes to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unſubſtantiall ayre that I embrace:
The wretch that thou haſt blowne unto the worſt,
Owes nothing to thy blaſts.
Enter Glouſter, and an Oldman.
But who comes heere? My Father poorely led?
World, World, O World!
But that thy ſtrange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yeeld to age.
Oldm. O my good Lord, I have beene your Tenant,
And your Fathers Tenant, theſe foureſcore yeeres.
Glou. Away, get thee away: good friend be gone,
Thy comforts can doe me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.
Oldm. You cannot ſee your way.
Glou. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I ſtumbled when I ſaw. Full oft tis ſeene,
Our meanes ſecure us, and our meere defects
Prove our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne *Edgar,*
The food of thy abuſed fathers wrath:
Might I but live to ſee thee in my touch,
Ild ſay I had eyes againe.
Oldm. How now? whos there?
Edg. O gods! Who iſt can ſay I am at worſt?
I am worſe then ere I was.
Oldm. Tis poore mad Tom.
Edg. And worſe I may be yet: the worſt is not,
So long as we can ſay this is the worſt.
Oldm. Fellow, where goeſt?
Glou. Is it a Beggar-man?
Oldm. Madman, and beggar too.
Glou. He has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg.
Ith'laſt nights ſtorme, I ſuch a fellow ſaw;
Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind
Was then ſcarſe Friends with him.
I have heard more ſince:
As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th'gods,
They kill us for their ſport.
Edg. How ſhould their be?
Bad is the Trade that muſt play to foole ſorrow,
Ang'ring it ſelfe, and others. Bleſſe thee Maſter.
Glou. Is that the naked fellow?
Oldm. I my Lord.
Glou. Get thee away: if for my ſake
Thou wilt ore-take us hence a mile or twaine
I'th'way toward Dover, doe it for ancient love,
And bring ſome covering for this naked Soule,
Which Ile intreate to leade me.
Oldm. Alacke ſir, he is mad.

Glou. Tis the times plague,
When Madmen leade the blinde:
Doe as I bid thee, or rather doe thy pleaſure:
Above the reſt, be gone.

Oldm. Ile bring him the Beſt Parrell that I have
Com on't, what will, *Exit.*

Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold. I cannot daub it further.

Glou. Come hither fellow.

Edg. And yet I muſt:
Bleſſe thy ſweet eyes, they bleed.

Glou. Know'ſt thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both ſtyle, and gate, horſeway, and foot-path: poore Tom hath bin ſcarr'd out of his good wits. Bleſſe thee good mans ſonne, from the foule fiend. (plagues

Glou. Here take this purſe, thou whom the heav'ns
Have humbled to all ſtrokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier: heavens deale ſo ſtill:
Let the ſuperfluous, and Luſt-dieted man,
That ſlaves your ordinance, that will not ſee
Becauſe he do's not feele, feele your power quickly:
So diſtribution ſhould undoe exceſſe,
And each man have enough. Doſt thou know Dover?

Edg. I Maſter.

Glou. There is a Cliffe, whoſe high and bending head
Lookes fearefully in the confined Deepe:
Bring me but to the very brimme of it,
And Ile repayre the miſery thou doſt beare
With ſomething rich about me: from that place,
I ſhall no leading neede.

Edg. Give me thy arme;
Poore Tom ſhall leade thee. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Gonerill, Baſtard, and Steward.

Gon. Welcome my Lord. I marvell our mild husband
Not met us on the way. Now, wheres your Maſter?

Stew. Madam within, but never man ſo chang'd:
I told him of the Army that was Landed:
He ſmil'd at it. I told him you were comming,
His anſwer was, the worſe. Of Gloſters Treachery,
And of the loyall Service of his Sonne
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong ſide out:
What moſt he ſhould diſlike, ſeemes pleaſant to him;
What like, offenſive.

Gon. Then ſhall you goe no further.
It is the Cowiſh terror of his ſpirit
That dares not undertake: heell not feele wrongs
Which tye him to an anſwer; our wiſhes on the way
May prove effects. Backe *Edmund* to my Brother,
Haſten his Muſters, and conduct his powers.
I muſt change names at home, and give the Diſtaffe
Into my Husbands hands. This truſty Servant
Shall paſſe betweene us: ere long you are like to heare
(If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)
A Miſtreſſes command. Weare this; ſpare ſpeech,
Decline your head. This kiſſe, if it durſt ſpeake,
Would ſtretch thy Spirits up into the ayre:
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Baſt, Yours in the rankes of death. *Exit.*

Gon. My moſt deere Gloſter.
Oh, the difference of man, and man,
To thee a Womans ſervices are due,
My foole uſurpes my body.

Stew. Madam, heere comes my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have beene worth the whiſtle.

Alba. Oh *Gonerill.*
You are not worth the duſt which the rude winde
Blowes in your face.

Gon. Milke-Liver'd man,
That bear'ſt a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who haſt not in thy browes an eye-diſcerning,
Thine honor, from thy ſuffering.

Alba. See thy ſelfe divell:
Proper deformity ſeemes not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. Oh vaine foole.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwalls* dead,
Slaine by his Servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloſter.

Alba. Gloſters eyes!

Meſſ. A Servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorſe,
Oppos'd againſt the act: bending his Sword
To his great Maſter, who, thereat enrag'd
Flew on him, and amongſt them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmefull ſtroke, which ſince
Hath pluckt him after.

Alba. This ſhewes you are above
You Iuſtices, that theſe our nether crimes
So ſpeedily can venge. But (O poore Gloſter)
Loſt he his other eye?

Meſſ. Both, both, my Lord.
This Letter Madam, craves a ſpeedy anſwer:
Tis from your Siſter,

Gon. One way I like this well,
But being widdow, and my Gloſter with her,
May all the buildiug in my fancy plucke
Vpon my hatefull life. Another way
The Newes is not ſo tart. Ile read, and anſwer.

Alba. Where was his Sonne,
When they did take his eyes?

Meſſ. Come with my Lady hither.

Alba He is not heere.

Meſſ. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.

Alba. Knowes he the wickedneſſe?

Meſſ. I my good Lord: twas he inform'd againſt him
And quit the houſe on purpoſe, that their puniſhment
Might have the freer courſe.

Al. Gloſter, I live
To thanke thee for the love thou ſhewdſt the King,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither friend,
Tell me what more thou knowſt. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen, and Souldiours.

Cord. Alacke, tis he: why he was met even now
As mad as the vext Sea, ſiuging alowd,
Crown'd with ranke Fenitar, and furrow weeds,
With Hardokes, Hemlocke, Nettles, Cuckoo flowres,

Darnell, and all the idle weedes that grow
In our ſuſtaining Corne. A Centery ſend forth;
Search every Acre in the high-growne field,
And bring him to our eye. What can mans wiſedome
In the reſtoring his bereaved Senſe: he that helpes him,
Take all my outward worth.
Gent. There is meanes Madam:
Our foſter Nurſe of Nature, is repoſe,
The which he lackes: that to provoke in him
Are many Simples operative, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of Anguiſh.
Cord. All bleſt Secrets,
All you unpubliſh'd Vertues of the earth
Spring with my teares; be aydant, and remediate
In the goodmans deſires: ſeeke, ſeeke for him,
Leſt his ungovern'd rage, diſſolue the life
That wants the meanes to leade it.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Newes Madam,
The Brittiſh Powers are marching hitherward.
Cord. Tis knowne before. Our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them. O deere father,
It is thy buſineſſe that I go about: therefore great France
My mourning, and importun'd teares hath pittied:
No blowne Ambition doth our Armes incite,
But love, deere love, and our ag'd Fathers Rite:
Soone may I heare, and ſee him. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. But are my Brothers Powers ſet forth?
Stew. I Madam,
Reg. Himſelfe in perſon there?
Stew. Madam with much adoe
Your Siſter is the better Souldier.
Reg. Lord *Edmund* ſpake not with your Lord at home;
Stew. No Madam.
Reg. What might import my Siſters Letter to him?
Stew. I know not, Lady.
Reg. Faith he is poaſted hence on ſerious matter:
It was great ignorance. Glouſters eyes being out
To let him live. Where he arrives, he moves
All hearts againſt us: *Edmund*, I thinke is gone
In pitty of his miſery, to diſpatch
His nighted life: Moreover to deſcry
The ſtrength oth'Enemy.
Stew. I muſt needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.
Reg. Our troopes ſet forth to morrow, ſtay with us:
The wayes are dangerous.
Stew. I may not Madam:
My Lady charg'd my duty in this buſineſſe.
Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to *Edmund*?
Might not you tranſport her purpoſes by word? Belike,
Some things, I know not what. Ile love thee much
Let me unſeale the Letter.
Stew. Madam, I had rather———
Reg. I know your Lady do's not love her husband,
I am ſure of that: and at her late being here,
She gave ſtrange Iliads, and moſt ſpeaking lookes
To Noble *Edmund*. I know you are of her boſome.
Stew. I Madam?
Reg. I ſpeake in underſtanding: Y'are: I know't,
Therefore I doe adviſe you take this note:
My Lord is dead: *Edmund*, and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand
Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:
If you doe find him, pray you give him this;
And when your Miſtris heares thus much from you,
I pray deſire her call her wiſedome to her.
So fare you well:
If you doe chance to heare of that blinde Traitor,
Preferment fals on him, that cuts him off.
Stew. Would I could meet him Madam, I ſhould ſhew
What party I doe follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Glouceſter, and Edgar.

Glou. When ſhall I come to th'top of that ſame hill?
Edg. You doe climbe up it now. Looke how we labour.
Glou. Me thinkes the ground is eeven.
Edg. Horrible ſteepe.
Hearke, doe you heare the Sea?
Glou. No truly.
Edg. Why then your other Senſes grow imperfect
By your eyes anguiſh,
Glou. So may it be indeed.
Me thinkes thy voyce is alter'd, and thou ſpeak'ſt
In better phraſe, and matter then thou didſt.
Edg. Y'are much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd
But in my Garments.
Glou. Me thinkes y'are better ſpoken.
Edg. Come on Sir,
Heeres the place: ſtand ſtill: how fearefull
And dizy tis, to caſt ones eyes ſo low,
The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre
Shew ſcarſe ſo groſſe as Beetles. Halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade:
Me thinkes he ſeemes no bigger then his head.
The Fiſhermen, that walk'd upon the beach
Appeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,
Diminiſh'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring Surge,
That on th'unnumbred idle Pebble chafes
Cannot be heard ſo high. Ile looke no more,
Leſt my braine turne, and the deficient ſight
Topple downe headlong.
Glou. Set me where you ſtand.
Edg. Give me your hand:
You are now within a foote of th'extreme Verge:
For all beneath the Moone would I not leape upright.
Glou. Let goe my hand:
Heere friends another purſe: in it, a Iewell
Well worth a poore mans taking. Fairies, and gods
Proſper it with thee Goe thou further off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.
Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir.
Glou. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I doe trifle thus with his deſpaire,
Is done to cure it.
Glou. O you mighty gods!
This world I doe renounce, and in your ſights

Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could beare it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great oppoſeleſſe willes,
My ſnuffe, and loathed part of Nature ſhould
Burne it ſelfe out. If *Edgar* live, O bleſſe him:
Now fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Good Sir, farewell.
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The Treaſure of life, when life it ſelfe
Yeelds to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,
By this had thought bin paſt. Alive, or dead?
Hoa, you Sir: friend, here you Sir, ſpeake:
Thus might he paſſe indeed: yet he revives.
What arr you Sir?

Glou. Away, and let me dye.

Edg. Hadſt thou beene ought
But Gozemore, feathers and Ayre,
(So many fathome downe precipitating)
Thoud'it ſhiver'd like an Egge: but thou doſt breath:
Haſt heavy ſubſtance, bleedſt not, ſpeakſt, art ſound.
Ten Maſts at each, make not the altitude
Which thou haſt perpendicularly fell,
Thy lifes a Miracle. Speake yet againe.

Glou. But have I falne, or no?

Edg. From the dread Summet of this Chalky Bourne
Looke up a height, the ſhrill-gor'd Larke ſo farre
Cannot be ſeene, or heard: Doe but looke up.

Glou. Alacke, I have no eyes:
Is wretchedneſſe depriv'd that benefit
To end it ſelfe by death? Twas yet ſome comfort,
When miſery could beguile the Tyrants rage,
And fruſtrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arme.
Vp, so: How is't? Feele you your Legges? You ſtand.

Glou. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all ſtrangeneſſe,
Vpon the crowne oth' Cliffe. What thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glou. A poore unfortune Beggar.

Edg. As I ſtood here below, me thought his eyes
Were two full Moones: he had a thouſand Noſes,
Hornes wealk'd, and waved like the enraged Sea:
It was ſome fiend: Therefore thou happy father,
Thinke that the cleereſt gods, who make them honors
Of mens Impoſſibilities, have preſerved thee.

Glou. I doe remember now: henceforth Ile beare
Affliction, till it doe cry out it ſelfe.
Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you ſpeake of,
I tooke it for a man: often 'twould ſay
The fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.

Edg. Beare free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear.

But who comes heere?
The ſafer ſenſe will ne're accommodate
His Maſter thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the King himſelfe.

Edg. O thou ſide-piercing ſight!

Lear. Natures above Art, in that reſpect. Theres your Preſſe-money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crow-keeper: draw me a Cloathiers yard. Looke, looke, a Mouſe: peace, peace, this peece of toaſted Cheeſe will doo't. Theres my Gauntlet, Ile prove it on a Gyant. Bring up the browne Billes. O well flowne Bird: ith clout, ith' clout: Hewgh. Give the word.

Edg. Sweet Marioram.

Lear. Paſſe.

Glou. I know that voyce.

Lear. Ha! *Generill* with a white beard? They flatter'd me like a Dogge, and told me I had the white haires in my Beard, ere the blacke ones were there. To ſay I, and no, to every thing that I ſaid: I, and no too, was no good Divinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and wind to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found em, there I ſmelt em out. Goe to, they are not men o'their words; they told me, I was every thing: Tis a Lye, I am not Agu-proofe.

Glou. The tricke of that voyce, I doe well remember:
Is't not the King?

Lear. I, every inch a King.
When I doe ſtare, ſee how the ſubject quakes.
I pardon that mans life. What was thy cauſe?
Adultery? thou ſhalt not dye: dye for Adultery?
No, the Wren goes too't, and the ſmall gilded Flye
Do's letcher in my ſight. Let Copulation thrive:
For Glouſters baſtard Son was kinder to his father,
Then my Daughters got 'tweene the lawfull ſheets.
Too't Luxury pell-mell, for I lacke Souldiers.
Behold yond ſimpring Dame, whoſe face betweene her Forkes preſages Snow; that minces Vertue, and dos ſhake the head to, heare of pleaſures name. The Fitchew, nor the ſoyled horſe goes too't with a more riotous appetite: downe from the waſte they are Centaures, though Women all above: but to the Girdle doe the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends. Theres hell, theres darkeneſſe, there is the ſulphurous pit; burning, ſcalding, ſtench, conſumption: Fye, fie, fie; pah, pah: Give me a Ounce of Civet; good Apothecary ſweeten my imagination: Theres money for thee.

Glou. O let me kiſſe that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it firſt,
It ſmelles of Mortality.

Glou. O ruin'd peece of Nature, this great world
Shall ſo weare out to naught.
Do'ſt thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: doſt thou ſquiny at me? No, doe thy worſt blind Cupid, Ile not love. Reade thou this challenge, marke but the penning of it.

Glou. Were all thy Letters Sunnes, I could not ſee.

Edg. I would not take this from report,
It is, and my heart breakes at it.

Lear. Read.

Glou. What with the Caſe of eyes?

Lear, Oh ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no mony in your purſe? Your eyes are in a heavy caſe, your purſe in a light, yet you ſee how this world goes.

Glou. I ſee it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may ſee how this world goes, with no eyes. Looke with thine eares: See how yond Iuſtice railes upon yond ſimple theefe. Hearke in thine eare: Change places, and handy-dandy, which is the Iuſtice, which is the theefe: Thou haſt ſeene a Farmers dogge barke at a Beggar?

Glou. I Sir.

Lear. And the Creature run from the Cur: there thou mightſt behold the great image of Authority, a Dogg's obey'd in Office. Thou, Raſcall Beadle, hold thy bloody hand: why doſt thou laſh that Whore? Strip thy owne backe, thou hotly luſts to uſe her in that kind, for which thou whipſt her. The Vſurer hangs the Cozener. Thorough tatter'd cloathes great Vices doe appeare: Robes, and furr'd gownes hide all. Place ſinnes with gold, and the ſtrong Lance of juſtice, hurtleſſe breakes: Arme it in ragges, a Pigmies ſtraw does pierce it. None does offend, none, I ſay none, Ile able em; take that of me my friend, who have the power to ſeale th'accuſers lips. Get thee glaſſe-eyes, and like a ſcurvy Politician, ſeeme to ſee the things thou doſt not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my Bootes: harder, harder, ſo.

Edga. O matter, and impertinency mixt,
Reaſon in Madneſſe.
Lear. If thou wilt weepe my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloſter:
Thou muſt be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou knowſt, the firſt time that we ſmell the Ayre
We wawle, and cry. I will preach to thee: Marke
Glou. Alacke, alacke the day.
Lear. When we are borne, we cry that we are come
To this great ſtage of fooles. This a good blocke:
It were a delicate ſtratagem to ſhooe
A Troope of horſe with felt: Ile put't in prooſe,
And when I have ſtolne upon theſe Sonnes in Lawes,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.
Enter a Gentleman.
Gent. Oh heere he is: lay hand upon him, Sir.
Your moſt deere Daughter——
Lear. No reſcue? What, a Priſoner? I am even
The Naturall Foole of fortune. Vſe me well,
You ſhall have ranſome. Let me have Surgeons,
I am cut to th'Braines.
Gent. You ſhall have any thing.
Lear. No Seconds? All my ſelfe?
Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt,
To uſe his eies for Garden water-pots. I will die bravely,
Like a ſmugge Bridegroome. What? I will be Ioviall:
Come, come, I am a King. Maſters, know you that?
Gent. You are a Royall one, and we obey you.
Lear. Then theres life in't. Come, and you get it,
You ſhall get it by running: Sa, ſa, ſa, ſa. *Exit.*
Gent. A ſight moſt pittifull in the meaneſt wretch,
Paſt ſpeaking of in a King. Thou haſt a Daughter
Who redeemes Nature from the generall curſe
Which twaine have brought her to.
Edg. Haile gentle Sir.
Gent. Sir, ſpeed you: whats your will?
Edg. Doe you heare ought (Sir) of a Battell toward.
Gent. Moſt ſure, and vulgar:
Every one heares that, which can diſtinguiſh ſound.
Edg. But by your favour:
How neeres the other Army?
Gent. Neere, and on ſpeedy foot: the maine diſcry
Stands on the hourely thought.
Edg. I thanke you Sir, thats all.
Gent. Though that the Queene on ſpeciall cauſe is here
Her Army is mov'd on. *Exit.*
Edg. I thanke you Sir.
Glou. You ever gentle Gods, take my breath from me,
Let not my worſer Spirit tempt me againe
To dye before you pleaſe.
Edg. Well pray you Father.
Glou. Now good ſir, what are you?
Edg A moſt poore man, made tame to Fortunes blowes
Who, by the Art of knowne, and feeling ſorrowes,
Am pregnant to good pitty. Give me your hand,
Ile leade you to ſome biding.
Glou. Hearty thankes:
The bounty, and the benizon of heaven
To boot, and boot.
Enter Steward.
Stew. A proclaim'd prize: moſt happy:
That eyeleſſe head of thine, was firſt fram'd fleſh
To raiſe my fortunes. Thou old, unhappy Traitor,
Briefely thy ſelfe remember: the Sword is out
That muſt deſtroy thee.
Glou. Now let thy friendly hand
Put ſtrength enough too't.
Stew. Wherefore, bold Pezant,
Darſt thou ſupport a publiſh'd Traitor? Hence,
Leſt that th'infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let goe his arme.
Edg. Chill not let goe Zir,
Without vurther caſion.
Stew. Let goe Slave, or thou dy'ſt.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poore volke paſſe: and 'chud ha'bin zwagged out of my life, twould not ha'bin zo long as tis, by a vortnight. Nay, come not neere th'old man: keepe out che vor'ye, or ice try whither your Coſtard, or my Ballow be the harder; chill be plaine with you.

Stew. Out Dunghill.

Edg. Chill picke your teeth Zir: come, no matter vor your foynes.

Stew. Slave thou haſt ſlaine me: villaine, take my purſe;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the Letters which thou findſt about me,
To *Edmund* Earle of Gloſter: ſeeke him out
Vpon the Engliſh party. Oh untimely death, death.
Edg. I know thee well. A ſerviceable Villaine,
As duteous to the vices of thy Miſtris,
As badneſſe would deſire.
Glou. What, is he dead?
Edg. Sit you downe Father: reſt you.
Lets ſee theſe Pockets; the Letters that he ſpeakes of
May be my friends: he's dead; I am onely ſorry
He had no other Deathſman. Let us ſee:
Leave gentle waxe, and manners: blame us not
To know our enemies mindes, we rip their hearts,
Their Papers are more lawfull.
Reads the Letter.

Let our reciprocall vowes be remembred. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done. If hee returne the Conqueror, then am I the Priſoner, and his bed, my Goale, from the loathed warmth whereof, deliver me, and ſupply the place for your Labour.

Your (Wife, ſo I would ſay) affectionate Servant. Generill.

Of indinguiſh'd ſpace of Womans will,
A plot upon her vertuous husbands life,
And the exchange my brother: heere, in the ſands
Thee Ile rake up, the poſte unſanctified
Of murtherous Letchers: and in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him tis well,
That of thy death, and buſineſſe, I can tell.
Glou. The King is mad:
How ſtiffe is my vilde ſenſe
That I ſtand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge Sorrowes? Better I were diſtract,
So ſhould my thoughts be ſever'd from my griefes,
Drum afarre off.
And woes, by wrong imaginations looſe

The knowledge of themſelves.
Edg. Give me your hand:
Farre off me thinkes I heare the beaten Drumme,
Come father, Ile beſtow you with a friend. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good *Kent*,
How ſhall I live and worke
To match thy goodneſſe?
My life will be too ſhort,
And every meaſure faile me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is ore-pay'd,
All my reports goe with the modeſt truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but ſo.
Cor. Be better ſuited,
Theſe weedes are memories of thoſe worſer houres:
I prethee put them off.
Kent. Pardon deere Madam,
Yet to be knowne ſhortens my made intent,
My boone I make it, that you know me not,
Till time, and I, thinke meet.
Cor. Then be't ſo my good Lord:
How dos the King?
Gent. Madam ſleepes ſtill.
Cor. O you kind Gods!
Cure this great breach in his abuſed Nature,
Th'untun'd and jarring ſenſes, O winde up,
Of this child-changed Father.
Gent. So pleaſe your Majeſty.
That we may wake the King, he hath ſlept long?
Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceede
I'th'ſway of your owne will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chaire carried by Servants.

Gent. I Madam: in the heavineſſe of ſleepe,
We put freſh garments on him.
Be by good Madam when we doe awake him,
I doubt of his Tmperance,
Cor. O my deere father, reſtauration hang
Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kiſſe
Repaire thoſe violent harmes, that my two Siſters
Have in thy Reverence made.
Kent. Kind and deere Princeſſe.
Cor. Had you not bin their father, theſe white flakes
Did challenge pitty of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd againſt the jarring windes?
Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me,
Should have ſtood that night againſt my fire,
And was't thou faine (poore Father)
To hovell thee with Swine and Rogues forlorne,
In ſhort, and muſty ſtraw? Alacke, alacke,
Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes, ſpeake to him.
Gent. Madam doe you, tis fitteſt.
Cor. How does my Royall Lord?
How fares your Majeſty?
Lear. You doe me wrong to take me out oth'grave;
Thou art a Soule in bliſſe, but I am bound
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Doe ſcald, like molten Lead.
Cor. Sir, doe you know me?
Lear. You are a ſpirit I know, where did you dye?
Cor. Still, ſtill, farre wide.
Gen. Hes ſcarſe awake,
Let him alone a while.
Lear. Where have I bin?
Where am I? faire day light?
I am mightily abus'd; I ſhould ev'n dye with pitty
To ſee another thus. I know not what to ſay:
I will not ſweare theſe are my hands: lets ſee,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were aſſur'd
Of my condition,
Cor. O looke upon me Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o're me,
You muſt not kneele.
Lear. Pray doe not mocke me:
I am a very fooliſh fond old man,
Fourescore and upward,
Not an houre more, nor leſſe:
And to deale plainely,
I feare I am not in my perfect mind.
Me thinkes I ſhould know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtfull: for I am mainely ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not theſe garments: nor I know not
Where I did lodge laſt night. Doe not laugh at me,
For (as I am a man) I thinke this Lady
To be my child *Cordelia*.
Cor. And ſo I am: I am.
Lear. Be your teares wet?
Yes faith: I pray weepe not.
If you have poyſon for mee, I will drinke it:
I know you doe not love me, for your Siſters
Have (as I doe remember) done me wrong.
You have ſome cauſe, they have not,
Cor. No cauſe, no cauſe.
Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your owne kingdome Sir,
Lear. Doe not abuſe me.
Gent. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage
You ſee is kill'd in him: deſire him to goe in,
Trouble him no more till further ſetling.
Cor. Wilt pleaſe you highneſſe walke?
Lear. You muſt beare with me:
Pray you now forget, and forgive,
I am old and fooliſh. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter with Drumme and Colours, Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Souldiers.

Baſt. Know of the Duke if his laſt purpoſe hold,
Or whether ſince he is adviſ'd by ought
To change the courſe, hes full of alteration,
And ſelfe reproving, bring his conſtant pleaſure.
Reg. Our Siſters man is certainely miſcarried.
Baſt. Tis to be doubted Madam.
Reg. Now ſweet Lord,

You know the goodneſſe I intend upon you :
Tell me but truly, but then ſpeake the truth.
Doe you not love my Siſter ?
Baſt. In honour'd Love.
Reg. But have you never found my Brothers way,
To the fore-fended place ?
Baſt. No by mine honor, Madam.
Reg. I never ſhall endure her, deere my Lord,
Be not familiar with her.
Baſt. Feare not, ſhe and the Duke her husband.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Gonerill, Souldiers.

Alba. Our very loving Siſter, well be-met :
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Forc'd to cry out.
Regan. Why is this reaſond ?
Gone. Combine together gainſt the Enemy ;
For theſe domeſticke and particular broiles,
Are not the queſtion heere.
Alb. Lets then determine with th'ancient of warre
On our proceeding.
Reg. Siſter youle goe with us ?
Gon. No.
Reg. Tis moſt convenient, pray goe with us.
Gon. Oh, ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.
Exeunt both the Armies.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had ſpeech with man ſo poore,
Heare me one word.
Alb. Ile overtake you, ſpeake.
Edg. Before you fight the Battaile, ope this Letter :
If you have victory, let the Trumpet ſound
For him that brought it : wretch though I ſeeme,
I can produce a Champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miſcarry,
Your buſineſſe of the world hath ſo an end,
And machination ceaſes. Fortune loves you.
Alb. Stay till I have read the Letter.
Edg. I was forbid it :
When time ſhall ſerve, let but the Herald cry.
And Ile appeare againe. *Exit.*
Alb. Why fare thee well, I will o're-looke thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

Baſt. The Enemy's in view, draw up your powers,
Heere is the gueſſe of their true ſtrength and forces,
By diligent diſcovery, but your haſt
Is now urg'd on you.
Alb. We will greet the time. *Exit.*
Baſt. To both theſe Siſtsrs have I ſworne my love :
Each jealous of the other, as the ſtung
Are of the Adder. Which of them ſhall I take ?
Both ? One ? Or neither ? Neither can be enjoy'd
If both remaine alive : To take the Widdow,
Exaſperates, makes mad her Siſter *Gonerill*,
And hardly ſhall I carry out my ſide,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll uſe
His countenance for the Battaile, which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, deviſe
His ſpeedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The Battaile done, and they within our power ;
Shall never ſee his pardon : for my ſtate,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter with Drum and Colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Souldiers, over the Stage, and Exeunt.

Enter Edgar, and Gloſter.

Edg. Heere Father, take the ſhadow of this Tree
For your good hoaſt : pray that the right may thrive :
If ever I returne to you againe,
Ile bring you comfort.
Glr. Grace goe with you Sir. *Exit.*
Alarum and Retreat within.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Away old man, give me thy hand. away :
King *Lear* hath loſt, he and his Daughter tane,
Give me thy hand. Come on.
Glo. No further Sir, a man may rot even heere.
Edg. What in ill thoughts againe ?
Men muſt endure
Their going hence, even as their comming hither,
Ripeneſſe is all, come on.
Glo. And thats true too. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter in conqueſt with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Lear, and Cordelia, as priſoners, Souldiers, Captaine.

Baſt. Some Officers take them away : good guard,
Vntill their greater pleaſures firſt be knowne
That are to cenſure them.
Cor. We are not the firſt,
Who with beſt meaning have incurr'd the worſt :
For thee oppreſſed King I am caſt downe.
My ſelfe could elſe out-frowne falſe Fortunes frowne.
Shall we not ſee theſe Daughters, and theſe Siſters ?
Lear. No, no, no, no : come lets away to priſon :
We two alone will ſing like Birds ith'Cage :
When thou doſt aske me bleſſing, Ile kneele downe
And aske of thee forgiveneſſe : So we'll live,
And pray, and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded Butterflies : and heare poore Rogues
Talke of Court newes, and we'll talkd with them too,
Who looſes, and who wins ; whos in, whos out :
And take upons the myſtery of things,
As if we were Gods ſpies : And we'll weare out
In a wall'd priſon, packes and ſects of great ones
That ebbe and flow by th'Moone.
Baſt, Take them away.
Lear, Vpon ſuch ſacrifices my *Cordelia*,
The gods themſelves throw incenſe.
Have I caught thee ?
He that parts us, ſhall bring a Brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like Foxes : wipe thine eye,
The good yeeres ſhall devoure them, fleſh and fell,
Ere

Ere they ſhall make us weepe ?
Weele ſee e'm ſtarv'd firſt: come. *Exit.*
Baſt. Come hither Captaine, hearke.
Take thou this note, goe follow them to priſon,
One ſtep I have advanc'd thee, if thou doſt
As this inſtructs thee, thou doſt make thy way
To Noble Fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender minded
Does not become a Sword, thy great imployment
Will not beare queſtion: either ſay thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other meanes,
Capt. Ile dot my Lord.
Baſt. About it, and write happy, when th'haſt done,
Marke I ſay inſtantly, and carry it ſo
As I have ſet it downe. *Exit Captaine.*

Enter Albany, Generill, Regan, Souldiers.

Alba. Sir, you have ſhew'd to day your valiant ſtraine
And fortune led you well: you have the Captives
Who were the oppoſites of this dayes ſtrife:
I doe require them of you ſo to uſe them,
As we ſhall find their merits, and our ſafety
May equally determine.
Baſt. Sir, I thought it fit,
To ſend the old and miſerable King to ſome retention,
Whoſe age had Charmes in it, whoſe Title more,
To plucke the common boſome on his ſide,
And turne our impreſt Launces in our eyes
Which doe command them. With him I ſent the Queene
My reaſon all the ſame, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further ſpace, t'appeare
Where you ſhall hold your Seſſion.
Alb. Sir, by your patience.
I hold you but a ſubject of this Warre,
Not as a brother.
Reg. Thats as we liſt to grace him.
Methinkes our pleaſure might have bin demanded
Ere you had ſpoke ſo farre. He led our Powers,
Bore the Commiſſion of my place and perſon,
The which immediacy may well ſtand up,
And call it ſelfe your Brother.
Gon. Not ſo hot:
In his owne grace he doth exalt himſelfe,
More then in your addition.
Reg. In my rights,
By me inveſted, he compeeres the beſt.
Alb. That were the moſt, if he ſhould husband you.
Reg. Ieſters doe oft prove Prophets.
Gon. Holla, holla,
That eye that told you ſo, look'd but a ſquint.
Rega. Lady I am not well, elſe I ſhould anſwer
From a full flowing ſtomacke. Generall,
Take thou my ſouldiers, priſoners, patrimony,
Diſpoſe of them, of me, the walls are thine:
Witneſſe the world, that I create thee heere
My Lord, and Maſter.
Gon. Meane you to enjoy him ?
Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.
Baſt. Nor in thine Lord.
Alb. Halfe-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. Let the Drum ſtrike, and prove my title thine.
Alb. Stay yet, heare reaſon: *Edmund*, I arreſt thee
On capitall Treaſon; and in thy arreſt,
This guilded Serpent: for your claime faire Siſters,
I bare it in the intereſt of my wife,
'Tis ſhe is ſub-contracted to this Lord,
And I her husband contradict your Banes.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My Lady is beſpoke,
Gon, An enterlude.
Alb. Thou art armed *Gloſter*,
Let the Trumpet ſound:
If none appeare to prove upon thy perſon,
Thy heynous, manifeſt, and many Treaſons,
There is my pledge: Ile make it on thy heart
Ere I taſte bread, thou art in nothing leſſe
Then I have heere proclaim'd thee.
Reg. Sicke, O ſicke.
Gon. If not, Ile nere truſt medicine.
Baſt. Theres my exchange, what in the world he is
That names me Traitor, villaine-like he lyes,
Call by the Trumpet: he that dares approach;
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honor firmely.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. A Herald, ho.
Truſt to thy ſingle vertue, for thy Souldiers
All levied in my name, have in my name
Tooke their diſcharge.
Regan. My ſickeneſſe growes upon me.
Albany. She is not well, convey her to my Tent,
Come hither Herald, let the Trumpet ſound,
And read out this. *A Trumpet ſounds.*

Herald reads.

IF any man of quality or degree within the liſts of the Army, will maintaine upon Edmund ſuppoſed Earle of Gloſter, that he is a manifold Traitor, let him appeare by the third ſound of the Trumpet: he is bold in his defence. 1 *Trumpet.*
Her. Againe. 2 *Trumpet.*
Her. Againe. 3 *Trumpet.*
Trumpet anſwers within.

Enter Edgar armed,

Alb. Aske him his purpoſes, why he appeares
Upon this Call o'th'Trumpet.
Her. What are you ?
Your name, your quality, and why you anſwer
This preſent Summons ?
Edg. Know my name is loſt
By Treaſons tooth: bare-gnawne, and Canker-bit,
Yet am I Noble as the Adverſary
I come to cope.
Alb. Which is that Adverſary ?
Edg. Whats he that ſpeakes for *Edmund* Earle of Gloſter ?
Baſt. Himſelfe, what ſaiſt thou to him ?
Edg. Draw thy Sword.
That if my ſpeech offend a Noble heart,
Thy arme may doe thee Iuſtice, heere is mine:
Behold it is my priviledge,
The priviledge of mine honours,
My oath, and my profeſſion. I proteſt,
Maugre thy ſtrength, place, youth, and eminence,
Deſpiſe thy victor-Sword, and fire new fortune,
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor:
Falſe to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conſpirant gainſt this high illuſtrious Prince,
And from th'extremeſt upward of thy head,
To the diſcent and duſt below thy foote,

A moſt Toad-ſpotted Traitor. Say thou no,
This Sword, this arme, and my beſt ſpirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I ſpeake,
Thou lyeſt.
Baſt. In wiſedome I ſhould aske thy name,
But ſince thy out-ſide lookes ſo faire and Warlike,
And that thy tongue (ſome ſay) of breeding breathes,
What ſafe, and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of Knight-hood, I diſdaine and ſpurne:
Backe doe I toſſe theſe Treaſons to thy head,
With the hell-hated Lye, ore-whelme thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by, and ſcarcely bruiſe,
This Sword of mine ſhall give them inſtant way,
Where they ſhall reſt for ever. Trumpets ſpeake.
Alb. Save him, ſave him. *Alarums. Fights.*
Gon. This is practiſe *Gloſter*,
By th'law of Warre, thou waſt not bound to anſwer
An unknowne oppoſite: thou art not vanquiſh'd,
But cozend, and beguild.
Alb. Shut your mouth Dame,
Or with this paper ſhall I ſtop it: hold Sir,
Thou worſe then any name, reade thine owne evill:
No tearing Lady, I perceive you know it.
Gon. Say if I doe, the Lawes are mine not thine,
Who can araigne me for't? *Exit.*
Alb. Moſt monſtrous! O, knowſt thou this paper?
Baſt. Aske me not what I know.
Alb. Goe after her, ſhes deſperate, governe her.
Baſt. What you have charg'd me with,
That have I done,
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
Tis paſt, and ſo am I: But what art thou
That haſt this fortune on me? If thou'rt Noble,
I doe forgive thee.
Edg. Lets exchange charity:
I am no leſſe in blood then thou art *Edmund*,
If more, the more th'haſt wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar* and thy Fathers ſonne,
The gods are juſt, and of our pleaſant vices
Make inſtruments to plague us:
The darke and vitious place where thee he got,
Coſt him his eyes.
Baſt. Th'haſt ſpoken right, tis true,
The Wheele is come full circle, I am heere.
Alb. Me thought thy very gate did propheſie
A Royall Nobleneſſe: I muſt embrace thee,
Let ſorrow ſplit my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father.
Edg. Worthy Prince I knowt.
Alb. Where have you hid your ſelfe?
How have you knowne the miſeries of your father?
Edg. By nurſing them my Lord. Liſt a briefe tale,
And when tis told, O that my heart would burſt.
The bloody proclamation to eſcape
That follow'd me ſo neere, (O our lives ſweetneſſe,
That we the paine of death would hourely dye,
Rather then dye at once) taught me to ſhift
Into a mad-mans ragges, t'aſſume a ſemblance
That very Dogges diſdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding Rings,
Their precious Stones new loſt: became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, ſav'd him from diſpaire.
Never (O fault) reveal'd my ſelfe unto him,
Vntill ſome halfe houre paſt when I was arm'd,
Not ſure, though hoping of this good ſucceſſe,
I ask'd his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt
Told him our pilgrimage. But his flawd heart
(Alacke too weake the conflict to ſupport)
Twixt two extremes of paſſion, joy and griefe,
Burſt ſmilingly.
Baſt. This ſpeech of yours hath mov'd me,
And ſhall perchance doe good, but ſpeake you on,
You looke as you had ſomething more to ſay.
Alb. If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolve,
Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. Helpe, helpe; O helpe.
Edg. What kind of helpe?
Alb. Speake man.
Edg. What meanes this bloody Knife?
Gen. Tis hot, it ſmoakes, came even from the heart
of——O ſhes dead.
Alb. Who dead? Speake man.
Gen. Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Siſter
By her is poyſon'd: ſhe confeſſes it.
Baſt. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marry in an inſtant.
Edg. Here comes *Kent*.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead;
Gonerill and Regans bodies brought out.
This judgement of the heavens that makes us tremble.
Touches us not with pitty. O is this ſhe?
The time will not allow the complement
Which very manners urges.
Kent. I am come
To bid my King and Maſter aye good night,
Is he not here?
Alb. Great thing of us forgot,
Speake *Edmund*, wheres the King? and wheres *Cordelia*?
Seeſt thou this object *Kent*.
Kent. Alacke, why thus?
Baſt. Yet *Edmund* was belov'd:
The one the other poiſon'd for my ſake,
And after ſlew herſelfe.
Alb. Even ſo: cover their faces.
Baſt. I pant for life: ſome good I meane to doe
Deſpight of mine owne Nature. Quickly ſend,
(Be briefe in it) to th'Caſtle for my Writ
Is on the life of *Lear*, and on *Cordelia*:
Nay, ſend in time.
Alb. Run, run, O run.
Edg. To whom my Lord? Who has the Office?
Send thy token of repreeve.
Baſt. Well thought on, take my Sword,
Give it the Captaine.
Edg. Haſt thee for thy life.
Baſt. He hath Commiſſion from thy Wife and me,
To hang *Cordelia* in the priſon, and
To lay the blame upon her owne diſpaire,
That ſhe fore-did her ſelfe.
Alb. The gods defend her, beare him hence a while.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Lear. Howle, howle, howle: O your are men of ſtones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, Il'd uſe them ſo,
That heavens vault ſhould cracke: ſhes gone for ever.
I know when one is dead, and when one lives,
Shes dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glaſſe,

If that her breath will miſt or ſtaine the ſtone,
Why then ſhe lives.
Kent. Is this the promis'd end?
Edg. Or image of that horror.
Alb. Fall and ceaſe.
Lear. This feather ſtirs, ſhe lives: if it be ſo,
It is a chance which doe's redeeme all ſorrowes
That ever I have felt.
Kent. O my good Maſter.
Lear. Prythee away.
Edg. Tis noble *Kent* your Friend.
Lear. A plague upon you murtherers, Traitors all,
I might have ſav'd her, now ſhe's gone for ever:
Cordelia, Cordelia, ſtay a little. Ha.
What is't thou ſaiſt? her voyce was ever ſoft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the ſlave that was a hanging thee.
Gent. Tis true (my Lords) he did.
Lear. Did I not fellow?
I have ſeene the day, with my good biting Faulchion
I would have made him skip: I am old now,
And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoyle me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are o'thbeſt, Ile tell you ſtraight.
Kent. If Fortune brag of two, ſhe lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. This is a dull ſight, are you not *Kent*?
Kent. The ſame: your ſervant *Kent*,
Where is your ſervant *Caius*?
Lear. He's good fellow, I can tell you that,
Hee'l ſtrike and quickly too, he's dead and rotten.
Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.
Lear. Ile ſee that ſtraight.
Kent. That from your firſt of difference and decay,
Hane follow'd your ſad ſteps.
Lear. You are welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man elſe:
All's cheereleſſe, darke, and deadly,
Your eldeſt daughters have fore-done themſelves,
And deſperately are dead.
Lear. I ſo I thinke.
Alb. He knowes not what he ſayes, and vaine is it
That we preſent us to him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Edg. Very bootleſſe.
Meſ. *Edmund* is dead my Lord.
Alb. Thats but a trifle here:
You Lords and Noble friends know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be appli'd. For us we will reſigne,
During the life of this old Majeſty
To him our abſolute power, you to your rights,
With boot, and ſuch addition as your honours
Have more then merited. All Friends ſhall
Taſte the wages of their vertue, and all Foes
The cup of their deſervings: O ſee, ſee.
Lear. And my poore Foole is hang'd: No, no, no life?
Why ſhould a Dog, a Horſe, a Rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'it come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never.
Pray you undoe this Button. Thanke you Sir,
Doe you ſee this? Looke on her, looke on her lips,
Looke there, looke there. *He dyes.*
Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.
Kent. Breake heart, I prythee breake.
Edg. Looke to my Lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghoſt, O let him paſſe, he hates him,
That would upon the wracke of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.
Edg. He is gone indeed.
Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd ſo long,
He but uſurpt his life.
Alb. Beare them from hence, our preſent buſineſſe
Is generall woe: Friends of my ſoule, you twaine,
Rule in this Realme, and the gor'd ſtate ſuſtaine.
Kent I have a journey ſir, ſhortly to goe,
My Maſter cals me, I muſt not ſay no. *Dyes.*
Edg. The waight of this ſad time we muſt obey,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to ſay:
The oldeſt hath borne moſt, we that are yong,
Shall never ſee ſo much, nor live ſo long.
Exeunt with a dead march.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDY OF Othello, the Moore of Venice.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Rodorigo and Iago.

Rodorigo.

NEver tell me, I take it very unkindly
That thou (*Iago*) who haſt had my purſe, (this.
As if the ſtrings were thine, ſhould'ſt know of
Iago. But you'l not heare me. If ever I did
Of ſuch a matter, abhorre me. (dreame
Rodo. Thou told'ſt me,
Thou didſt hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Deſpiſe me
If I doe not. Three great ones of the Citie,
(In perſonall ſuit to make me his Lievetenant)
Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man
I know my price, I am worth no woſe a place.
But he (as loving his owne pride, and purpoſes)
Evades them, with a Bumbaſt Circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuft with Epithites of warre,
Non-ſuites my Mediators. For certes, ſayes he,
I have already choſe my Officer. And what was he?
Forſooth, a great Arithmetician,
One *Michael Caſſio*, a Florentine,
(A Fellow almoſt damn'd in a faire wife)
That never ſet a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the diviſion of a battaile knowes
More than a Spinſter: Vnleſſe the Bookiſh Theoricke:
Wherein the Tongued Conſuls can propoſe
As Maſterly as he, Meere prattle (without practiſe)
Is all his Souldierſhip. But he (Sir) had th'election
And I (of whom his eyes had ſeene the proofe
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on others grounds
Chriſten'd, and Heathen) muſt be be-leed, and calm'd
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-Caſter,
He (in good time) muſt his Lievtenant be,
And I (bleſſe the marke) his Mooreſhips Ancient.
Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hang-
Iago. Why, there's no remedy, (man
Tis the curſe of Service;
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each ſecond
Stood heire to th'firſt. Now ſir, be Iudge your ſelfe,
Whether I in any juſt terme am Affirn'd
To love the Moore?
Rod. I would not follow him then.
Iago. O Sir content you.
I follow him to ſerve my turne upon him.
We cannot all be Maſters, nor all Maſters
Cannot be truely follow'd. You ſhall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking Knave;
That (doting on his owne obſequious bondage)
Weares out his time, much like his Maſters Aſſe,
For nought but Provender, & when he's old Caſheer'd.
Whip me ſuch honeſt Knaves. Others there are
Who trim'd in Formes, and viſages of duty,
Keepe yet their hearts attending on themſelves,
And throwing but ſhowes of ſervice on their Lords,
Doe well thrive by them.
And when they have lin'd their Coates
Doe themſelmes Homage.
Theſe Fellowes have ſome ſoule,
And ſuch a one doe I profeſſe my ſelſe. For (ſir)
It is as ſure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:
In following him, I follow but my ſelfe.
Heaven is my Iudge, not I, for love and duty,
But ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
The native act, and figure of my heart
In complement externe, 'tis not long after
But I will weare my heart vpon my ſleeve
For Dawes to pecke at; I am not what I am.
Rod. What a fall Fortune do's the thicke-lips owe
If he can carry't thus?
Iago. Call up her father:
Rowſe him, make after him, poyſon his delight,
Proclaime him in the ſtreets. Incenſe her kinſemen,
And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,
Plague him with Flyes: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw ſuch chances of vexation on't,
As it may looſe ſome colour.
Rodo. Here is her fathers houſe, Ile call aloud.
Iago. Doe, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by night and negligence) the fire
Is ſpied in populous Cities.
Rod. What hoa: *Brabantio*, Signior *Brabantio*, hoa.
Iago. Awake, what hoa, *Brabantio*: Theeves, theeves,
Looke to your houſe, your Daughter, and your Bags,
Theeves, theeves.
Bra. Above. What is the reaſon of this terrible
Summons? what is the matter there?
Rodo. Signior, is all your Familie within?
Iago. Are your doores lock'd?
Bra. Why? wherefore aske you this?
Iago. Sir, y'are robb'd, for ſhame put on your Gowne,

Your heart is burſt, you have loſt halfe your ſoule
Even now, now, very now an old blacke Ram
Is tupping your white Ewe. Ariſe, ariſe,
Awake the ſnorting Citizens with the Bell,
Or elſe the Divell will make a Grand-ſire of you.
Ariſe I ſay.

Bra. What, have you loſt your wits?

Rod. Moſt reverend Signior, do you know my voyce?

Bra. Not I: what are you?

Rod. My name is *Rodorigo.*

Bra. The worſer welcome:
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:
In honeſt plaineneſſe thou haſt heard me ſay,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madneſſe
(Being full of ſupper, and diſtempering draughts)
Vpon malicious knavery, doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir.

Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My ſpirits and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience good Sir.

Bra. What tell'ſt thou me of Robbing?
This is Venice: my houſe is not a Grange.

Rod. Moſt grave *Brabantio,*
In ſimple and pure ſoule, I come to you.

Iag. Sir, you are one of thoſe that will not ſerve God, if the Divell bid you. Becauſe we come to do you ſervice, and you thinke we are Ruffians, you'l have your Daughter cover'd with a Barbary horſe, you'l have your Nephewes neigh to you, you'le have Courſers for Cozens: and Gennets for Germans.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Iag. I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daughter and the Moore, are making the Beaſt with two backs.

Bra. Thou are a Villaine.

Iago. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwer. I kow thee *Rodorigo.*

Rod. Sir, I will anſwer any thing. But I beſeech you
If't be your pleaſure, and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,
At this odde Even and dull watch o'th'night
Tranſported with no worſe nor better guard,
But with a Knave of common hire, a Gundelier,
To the groſſe claſpes of a Laſcivious Moore:
If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,
We then have done you bold and ſawcy wrongs.
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We haue your wrong rebuke. Doe not beleeve
That from the ſenſe of all Civilitie,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reverence.
Your daughter (if you have not given her leave)
I ſay againe, hath made a groſſe revolt,
Tying her Duty, Beauty, Wit, and Fortunes
In an extravagant, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and every where: ſtraight ſatisfie your ſelfe.
If ſhe be in your Chamber, or your houſe,
Let looſe on me the Iuſtice of the State
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the Tinder, hoa:
Give me a Taper: call up all my people,
This Accident is not unlike my dreame,
Beleefe of it oppreſſes me already.
Light, I ſay, light.

Iago. Farewell: for I muſt leave you.
It ſeemes not meet, nor wholſome to my place
To be producted, as if I ſtay, I ſhall,)
Againſt the Moore. For I doe know the State,
(How ever this may gall him with ſome checke)
Cannot with ſafety caſt him. For he's imbark'd
With ſuch loud reaſon to the Cyprus warres,
(Which even now ſtands in Act) that for their ſoules
Another of his Fadome, they have none,
To lead their Buſineſſe. In which regard,
Though I doe hate him as I doe hell,
Yet, for neceſſity of preſent life,
I muſt ſhew out a Flag, and ſigne of Love,
(Which is indeed but ſigne) that you ſhal ſurely find him
Lead to the Sagitary the raiſed Search:
And there will I be with him. So farewell. *Exit.*

Enter Brabantio, with Servants and Torches.

Bra. It is too true an evill. Gone ſhe is,
And what's to come of my deſpiſed time,
Is naught but bitterneſſe. Now *Rodorigo,*
Where didſt thou ſee her? (Oh unhappy Girle)
With the Moore ſaiſt thou? (Who would be a Father?)
How didſt thou know twas ſhe? (Oh ſhe deceives me
Paſt thought:) what ſaid ſhe to you? Get moe Tapers:
Raiſe all my Kinred. Are they married thinke you?

Rod. Truely I thinke they are.

Bra. Oh heaven: how got ſhe out?
Oh treaſon of my blood.
Fathers, from hence truſt not your Daughters minds
By what you ſee them Act. Are there not charmes,
By which the propertie of Youth and Maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read *Rodorigo,*
Of ſome ſuch thing?

Rod. Yes ſir: I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother: oh would you had had her.
Some one way, ſome another. Doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

Rod. I thinke I can diſcover him, if you pleaſe
To get good Guard, and goe along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on. At every houſe Ile call,
(I may command at moſt) get Weapons (hoa)
And raiſe ſome ſpeciall Officers of might:
On good *Rodorigo,* I will deſerve your paines. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

Iag. Though in the trade of warre I have ſlaine men,
Yet doe I hold it very ſtuffe o'th'conſcience
To doe no contriv'd murder: I lake iniquitie
Sometime to doe me ſervice. Nine, or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the Ribbes.

Othel. Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcurvy, and provoking termes
Againſt your honor, that with the little godlineſſe I have
I did full hard forbeare him. But I pray you ſir,
Are you faſt married? Be aſſur'd of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voyce potentiall
As double as the Dukes: He will divorce you.
Or put upon you, what reſtraint or grievance,

The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will give him Cable.
Othe. Let him doe his ſpight;
My ſervices, which I have done the Signory
Shall out-tongue his complaints. Tis yet to know,
Which when I know, that boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
From men of Royall Seige. And my demerites
May ſpeake (unbonnetted) to as proud a Fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Deſdemona*,
I would not my unhouſed free condition
Put into Circumſcription, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?

Enter Caſſio with Torches.

Iago. Thoſe are the raiſed father, and his friends:
You were beſt goe in.
Othel. Not I: I muſt be found.
My parts, my title, and my perfect ſoule
Shall manifeſtly me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By *Ianus*, I thinke no.
Othel. The ſervants of the Dukes?
And my Lievtenant?
The goodneſſe of the night upon you (friends)
What is the Newes?
Caſſio. The Duke does greet you (Generall)
And he requires your haſte, Poſt-haſte appearance,
Even on the inſtant.
Othel. What is the matter, thinke you?
Caſſio. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a buſineſſe of ſome heat. The Gallies
Have ſent a dozzen ſequent meſſengers
This very night, at one anothers heeles:
And many of the Conſuls (rais'd and met,)
Are at the Dukes already. You have been hotly call'd for,
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate hath ſent about three ſeverall Queſts,
To ſearch you out.
Othel. Tis well I am found by you:
I will but ſpend a word here in the houſe,
And goe with you.
Caſſio. Ancient, what makes he here?
Iago. Faith, he to night hath boorded a Land Carrac,
If it prove lawfull prize, he's made for ever.
Caſſio. I doe not underſtand.
Iago. He's married.
Caſſio. To whom?
Iago. Marry to ——Come Captaine, will you goe?
Othel. Have with you.
Caſſio. Here comes another Troope to ſeeke for you:

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers and Torches.

Iago. It is *Brabantio*: Generall be advis'd,
He comes to bad intent.
Othel. Holla, ſtand there.
Rod. Signior, it is the Moore.
Bra. Downe with him, Theefe.
Iago. You *Rodorigo*? Come ſir, I am for you.
Othe. Keepe up your bright Swords, for the dew will ruſt them. Good Signior, you ſhall more command with yeares, than with your Weapons.
Bra. Oh thou foule theefe,
Where haſt thou ſtow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou haſt enchaunted her
For Ile referre me to all things of ſenſe,
(If ſhe in chaines of Magicke were not bound)
Whether a Maide, ſo tender, faire, and happy,
So oppoſite to Marriage, that ſhe ſhunn'd
The wealthy curled Dearling of our Nation,
Would ever have (t'encurre a generall mocke)
Runne from her Guardage to the ſooty boſome,
Of ſuch a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight?
Iudge me the world, if tis not groſſe in ſenſe,
That thou haſt practis'd on her with foule Charmes,
Abus'd her delicate youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens motion. Ile have't diſputed on,
Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and doe attach thee,
For an abuſer of the world, a practiſer
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold upon him, if he doe reſiſt
Suddue him at his perill.
Othe. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the reſt,
Were it my Cue to fight, I ſhould have knowne it
Without a Prompter. Whither will you that I goe
To anſwer this your charge?
Bra. To priſon, till fit time
Of Law, and courſe of direct Seſſion
Call thee to anſwer.
Othe. What if I doe obey?
How may the Duke be therewith ſatisfied,
Whoſe Meſſengers are here about my ſide,
Vpon ſome preſent buſineſſe of the State,
To bring me to him.
Officer. Tis true moſt worthy Signior,
The Duke's in Councell, and your Noble ſelfe,
I am ſure is ſent for.
Bra. How? The Duke in Councell?
In this time of the nigh? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cauſe. The Duke himſelfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as twere their owne:
For if ſuch Actions may have paſſage free,
Bond-ſlaves and Pagans ſhall our Stateſmen be. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There is no compoſition in this newes,
That gives them credit.
1 *Sen.* Indeed, they are diſproportioned;
My Letters ſay, a Hundred and ſeven Gallies.
Duke. And mine a Hundred forty.
2 *Sen.* And mine two Hundred:
But though they jumpe not on a juſt accompt,
(As in theſe Caſes where the ayme reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet doe they all confirme
A Turkiſh Fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus,
Duke. Nay, it is poſſible enough to judgement:
I doe not ſo ſecure me in the errour,
But the maine Article I doe approve
In fearefull ſenſe.
Saylor within. What hoa, what hoa, what hoa.
Enter Saylor.

Officer. A Meſſenger from the Gallies.
Duke. Now ? What's the buſineſſe ?
Saylor. The Turkiſh preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the State,
By Signior *Angelo.*
Duke. How ſay you by this change ?
1. *Sen.* This cannot be
By no aſſay of Reaſon. Tis a Pageant
To keepe us in falſe gaze, when we conſider
Th'importancy of Cyprus to the Turke :
And let our ſelves againe but underſtand,
That as it more concernes the Turke then Rhodes,
So may he with more facile queſtion beare it,
For that it ſtands not in ſuch warlike brace,
But altogether lackes th'abilities
That Rhodes is dreſs'd in. If we make thought of this,
We muſt not thinke the Turke is ſo unskilfull,
To leave that lateſt, which concernes him firſt,
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe, and gaine
To wake, and wage a danger profitleſſe.
Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.
Officer. Here is more Newes.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſen. The *Ottamites*, Reveren'd, and Gracious,
Steering with due courſe toward the Ile of Rhodes,
Have there injoynted them with an after Fleet.
1 *Sen.* I, ſo I thought : how many, as you gueſſe ?
Meſſ. Of thirty Saile : and now they doe re-ſtem
Their backward courſe, bearing with franke appearance
Their purpoſes toward Cyprus. Signior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant Servitour,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prayes you to beleeve him.
Duke. Tis certaine then for Cyprus :
Marcus Luccicos is not he in Towne ?
1. *Sen.* He's now in Florence.
Duke. Write from us,
To him, Poſt, Poſt-haſte, diſpatch.
1. *Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio*, and the Moore.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Caſſio, Iago, Rodorigo,
and Officers.

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtraight employ you,
Againſt the generall Enemy *Ottoman.*
I did not ſee you : welcome gentle Signior,
We lack't your Counſaile, and your helpe to night.
Bra. So did I yours : Good your Grace pardon me.
Neither my place, for ought I heard of buſineſſe
Hath rais'd me from my Bed ; nor doth the generall care
Take hold on me. For my particular griefe
Is of ſo flood-gate, and ore-bearing Nature,
That it ingluts, and ſwallowes other ſorrowes,
And it is ſtill it ſelfe.
Duke. Why ? Whats the matter ?
Bra. My Daughter : oh my Daughter !
Sen. Dead.
Bra. I, to me.
She is abus'd, ſtolne from me, and corrupted
By Spels and Medicines, bought of Mountebankes ;
For Nature ſo prepoſterouſly to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of ſenſe,)
Sans witch-craft could not.
Duke. Who ere he be, that in this fowle proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her ſelfe,
And you of her ; the bloody Booke of Law,
You ſhall your ſelfe read, in the bitter letter,
After your owne ſenſe : yea, though our proper ſonne
Stood in your Action.
Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace,
Here is the man ; this Moore, whom now it ſeemes
Your ſpeciall Mandate, for the State affaires,
Hath hither brought.
All. We are very ſorry for't.
Duke. What in your owne part, can you ſay to this ?
Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.
Othe. Moſt Potent, Grave, and Reverend Signiors,
My very Noble, and approv'd good Maſters ;
That I have tane away this old mans daughter,
It is moſt true : true I have married her ;
The very head, and front of my offending,
Hath this extent ; no more. Rude am I, in my ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſoft phraſe of Peace ;
For ſince theſe Armes of mine, had ſeven yeeres pith,
Till now, ſome nine Moones waſted, they have us'd
Their deereſt action, in the tented field :
And little of this great world can I ſpeake,
More than pertaines to Feats of Broyles, and Battaile,
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for my ſelfe. Yet, (by your gracious patience)
I will a round un-varniſh'd Tale deliver,
Of my whole courſe of Love.
What Drugs, what Charmes,
What Conjuration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withall)
I won his Daughter with.
Bra. A Maiden, never bold :
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill, and quiet, that her Motion
Bluſh'd at her ſelfe, and ſhe in ſpight of Nature,
Of yeares, of Countrey, credite, every thing
To fall in Love, with what ſhe fear'd to looke on ;
It is a judgement maim'd, and moſt imperfect.
That will confeſſe Perfection ſo could erre
Againſt all rules of Nature, and muſt be driven
To find out practiſes of cunning hell
Why this ſhould be. I therefore vouch againe,
That with ſome Mixtures powerfull ore the blood,
Or with ſome Dram (conjur'd to this effect)
He wrought upon her.
Duk. To vouch this, is no proofe,
Without more wider, and more over-Teſt
Then theſe thin habits, and poore likely-hoods
Of moderne ſeeming, doe preferre againſt him.
Sen. But *Othello*, ſpeake,
Did you, by indirect, and forced courſes
Subdue, and poyſon this yong Maids affections ?
Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch faire queſtion
As ſoule, to ſoule affordeth ?
Othel. I doe beſeech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagitary,
And let her ſpeake of me before her Father ;
If you doe find me foule, in her report,
The truſt, the office, I doe hold of you,
Not onely take away, but let your ſentence
Even fall upon my life.
Duke. Fetch *Deſdemona* hither.
Othel. Ancient, conduct them ;
You beſt know the place.
And till ſhe come, as truely as to heaven,
I doe confeſſe the vices of my blood,
So juſtly to your Grave eares, Ile preſent

How I did thrive in this faire Ladies love,
And ſhe in mine.
Duke. Say it *Othello.*
Othe. Her father lov'd me,oft invited me:
Still queſtion'd me the ſtory of my life,
From yeare to yeare: the Battails,Sieges,Fortune,
That I have paſt.
I ran it through,even from my Boyiſh dayes,
To th'very moment that he bad me tell it.
Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſtrous chances:
Of moving Accidents by Flood,and Field,
Of haire-breadth ſcapes i'th'imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlavery. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Travellers hiſtory.
Wherein of Antars vaſt,and Deſarts wilde,
Rough Quarries, Rocks,& Hils,whoſe heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to ſpeake. Such was my Proceſſe,
And of the Canibals that each others eate,
The *Anthropophagi*,and men whoſe heads
Grew beneath their ſhoulders. Theſe things to heare,
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriouſly incline:
But ſtill the houſe affaires would draw her hence:
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'ld come againe,and with a greedy eare
Devoure up my diſcourſe. Which I obſerving,
Tooke once a pliant houre,and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not diſtinctively: I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did ſpeake of ſome diſtreſſefull ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd: My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my paines a world of kiſſes:
She ſwore in faith twas ſtrange,twas paſſing ſtrange,
'Twas pittifull: twas wondrous pittifull.
She wiſh'd ſhe had not heard it,yet ſhe wiſh'd
That heaven had made her ſuch a man.She thank'd me,
And bad me if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would wooe her. Vpon this hint I ſpake,
She lov'd me for the dangers I have paſt,
And I lov'd her,that ſhe did pitty them.
This onley is the witch-craft I have us'd.
Here comes the Lady: Let her witneſſe it.

Enter Deſdemona,Iago,Attendants.

Duke. I thinke this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good *Brabantio*,take up this mangled matter at the beſt:
Men doe their broken Weapons rather uſe,
Then their bare hands.
Bra. I pray you heare her ſpeake:
If ſhe confeſſe that ſhe was halfe the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head,if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Miſtris,
Doe you perceive in all his Noble company,
Where moſt you owe obedience?
Deſ. My Noble father,
I doe perceive here a divided duty.
To you I am bound for life,and education:
My life and education both doe learne me,
How to reſpect you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband;
And ſo much duty,as my Mother ſhew'd
To you,preferring you before her father:
So much I challenge,that I may profeſſe
Due to the Moore my Lord.
Bra. God be with you: I have done.
Pleaſe it your Grace,on to the State affaires;
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither Moore,
I here doe give thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou haſt already,with all my heart
I would keepe from thee. For your ſake (Iewell)
I am glad at ſoule,I have no other child;
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny
To hang clogs on them. I have done my Lord.
Duke. Let me ſpeake like your ſelfe:
And lay a Sentence,
Which like a griſe,or ſtep may helpe theſe Lovers.
When remedies are paſt,the griefes are ended
By ſeeing the worſt,which late on hopes depended.
To mourne a miſchiefe that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw new miſchiefe on.
What cannot be preſerv'd,when Fortune takes:
Patience,her Injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that ſmiles,ſteals ſomthing from the Thiefe,
He robs himſelfe,that ſpends a bootleſſe griefe.
Bra. So let the Turke of Cyprus us beguile,
We loſe it not ſo long as we can ſmile:
He beares the ſentence well,that nothing beares,
But the free comfort which from thence he heares.
But he beares both the ſentence,and the ſorrow,
That to pay griefe,muſt of poore Patience borrow.
Theſe Sentences,to Sugar,or to Gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides,are Equivocall.
But words are words,I never yet did heare:
That the bruiz'd heart was pierced through the eare.
I humbly beſeech you proceed to th'Affaires of State.

Duke. The Turke with a moſt mighty preparation makes for Cyprus; *Othello*,the Fortitude of the place is beſt knowne to you. And though we have there a Subſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency; yet opinion, a more Soveraigne Miſtris of Effects, throwes a more ſafe voyce on you: you muſt therefore be content to ſlubber the groſſe of your new Fortunes, with this more ſtubborne,and boyſterous expedition.

Othe. The Tyrant Cuſtome,moſt Grave Senators,
Hath made the flinty and Steele Coach of Warre
My thrice-driven bed of Downe. I doe agnize
A naturall and prompt Alacrity,
I find in hardneſſe: and doe undertake
This preſent warre againſt the *Ottomites.*
Moſt humbly therefore bending to your State,
I crave fit diſpoſition for my Wife,
Due reference of Place,and Exhibition,
With ſuch accomodation and beſort
As levels with her breeding.
Duke. Why,at her Fathers.
Bra. I will not have it ſo.
Othe. Nor I.
Deſ. Nor would I there reſide,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Moſt Gracious Duke,
To my unfolding,lend your proſperous eare,
And let me find a Character in your voyce
T'aſſiſt my ſimpleneſſe.
Duke. What would you *Deſdemona?*
Deſ. That I love the Moore,to live with him,
My downe-right violence,and ſtorme of Fortunes,

May trumpet to the world. My heart's ſubdu'd
Even to the very quality of my Lord;
I ſaw *Othello's* viſage in his minde,
And to his honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my ſoule and fortunes conſecrate.
So that (deere Lords) if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he goe to the War,
The Rites for why I love him, are bereft me:
And I a heavy interim ſhall ſupport
By his deare abſence. Let me goe with him.

Othe. Let her have your voyce.
Vouch with me heaven, I therefore beg it not
To pleaſe the Palate of my Appetite:
Nor to comply with heat the yong effects
In my defunct, and proper ſatisfaction.
But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:
And heaven defend your good ſoules, that you thinke
I will your ſerious and great buſineſſe ſcant
When ſhe is with me. No, when light wing'd Toyes
Of feather'd *Cupid*, ſeele with wanton dulneſſe
My ſpeculative, and offic'd Inſtrument:
That my Diſports corrupt, and taint my buſineſſe:
Let Houſe-wives make a Skillet of my Helme,
And all indigne, and baſe adverſities,
Make head againſt my Eſtimation.

Duke. Be it as you ſhall privately determine,
Either for her ſtay, or going: th'Affaire cryes haſte:
And ſpeed muſt anſwer it.

Sen. You muſt away to night.

Othe. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th'morning, here wee'l meet againe.
Othello, leave ſome Officer behind
And he ſhall our Commiſſion bring to you:
And ſuch things elſe of quality and reſpect
As doth import you.

Othe. So pleaſe your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honeſty and truſt:
To his conveyance I aſſigne my wife.
With what elſe needfull, your good Grace ſhall thinke
To be ſent after me.

Duke. Let it be ſo:
Good night to every one. And Noble Signior,
If Vertue no delighted beauty lacke,
Your Son-in Law is farre more faire than blacke.

Sen. Adieu brave Moore, uſe *Deſdemona* well.

Bra. Looke to her (Moore) if thou haſt eyes to ſee:
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee. *Exit.*

Othe My life upon her faith. Honeſt *Iago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leave to thee:
I prythee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in their beſt advantage.
Come *Deſdemona*, I have but an houre
Of Love, of worldly matter, and direction
To ſpeake with thee. We muſt obey the time. *Exit.*

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What ſaiſt thou noble heart?

Rod. What will I doe, thinkſt thou?

Iago. Why goe to bed and ſleepe.

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my ſelfe.

Iago. If thou doſt, I ſhall never love thee after. Why thou ſilly Gentleman?

Rod. It is ſillineſſe to live, when to live is torment: and then have we a preſcription to dye, when death is our Phyſitian.

Iago. Oh villanous: I have look'd upon the world for foure times ſeven yeares, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betwixt a Benefit, and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himſelfe. Ere I would ſay, I would drowne my ſelfe for the love of a Gynney Hen, I would change my humanity with a Baboone.

Rod. What ſhould I doe, I confeſſe it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iago. Vertue? A figge, tis in our ſelves that wee are thus, or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which, our Wils are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Nettels, or ſowe Lettice: Set Hyſope, and weede up Time: Supply it with one gender of Hearbes, or diſtract it with many: either have it ſterrill with idleneſſe, or manured with Induſtry, why the power and Corrigible authority of this lies in our Wils. If the braine of our lives had not one ſcale of Reaſon, to poyſe another of Senſuality, the blood, and baſeneſſe of our Natures would conduct us to moſt prepoſtrous Concluſions. But wee have reaſon to coole our raging Motions, or carnall Stings, or unbitted Luſts: whereof I take this, that you call Love, to be a Sect, or Seyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is meerely a Luſt of the Blood, and a permiſſion of the will. Come, be a man: drowne thy ſelfe? Drowne Cats, and blind Puppies. I have profeſt me thy Friend, and I confeſſe me knit to thy deſerving, with Cables of perdurable toughneſſe. I could never better ſteed thee than now. Put money in thy purſe: follow thou the Warres, defeat thy favour, with an uſurped Beard. I ſay, put money in thy purſe. It cannot be long that *Deſdemona* ſhould continue her love to the Moore. Put Money in thy purſe: nor he his to her. It was a violent Commencement in her, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable Sequeſtration, put but money in thy purſe. Theſe Moores are changeable in their wils: fill thy purſe with money. The food that to him now is as luſhious as Locuſts, ſhall to him ſhortly bee as bitter as Coloquintida. Shee muſt change for youth: when ſhee is ſated with his body, ſhe will finde the errours of her choyce. Therefore put money in thy purſe. If thou wilt needs damne thy ſelfe, doe it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the money thou canſt: If Sanctimony and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian, and ſuper-ſubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits, and all the Tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enjoy her: therefore make money: a pox of drowning thy ſelfe, it is cleane out of the way. Seeke thou rather to bee hang'd in compaſſing thy joy, then to bee drown'd, and goe without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue?

Iago. Thou art ſure of me: Goe make money: I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore. My cauſe is hearted; thine hath no leſſe reaſon. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge, againſt him. If thou canſt Cuckold him, thou doſt thy ſelfe a pleaſure, me a ſport. There are many Events in the Wombe of Time, which will be delivered. Traverſe, goe, provide thy money. We will have more of this to morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meet i'th morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. Ile be with thee betimes.

Iago. Goe to, farewell. Doe you here *Rodorigo?*

Rod. Ile ſell all my Land. *Exit.*

Iago. Thus doe I ever make my Foole, my purſe:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge ſhould prophane
If I would time expend with ſuch a Swaine,

But for my Sport,and Profit : I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad,that twixt my ſheets
He ha's done my Office. I know not if't be true,
But I, for meere ſuſpition in that kinde,
Will doe,as if for Surety. He holds me well,
The better ſhall my purpoſe worke on him:
Caſſio's a proper man : Let me ſee now,
To get this place,and to plume up my will
In double Knavery. How ? how ? Let's ſee.
After ſome time,to abuſe *Othello*'s eares,
That he is too familiar with his wife :
He hath a perſon,and a ſmooth diſpoſe
To be ſuſpected : fram'd to make women falſe.
The Moore is of a free,and open Nature,
That thinkes men honeſt,that but ſeeme to be ſo,
And will as tenderly be lead by'th'Noſe
As Aſſes are :
I have't : it is engendred : Hell,and Night,
Muſt bring this monſtrous Birth,to the worlds light.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Montano,and Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the Cape,can you diſcerne at Sea ?
1 *Gen.* Nothing at all,it is a high wrought Flood :
I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the Maine,
Deſcry a Sayle.
Mon. Me thinkes,the wind hath ſpoke aloud at Land,
A fuller blaſt ne're ſhooke our Battlements :
If it hath ruffiand ſo upon the Sea,
What ribbes of Oake,when Mountaines melt on them,
Can hold the Morties. What ſhall we heare of this ?
2 A Segregation of the Turkiſh Fleet :
For doe but ſtand upon the foaming Shoare,
The chidden Billow ſeemes to pelt the cloudes,
The wind-ſhak'd-Surge,with high & monſtrous Maine,
Seemes to caſt water on the burning Beare,
And quench the Guards of th'ever-fixed Pole :
I never did like moleſtation view
On the enchafed Flood.
Mon. If that the Turkiſh Fleet
Be not inſhelter'd,and embay'd,they are drown'd,
It is impoſſible to beare it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

3 Newes Laddes : our warres are done :
The deſperate Tempeſt hath ſo bang'd the Turkes,
That their deſignement halts. A Noble ſhip of Venice,
Hath ſeene a grievous wracke and ſufferance
On moſt part of their Fleet.
Mon. How ? Is this true ?
3 The Ship is here put in: A *Veroneſſo, Michael Caſſio*
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, *Othello*,
Is come on Shore : the Moore himſelfe at Sea,
And is in full Commiſſion heere for *Cyprus*.
Mon. I am glad on't :
Tis a worthy Governor.
3 But this ſame *Caſſio*, though he ſpeake of comfort,
Touching the Turkiſh loſſe, yet he lookes ſadly,
And prayes the Moore be ſafe ; for they were parted
With fowle aud violent Tempeſt.
Mon. Pray heavens he be :
For I have ſerv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Souldier. Lets to the Sea-ſide (hoa)
As well to ſee the Veſſell thats come in,
As to throw-out our eyes for brave *Othello*,
Even till we make the Maine, and th'Eriall blew,
And indiſtinct regard.
Gent. Come, lets doe ſo ;
For every Minute is expectancy
Of more Arrivancy.

Enter Caſſio.

Caſſi. Thankes you, the valiant of the warlike Iſle,
That ſo approove the Moore : Oh let the heavens
Give him defence againſt the Elements,
For I have loſt him on a dangerous Sea,
Mon. Is he well ſhip'd ?
Caſſi. His Barke is ſtoutly Timber'd, and his Pylot
Of very expert, and approv'd Allowance ;
Therefore my hope's (not ſurfetted to death)
Stand in bold Cure.
Within. A Saile,a Saile,a Saile.
Caſſio. What noyſe ?
Gent. The Towne is empty ; on the brow o'th'Sea
Stand rankes of People,and they cry a Sayle.
Caſſio. My hopes doe ſhape him for the Governour,
Gent They doe diſcharge their ſhot of courteſie,
Our friends,at leaſt.
Caſſio. I pray you ſir goe forth.
And give us truth who tis that is arriv'd.
Gent. I ſhall. *Exit.*
Mon. But good Lievtenant,is your Generall wiv'd?
Caſſio. Moſt fortunately : he hath atchiev'd a Maid
That paragons deſcription,and wilde Fame :
One that excels the quirkes of blazoning Pens,
And in th'eſſentiall Veſture of Creation,
Do's tire the Ingeniver.

Enter Gentleman.

How now ? Who has put in ?
Gent. Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the Generall.
Caſſio. Ha's had moſt favourable,and happy ſpeed :
Tempeſts themſelves,high Seas,and howling winds,
The gutter'd Rockes,and Congregated Sands,
Traitors enſteep'd, to enclogge the guiltleſſe Keele,
As having ſenſe of Beauty,doe omit
Their mortall Natures,letting goe ſafely by
The divine *Deſdimona*.
Mon. What is ſhe ?
Caſſio. She that I ſpake of :
Our great Captaines Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whoſe footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A Senights ſpeed. Great *Iove*, *Othello* guard,
And ſwell his Saile with thine owne powrefull breath,
That he may bleſſe this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loves quicke pants in *Deſdemonaes* armes,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Æmilia.

Oh behold,
The riches of the ſhip is come on Shore :
You men of Cyprus,let her have your knees.
Haile to thee Lady : and the grace of Heaven,
Before,behind thee,and on every hand
Enwheele thee round.
Deſ. I thanke you,valiant *Caſſio*,
What tydings can you tell me of my Lord ?

Caſ. He is not arriv'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be ſhortly heere.
Deſ. Oh, but I feare:
How loſt you company?
Caſ. The great contention of the Sea and Skies,
Parted our fellowſhip. But hearke, a Saile.
Within. A Saile, a Saile.
Gent. They give this greeting to the Cittadell:
This likewiſe is a friend.
Caſ. See for the Newes:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Miſtris:
Let it not gall your patience (good *Iago*)
That I extend my Manners. Tis my Breeding,
That gives me this bold ſhew of Courteſie.
Iago. Sir, would ſhe give you ſo much of her lips,
As of her tongue ſhe oft beſtowes of me,
You would have enough.
Deſ. Alas: ſhe has no ſpeech.
Iago. Infaith too much:
I find it ſtill, when I have leave to ſleepe,
Marry before your Ladyſhip, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Æmil. You have little cauſe to ſay ſo.
Iago. Come on, come on: you are Pictures out of dores:
Bels in your Parlors: Wilde-Cats in your Kitchens:
Saints in your injuries: Divels being offended:
Players in your Huſwifery, and Huſwives in your beds.
Deſ. Oh, fie upon thee, ſlanderer.
Iago. Nay, it is true: or elſe I am a Turke,
You riſe to play, and goe to bed to worke.
Æmil. You ſhall not write my praiſe.
Iago. No, let me not.
Deſ. What would'ſt write of me, if thou ſhould'ſt praiſe me.
Iago. Oh, gentle Lady, doe not put me too't,
For I am nothing, if not Criticall.
Deſ. Come on, aſſay.
There's one gone to the Harbour?
Iag. I Madam.
Deſ. I am not merry: but I doe beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe.
Come, how wouldſt thou praiſe me?

Iago. I am about it, but indeed my invention comes from my Pate, as Birdlime does from Freeze, it pluckes out Braines and all. But my Muſe labours, and thus ſhee is delivered.

If ſhe be faire, and wiſe; faireneſſe and wit,
The ones for uſe, the other uſeth it.
Deſ. Well prais'd:
How if ſhe be blacke and witty?
Iago. If ſhe be blacke, and thereto have a wit,
She'l find a white, that ſhall her blackneſſe fit.
Deſ. Worſe and worſe.
Æmil. How if faire and fooliſh.
Iago. She never yet was fooliſh that was faire,
For even her folly helpt her to an heire.

Deſd. Theſe are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles laugh i'th'Alehouſe. What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her that's foule and fooliſh.

Iago. Theres none ſo foule and fooliſh thereunto,
But does foule prankes, which faire, and wiſe-ones doe.

Deſd. Oh heavy ignorance: thou praiſeſt the worſt beſt. But what praiſe couldſt thou beſtow on a deſerving woman indeed? One, that in the authority of her merit, did juſtly put on the vouch of very malice it ſelfe.

Iago. She that was ever faire, and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud:
Never lackt gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid now I may.
She that being angred, her revenge being nie,
Bad her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure flie:
She that in wiſedome never was ſo fraile,
To change the Cods-head for the Salmons taile:
She that could thinke, and nev'r diſcloſe her mind,
See Suitors following, and not looke behind:
She was a Wight, (if ever ſuch Wights were)
Deſ. To doe what?
Iago. To ſuckle Fooles, and chronicle ſmall Beere.

Deſd. Oh moſt lame and impotent concluſion. Doe not learne of him *Æmillia*, though he be thy husband. How ſay you (*Caſſio*) is he not a moſt prophane, and liberall Counſailor?

Caſſio. He ſpeakes home (Madam) you may relliſh him more in the Souldier, than in Scholler.

Iago. He takes her by the palme: I, well ſaid, whiſper. With as little a web as this, will I enſnare as great a Fly as *Caſſio*. I, ſmile upon her, doe: I will gyve thee in thine owne Courtſhip. You ſay true, tis ſo indeed. If ſuch trickes as theſe ſtrip you out of your Lievtenantry, it had beene better you had not kiſs'd your three fingers ſo oft, which now againe you are moſt apt to play the Sir, in. Very good: well kiſs'd, and excellent Curtſie: tis ſo indeed. Yet againe, your fingers to your lippes? Would they were Cliſter-pipes for your ſake.
The Moore, I know his Trumpet.
Caſſio. Tis truely ſo.
Deſ. Lets meet him, and receive him.
Caſſio. Loe, where he comes.

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. O, my faire Warriour.
Deſ. My deere *Othello*.
Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content
To ſee you here before me.
Oh my ſoules joy:
If after every Tempeſt, come ſuch calmes,
May the windes blow, till they have waken'd death:
And let the labouring Barke climbe hils of Seas
Olympus high: and ducke againe as low,
As hel's from heaven. If it were now to dye,
Twere now to be moſt happy. For I feare,
My ſoule hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort like to this,
Succeeds in unknowne Fate.
Deſ. The heavens forbid
Bnt that our Loves
And Comforts ſhould encreaſe
Even as our dayes doe grow.
Othe. Amen to that (ſweet Powers)
I cannot ſpeake enough of this content,
It ſtoppes me here: it is too much of joy.
And this, and this the greateſt diſcords be
That ere our hearts ſhall make.

Iago. Oh you are well-tun'd now: But Ile ſet downe the Pegges that make this Muſicke, as honeſt as I am.

Othe. Come,let us to the Caſtle.
Newes (Friends) our warres are done:
The Turkes are drown'd.
How doe's my old acquaintance of this Iſle?
(Hony)you ſhall be well deſir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongſt them. Oh my Sweet,
I prattle out of faſhion,and I doat
In mine owne comforts. I prythee,good *Iago*,
Goe to the Bay,and diſimbarke thy Coffers:
Bring thou the Maſter to the Cittadell,
He is a good one,and his worthineſſe
Doe's challenge much reſpect. Come *Deſdemona*,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exit Othello and Deſdemona.

Iago. Do you meet me preſently at the harbour. Come thither,if thou be'ſt valiant, (as they ſay baſe men being in love, have then a Nobility in their Natures,more than is native to them) liſt-me; the Lievtenant to night watches on the Court of Guard. Firſt, I muſt tell thee this: *Deſdemona*,is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? Why, tis not poſſible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus: and let thy ſoule be inſtructed. Marke me with what violence ſhee lov'd the Moore,but for bragging, and telling her fantaſticall lies. To love him ſtill for prating, let not thy diſcreet heart thinke it. Her eye muſt be fed. And what delight ſhall ſhe have to looke on the Divell? When the blood is made dull with the Act of Sport, there ſhould be a game to enflame it, and to give ſatiety a freſh appetite. Lovelineſſe in favour,ſimpathy in yeares, Manners, and Beauties: all which the Moore is defective in. Now for want of theſe requir'd Conveniences, her delicate tenderneſſe will find it ſelfe abus'd,begin to heave the gorge, diſrelliſh and abhorre the Moore, very Nature will inſtruct her in it, and compell her to ſome ſecond choyce. Now ſir,this granted (as it is a moſt pregnant and vnforc'd poſition) who ſtands ſo eminent in the degree of this Fortune,as *Caſſio* doe's: a Knave very voluble: no further conſcionable,than in putting on the meere forme of Civill,and humane ſeeming, for the better compaſſe of his Salt, and moſt hidden looſe Affection? Why none, why none: A ſlippery,and ſubtle Knave,a finder of occaſion: that ha's an eye can ſtampe,and counterfeit Advantages, though true Advantage never preſent it ſelfe. A Divelliſh Knave: beſides, the Knave is handſome,yong: and hath all thoſe requiſites in him, that folly and greene mindes looke after. A peſtilent compleat Knave, and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot beleeve that in her, ſhe's full of moſt bleſs'd condition.

Iago. Bleſs'd figges-end. The Wine ſhee drinke is made of Grapes. If ſhe had beene bleſs'd, ſhee would never have lov'd the Moore: Bleſs'd pudding. Didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didſt not marke that?

Rod. Yes,that I did: but that was but curteſie.

Iago. Leachery by this hand: an Index, and obſcure prologue to the Hiſtory of Luſt and foule Thoughts. They met ſo neere with their lippes, that their breathes embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts *Rodorigo*, when theſe mutabilities ſo marſhall the way, hard at hand comes the Maſter, and maine exerciſe, th'incorporate concluſion: Piſh. But ſir, be you rul'd by mee. I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for the command, Ile lay't upon you. *Caſſio* knowes you not: Ile not be farre from you. Doe you find ſome occaſion to anger *Caſſio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline, or from what other courſe you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more favourably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's raſh, and very ſodaine in Choler: and happily may ſtrike at you,provoke him that he may: for even out of that will I cauſe theſe of Cyprus to Mutiny. Whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte againe, but by the diſplanting of *Caſſio*. So ſhall you have a ſhorter journey to your deſires, by the meanes I ſhall then have to preferre them. And the impediment moſt profitably removed,without the which there were no expectation of our proſperity.

Rod. I will doe this,if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the Cittadell. I muſt fetch his neceſſaries a ſhore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. *Exit.*

Iago. That *Caſſio* loves her,I doe well beleev't:
That ſhe loves him, tis apt,and of great credite.
The Moore (howbeit that I endure him not)
Is of a conſtant,loving,noble Nature,
And I dare thinke,he'le prove to *Deſdemona*,
A moſt deare husband. Now I doe love her too,
Not out of abſolute luſt,(though peradventure
I ſtand accountant for as great a ſinne)
But partly led to dyet my Revenge,
For that I doe ſuſpect the luſty Moore
Hath leapt into my ſeat. The thought whereof,
Doth (like a poyſonous Minerall) gnaw my Inwards:
And nothing can,or ſhall content my Soule
Till I am eeven'd with him,wife for wife.
Or failing ſo,yet that I put the Moore,
At leaſt into a Ielouzie ſo ſtrong,
That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to doe,
If this poore Traſh of Venice,whom I trace
For his quicke hunting,ſtand the putting on,
Ile have our *Michael Caſſio* on the hip,
Abuſe him to the Moore,in the right garbe
(For I feare *Caſſio* with my Night-Cap too)
Make the Moore thanke me,love me,and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an Aſſe,
And practiſing upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madneſſe. Tis here: but yet confuſd,
Knaveries plaine face,is never ſeene,till us'd. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Othello's Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald. It is *Othello's* pleaſure, our Noble and Valiant Generall; That upon certaine Tydings now arriv'd, importing the meere perdition of the Turkiſh Fleet, every man put himſelfe into Triumph. Some to dance, ſome to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and Revels his addition leads him. For beſides theſe beneficiall Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So much was his pleaſure ſhould be proclaimed. All offices are open,and there is full liberty of Feaſting from this

preſent houre of five, till the Bell have told eleven.
Bleſſe the Iſle of Cyprus, and our Noble Generall *Othello.*
Exit.

Enter Othello, Deſdemona, Caſſio and Attendants.

Othel. Good *Michael*, looke you to the Guard to night:
Lets teach our ſelves that honourable ſtop,
Not to out-ſport diſcretion.

Caſ. *Iago* hath direction what to doe.
But notwithſtanding with my perſonall eye
Will I looke to't.

Othe. *Iago*, is moſt honeſt:
Michael, goodnight. To morrow with your earlieſt,
Let me have ſpeech with you. Come my deare Love,
The purchaſe made, the fruits are to enſue,
That profit's yet to come tweene me, and you.
Goodnight. *Exit.*

Enter Iago.

Caſ. Welcome *Iago*; we muſt to the Watch.

Iago. Not this houre Lievtenant: 'tis not yet ten o'th Clocke. Our Generall caſt us thus early for the love of his *Deſdemona*: Whom, let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and ſhee is ſport for *Iove*.

Caſ. She's a moſt exquiſite Lady.

Iago. And Ile warrant her, full of Game.

Caſ. Indeed ſhee's a moſt freſh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye ſhe ha's?
Me thinkes it ſounds a parley to provocation.

Caſ. An inviting eye:
And yet me thinkes right modeſt.

Iago. And when ſhe ſpeakes,
Is it not an Alarum to Love?

Caſ. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well: happineſſe to their ſheets. Come Lievtenant, I have a ſtope of Wine, and here without are a brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine have a meaſure to the health of blacke *Othello.*

Caſ. Not to night, good *Iago*: I have very poore, and unhappy Braines for drinking. I could well wiſh courteſie would invent ſome other cuſtome of entertainement.

Iago. Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, Ile drinke for you.

Caſſio. I have drunke but one Cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too: and behold what innovation it makes here. I am infortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weakeneſſe with any more.

Iago. What man? tis a night of Revels, the Gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Iago. Here, at the doore: I pray you call them in.

Caſ. Ile doo't, but it diſlikes me.

Iago. If I can faſten but one Cup upon him
With that which he hath drunke to night already,
He'l be as full of Qnarrell, and offence
As my yong Miſtris Dog,
Now my ſicke Foole *Rodorigo*,
Whom Love hath turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide out,
To *Deſdemona* hath to night Carrows'd,
Potations, pottle-deepe; and he's to watch.
Three elſe of Cyprus, Noble ſwelling ſpirits,
(That hold their honours in a wary diſtance,
The very Elements of this warlike Iſle)
Have I to night fluſter'd with flowing Cups,
And they Watch too.
Now 'mongſt this Flocke of Drunkards,
Am I to put our *Caſſio* in ſome Action
That may offend the Iſle. But here they come.

Enter Caſſio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

If conſequence doe but approve my dreame,
My Boat ſayles freely, both with wind and ſtreame.

Caſ. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rowſe already.

Mon. Good faith a little one: not paſt a Pint, as I am a Souldier.

Iago. Some Wine hoa,
And let me the Cannakin clinke, clinke:
And let me the Cannakin clinke.
A Souldiers a man: Oh, mans life's but a ſpan,
Why then let a Souldier drinke.
Some Wine Boyes.

Caſ. 'Fore heaven: an excellent Song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England: where indeed they are moſt potent in Potting. Your Dane, your Germane, and your ſwag-belly'd Hollander, (drinke hoa) are nothing to your Engliſh.

Caſſio. Is your Engliſhman ſo exquiſite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinkes you with facilitie, your Dane dead drunke. He ſweares not to overthrow your Almaine. He gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next Pottle can be fill'd.

Caſ. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. I am for it Lievtenant: and Ile doe you Iuſtice.

Iago. Oh ſweet England.
King Stephen was and-a worthy Peere,
His Breeches coſt him but a Crowne,
He held them ſixepence all to deere,
With that he call'd the Taylor Lowne.
He was a Wight of high Renowne,
And thou art but of low degree:
Tis Pride that puls the Countrey downe,
And take thy awl'd Cloake about thee.
Some Wine hoa.

Caſſio. Why this is a more exquiſite ſong than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't againe?

Caſ. No: for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that do's thoſe things. Well: heav'ns above all: and there be ſoules muſt be ſaved, and there be ſoules muſt not be ſaved.

Iago. Its true, good Lievtenant.

Caſ. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of quality: I hope to be ſaved.

Iago. And ſo doe I too Lievtenant.

Caſſio. I: (but by your leave) not before me. The Lievtenant is to be ſaved before the Ancient. Lets have no more of this: lets to our affaires. Forgive us our ſinnes: Gentlemen lets looke to our buſineſſe. Doe not thinke Gentlemen, I am drunke: this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunke now: I can ſtand well enough, and I ſpeake well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why very well then: you muſt not thinke then, that I am drunke.

Montan. To th'Platforme (Maſters) come, lets ſet the Watch.

Iago. You ſee this fellow that is gone before,
He is a Soldier, fit to ſtand by *Caeſar*,
And give direction. And doe but ſee his vice,
Tis to his vertue a juſt Equinox,

The one as long as th'other. Tis pitty of him:
I feare the truſt *Othello* puts him in,
On ſome odde time of his infirmity
Will ſhake this Iſland.
Mont. But is he often thus?
Iago. Tis evermore his prologue to his ſleepe,
He'le watch the Horologue a double Set,
If drinke rocke not his Cradle.
Mont. It were well
The Generall were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he ſees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the vertue that appeares in *Caſſio*,
And lookes not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now *Rodorigo*?
I pray you after the Lievtenant, goe.
Mont. And tis great pitty that the Noble Moore
Should hazzard ſuch a place, as his owne Second,
With one ingraft Infirmity,
It were an honeſt Action, to ſay ſo
To the Moore.
Iago. Not I, for this faire Iſland,
I doe love *Caſſio* well: and would doe much
To cure him of this evill. But harke, what noyſe?

Enter Caſſio purſuing Rodorigo.

Caſ. You Rogue: you Raſcall.
Mon. Whats the matter Lieutenant?
Caſ. A Knave teach me my duty? Ile beat the
Knave into a Twiggen Bottle.
Rod. Beate me.
Caſ. Doſt thou prate, Rogue?
Mon. Nay, good Lievetenant:
I pray you ſir, hold your hand.
Caſ. Let me goe (ſir)
Or Ile know you ore the Mazzard.
Mon. Come, come: you're Drunke.
Caſſio. Drunke?
Iago. Away I ſay: goe out and cry a Mutiny.
Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentlemen:
Helpe hoa. Lieutenant. Sir *Montano*:
Helpe maſters. Here's a goodly Watch indeed.
Who's that which rings the Bell: Diablo, hoa:
The towne will riſe. Fie, fie Lieutenant,
You'l be ſham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Othe. What is the matter here?
Mon. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt, but not to th'death.
Othe. Hold for your lives.
Iag. Hold hoa: Lievtenant, Sir *Montano*, Gentlemen:
Have you forgot all place of ſenſe and dutie?
Hold. The Generall ſpeakes to you: hold for ſhame
Oth. Why how now hoa? From whence ariſeth this?
Are we turn'd Turkes? and to our ſelves doe that
Which heaven hath forbid the *Ottamittes*.
For Chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawle:
He that ſtirres next to carve for his owne rage,
Holds his ſoule light: He dies upon his Motion.
Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the Iſle,
From her propriety. What is the matter, Maſters.
Honeſt *Iago*, that lookes dead with grieving.
Speake: who began this? On thy love I charge thee?
Iago. I do not not know: Friends all, but now, even now
In Quarter, and in termes like Bride and Groome
Deveſting them for Bed: and then, but now:
(As if ſome Planet had unwitted men)
Swords out, and tilting one at others breaſts,
In oppoſition bloody. I cannot ſpeake
Any beginning to this peeviſh oddes.
And would in action glorious, I had loſt
Thoſe legges that brought me to a part of it.
Othe. How comes it (*Michael*) you are thus forgot?
Caſ. I pray you pardon me, I cannot ſpeake.
Othe. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont to be civill:
The gravitie and ſtilneſſe of your youth
The world hath noted. And your name is great
In mouthes of wiſeſt Cenſure. Whats the matter
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And ſpend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? Give me anſwer to it.
Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Iago* can informe you,
While I ſpare ſpeech which ſomething now offends me.
Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought
By me; thats ſaid, or done amiſſe this night,
Vnleſſe ſelfe-charity be ſometimes a vice,
And to defend our ſelves, it be a ſinne
When violence aſſayles us.
Othe. Now by heaven,
My blood begins my ſafer Guides to rule,
And paſſion (having my beſt judgement collied)
Aſſayes to leade the way. If I once ſtirre,
Or doe but lift this Arme, the beſt of you
Shall ſinke in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foule Rout began: Who ſet it on,
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall looſe me. What in a towne of warre,
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of feare,
To manage private, and domeſticke Quarrell?
In night, and on the Court and Guard of ſafetie?
Tis monſtrous: *Iago*, who begin't?
Mon. If partially Affin'd, or league in office,
Thou doſt deliver more, or leſſe than truth,
Thou art no Souldier.
Iago. Touch me not ſo neere,
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it ſhould doe offence to *Michael Caſſio*.
Yet I perſwade my ſelfe, to ſpeake ſo the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall:
Montano and my ſelfe being in ſpeech,
There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,
And *Caſſio* following him with determin'd Sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this Gentleman,
Steps into *Caſſio*, and intreats his pauſe:
My ſelfe, the crying fellow did purſue,
Leſt by his clamour (as it ſo fell out)
The Towne might fall in fright. He, (ſwift of foot)
Out-ran my purpoſe: and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clinke and fall of ſwords,
And *Caſſio* high in oath: Which till to night
I nere might ſay before. When I came backe
(For this was briefe) I found them cloſe together
At blow, and thruſt, even as againe they were
When you your ſelfe did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report,
But men are men: the beſt ſometimes forget,
Though *Caſſio* did ſome little wrong to him,
As men in rage ſtrike thoſe that wiſh them beſt,
Yet ſurely *Caſſio*, I beleeve, receiv'd
From him that fled, ſome ſtrange indignity,
Which patience could not paſſe.

Othe. I know *Iago*
Thy honeſtie, and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Caſſio*: *Caſſio*, I love thee,
But never more be Officer of mine.

Enter Deſdemona attended.

Looke if my gentle Love be not rais'd up:
Ile make thee an example.

Deſ. What is the matter (Deere?)

Othe. All's well, Sweeting:
Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,
My ſelfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:
Iago, looke with care about the Towne,
And ſilence thoſe whom this vile brawle diſtracted.
Come *Deſdemona*, 'tis the Souldiers life,
To have their Balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife. *Exit.*

Iago. What are you hurt Lieutenant?

Caſ. I, paſt all Surgery.

Iago. Marry Heaven forbid.

Caſ. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I have loſt my Reputation. I have loſt the immortall part of my ſelfe, and what remaines is beſtiall. My Reputation, *Iago*, my Reputation.

Iago. As I am an honeſt man I had thought you had received ſome bodily wound; there is more ſence in that then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and moſt falſe impoſition; oft got without merit, and loſt without deſerving. You have loſt no Reputation at all, unleſſe you repute your ſelfe ſuch a looſer. What man, there are more wayes to recover the Generall againe. You are but now caſt in his moode, (a puniſhment more in policie, then in malice) even ſo as one would beate his offencelesse dogge, to affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to him againe and he's yours.

Caſ. I will rather ſue to bee deſpis'd, then to deceive ſo good a Commander, with ſo ſlight, ſo drunken, and ſo indiſcreet an Officer. Drunke? And ſpeake Parrat? And ſquabble? Swagger? Sweare? And diſcourſe Fuſtian with ones owne ſhaddow? Oh thou inviſible ſpirit of Wine, if thou haſt no name to be knowne by, let us call thee Divell.

Iago. What was hee that you follow'd with your Sword? What had he done to you?

Caſ. I know not.

Iago. Is't poſſible?

Caſ. I remember a maſſe of things, but nothing diſtinctly: a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men ſhould put an Enemie in their mouthes, to ſteale away their Braines? that wee ſhould with joy pleaſance, revell and applauſe, transforme our ſelves into Beaſts.

Iago. Why? But you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Caſ. It hath pleas'd the divell drunkenneſſe, to give place to the divell wrath, one unperfectneſſe ſhewes me another, to make me frankly deſpiſe my ſelfe.

Iago. Come, you are too ſevere a Moraller. As the Time, the Place, and the Condition of this Country ſtands I could hartily wiſh this had not befalne: but ſince it is, as it is, mend it for your owne good.

Caſ. I will aske him for my Place againe, hee ſhall tell me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To bee now a ſenſible man, by and by a Foole, and preſently a Beaſt. Oh ſtrange! Every inordinate cup is unbleſs'd, and the Ingredient is a divell.

Iago. Come, come: good wine, is a good familiar Creature, if it be well us'd: exclaime no more againſt it. And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you thinke I love you.

Caſſio. I have well approved it, Sir, I drunke?

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunke at a time man. I tell you what you ſhall do: Our Generals Wife, is now the Generall. I may ſay ſo, in this reſpect, for that he hath devoted, and given up himſelfe to the contemplation, marke: and devotement of her parts and Graces. Confeſſe your ſelfe freely to her: Importune her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is of ſo free, ſo kinde, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſſe, not to do more then ſhe is requeſted. This broken joynt betweene you, and her huſband, entreat her to ſplinter. And my Fortunes againſt any lay worth naming, this cracke of your love, ſhall grow ſtonger, then it was before.

Caſſio. You adviſe me well.

Iago. I proteſt in the ſinceritie of Love, and honeſt kindneſſe.

Caſſio I thinke it freely: and betimes in the morning, I will beſeech the vertuous *Deſdemona* to undertake for me: I am deſperate of my Fortunes if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right: good night Lieutenant, I muſt to the Watch.

Caſſio. Good night, honeſt *Iago.*

Exit Caſſio.

Iago. And what's he then,
That ſayes I play the Villaine?
When this advice is free I give, and honeſt,
Probal to thinking, and indeed the courſe
To win the Moore againe.
For 'tis moſt eaſie
Th' inclyning *Deſdemona* to ſubdue
In any honeſt Suite. She's fram'd as fruitefull
As the free Elements. And then for her
To win the Moore, were to renownce his Baptiſme,
All Seales, and Simbols of redeemed ſin:
His Soule is ſo enfetter'd to her Love,
That ſhe may make, unmake, doe what ſhe liſt:
Even as her appetite ſhall play the god,
With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine,
To Counſell *Caſſio* to this paralell courſe,
Directly to his good? Divinitie of hell,
When divels will the blackeſt ſinnes put on,
They do ſuggeſt at firſt with heavenly ſhewes,
As I do now. For whiles this honeſt Foole
Plies *Deſdemona*, to repaire his Fortune,
And ſhe for him, pleades ſtrongly to the Moore,
Ile powre this peſtilence into his eare:
That ſhe repeales him, for her bodies Luſt,
And by how much ſhe ſtrives to do him good,
She ſhall undoe her Credite with the Moore.
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodneſſe make the Net,
That ſhall en-maſh them all.
How now *Rodorigo*?

Enter Rodorigo.

Rodorigo. I doe follow heere in the Chace, not like a Hound that hunts, but one that filles up the Crie. My Mony is almoſt ſpent; I have beene to night exceedingly well Cudgell'd: And I thinke the iſſue

will bee, I ſhall have ſo much experience for my paines ;
And ſo, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, returne againe to Veuice.

Iago. How poore are they that have not Patience ?
What wound did ever heale but by degrees ?
Thou know'ſt we worke by Wit, and not by witchcraft
And Wit depends on dilatory time :
Dos't not go well ? *Caſſio* hath beaten thee,
And thou by that ſmall hurt haſt caſheer'd *Caſſio* :
Though other things grow faire againſt the Sun,
Yet Fruites that bloſſome firſt, will firſt be ripe :
Content thy ſelfe, a-while. Introth 'tis Morning ;
Pleaſure, and Action, make the houres ſeeme ſhort.
Retire thee, go where thou art Billited :
Away, I ſay, thou ſhalt know more heereafter :
Nay get thee gone. *Exit Rodorigo.*
Two things are to be done :
My Wife muſt move for *Caſſio* to her Miſtris :
Ile ſet her on my ſelfe, a while, to draw the Moore apart,
And bring him jumpe, when he may *Caſſio* finde
Soliciting his wife : I, that's the way :
Dull not Device, by coldneſſe and delay. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Caſſio, Muſitians, and Clowne.

Caſſio. Maſters, play heere, I will content your paines,
Something that's briefe : and bid, goodmorrow Generall.

Clo. Why Maſters, have your Inſtruments bin in Naples, that they ſpeake i'th' Noſe thus?

Muſ. How Sir ? how ?

Clo. Are theſe I pray you, winde Inſtruments ?

Muſ. I marry are they ſir.

Clo. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Muſ. Whereby hangs a tale, ſir ?

Clow. Marry ſir, by many a winde Inſtrument that I know. But Maſters, hee's money for you : and the Generall ſo likes your Muſick, that hee deſires you for loves ſake to make no noiſe with it.

Muſ. Well Sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any Muſicke that may not bee heard, too't againe. But (as they ſay) to heare Muſicke, the Generall do's not greatly care.

Muſ. We have none ſuch, ſir.

Clow. Then put up your Pipes in your bagge, for Ile away. Go, vaniſh into ayre, away. *Exit Muſ.*

Caſſio. Doſt thou heare me, mine honeſt Friend ?

Clo. No, I heare not your honeſt Friend :
I heare you.

Caſſio. Prythee keepe up thy Quillets, ther's a poore peece of Gold for thee : if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generall be ſtirring, tell her, there's one *Caſſio* entreats her a little favour of Speech. Wilt thou do this ?

Clo. She is ſtirring ſir : if ſhe will ſtirre hither, I ſhall ſeeme to notifie unto her. *Exit Clo.*

Enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago.*

Iago. You have not bin a-bed then ?

Caſſio. Why no : the day had broke before we parted.
I have made bold (*Iago*) to ſend in to your wife :
My ſuite to her is, that ſhe will to vertuous *Deſdemona*
Procure me ſome acceſſe.

Iago. Ile ſend her to you Preſently :
And Ile deviſe a meane to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your converſe and buſineſſe
May be more free. *Exit.*

Caſſio. I humbly thanke you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kinde, and honeſt.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Goodmorrow (good Lieutenant) I am ſorrie
For your diſpleaſure : but all will ſure be well.
The Generall and his wife are talking of it,
And ſhe ſpeakes for you ſtoutly. The Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus,
And great Affinitie : and that in wholſome Wiſedome
He might not but refuſe you. But he proteſts he loves you
And needs no other Suitor, but his likings
To bring you in againe.

Caſſio. Yet I beſeech you,
If you thinke fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of ſome briefe Diſcourſe
With *Deſdemon* alone.

Æmil. Pray come in :
I will beſtow you where you ſhall have time
To ſpeake your boſome freely.

Caſſio. I am much bound to you.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Othe. Theſe Letters give (*Iago*) to the Pylot,
And by him do my duties to the Senate :
That done, I will be walking on the Workes,
Repaire there to me,

Iago. Well, my good Lord, Ile doo't.

Oth. This Fortification (Gentlemen) ſhall we ſee't ?

Gent. Weel waite upon your Lordſhip. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Deſdemona, Caſſio, and Æmilia.

Deſ. Be thou aſſur'd (good *Caſſio*) I will doe
All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Æmil. Good Madam doe
I warrant it greeves my Husband,
As if the cauſe were his.

Deſ. Oh that's an honeſt Fellow, Do not doubt *Caſſio*
But I will have my Lord, and you againe
As friendly as you were.

Caſſio. Bounteous Madam,
What ever ſhall become of *Michael Caſſio*,
He's never any thing but your true Servant.

Deſ. I know't : I thanke you : you do love my Lord :
You have knowne him long, and be you well aſſur'd
He ſhall in ſtrangeneſſe ſtand no farther off,
Then in a politique diſtance.

Caſſio. I, but Lady,
That policie may either laſt ſo long,
Or feede upon ſuch nice and wateriſh diet,
Or breede it ſelfe ſo out of Circumſtances,
That I being abſent, and my place ſupply'd.
My Generall will forget my Love, and Service.

Deſ. Doe not doubt that : before *Æmilia* here,

I give thee warrant of thy place. Aſſure thee,
If I doe vow a friendſhip, Ile perfome it
To the laſt Article. My Lord ſhall never reſt,
Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
His Bed ſhall ſeeme a Schoole, his Boord a Shrift,
Ile intermingle every thing he do's
With *Caſſio's* ſuite: Therefore be merry *Caſſio*,
For thy Solicitor ſhall rather dye,
Then give thy cauſe away.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Æmil. Madam, heere comes my Lord.
Caſſio. Madam, Ile take my leave.
Deſ. Why ſtay, and heare me ſpeake.
Caſſio. Madam, not now: I am very ill at eaſe,
Vnfit for mine owne purpoſes.
Deſ. Well, doe your diſcretion. *Exit Caſſio.*
Iago. Hah? I like not that.
Othe. What doſt thou ſay?
Iago. Nothing my Lord; or if—I know not what.
Othel. Was not that *Caſſio* parted from my wife?
Iago. *Caſſio* my Lord? No ſure, I cannot thinke it
That he would ſteale away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing your comming.
Oth. I do beleeve 'twas he.
Deſ. How now my Lord?
I have bin talking with a Suitor heere,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who is't you meane?
Deſ. Why your Lieutenant *Caſſio*. Good my Lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His preſent reconciliation take.
For if he be not one, that truely loves you,
That erres in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,
I have no judgement in an honeſt face.
I prythee call him backe.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Deſd. I ſooth; ſo humbled,
That he hath left part of his greefe with me
To ſuffer with him. Good Love, call him backe.
Othel. Not now (ſweet *Deſdemon*) ſome other time.
Deſ. But ſhall't be ſhortly?
Oth. The ſooner (Sweet) for you.
Deſ. Shal't be to night, at Supper?
Oth. No, not to night.
Deſ. To morrow Dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home:
I meete the Captaines at the Cittadell.
Deſ. Why then to morrow night, on Tueſday morne,
On Tueſday noone, or night; on Wenſday Morne.
I praythee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent:
And yet his Treſpaſſe, in our common reaſon
(Save that they ſay the warres muſt make example)
Out of her beſt, is not almoſt a fault
T'incurre a private checke. When ſhall he come?
Tell me *Othello*. I wonder in my Soule
What you would aske me, that I would deny,
Or ſtand ſo mam'ring on? What? *Michael Caſſio*,
That came a woing with you? and ſo many a time
(When I have ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly)
Hath tane your part, to have ſo much to doe
To bring him in? Truſt me, I could do much.
Oth. Prythee no more: Let him come when he will:
I will deny thee nothing.
Deſ. Why, this is not a Boone:
'Tis as I ſhould entreate you weare your Gloves,
Or feede on nouriſhing diſhes, or keepe you warme,
Or ſue to you, to doe a peculiar profit
To your owne perſon. Nay, when I have a ſuite
Wherein I meane to touch your Love indeed,
It ſhall be full of poize, and difficult waight,
And fearefull to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon, I do beſeech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my ſelfe.
Deſ. Shall I deny you? No: farewell my Lord.
Oth. Farewell my *Deſdamona*, Ile come to thee ſtrait.
Deſ. *Æmilia* come; be as your Fancies teach you:
What ere you be, I am obedient. *Exit.*
Oth. Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule
But I do love thee: and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come againe.
Iago. My Noble Lord.
Oth. What doſt thou ſay, *Iago*?
Iago. Did *Machael Caſſio*
When you woo'd my Lady, know of your love?
Oth. He did, from firſt to laſt:
Why doſt thou aske?
Iago. But for a ſatiſfaction of my Thought,
No further harme.
Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?
Iago. I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with it.
Oth. O yes, and went betweene us very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed? I indeed. Diſcern'ſt thou ought in that?
Is he not honeſt?
Iago. Honeſt, my Lord?
Oth. Honeſt? I, Honeſt.
Iago. My Lord, for ought I know
Oth. What do'ſt thou thinke?
Iago. Thinke, my Lord?
Oth. Thinke, my Lord? Alas, thou eccos't me;
As if there were ſome Monſter in thy thought
Too hideous to be ſhewne. Thou doſt meane ſomthing:
I heard thee ſay even now, thou lik'ſt not that,
When *Caſſio* left my wife. What did'ſt not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my Counſaile,
Of my whole courſe of wooing; thou cried'ſt, Indeede?
And didd'ſt contract, and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadſt ſhut up in thy braine
Some horrible conceite, if thou do'ſt love me
Shew me thy thought.
Iago. My Lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I thinke thou do'ſt:
For I know thou'rt full of Love, and honeſty,
And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giv'ſt them breath
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine, fright me the more:
For ſuch things in a falſe diſloyall Knave
Are trickes of Cuſtome: but in a man that's juſt,
They're cold dilations working from the heart,
That paſſion cannot rule.
Iago. For *Michael Caſſio*,
I dare be ſworne, I thinke that he is honeſt.
Oth. I thinke ſo too.
Iago. Men ſhould be what they ſeeme,
Or thoſe that bee not, would they might ſeeme none.
Oth. Certaine, men ſhould be what they ſeeme.
Iago. Why then I thinke *Caſſio's* an honeſt man.
Oth. Nay yet there's more in this?
I pray thee ſpeake to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou doſt ruminate, and give thy worſt of thoughts

The worſt of words.
Iago. Good my Lord pardon me.
Though I am bound to every Act of duty,
I am not bound to that: All Slaves are free:
Vtter my Thoughts? Why ſay, they are vild, and falſe?
As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? Who ha's that breaſt ſo pure,
Wherein uncleanly Apprehenſions
Keepe Leetes, and Law-dayes, and in Seſſions ſit
With meditations Lawfull?
Othe. Thou do'ſt conſpire againſt thy Friend (*Iago*)
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his eare
A ſtranger to thy Thoughts.
Iago. I do beſeech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my gueſſe
(As I confeſſe it is my Natures plague
To ſpy into Abuſes, and of my jealouſie
Shapes faults that are not) that your wiſedome
From one, that ſo imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your ſelfe a trouble
Out of his ſcattering, and unſure obſervance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my Manhood, honeſty and Wiſedome,
To let you know my thoughts.
Othe. What doſt thou meane?
Iago. Good name in Man, and woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Iewell of their Soules;
Who ſteales my purſe ſteales traſh:
Tis ſomething, nothing;
Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin ſlave to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.
Othe. Ile know thy Thoughts.
Iago, You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor ſhall not, whil'ſt 'tis in my cuſtodie.
Othe. Ha?
Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of jealouſie,
It is the greene-ey'd Monſter, which doth mocke
The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold lives in bliſſe,
Who certaine of his Fate, loves not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tels he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts: Suſpects, yet ſoundly loves?
Othe. O miſery.
Iago. Poore, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,
But riches fineleſſe, is as poore as Winter,
To him that ever feares he ſhall be poore:
Good Heaven, the Soules of all my Tribe defend
From jealouſie.
Othe. Why? why is this?
Think'ſt thou, I'ld make a Life of Iealouſie;
To follow ſtill the changes of the Moone
With freſh ſuſpitions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is to be reſolv'd: Exchange me for a Goat,
When I ſhall turne the buſineſſe of my Soule
To ſuch exufflicate, and blowed Surmiſes,
Matching the inference. 'Tis not to make me Iealious,
To ſay my wife is faire, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of ſpeech, Sings, Playes, and Dances:
Where Vertue is, theſe are moſt vertuous.
Nor from mine owne weake merites, will I draw
The ſmalleſt feare, or doubt of her revolt,
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me. No *Iago*,
Ile ſee before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proofe, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Love, or Iealouſie.
Ia. I am glad of this: for now I ſhall have reaſon
To ſhew the Love and Duty that I beare you
With franker ſpirit. Therefore (as I am bound)
Receive it from me. I ſpeake not yet of proofe:
Looke to your wife, obſerve her well with *Caſſio*,
Weare your eyes, thus: not Iealious, nor Secure:
I would not have your free, and Noble Nature,
Out of ſelfe-Bounty, be abus'd looke too't:
I know our Country diſpoſition well:
In Venice, they do let Heaven ſee the prankes
They dare not ſhew their Husbands.
Their beſt Conſcience,
Is not to leave't undone, but kept unknowne.
Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?
Iag. She did deceive her Father, marrying you,
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake, and feare your lookes,
She lov'd them moſt.
Othe. And ſo ſhe did.
Iago. Why go to then:
Shee that ſo young could give out ſuch a Seeming
To ſeele her Fathers eyes up, cloſe as Oake,
He thought 'twas witchcraft.
But I am much too blame:
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.
Othe. I am bound to to thee for ever.
Iago. I ſee this hath a little daſh'd your Spirits:
Othe. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. Truſt me I feare it has:
I hope you will conſider what is ſpoke
Comes from my Love.
But I do ſee y'are moov'd:
I am to pray you, not to ſtraine my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,
Then to Suſpition.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you doe ſo (my Lord)
My ſpeech ſhould fall into ſuch vilde ſucceſſe,
Which my Thoughts aym'd not.
Caſſio's my worthy Friend:
My Lord, I ſee y'are mov'd:
Oth. No, not much mov'd:
I do not thinke but *Deſdemona's* honeſt.
Iago. Long live ſhe ſo;
And long live you to thinke ſo.
Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it ſelfe——
Iago. I, there's the point:
As (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many propoſed Matches
Of her owne Clime, Complexion and Degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things, Nature tends:
Foh, one may ſmell in ſuch, a will moſt ranke,
Foule diſproportions, Thoughts unnaturall.
But (pardon me) I do not in poſition
Diſtinctly ſpeake of her, though I may feare
Her will, recoyling to her better judgement,
May fall to match you with her Country formes,
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou doſt perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to obſerve.
Leave me *Iago*.
Iago. My Lord, I take my leave.
Othe. Why did I marry?
This honeſt Creature (doubtleſſe)
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he unfolds.

Iago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honor
To ſcan this thing no farther : Leave it to time,
Although 'tis fit that *Caſſio* have his place;
For ſure he filles it up with great Ability;
Yet if you pleaſe, to put him off a-while :
You ſhall by that perceive him, and his meanes :
Note if your Lady ſtraine his Entertainment
With any ſtrong, or vehement importunitie,
Much will be ſeene in that : In the meane time,
Let me be thought too buſie in my feares,
(As worthy cauſe I have to feare I am)
And hold her free, I do beſeech your Honor:
Oth. Feare not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave.
Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding honeſty,
And knowes all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit
Of humane dealings. If I do prove her Haggard,
Though that her Ieſſes were my deere heart-ſtrings,
I'ld whiſtle her off, and let her downe the winde
To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blacke,
And have not thoſe ſoft parts of Converſation
That Chamberers have : Or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much)
She's gone. I am abus'd, and my releefe
Muſt be to loath her. Oh Curſe of Marriage!
That we can call theſe delicate Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites ? I had rather be a Toad,
And live upon the Vapour of a Dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in the thing I love
For others uſes. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,
Prerogativ'd are they leſſe then the Baſe,
'Tis deſtiny unſhunnable, like death :
Even then, this forked plague is Fated to us,
When we do quicken. Looke where ſhe comes :

Enter Deſdemona and Æmilia.

If ſhe be falſe, Heaven mock'd it ſelfe :
Ile not beleeve't.
Deſ. How now, my deere *Othello* ?
Your dinner, and the generous Iſlanders
By you invited, do attend your preſeuce.
Oth. I am to blame.
Deſ. Why do you ſpeake ſo faintly ?
Are you not well ?
Oth. I have a paine upon my Forehead heere.
Deſ. Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe.
Let me but binde it hard, within this houre
It will be well.
Oth. Your Napkin is too little:
Let it alone : Come, Ile go in with you. *Exeunt.*
Deſ. I am very ſorry that you are not well.
Æmil. I am glad I have found this Napkin :
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moore,
My wayward Husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to ſteale it. But ſhe ſo loves the Token,
(For he conjur'd her, ſhe ſhould ever keepe it)
That ſhe reſerves it evermore about her,
To kiſſe, and talke to. Ile have the worke tane out,
And giv't *Iago* : what he will do with it
Heaven knowes, not I :
I nothing, but to pleaſe his Fantaſie.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now ? What do you heere alone ?
Æmil. Do not you chide : I have a thing for you.
Iago. You have a thing for me ?
It is a common thing———
Æmil. Hah ?
Iago. To have a fooliſh wife.
Æmil. Oh, is that all ? What will you give me now
For that ſame Handkerchife.
Iago. What Handkerchiefe ?
Æmil. What Handkerchiefe ?
Why that the Moore firſt gave to *Deſdemona*,
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteale.
Iago. Haſt ſtolne it from her ?
Æmil. No : but ſhe let it drop by negligence,
And to th' advantage, I being heere, took't up :
Looke, heere 'tis.
Iago. A good wench, give it me.
Æmil. What will you do with't that you have bene
ſo earneſt to have me filch it ?
Iago. Why, what is that to you ?
Æmil. If it be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Giv't me againe. Poore Lady, ſhee'l run mad
When ſhe ſhall lacke it.
Iago. Be not acknowne on't :
I have uſe for it. Go, leave me. *Exit Æmil.*
I will in *Caſſio's* Lodging looſe this Napkin,
Aud let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre,
Are to the jealous, confirmations ſtrong,
As proofes of holy Writ. This may do ſomething.
The Moore already changes with my poyſons,
Dangerous conceites, are in their Natures poyſons,
Which at the firſt are ſcarſe found to diſtaſte :
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did ſay ſo.

Enter Othello.

Looke where he comes : Not Poppy nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowſie Syrrups of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that ſweete ſleepe
Which thou owd'ſt yeſterday.
Oth. Ha, ha, falſe to mee ?
Iago. Why how now Generall ? No more of that.
Othe. Auant, be gone : Thou haſt ſet me on the Racke:
I ſweare 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little.
Iago. How now, my Lord ?
Othe. What ſent had I, in her ſtolne houres of Luſt ?
I ſaw't not, thought it not : it harm'd not me :
I ſlept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merry.
I found not *Caſſio's* kiſſes on her Lippes :
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtolne,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.
Iago. I am ſorry to heare this ?
Oth. I had beene happy if the generall Campe,
Pyoners and all, had taſted her ſweet Body,
So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for ever
Farewell the Tranquill minde ; farewell Content;
Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres,
That make Ambition, Vertue ! Oh farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the ſhrill Trumpe,
The Spirit-ſtirring Drum, th' Eare-piercing Fiſe,
The Royall Banner, and all Quality,
Pride, Pompe and Circumſtance of glorious Warre :
And O you mortall Engines, whoſe rude throates
Th' immortall Ioves dread Clamours counterfeit,
Farewell : *Othello's* Occupation's gone.
Iago. Is't poſſible my Lord ?
Oth. Villaine, be ſure thou prove my Love a Whore ;
Be ſure of it : Give me the Ocular proofe,

Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,
Thou had'ſt bin better have bin borne a Dog
Then anſwere my wak'd wrath.
Iago. Is't come to this?
Oth. Make me to ſee't: or (at the leaſt) ſo prove it,
That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe upon thy life.
Iago. My Noble Lord.
Oth. If thou do'ſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: Abandon all remorſe
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate,
Doe deeds to make Heaven weepe, all Earth amaz'd;
For nothing canſt thou to damnation adde,
Greater then that.
Iago. O Grace! O Heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? Have you a Soule? or Senſe?
God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,
That lov'ſt to make thine Honeſty, a Vice!
Oh monſtrous world! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence
Ile love no friend, ſith love breeds ſuch offence.
Oth. Nay ſtay: thon ſhouldſt be honeſt.
Iago. I ſhould be wiſe, for honeſtie's a Foole,
And loſes that it workes for.
Oth. By the World,
I thinke my Wife be honeſt, and thinke ſhe is not:
I thinke that thou art juſt, and thinke thou art not:
Ile have ſome proofe. My name that was as freſh
As *Dians* Viſage, is now begrim'd and blacke
As mine owne face. If there be Cords or Knives,
Poyſon, or Fire, or ſuffocating ſtreames,
Ile not indure it. Would I were ſatisfied.
Iago. I ſee you are eaten up with paſſion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be ſatisfied?
Oth. Would, Nay, and I will.
Iago. And may: but how? How ſatisfied, my Lord?
Would you the ſuper-viſion groſſely gape on?
Behold her topp'd?
Oth. Death, and damnation. Oh!
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty I thinke,
To bring to that proſpect: Damne them then,
If ever mortall eyes do ſee them boulſter
More then their owne. What then? How then?
What ſhall I ſay? Where's Satisfaction?
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes,
As ſalt as Wolves in pride, and Fooles as groſſe
As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I ſay,
If imputation and ſtrong circumſtances,
Which leade directly to the doore of Truth,
Will give you ſatisfaction, you might have't.
Oth. Give me a living reaſon ſhe's diſloyall.
Iogo. I do not like the Office.
But ſith I am entred in this cauſe ſo farre
(Prick'd too't by fooliſh Honeſty, and Love)
I will go on. I lay with *Caſſio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not ſleepe. There are a kinde of men,
So looſe of Soule, that in their ſleepes will mutter
Their Affayres: one of this kinde is *Caſſio*:
In ſleepe I heard him ſay, ſweet *Deſdemona*,
Let us be wary, let us hide our Loves,
And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand:
Cry, oh ſweet Creature: then kiſſe me hard,
As if he pluckt up kiſſes by the rootes,
That grew upon my lippes, laid his Leg ore my Thigh,
And ſigh, and kiſſe, and then cry curſed Fate,
That gave thee to the Moore.
Oth. O monſtrons! monſtrous!
Iago. Nay this was but his Dreame.
Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone concluſion,
Tis a ſhrew'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.
Iago. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That do demonſtrate thinly.
Oth. Ile teare her all to peeces.
Iago. Nay yet be wiſe; yet we ſee nothing done,
She may be honeſt yet: Tell me but this,
Have you not ſometimes ſeene a Handkerchiefe
Spotted with ſtrawberries, in your wives hand?
Oth. I gave her ſuch a one: 'twas my firſt gift
Iago. I know not that: but ſuch a Handkerchiefe
(I am ſure it was your wives) did I to day
See *Caſſio* wipe his Beard with.
Oth. If it be that.
Iago. If it be that, or any, if't was hers,
It ſpeakes againſt her with the other proofes.
Oth. O that the ſlave had forty thouſand lives:
One is too poore, too weake for my revenge.
Now do I ſee 'tis true. Looke heere *Iago*,
All my fond love thus do I blow to Heaven. Tis gone,
Ariſe blacke vengance, from the hollow hell,
Yeeld up (O Love) thy Crowne and hearted Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell boſome with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aſpickes tongues.
Iago. Yet be content.
Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood.
Iago. Patience I ſay: your minde may change.
Oth. Never *Iago*. Like to the Ponticke Sea,
Whoſe Icie Current, and compulſive courſe,
Nev'r keepes retiring ebbe, but keepes due on
To the Proponticke, and the Helleſpont:
Even ſo my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall nev'r looke backe, nev'r ebbe to humble Love,
Till that a capable and wide Revenge
Swallow them up. Now by yond Marble Heaven,
In the due reverence of a Sacred vow,
I heere engage my words——
Iago. Do not riſe yet:
Witneſſe you ever-burning Lights above,
You Elements, that clip us round about.
Witneſſe that heere *Iago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* Service. Let him command,
And to obey ſhall be in me remorſe,
What bloody buſineſſe ever.
Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vaine thankes, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the inſtant put thee too't,
Within theſe three dayes let me heare thee ſay,
That *Caſſio's* not alive.
Iago. My friend is dead:
Tis done at your Requeſt.
But let her live.
Oth. Damne her lewde Minx:
O damne her, damne her.
Come go with me a-part, I will withdraw
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift meanes of death
For the faire Divell.
Now art thou my Lieutenant.
Iago. I am your owne for ever. *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Deſdemona, Æmilia, and Clowne.
Deſ. Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant *Caſſio* lyes?
Clow. I dare not ſay he lies any where.
Deſ. Why man?
Clo. He's a Soldier, and for mee to ſay a Souldier lyes, 'tis ſtabbing.
Deſ. Go to: where lodges he?
Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lye.
Deſ. Can any thing be made of this?
Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for mee to deviſe a lodging, and ſay he lyes heere, or he lyes there, were to lye in mine owne throat.
Deſ. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?
Clo. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make Queſtions, and by them anſwer.
Deſ. Seeke him, bid him come hither: tell him, I have moov'd my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will be well.
Clo. To do this, is within the compaſſe of mans Wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. *Exit Clo.*
Deſ. Where ſhould I looſe the Handkerchiefe, *Æmilia?*
Æmil. I know not Madam.
Deſ. Beleeve me, I had rather have loſt my purſe
Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore
Is true of minde, and made of no ſuch baſeneſſe,
As jealious Creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.
Æmil. Is he not jealious?
Deſ. Who he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all ſuch humors from him.
Æmilia. Looke where he comes.
Enter Othello.
Deſ. I will not leave him now, till *Caſſio* be
Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?
Oth. Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to diſſemble!
How do you, *Deſdemona?*
Leſ. Well, my good Lord.
Oth. Give me your hand,
This hand is moyſt my Lady,
Deſ. It hath felt no age, nor knowne no ſorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulneſſe, and liberall heart:
Hot, hot, and moyſt. This hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from Liberty: Faſting, and Prayer,
Much Caſtigation, Exerciſe devout,
For heere's a young and ſweating Divell heere
That commonly rebels: Tis a good hand,
A franke one.
Deſ. You may (indeed) ſay ſo:
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gave hands:
But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.
Deſ. I cannot ſpeake of this:
Come, now your promiſe.
Oth. What promiſe, Chucke?
Deſ. I have ſent to bid *Caſſio* come ſpeake with you.
Oth. I have a ſalt and ſorry Rhewme offends me:
Lend me thy handkerchiefe.
Deſ. Heere my Lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Deſ. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Deſ. No indeed, my Lord.
Oth. That's a fault: That Handkerchiefe
Did an Ægyptian to my Mother give:
She was a Charmer, and could almoſt read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while ſhe kept it,
'Twould make her Amiable, ſubdue my Father
Intirely to her love: but if ſhe loſt it,
Or made a Guift of it, my Fathers eye
Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits ſhould hunt
After new Fancies. She dying gave it me,
And bid me (when my Fate would have me Wiv'd)
To give it her. I did ſo, and take heede on't,
Make it a Darling, like your precious eye:
To looſe't, or give't away, were ſuch perdition,
As nothing elſe could match.
Deſ. Is't poſſible?
Oth. Tis true, there's Magicke in the web of it:
A *Sybill* that had numbred in the world
The Sun to courſe two hundred compaſſes,
In her prophetick furie ſow'd the worke:
The Wormes were hallowed, that did breede the Silke,
And it was dyede in Mummey, which the Skilfull
Conſerv'd of Maidens hearts.
Deſ. Indeed? Is't true?
Oth. Moſt veritable, therefore looke too't well.
Deſ. Then would the Heaven, that I had never ſeene't.
Oth. Ha? wherefore?
Deſ. Why do you ſpeake ſo ſtartingly, and raſh?
Oth. Is't loſt? Is't gon? Speak, is't out o'th' way?
Deſ. Bleſſe us.
Oth. Say you?
Deſ. It is not loſt: but what and if it were?
Oth. How?
Deſ. I ſay it is not loſt.
Oth. Fetcht, let me ſee't.
Deſ. Why ſo I can: but I will not now:
This is a tricke to put me from my ſuite,
Pray you let *Caſſio* be receiv'd againe.
Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchiefe,
My minde miſ-gives.
Deſ. Come, come: you'l never meete a more ſufficient man.
Oth. The Handkerchiefe.
Deſ. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good Fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you.
Oth. The Handkerchiefe.
Deſ. Inſooth, you are too blame.
Oth. Away. *Exit Othello.*
Æmil. Is not this man jealious?
Deſ. I nev'r ſaw this before.
Sure, there's ſome wonder in this Handkerchiefe,
I am moſt unhappy in the loſſe of it.
Æmil. Tis not a yeare or two ſhewes us a man:
They are all but ſtomackes, and we all but Food,
They eate us hungerly, and when they are full
They belch us.
Enter Iago, and Caſſio.

Looke you, *Caſſio* and my Husband.
Iago. There is no other way: 'tis ſhe muſt doo't:
And loe the happineſſe: go, and importune her.

Deſ. How now (goud *Caſſio*) whrt's the newes with you?

Caſsio. Madam. my former ſuite. I do beſeech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exiſt, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the Office of my heart
Intirely honour, I would not be delayd.
If my offence, be of ſuch mortall kinde,
That not my Service paſt, nor preſent Sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ranſome me into his love againe,
But to know ſo, muſt be my benefit:
So ſhall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And ſhut my ſelfe up in ſome other courſe
To Fortunes Almes.

Deſ. Alas (thrice-gentle *Caſſio*)
My Advocation is not now in Tune;
My Lord, is not my Lord; nor ſhould I know him;
Were he in Favour, as in Humour alter'd.
So helpe me every ſpirit ſanctified,
As I have ſpoken for you all my beſt,
And ſtood within the blanke of his diſpleaſure
For my free ſpeech. You muſt awhile be patient:
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Then for my ſelfe I dare. Let that ſuffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now:
And certainly in ſtrange unquietneſſe.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have ſeene the Cannon
When it hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre,
And like the Divell from his very Arme
Puff't his owne Brother: And is he angry?
Something of moment then; I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry, *Exit.*

Deſ. I prythee do ſo. Something ſure of State,
Either from Venice, or ſome unhatch'd practiſe
Made demonſtrable heere in Cyprus, to him,
Hath pudled his cleare Spirit; and in ſuch caſes,
Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even ſo.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other heathfull members, even to a ſenſe
Of paine. Nay, we muſt thinke men are not Gods,
Nor of them looke for ſuch obſervance
As fits the Bridall, Beſhrew me much, *Æmilia*,
I was (unhandſome Warrior, as I am)
Arraigning his unkindneſſe with my ſoule:
But now I finde, I had ſuborn'd the Witneſſe,
And he's Indited falſely.

Æmil. Pray heaven it be
State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception,
Nor no Iealious Toy, concerning you.

Deſ. Alas the day, I never gave him cauſe.

Æmil. But Iealious ſoules will not be anſwer'd ſo;
They are not ever jealous for the cauſe,
But jealious, for they're jealious. It is a Monſter
Begot upon it ſelfe, borne on it ſelfe.

Deſ. Heaven keepe the Monſter from *Othell's* mind.

Æmil. Lady, Amen.

Deſ. I will go ſeeke him. *Caſſio*, walke heere about:
If I do finde him fit, Ile move your ſuite,
And ſeeke to effect it to my uttermoſt *Exit.*

Caſ. I humbly thanke your Ladyſhip.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. 'Save you (Friend *Caſſio.*)

Caſſio. What make you from home?
How is't with you, my moſt faire *Bianca*?
Indeed (ſweet Love) I was comming to your houſe.

Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, *Caſſio.*
What? keepe a weeke away? Seaven dayes, and Nights?
Eight ſcore eight houres? And Loves abſent howers
More tedious then the Diall, eight ſcore times?
Oh wearie reck'ning.

Caſſio. Pardon me, *Bianca*:
I have this while with leaden thoughts beene preſt,
But I ſhall in a more continvate time
Strike off this ſcore of abſence. Sweet *Bianca*,
Take me this worke out.

Bianca. Oh *Caſſio*, whence came this?
This is ſome token from a newer Friend,
To the felt-Abſence: now I feele a Cauſe:
Is't come to this? Well, Well.

Caſsio. Go to, woman:
Throw your vilde gueſſes in the Divels teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealious now.
That this is from ſome Miſtris, ſome remembrance;
No, in good troth *Bianca.*

Bian. Why, who's is it?

Caſſio. I know not neither:
I found it in my Chamber,
I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded
(As like enough it will) I would have it coppied:
Take it, and doo't, and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you? wherefore?

Caſſio. I do attend heere on the Generall,
And thinke it no addition nor my wiſh
To have him ſee me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Caſſio. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me,
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And ſay, if I ſhall ſee you ſoone at night?

Caſſio. Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend heere, But Ile ſee you ſoone.

Bian. 'Tis very good: I muſt be circumſtanc'd.

Exeunt Omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you thinke ſo?

Oth. Thinke ſo, *Iago*?

Iago. What to kiſſe in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiſſe?

Iago. Or to be naked with her Friends in bed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?

Oth. Naked in bed (*Iago*) and not meane harme?
It is hypocriſie againſt the Divell:
They that meane vertuouſly, and yet do ſo,
The Divell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heaven.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall ſlip:
But if I give my wife a Handkerchiefe.

Othe. What then?

Iago. Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,
She may (I thinke) beſtow't on any man,

Othe. She is Protectreſſe of her honor too:
May ſhe give that?

Iago. Her honor is an Eſſence that's not ſeene,
They have it very oft, that have it not.
But for the Handkerchiefe.

Othe. By heaven I would moſt gladly have forgot it:
Thou ſaidſt (oh, it comes ore my memory,
As doth the Raven o're the infectious houſe:
Boading to all) he had my Handkerchiefe.

Iago. I: what of that?

Oth. That's not ſo good now:

Iag. What if I had ſaid, I had ſeene him do you wrong?
Or heare him ſay (as Knaves be ſuch abroad,
Who having by their owne importunate ſuite,
Or voluntary dotage of ſome Miſtris,
Convinced or ſupply'd them cannot chuſe
But they muſt blab.)

Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?

Iago. He hath (my Lord) but be yon well aſſur'd,
No more then he'le un-ſweare.

Oth. What hath he ſaid?

Iago. Why, that he did: I know not what he did.

Oth. What? What?

Iago. Lye.

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her? On her: what you will.

Oth. Lye with her? lye on her? We ſay lye on her, when they be-lye-her. Lye with her: that's full ſome: Handkerchiefe: Confeſſions: Handkerchiefe. To confeſſe, and be hang'd for his labour. Firſt, to be hang'd, and then to confeſſe: I tremble at it. Nature would not inveſt her ſelfe in ſuch ſhadowing paſſion, without ſome Inſtruction. It is not words that ſhakes me thus, (piſh) Noſes, Eares, and Lippes: is't poſſible. Confeſſe? Handkerchiefe? O divell. *Falls in a Traunce.*

Iago. Worke on,
My Medicine workes. Thus credulous Fooles are caught,
And many worthy, and chaſt Dames even thus.
(All guiltleſſe) meete reproach: what hoa? My Lord?
My Lord, I ſay *Othello.*

Enter Caſſio.

How now *Caſſio*?

Caſ. What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord is falne into an Epilepſie,
This is his ſecond Fit: he had one yeſterday.

Caſ. Rub him about the Temples.

Iago. The Lethargie muſt have his quyet courſe:
If not, he foames at mouth: and by and by
Breakes out to ſavage madneſſe. Looke, he ſtirres:
Do you withdraw your ſelfe a little while,
He will recover ſtraight: when hee is gone,
I would on great occaſion, ſpeake with you.
How is it Generall? Have you not hurt your hand?

Othe. Doſt thou mocke me?

Iago. I mocke you not, by Heaven:
Would you would beare your Fortune life a Man.

Oth. A Horned man's a Monſter and a Beaſt.

Iago. There's many a Beaſt then in a populous Citty,
And many a civill Monſter.

Oth. Did he confeſſe it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man:
Thinke every bearded fellow that's but yoak'd
May draw with you. There's Millions uow alive,
That nightly lye in thoſe unproper beds,
Which they dare ſweare peculiar. Your cauſe is better.
Oh, 'tis the ſpight of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a ſecure Cowch;
And to ſuppoſe her chaſt. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhall be.

Oth. Oh, thou art wiſe: 'tis certaine.

Iago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your ſelfe but in a patient Liſt,
Whil'ſt you were heere, o're-whelmed with your griefe
(A paſſion moſt reſultinng ſuch a man)
Caſſio came hither. I ſhifted him away,
And laid good ſcuſes on your Extaſie,
Bad him anon returne: and heere ſpeake with me,
The which he promis'd. Do but encave your ſelfe,
And marke the Fleeres, the Gybes and notable Scornes
That dwell in every Region of his face.
For I will make him tell the Tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is againe to cope your wife.
I ſay, but marke his geſture: marry Patience,
Or I ſhall ſay y'are all in all in Spleene,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Do'ſt thou heare, *Iago*,
I will be found moſt cunning in my Patience:
But (do'ſt thou heare) moſt bloody.

aago. That's not amiſſe.
But yet keepe time in all: will you withdraw?
Now will I queſtion *Caſſio* of *Bianca*,
A Huſwife, that by ſelling her deſires
Buyes her ſelfe Bread, and Cloath. It is a Creature
That dotes on *Caſſio*, (as 'tis the Strumpets plague
To be-guile many, and be be-guil'd by one)
He, when he heares of her, cannot reſtraine
From the exceſſe of Laughter. Heere he comes.

Enter Caſſio.

As he ſhall ſmile, *Othello* ſhall go mad:
And his unbookiſh Ielouſie muſt conſerve,
Poore *Caſſio's* ſmiles, geſtures and light behaviours
Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenaut?

Caſ. The worſer, that you gave me the addition,
Whoſe want even killes me.

Iago. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't:
Now, if this Sute lay in *Biarca's* dowre,
How quickely ſhould you ſpeed?

Caſ. Alas poore Caitiffe.

Oth. Looke how he laughes already.

Iago. I never knew woman love man ſo.

Caſ. Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeed ſhe loves me,

Oth. Now he denies it faintly: and laughes it out,

Iago. Do you heare *Caſſio*?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o're: go to, well ſayd, well ſaid.

Iago. She gives it out, that you ſhall marry her.
Do you intend it?

Caſ. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do ye triumph Romaine? do you triumph?

Caſ. I marry. What? A cuſtomer; prythee beare
Some Charitie to my wit, do not thinke it
So unwholeſome. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, ſo, ſo, ſo: they laugh, that winnes.

Iago. Why the cry goes, that you marry her.

Caſ. Pry thee ſay true.

Iago. I am a very Villaine elſe.

Oth. Have yov ſcoar'd me; Well.

Caſ. This is the Monkeys owne giving out:
She is perſwaded I will marry her
Out of her owne love & flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Othe.

Oth. *Iago* becons me; now he begins the ſtory.

Caſsio. She was heere even now: ſhe haunts mee in every place. I was the other day talking on the Seabanke with certaine Venetians; and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying oh deere *Caſsio*, as it were: his geſture imports it.

Caſsio. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes upon me:
So ſhakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now hee tells how ſhe pluckt him to my Chamber: oh, I ſee that noſe of yours, but now that dogge, I ſhall throw it to:

Caſsio, Well I muſt leave her company.

Iago. Before me: looke where ſhe comes.

Enter Bianca.

Caſ. 'Tis ſuch another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one?
What do you meane by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the divell, and his dam haunt you: what did you meane by that ſame Handkerchiefe, you gave mee even now? I was a fine Foole to take it: I muſt take out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you ſhould finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there. This is ſome Minxes token, and I muſt take out the worke? There, give it your Hobbey-horſe, whereſoever you had it, Ile take out no worke on't.

Caſsio. How now, my ſweete *Bianca*?
How now? How now?

Othe. By Heaven, that ſhould be my Handkerchiefe.

Bian. If you'le come to ſupper to night you may, if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit*

Iago. After her: after her.

Caſ. I muſt, ſhee'l rayle in the ſtreets elſe.

Iago. Will you ſup there?

Caſ. Yes, I intend ſo.

Iago. Well, I may chance to ſee you: for I would very faine ſpeake with you.

Caſ. Prythee come: will you?

Iago. Go to; ſay no more. *Exit.*

Oth. How ſhall I murther him, *Iago*.

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago*.

Iago. And did you ſee the Handkerchife?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours by this hand: and to ſee how he prizes the fooliſh woman your wife: ſhe gave it him, and he hath giv'n it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine yeeres a killing:
A fine woman, a faire woman, a ſweet woman?

Iago. Nay, you muſt forget that.

Oth. I, let her rot and periſh, and be damn'd to night, for ſhe ſhall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to ſtone: I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a ſweeter Creature: ſhe might lye by an Emperours ſide, and command him Taskes.

Iago. Nay that's not your way.

Othe. Hang her, I do but ſay what ſhe is: ſo delicate with her Needle: an admirable Muſitian. Oh, ſhe will ſing the Savageneſſe out of a Beare: of ſo high a plenteous wit, and invention?

Iag. She's the worſe for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thouſand, a thouſand times:
And then of ſo gentle a condition?

Iago. I too gentle.

Othe. Nay that's certaine:
But yet the pitty of it, *Iago*: oh *Iago*, the pitty of it *Iago*.

Iago. If you are ſo fond over her iniquitie: give her pattent to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into Meſſes: Cuckold me?

Iago. Oh, 'tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer?

Iago. That's fouler.

Othe. Get me ſome poyſon, *Iago*, this night. Ile not expoſtulate with her: leſt her body and beautie unprovide my minde againe: this night *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poyſon, ſtrangle her in her bed,
Even the bed ſhe hath contaminated.

Othe. Good, good:
The juſtice of it pleaſes: very good.

Iago. And for *Caſsio*, let me be his undertaker:
You ſhall heare more by midnight.

Enter Lodovico, Deſdemona, and Attendants.

Othe Excellent good: What Trumpet is that ſame?

Iago. I warrant ſomething from Venice,
Tis *Lodovico*, this, comes from the Duke.
See, your wife's with him.

Lodo. Save you worthy Generall.

Othe, With all my heart Sir.

Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.

Othe. I kiſſe the Inſtrument of their pleaſures.

Deſ. And what's the newes, good cozen *Lodovico*?

Iago. I am very glad to ſee you Signior:
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thanke you: how dos Lieutenant *Caſſio*?

Iago. Lives Sir.

Deſ. Cozen there's falne betweene him and my Lord,
An unkind breach: but you ſhall make all well,

Othe. Are you ſure of that?

Deſ. My Lord?

Othe. This faile you not to do, as you will ——

Lod. He did not call: he's buſie in the paper,
Is there diviſion twixt my Lord and *Caſsio*?

Deſ. A moſt unhappy one: I would do much
T'attone them for the love I beare to *Caſsio*.

Oth. Fire, and brimeſtone.

Deſ. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wiſe?

Deſ. What is he angry?

Lod. May be the Letter mov'd him.
For as I thinke they do command him home,
Deputing *Caſsio* in his Governement.

Deſ. Truſt me, I am glad on't.

Othe. Indeed?

Deſ. My Lord?

Oth. I am glad to ſee you mad.

Deſ. Why, ſweet *Othello*?

Othe. Divell.

Deſ. I have not deſerv'd this,

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleev'd in Venice,
Though I ſhould ſweare I ſaw't. Tis very much,
Make her amends: ſhe weepes.

Oth. Oh divell, divell:
If that the Earth could teeme with womans teares,
Each drop ſhe falls, would prove a Crocodile:
Out of my ſight.

Deſ. I will not ſtay to offend you:

Lad. Truely obedient Lady:
I do beſeech your Lordſhip call her backe.

Oth.

Othe. Miſtris.
Deſ. My Lord.
Othe. What would you with her, Sir?
Lod. Who I, my Lord?
Othe. I, you did wiſh, that I would make her turne:
Sir, ſhe can turne, and turne: and yet go on
And turne againe. And ſhe can weepe, Sir, weepe.
And ſhe's obedient: as you ſay obedient.
Very obedient: proceed you in your teares.
Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted paſſion)
I am commanded home: get you away:
Ile ſend for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate.
And will returne to Venice. Hence, auaunt:
Caſſio ſhall have my Place. And Sir, to night
I do entreat, that we may ſup together.
You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.
Goates, and Monkeys. *Exit.*
Lod. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all ſufficient? Is this the Nature
Whom Paſſion could not ſhake? Whoſe ſolid vertue
The ſhot of Accident, nor dart of Chance
Could neither graze, nor pierce?
Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits ſafe? Is he not of light Braine?
Iago. He's that he is: I may not breath my cenſure.
What he might be: if what he might, he is not,
I would to heaven he were.
Lod. What, ſtrike his wife?
Iago. 'Faith that was not ſo well; yet would I knew
That ſtroake would prove the worſt.
Lod. Is it his uſe?
Or did the Letters, worke upon his blood,
And new create his fault?
Iago. Alas, alas:
It is not honeſty in me to ſpeake
What I have ſeene and knowne. You ſhall obſerve him,
And his owne courſes will denote him ſo,
That I may ſave my ſpeech: do but go after
And marke how he continues.
Lo. I am ſorry that I am deceiu'd in him. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Æmilia.

Othe. You have ſeene nothing then?
Æmil. Nor ever heard: nor ever did ſuſpect.
Othe. Yes, you have ſeene *Caſſio*, and ſhe together.
Æmil. But then I ſaw no harme: and then I heard,
Each ſyllable that breath made up betweene them.
Othe. What? Did they never whiſper?
Æmil. Never my Lord.
Othe. Nor ſend you out o'th' way?
Æmil. Never.
Othe. To fetch her Fan, her Gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
Æil. Never my Lord.
Othe. That's ſtrange.
Æmil. I durſt (my Lord) to wager, ſhe is honeſt:
Lay downe my Soule at ſtake: If you thinke other,
Remove your thought. It doth abuſe your boſome:
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let Heaven requite it with the Serpents curſe,
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte and true,
There's no man happy. The pureſt of their Wives
Is foule as Slander.
Othe. Bid her come hither: go. *Exit Æmilia.*
She ſaies enough: yet ſhe's a ſimple Baud
That cannot ſay as much. This is a ſubtle Whore:
A Cloſſet Locke and Key of Villanous Secrets,
And yet ſhe'le kneele, and pray: I have ſeene her do't.

Enter Deſdemona, and Æmilia.

Deſ. My Lord, what is your will?
Othe. Pray you Chucke come hither.
Deſ. What is your pleaſure?
Oth. Let me ſee your eyes: looke in my face.
Deſ. What horrible Fancie's this?
Oth. Some of your Function Miſtris:
Leave Procreants alone, and ſhut the doore:
Cough, or cry hem; if any body come:
Your Myſtery, your Myſtery; Nay diſpatch. *Exit Æmi.*
Deſ. Vpon my knee, what doth your ſpeech import?
I underſtand a Fury in your words.
Othe. Why? What art thou?
Deſ. Your wife my Lord: your true and loyall wife.
Othello. Come ſweare it: damne thy ſelfe, being like one of Heaven, the divells themſelves ſhould feare to ceaze thee. Therefore bee double damn'd: ſweare thou art honeſt.
Deſ. Heaven doth truely know it.
Othe. Heaven truely knowes, that thou art falſe as hell.
Deſ. To whom my Lord?
With whom? How am I falſe?
Othe. Ah *Deſdemon*, away, away, away.
Deſ. Alas the heavy day: why do you weepe?
Am I the motive of theſe teares my Lord?
If happely you my Father do ſuſpect,
An Inſtrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me: if you have loſt him,
I have loſt him too.
Othe. Had it pleas'd Heaven,
To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd
All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare-head:
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lippes.
Given to Captivitie, me and my utmoſt hopes.
I ſhould have found in ſome place of my Soule
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,
To point his ſlow, and moving finger at.
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well:
But there where I have garnerd up my heart,
Where either I muſt live, or beare no life,
The Fountaine from the which my currant runnes,
Or elſe dries up: to be diſcarded thence,
Or keepe it as a Ceſterne, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in. Turne thy complexion there:
Patience, thou young and roſe-lipp'd Cherubin,
I heere looke grim as hell.
Deſ. I hope my Lord eſteemes me honeſt.
Othe. O I, as Sommer Flyes are in the Shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. Oh thou weed:
Who art ſo lovely faire, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweete,
That the Sence askes at thee,
Would thou had'ſt never bin borne.
Deſ. Alas, what ignorant ſin have I commited?
Othe. Was this faire Paper? This moſt goodly Booke
Made to write Whore upon? What committed,

Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,
I ſhould make very Forges of my cheekes,
That would to Cynders burne up Modeſtie,
Did I but ſpeake thy deedes. What committed?
Heaven ſtoppes the Noſe at it, and the Moone winks:
The baudy winde that kiſſes all it meetes,
Is huſh'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
And will not hear't. What commited?
Deſ. By Heaven you do me wrong.
Othe. Are not you a Strumpet?
Deſ. No, as I am a Chriſtian.
If to preſerve this veſſell for my Lord,
From any other foule unlawfull touch
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.
Othe. What, not a Whore?
Deſ. No, as I ſhall be ſav'd.
Othe. Is't poſſible?
Deſ. Oh Heaven forgive us.
Othe. I cry you mercy then.
I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with *Othello.* You Miſtris,
Enter Æmilia.
That have the office oppoſite to Saint *Peter*,
And keepes the gate of hell. You, you: I you.
We have done our courſe: there's mony for your paines:
I pray you turne the key and keepe our counſaile. *Exit.*
Æmil. Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceive?
How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?
Deſ. Faith, halfe a ſleepe.
Æmi. Good Madam,
What's the matter with my Lord?
Deſ. With whom?
Æmil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?
Deſ. Who is thy Lord?
Æmil. He that is yours, ſweet Lady.
Deſ. I have none: do not talke to me, *Æmilia*,
I cannot weepe: nor anſweres have I none,
But what ſhould go by water. Prythee to night,
Lay on my bed my wedding ſheetes, remember,
And call thy husband hither.
Æmil. Heere's a change indeed. *Exit.*
Deſ. 'Tis meete I ſhould be us'd ſo: very meete.
How have I bin behav'd, that he might ſticke
The small'ſt opinion on my leaſt miſuſe?

Enter Iago, and Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleaſure Madam?
How iſt with you?
Deſ. I cannot tell: thoſe that doe teach your Babes
Doe it with gentle meanes, and eaſie taskes.
He might have chid me ſo: for in good faith
I am a Child to chiding.
Iago. What is the matter Lady?
Æmil. Alas (*Iago*) my Lord hath ſo bewhor'd her,
Throwne ſuch diſpight, and heavie termes upon her
That true hearts cannot beare it.
Deſ. Am I that name, *Iago*?
Iago. What name (faire Lady?)
Deſ. Such as ſhe ſaid my Lord did ſay I was.
Æmil. He call'd her whore: a Begger in his drinke:
Could not have laid ſuch termes upon his Callet.
Iago. Why did he ſo?
Deſ. I do not know: I am ſure I am none ſuch.
Iago. Do not weepe, do not weepe: alas the day.
Æmil. Hath ſhe forſooke ſo many Noble Matches?
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?
To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weepe?
Deſ. It is my wretched Fortune.
Iago. Beſhrew him for't:
How comes this Tricke upon him?
Deſ. Nay, Heaven doth know.
Æmi. I will be hang'd, if ſome eternall Villaine,
Some buſie and inſinuating Rogue,
Some cogging, cozening Slave to get ſome Office,
Has not divis'd this Slander: I will be hang'd elſe.
Iago. Fie, there is no ſuch man: it is impoſſible.
Deſ. If any ſuch there be, Heaven pardon him.
Æmil. A halter pardon him:
And hell gnaw his bones.
Why ſhould he call her Whore?
Who keepes her company?
What Place? What Time?
What Forme? What liklyhood?
The Moore's abus'd by ſome moſt villanous Knave,
Some baſe notorious Knave, ſome ſcurvy Fellow.
Oh heavens, that ſuch companions thou'dſt unfold,
And put in every honeſt hand a whip
To laſh the Raſcall naked through the world,
Even from the Eaſt to th' Weſt.
Iago. Speake within doore.
Æmil. Oh fie upon them: ſome ſuch Squire he was
That turn'd your wit, the ſeamy-ſide without,
And made you to ſuſpect me with the Moore.
Iago. You are a Foole: go to.
Deſ. Alas *Iago*.
What ſhall I do to win my Lord againe?
Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heaven,
I know not how I loſt him. Heere I kneele:
If ere my will did treſpaſſe 'gainſt his Love,
Either in diſcourſe of thought, or actuall deed,
Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence
Delighted them: or any other Forme.
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, (though he do ſhake me off
To beggerly divorcement) Love him deerely,
Comfort forſweare me. Vnkindneſſe may do much,
And his unkindneſſe may defeat my life,
But never taynt my Love. I cannot ſay Whore,
It do's abhore me now I ſpeake the word,
To doe the Act, that might the addition earne,
Not the worlds Maſſe of vanitie could make me.
Iago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:
The buſineſſe of the State do's him offence.
Deſ. If 'twere no other.
Iago. It is but ſo, I warrant,
Hearke how theſe Inſtruments ſummon to ſupper:
The Meſſenger of Venice ſtaies the meate;
Go in, and weepe not: all things ſhall be well.
Exeunt Deſdemona and Æmilia.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now *Rodorigo*?
Rod. I do not finde
That thou deal'ſt juſtly with me.
Iago. What in the contrary?

Rodori. Every day thou doſts me with ſome device *Iago* and rather as it ſeemes to me now, keep'ſt from me all conveniencie, then ſuppliest me with the leaſt advantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perſwaded to put up in peace, what already I have fooliſhly ſuffred.

Iago. Will you heare me *Rodorigo*?

Rodo. I have heard too much: and your words and Performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me moſt unjuſtly.

Rodo. With naught but truth: I have waſted my ſelfe out of my meanes. The Iewels you have had from me to deliver *Deſdemona,* would halfe have corrupted a Votariſt. You have told me ſhe hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of ſodaine reſpect, and acquaintance, but I finde none.

Iago. Well, goe to: very well.

Rod. Very well, goe to: I cannot goe to, (man) nor tis not very well. Nay I thinke it is ſcurvy: and begin to find my ſelfe fopt in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rodo. I tell you, tis not very well: I will make my ſelfe knowne to *Deſdemona.* If ſhe will returne me my Iewels, I will give over my Suit, and repent my unlawfull ſolicitation. If not, aſſure your ſelfe, I will ſeeke ſatisfaction of you.

Iago. You have ſaid now.

Rod. I, and ſaid nothing but what I proteſt intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I ſee theres mettle in thee: and even from this inſtant doe build on thee a better opinion then ever before: give me thy hand *Rodorigo.* Thou haſt taken againſt me a moſt juſt exception: but yet I proteſt I have dealt moſt directly in thy Affaire.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd: and your ſuſpition is not without wit and judgement. But *Rodorigo,* if thou haſt that in thee indeed, which I have greater reaſon to beleeve now then ever (I meane purpoſe, Courage, and Valour) this night ſhew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not *Deſdemona,* take me from this world with Treachery, and deviſe Engines for my life.

Rod. Well: what is it? Is it within reaſon and compaſſe?

Iago. Sir, there is eſpeciall Commiſſion come from Venice to depute *Caſſio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true? Why then *Othello* and *Deſdemona* returne againe to Venice.

Iago. Oh no: he goes into Mauritania and taketh away with him the faire *Deſdemona,* unleſſe his abode be lingred heere by ſome accident. Wherein none can be ſo determinate, as the removing of *Caſſio.*

Rod. How doe you meane removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of *Othello's* place: knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would have me to doe.

Iago. I: if you dare doe your ſelfe a profit, and a right. He ſups to night with a Harlotry: and thither will I goe to him. He knowes not yet of his honorable fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which I will faſhion to fall out betweene twelve and one) you may take him at your pleaſure. I will be neere to ſecond your Attempt, and he ſhall fall betweene us. Come, ſtand not amaz'd at it, but goe along with me: I will ſhew you ſuch a neceſſity in his death, that you ſhall thinke your ſelfe bound to put it on him. It is now high ſupper time: and the night growes to waſt. About it.

Rod. I will heare further reaſon for this.

Iago. And you ſhall be ſatisfi'd.

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Deſdemona, Æmilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I doe beſeech you Sir, trouble your ſelfe no further

Oth. Oh pardon me: twill doe me good to walke.

Lod. Madam, good night: I humbly thanke your Lady-

Deſ. Your honor is moſt welcome. (ſhip.

Oth. Will you walke Sir? Oh *Deſdemona.*

Deſ. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to bed on th'inſtant, I will be return'd forth with: diſmiſſe your Attendant there: look't bee done. *Exit.*

Deſ. I will my Lord.

Æmi. How goes it now? he lookes gentler then he did.

Deſ. He ſayes he will returne incontinent,
And hath commanded me to goe to bed,
And bid me to diſmiſſe you.

Æmil. Diſmiſſe me?

Deſ. It was his bidding: therefore good *Æmilia,*
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu,
We muſt not now diſpleaſe him.

Æmil. I would you had never ſeene him.

Deſ. So would not I: my love doth ſo approve him,
That even his ſtubborneſſe, his checks, his frownes,
(Prethee un-pin me) have grace ond favour.

Æmi. I have laid thoſe Sheetes you bad me on the bed.

Deſ. Alls one: good Father, how fooliſh are our minds?
If I doe dye before thee, prethee ſhrowd me
In one of theſe ſame Sheetes.

Æmil. Come, come: you talke.

Deſ. My Mother had a Maid calld *Barbara,*
She was in love: and he ſhe lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forſake her. She had a Song of Willough,
An old thing twas: but it expreſs'd her Fortune.
And ſhe dy'd ſinging it. That Song to night,
Will not goe from my mind: I have much to doe,
But to goe hang my head all at one ſide
And ſing it like poore *Barbara:* prethee diſpatch,

Æmil. Shall I goe fetch your Night-gowne?

Deſ. No, un-pin me here,
This *Lodovico* is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handſome man.

Deſ. He ſpeakes well.

Æmil. I know a Lady in Venice would have walk'd barefoot to Paleſtine for a touch of his neither lip.

Deſ. *The poore Soule ſat ſinging, by a Sicamour tree.*
Sing all a greene Willough:
Her hand on her boſome, her head on her knee,
Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.
The freſh Streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes
Sing Willough, &c.
Her ſalt teares fell from her, and ſoftned the ſtones,
Sing Willough, &c. (Lady by theſe)
Willough, Willough. (Prethee high thee, hele come anon)
Sing all a greene Willough muſt be my Garland.
Let no body blame him, his ſcorne I approve.
(Nay thats not next. Hearke, who is't that knockes?

Æmil. Its the wind.

Deſ. *I calld my Love falſe Love: but what ſaid he then?*
Sing Willough, &c.
If I court mo women, you'le couch with mo men.

So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes doe itch:
Doth that boade weeping?
Æmil. Tis neither heere, nor there.
Deſ. I have heard it ſaid ſo, O theſe Men, theſe men!
Doſt thou in conſcience thinke (tell me *Æmilia*)
That there be women doe abuſe their husbands
In ſuch groſſe kind?
Æmil. There be ſome ſuch, no queſtion.
Deſ. Wouldſt thou doe ſuch a deed for all the world:
Æmil. Why, would not you?
Deſ. No, by this heavenly light.
Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light.
I might doo't as well ith'darke.
Deſ. Wouldſt thou doe ſuch a deed for all the world?
Æmil. The worlds a huge thing:
It is a great price, for a ſmall vice.
Deſ. Introth I thinke thou would'ſt not.

Æmil. Introth I thinke I ſhould, and undoo't when I had done. Marry, I would not doe ſuch a thing for a joynt Ring, nor for meaſures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world: why, who would not make her husband a Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I ſhould venture Purgatory for't.

Deſ. Beſhrew me, if I would doe ſuch a wrong
For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong, is but a wrong ith'world; and having the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Deſ I doe not thinke there is any ſuch woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen: and as many toth'vantage, as would ſtore the world they plaid for.
But I doe thinke it is their husbands faults
If Wives doe fall: (Say, that they ſlacke their duties,
And powre our Treaſures into forraigne laps;
Or elſe breake out in peeviſh Iealouſies,
Throwing reſtraint upon us: Or ſay they ſtrike us,
Or ſcant our former having in deſpight)
Why we have galles: and though we have ſome Grace,
Yet have we ſome Revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have ſenſe like them: They ſee, and ſmell,
And have their Palats both for ſweet, and ſowre,
As husbands have. What is it that they doe
When they change us for others? Is it Sport?
I thinke it is: and doth Affection breed it?
I thinke it doth. Iſt frailty that thus erres?
It is ſo too. And have not we affections?
Deſires for Sport? and frailty, as men have?
Then let them uſe us well: elſe let them know,
The illes we doe, their illes inſtruct us to.
Deſ. Good night, good night:
Heaven me ſuch uſes ſend,
Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Iago, and Rodorigo.

Iago. Heere, ſtand behind this Barke,
Straight will he come:
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home:
Quicke, quicke, feare nothing; Ile be at thy Elbow,
It makes us, or it marres us, thinke on that,
And fixe moſt firme thy Reſolution.
Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miſcarry in't.
Iago. Heere, at thy hand: Behold, and take thy ſtand.
Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
And yet he hath given me ſatisfying Reaſons:
Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword: he dyes.
Iago. I have rub'd this yong Quat almoſt to the ſenſe,
And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill *Caſſio*,
Or *Caſſio* him, or each doe kill the other,
Every way makes my gaine. Live *Rodorigo*,
He calles me to a reſtitution large
Of gold, and Iewels, that I bob'd from him,
As gifts to *Deſdemona*.
It muſt not be: if *Caſſio* doe remaine,
He hath a dayly beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly: and beſides, the Moore
May unfold me to him: there ſtand I in much perill:
No, he muſt dye. But ſo, I heare him comming.

Enter Caſſio.

Rod. I know his gate, tis he: Villaine thou dyeſt.
Caſ. That thruſt had beene mine enemy indeed,
But that my Coate is better then thou knowſt:
I will make proofe of thine.
Rod. Oh, I am ſlaine.
Caſ. I am maym'd for ever:
Helpe hoa: Murther, murther.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voyce of *Caſſio*, *Iago* keepes his word.
Rod. O Villaine that I am.
Oth. It is even ſo.
Caſ. Oh helpe hoa: Light, a Surgeon.
Oth. Tis he: O brave *Iago*, honeſt, and juſt,
That haſt ſuch Noble ſenſe of thy friends wrong,
Thou teacheſt me. Minion, your deere lyes dead,
And your unbleſt Fate highes: Strumpet I come:
For off my heart, thoſe Charmes thine Eyes, are blotted.
Thy Bed luſt-ſtain'd, ſhall with Luſts blood be ſpotted.
Exit Othello.

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

Caſ. What hoa? no Watch? No paſſage?
Murther, Murther.
Gra. Tis ſome miſchance, the voyce is very direfull.
Caſ. Oh helpe.
Lodo. Hearke.
Rod. Oh wretched Villaine.
Lod. Two or three groane. Tis heavy night;
Theſe may be counterfets: Lets thinkt unſafe
To come into the cry, without more helpe.
Rod. Nobody come: then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago.

Lod. Hearke.

Gra. Heres one comes in his ſhirt, with Light, and Weapons.

Iago. Whos there?
Whoſe noyſe is this that cryes out murther?
Lodo. We doe not know.
Iago. Doe not you heare a cry?
Caſ. Heere, heere: for heaven ſake helpe me.
Iago. Whats the matter?
Gra. This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I take it.
Lodo. The ſame indeed, a very valiant Fellow.
Iago. What are you heere, that cry ſo greevouſly?
Caſ. *Iago*? Oh I am ſpoyl'd, undone by Villaines:
Give me ſome helpe.
Iago. O me, Lieutenant!
What Villaines have done this?
Caſ. I thinke that one of them is heereabout,

And cannot make away.
Iago. Oh treacherous Villaines:
What are you there? Come in, and give ſome helpe.
Rod. O helpe me there.
Caſſi. Thats one of them.
Iago. Oh murd'rous Slave! O Villaine!
Rod. O damn'd *Iago*! O inhumane Dogge!
Iago. Kill men ith'darke?
Where be theſe bloody Theeves?
How ſilent is this Towne? Hoa, murther, murther.
What may you be? Are you of good, or evill?
Lod. As you ſhall prove us, praiſe us.
Iago. Signior *Lodovico.*
Lod He Sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy: heres *Caſſio* hurt by Villaines.
Gra. *Caſſio?*
Iago. How iſt brother?
Caſſi. My Legge is cut in two.
Iago. Marry heaven forbid:
Light Gentlemen, ile bind it with my ſhirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter hoa? Who iſt that cryd?
Iago. Who iſt that cry'd?
Bian. Oh my deere *Caſſio*,
My ſweet *Caſſio*: Oh *Caſſio, Caſſio, Caſſio.*
Iago. O noatble Strumpet. *Caſſio*, may you ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be, that have thus mangled you?
Caſſi. No.
Gra. I am ſorry to find you thus;
I have beene to ſeeke you.
Iago. Lend me a Garter. So:——Oh for a Chaire
To beare him eaſily hence.
Bian. Alas he faints. Oh *Caſſio, Caſſio, Caſſio.*
Iago. Gentlemen all, I doe ſuſpect this Traſh
To be a party in this injurie.
Patience a while, good *Caſſio.* Come, come;
Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?
Alas my friend, and my deere Countryman
Roderigo? No: Yes ſure: Yea, tis *Roderigo.*
Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Even he Sir: Did you know him?
Gra. Know him? I.
Iago. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle pardon:
Theſe bloody accidents muſt excuſe my Manners,
That ſo neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to ſee you.
Iago. How doe you *Caſſio*? Oh, a Chaire, a Chaire.
Gra. *Roderigo?*
Iago. He, he, tis he:
Oh thats well ſaid, the Chaire.
Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
Ile fetch the Generalls Surgeon. For you Miſtris,
Save you your labour. He that lyes ſlaine heere (*Caſſio*)
Was my deere friend. What malice was betweene you?
Caſſi. None in the world: nor doe I know the man?
Iago. What looke you pale? Oh beare him out oth'Ayre.
Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Miſtris?
Doe you perceive the gaſtneſſe of her eye?
Nay, if you ſtare, we ſhall heare more anon.
Behold her well: I pray you looke upon her:
Doe you ſee Gentlemen? Nay, guiltineſſe will ſpeake
Though tongues were out of uſe.
Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, husband?
Iago. *Caſſio* hath heere bin ſet on in the darke
By *Roderigo*, and Fellowes that are ſcap'd:
Hes almoſt ſlaine, and *Roderigo* quite dead.
Æmil. Alas good Gentleman: alas good *Caſſio.*
Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prethee *Æmilia*,
Goe know of *Caſſio* where he ſupt to night.
What doe you ſhake at that?
Bian. He ſupt at my houſe, but I therefore ſhake not.
Iago. O did he ſo? I charge you goe with me.
Æmil. Oh fie upon thee Strumpet.
Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of life as honeſt,
As you that thus abuſe me.
Æmil. As I? Fye upon thee.
Iago. Kind Gentlemen:
Lets goe ſee poore *Caſſio* dreſt.
Come Miſtris, you muſt tels another Tale.
Æmilia, run you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ'd:
Will you goe on afore? This is the night
That either makes me, or foredoes me quight. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Deſdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Cauſe, it is the Cauſe (my ſoule)
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte Starres,
It is the Cauſe. Yet Ile not ſhed her blood,
Nor ſcarre that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,
And ſmooth as Monumentall Alablaſter:
Yet ſhe muſt dye, elſe ſhell betray more men:
Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming Miniſter,
I can againe thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,
Thou cunningſt Patterne of excelling Nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heate
That can thy Light re-Lume.
When I have pluck'd thy Roſe,
I cannot give it vitall growth againe,
It needes muſt wither. Ile ſmell thee on the Tree:
Oh Balmy breath, that doſt almoſt perſwade
Iuſtice to breake her Sword. One more, one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. One more, and thats the laſt.
So ſweet, was ne're ſo fatall. I muſt weepe,
But they are cruell Teares: This ſorrows heavenly,
It ſtrikes, where it doth love. She wakes.
Deſ. Who's there? *Othello?*
Oth. I *Deſdemona.*
Deſ. Will you come to bed, my Lord?
Oth. Have you pray'd to night, *Deſdemon?*
Deſ. I my Lord.
Oth. If you bethinke your ſelfe of any Crime
Vnreconcil'd as yet to heaven, and Grace,
Solicite for it ſtraight.
Deſ. Alacke, my Lord,
What may you meane by that?
Oth. Well, doe it, and be briefe, I will walke by?
I would not kill thy unprepared Spirit,
No, (Heavens fore-fend) I would not kill thy ſoule.
Deſ. Talke you of killing?
Oth. I, I doe.
Deſ. Then Heaven have mercy on mee.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Deſ. If you ſay ſo, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Humh.
Deſ. And yet I feare you: for you're fatall then
When your eyes rowle ſo.
Why I ſhould feare, I know not,
Since guiltineſſe I know not: But yet I feele I feare,
Oth. Thinke on thy ſinnes,
Deſ. They are love I beare to you.
Oth. I, and for that thou dy'ſt.
Deſ. That deaths unaturall, that kils for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you ſo your nether-lip?
Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very frame:
Theſe are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They doe not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be ſtill.
Deſ. I will ſo: Whats the matter?
Oth. That Handkerchiefe
Which I ſo lov'd, and gave thee, thou gau'ſt to *Caſſio.*
Deſ. No by my life, and ſoule: ſend for the man,
And aske him.
Oth. Sweet ſoule, take heed, take heed of Perjury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Deſ. I, but not yet to dye.
Oth. Preſently.
Therefore confeſſe thee freely of thy ſinne:
For to deny each Article with Oath,
Cannot remove, nor choake the ſtrong Conception
That I doe grone withall. Thou art to dye.
Deſ. Oh heaven have mercy on me.
Oth. I ſay, Amen.
Deſ. And have you mercy too. I never did
Offend you in my life: never lov'd *Caſſio,*
But with ſuch generall warranty of heaven,
As I might love. I never gave him Token.
Oth. By heaven I ſaw my Handkerchiefe ins hand.
O periur'd woman, thou doſt ſtone my heart,
And makeſt me call, what I intend to doe
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I ſaw the Handkerchife.
Deſ. He found it then:
I never gave it him: Send for him hither:
Let him confeſſe a truth.
Oth. He hath confeſt:
Deſ. What my Lord?
Oth. That he hath vs'd thee.
Deſ. How? unlawfully?
Oth. I.
Deſ. He will not ſay ſo.
Oth. No: his mouth is ſtopp'd:
Honeſt *Iago* hath tane order fort.
Deſ. Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?
Oth. Had all his haires bin lives, my great Revenge
Had ſtomacke for them all.
Deſ. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.
Oth. Out Strumpet: weep'ſt thou for him to my face?
Deſ. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Downe Strumpet.
Deſ. Kill me to morrow, let me live to night.
Oth. Nay, if you ſtrive.
Deſ. But halfe an houre.
Oth. Being done, there is no pawſe.
Deſ. But while I ſay one prayer.
Oth. It is too late, *Smothers her.*
Æmilia at the doore.
Æmil. My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?
My Lord, my Lord.
Oth. What noiſe is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
I would not have thee linger in thy paine?
So, ſo.
Æmil. within. What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?
Oth. Whos there?
Æmil. Oh good my Lord, I would ſpeake a word with you.
Oth. Yes: tis *Æmilia:* by and by. Shes dead.
Tis like ſhe comes to ſpeake of *Caſſios* death:
The noiſe was high. Hah, no more mooving?
Still as the Grave. Shall ſhe come in? Wert good?
I thinke ſhe ſtirres againe. No, whats beſt to doe?
If ſhe come in, ſhell ſure ſpeake to my wife:
My wife, my wife: what wife? I have no wife.
Oh inſupportable! Oh heavy houre!
Me thinkes, it ſhould be now a huge Eclipſe
Of Sunne, and Moone: and that th'affrighted Globe
Did yawne at Alteration.
Æmil. I doe beſeech you
That I may ſpeake with you. Oh good my Lord.
Oth. I had forgot thee: oh come in *Æmilia.*
Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.
Where art thou? Whats the matter with thee now?
Enter Æmilia.
Æmil. Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers done.
Oth. What? now?
Æmil. But now, my Lord,
Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neerer Earth then ſhe was wont,
And makes men mad.
Æmil. *Caſſio,* my Lord, hath killd
A young Venetian, calld *Rodorigo.*
Oth. *Rodorigo* killd? and *Caſſio* killd?
Æmil. No, *Caſſio* is not killd.
Oth. Not *Caſſio* killd? Then Murthers out of tune,
And ſweet Revenge growes harſh.
Deſ. O falſely, falſely murder'd.
Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That? What?
Æmil. Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voyce,
Helpe, helpe hoa, helpe, Oh Ladie ſpeake againe,
Sweet *Deſdemona,* oh ſweet Miſtris, ſpeake.
Deſ. A guiltleſſe death I dye.
Æmil. Oh who hath done this deed?
Deſ. No body: I my ſelfe, farewell:
Commend me to my kind Lord: oh farewell.
Oth. Why how ſhould ſhe be murdred?
Æmil. Alas: who knowes?
Oth. You heare her ſay her ſelfe, it was not I.
Æmil. She ſaid ſo: I muſt needs report the truth.
Oth. Shes like a Lyar gone to burning hell,
Twas I that killd her.
Æmil. Oh the more Angell ſhe, and you the blacker Divell.
Oth. She turn'd to folly: and ſhe was a whore.
Æmil. Thou doſt bely her, and thou art a divell.
Oth. She was falſe as water.
Æmil. Thou art raſh as fire, to ſay
That ſhe was falſe. Oh ſhe was heavenly true.
Oth. *Caſſio* did top her: Aske thy husband elſe.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:
But that I did proceed upon juſt grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Æmil. My husband?
Oth. Thy husband.
Æmil. That ſhe was falſe to Wedlocke;
Oth. I, with *Caſſio*: had ſhe bin true,
If heaven would make me ſuch another world,
Of one entyre and perfect Chryſolite,
Ild not have ſold her for it.
Æmil. My husband?
Oth. I, twas he that told me on her firſt,
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime
That ſtickes on filthy deeds.
Æmil. My husband?
Oth. What needs this iterance, Woman?
I ſay, thy husband.
Æmil. Oh Miſtris,
Vilany hath made mockes with love:
My husband ſay ſhe was falſe?
Oth. He, woman;
I ſay thy husband: Doſt underſtand the word?
My friend, thy husband; honeſt, honeſt *Iago*.
Æmil. If he ſay ſo, may his pernicious Soule
Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to'th'heart,
She was too fond of her moſt filthy Bargaine.
Oth. Hah?
Æmil. Doe thy worſt:
This deede of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Then thou waſt worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were beſt.
Æmil. Thou haſt not halfe that power to doe me
As I have to be hurt. Oh gull, oh dolt, (harme
As ignorant as durt: thou haſt done a deed
(I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee knowne,
Though I loſt twenty lives, Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe:
The Moore hath kill'd my Miſtris. Murther, murther.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Mon. What is the matter? How now generall?
Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Iago*: you have done well,
That men muſt lay their Murthers on your necke.
Gra. What is the matter?
Æmil. Diſprove this Villaine, if thou be'ſt a man,
He ſayes, thou toldſt him that his wife was falſe:
I know thou didſt not: thou'rt not ſuch a Villaine.
Speake, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought,
And told no more
Then what he found himſelfe was apt, and true.
Æmil. But did you ever tell him,
She was falſe?
Iago. I did.
Æmil. You told a Lye, an odious damned Lye:
Vpon my ſoule, a Lye; a wicked Lye.
Shee falſe with *Caſſio*?
Did you ſay with *Caſſio*?
Iago. With *Caſſio*, Miſtris,
Goe to, charme your tongue.
Æmil. I will not charme my Tongue;
I am bound to ſpeake,
My Miſtris heere lyes murthered in her bed.
All. Oh heavens, forefend.
Æmil. And your reports have ſet the Murder on.
Oth. Nay ſtare not Maſters,
It is true indeed.
Gra. Tis a ſtrange Truth.
Mont. O monſtrous Act.
Æmil. Villany, villany, villany:
I thinke upont, I thinke: I ſmel't: O Villany:
I thought ſo then: Ile kill my ſelfe for griefe,
O villany! villany!
Iago. What, are you mad?
I charge you get you home.
Æmil. Good Gentlemen, let me have leave to ſpeake:
Tis proper I obey him; but not now:
Perchance *Iago*, I will nere goe home.
Oth. Oh, oh, oh.
Æmil. Nay, lay thee downe and roare:
For thou haſt killd the ſweeteſt innocent,
That ere did lift up eye.
Oth. Oh ſhe was fowle!
I ſcarſe did know you Vnkle, there lies your Neece,
Whoſe breath (indeed) theſe hands have newly ſtopp'd:
I know this acte ſhewes horrible and grim.
Gra. Poore *Deſdemon*:
I am glad thy father's dead,
Thy Match was mortall to him; and pure griefe
Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he live now,
This ſight would make him doe a deſperate turne:
Yea, curſe his better Angell from his ſide,
And fall to Reprobance.
Oth. Tis pittifull; but yet *Iago* knowes,
That ſhe with *Caſſio* hath the act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed. *Caſſio* confeſt it,
And ſhe did gratifie his amorous workes
With that Recognizance and pledge of Love
Which I firſt gave her: I ſaw it in his hand:
It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token
My father gave my Mother.
Æmil. Oh heaven! oh heavenly Powers!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Æmil. Twill out, twill out. I peace?
No, I will ſpeake as liberall as the North;
Let heaven, and Men, and divels, let them all,
All, all, cry ſhame againſt me, yet Ile ſpeake.
Iago. Be wiſe and get you home.
Æmil. I will not.
Gra. Fye, your Sword upon a Woman.
Æmil. Oh thou dull *Moore*,
That Handkerchiefe thou ſpeak'ſt of
I found by Fortune, and did give my husband:
For often, with a ſolemne earneſtneſſe,
(More then indeed belong'd to ſuch a Trifle)
He begg'd of me, to ſteale't.
Iago. Villanous Whore.
Æmil. She give it *Caſſio*? No, alas I found it,
And I did giv't my husband.
Iago. Filth, thou lyeſt.
Æmil. By heaven I doe not, I doe not Gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous Coxcombe, what ſhould ſuch a foole
Doe with ſo good a wife?
Oth. Are there no ſtones in heaven,
But what ſerves for the Thunder?
Precious Villaine.
Gra. The woman falles:
Sure he hath killd his Wife.
Æmil. I, I; oh lay me by my Miſtris ſide.
Gra. Hes gone, but his wifes kill'd.
Mont. Tis a notorious Villaine: take you this weapon
Which I have recover'd from the *Moore*:
Come guard the doore without, let him not paſſe,
But kill him rather. Ile after that ſame villaine,
For tis a damned Slave. *Exit.*

Oth. I am not valiant neither:
But every Puny whipſter gets my Sword.
But why ſhould honor out-live honeſty?
Let it goe all.
Æmil. What did thy Song boad Lady?
Hearke, canſt thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And dye in Muſicke: *Willough, Willough, Willough.*
Moore, ſhe was chaſte: She lov'd thee, cruell *Moore*:
So come my ſoule to bliſſe, as I ſpeake true:
So ſpeaking as I thinke, alas, I dye.
Oth. I have another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:
Oh heere it is: Vnkle I muſt come forth.
Gra. If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee deere;
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.
Oth. Looke in upon me then, and ſpeake with me,
Or naked as I am I will aſſault thee.
Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold, I have a weapon:
A better never did it ſelfe ſuſtaine
Vpon a Souldiers Thigh. I have ſeene the day,
That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your ſtop. But (oh vaine boaſt)
Who can controll his fate? 'Tis not ſo now.
Be not affraid, though you doe ſee me weapon'd:
Heere is my journies end, heere is my but
And very Sea-marke of my utmoſt Saile.
Doe you goe backe diſmaid? 'Tis a loſt feare:
Man but a Ruſh againſt *Othello's* breſt,
And he retires. Where ſhould *Othello* goe?
Now: how doſt thou looke now? oh ill-Starr'd wench,
Pale as thy Smocke: when we ſhall meete at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my ſoule from Heaven,
And fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girle?
Even like thy Chaſtity. O curſed, curſed Slave!
Whip me ye Divels,
From the poſſeſſion of this heavenly ſight:
Blow me about in windes, roaſt me in Sulphure,
Waſh me in ſteepe-downe gulfes of Liquid fire.
Oh *Deſdemon!* dead *Deſdemon*: dead. dead. Oh, oh!

Enter Lodovico, Caſſio, Montano, and Iago,
with Officers.

Lod. Where is this raſh, and moſt unfortunate man?
Oth. Thats he that was *Othello*: heere I am.
Lod. Where is that Viper?
Bring the Villaine forth.
Oth. I looke downe towards his feet; but thats a fable,
If that thou beeſt a divell, I cannot kill thee.
Lod. Wrench his Sword from him.
Iago. I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not ſorry neither, Il'd have thee live:
For in my ſenſe, 'tis happineſſe to dye.
Lod. Oh thou *Othello*, that was once ſo good,
Falne in the practſe of a curſed Slave,
What ſhall be ſaid to thee.
Oth. Why any thing:
An honorable Murderer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in Honor.
Lod. This wretch hath part confeſt his Villany:
Did you and he conſent in *Caſſio's* death.
Oth. I.
Caſ. Deere Generall, I never gave you cauſe.
Oth. I doe beleve it, and I aske your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Divell,
Why he hath thus enſnar'd my ſoule and body.
Iag. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth, I never will ſpeake word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou doſt beſt.
Lod. Sir,
You ſhall underſtand what hath befalne,
(Which, as I thinke, you know not) heere is a Letter
Found in the pocket of the ſlaine *Roderigo*,
And heere another, the one of them imports
The death of *Caſſio*, to be undertooke
By *Roderigo*.
Oth. O Villaine!
Caſſi. Moſt heatheniſh, and moſt groſſe.
Lod. Now, heeres another diſcontented paper
Found in his pocket too: and this it ſeemes
Roderigo meant t'have ſent this damned villaine:
But that (belike) *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and ſatisfi'd him.
Oth. Oh thou pernitious Caitiffe;
How came you (*Caſſio*) by that Handkerchiefe
That was my wives?
Caſſi. I found it in my Chamber:
And he himſelfe confeſt it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a ſpeciall purpoſe,
Which wrought to his deſire.
Oth. O foole, foole, foole!
Caſſi. There is beſides, in *Roderigos* Letter,
How he upbraides *Iago*, that he made him
Brave me upon the Watch: whereon it came
That I was caſt: and even but now he ſpake
(After long ſeeming dead) *Iago* hurt him,
Iago ſet him on.
Lod. You muſt forſake this roome, and goe with us:
Your Power, and your command is taken off,
And *Caſſio* rules in Cyprus. For this Slave,
If there be any cunning Cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It ſhall be his. You ſhall cloſe Priſoner reſt,
Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne
To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you goe:
I have done the State ſome ſervice, and they know't:
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you ſhall theſe unlucky deeds relate,
Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet downe ought in malice.
Then muſt you ſpeake,
Of one that lov'd not wiſely, but too well:
Of one, not eaſily Iealious, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whoſe hand
(Like the baſe Indian) threw a Pearle away
Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whoſe ſubdu'd Eyes,
Albeit unuſed to the melting moode,
Drop teares as faſt as the Arabian Trees
Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this:
And ſay beſides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke
Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,
I tooke by th'throat the circumciſed Dogge,
And ſmote him, thus.
Lod. Oh bloody period.
Gra. All that is ſpoke is marr'd.
Oth. I kiſt thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,
Killing my ſelfe, to dye upon a kiſſe. *Dyes.*

Caſſio.

Caſſi. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon:
For he was great of heart.
Lod. Oh Spartan Dogge:
More fell then Anguiſh, Hunger, or the Sea:
Looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed:
This is thy worke:
The Object poyſons ſight,
Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keepe the houſe,
And ſeize upon the Fortunes of the *Moore*,
For they ſucceede on you. To you, Lord Governor,
Remaines the Cenſure of this helliſh villaine:
The time, the place, the torture, oh inforce it:
My ſelfe will ſtraight aboord, and to the State,
This heavy Act, with heavy heart relate. *Exeunt.*

THE ACTORS

NAMES.

OThello, *the Moore.*
Brabantio, *Father to Deſdemona.*
Caſſio, *An honourable Lieutenant.*
Iago, *A Villaine.*
Rodorigo, *A guld Gentleman.*
Duke of Venice.
Senators.
Montano, *Governour of Cyprus.*
Gentlemen of Cyprus.
Lodovico, *and* Gratiano, *two Noble Venetians.*
Saylors.
Clowne.

Deſdemona, *Wife to Othello.*
Æmilia, *Wife to Iago.*
Bianca, *A CurteZan.*

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDY OF
Anthony, and Cleopatra.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Demetrius, and Philo.

Philo.

Nay, but this dotage of our Generall
Ore-flowes the meaſure: thoſe his goodly eyes
That o're the files and Muſters of the Warre,
Have glow'd like plated Mars:
Now bend, now turne
The Office and Devotion of their view
Vpon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,
Which in the ſcuffles of great fights hath burſt
The Buckles on his breſt, reneages all temper,
And is become the Bellowes and the Fan
To coole a Gypſies Luſt.

Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the Traine, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Looke where they come:
Take but good note, and you ſhall ſee in him
The triple Pillar of the world transform'd
Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and ſee.

Cleo. If it be Love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. Theres beggery in the love that can be reckon'd

Cleo. Ile ſet a bourne how farre to be belov'd.

Ant. Then muſt thou needes find out new heaven, new Earth.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.

Ant. Rate me, the ſumme.

Cleo. Nay heare them *Anthony.*
Fulvia perchance is angry: Or who knowes,
If the ſcarſe-bearded *Cæſar* have not ſent
His powerfull Mandate to you. Doe this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and infranchiſe that:
Perform't, or elſe we damne thee,

Ant. How, my Love?

Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and moſt like;
You muſt not ſtay heere longer, your diſmiſſion
Is come from *Cæſar*, therefore heare it *Anthony.*
Wheres *Fulvias* Proceſſe? (*Cæſars* I would ſay) both?
Call in the Meſſengers: As I am Egypts Queene,
Thou bluſheſt *Anthony*, and that blood of thine
Is *Cæſars* homager: elſe ſo thy cheeke payes ſhame,
When ſhrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* ſcolds. The Meſſengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raing'd Empire fall: Heere is my ſpace,
Kingdomes are clay: Our dungy earth alike
Feeds Beaſt as Man; the Nobleneſſe of life
Is to doe thus: when ſuch a mutuall paire,
And ſuch a twaine can doo't, in which I bind,
On paine of puniſhment, the world to weete
We ſtand up Peereleſſe.

Cleo. Excellent falſhood:
Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her?
Ile ſeeme the Foole I am not. *Anthony* will be himſelfe,

Ant. But ſtirr'd by *Cleopatra.*
Now for the love of love, and her ſoft houres,
Lets not confound the time with Conference harſh;
Theres not a minute of our lives ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome pleaſure now. What ſport to night?

Cleo. Heare the Ambaſſadors.

Ant. Fye wrangling Queene:
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weepe: whoſe every paſſion fully ſtrives
To make it ſelfe (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.
No Meſſenger but thine, and all alone, to night
We'll wander through the ſtreets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Laſt night you did deſire it. Speake not to us.

Exeunt with the Traine

Dem. Is *Cæſar* with *Anthonius* priz'd ſo ſlight?

Philo. Sir ſometimes when he is not *Anthony*,
He comes too ſhort of that great Property
Which ſtill ſhould goe with *Anthony.*

Dem. I am full ſorry, that he approves the common Lyar, who thus ſpeakes of him at Rome:but I will hope of better deeds to morrow. Reſt you happy. *Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Southſayer, Rannius, Lucillius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas.

Char. L. *Alexas*, ſweet *Alexas*, moſt any thing *Alexas*, almoſt moſt abſolute *Alexas*, wheres the Soothſayer that you prais'd ſo to'th'Queene? Oh that I knew this Husband, which you ſay, muſt change his hornes with Garlands.

Alex. Soothſayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the Man? Is't you ſir that know things?

Sooth. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecy, a little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enob. Bring in the Banket quickly: Wine enough, *Cleopatras* health to drinke.

Char. Good ſir, give me good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but forſee.

Char. Pray then, foreſee me one.

Sooth. You ſhall be yet farre fairer then you are.

Char. He meanes in fleſh.

Iras. No, you ſhall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his preſcience, be attentiue.

Char. Huſh.

Sooth. You ſhall be more beloving, then beloved.

Char. I had rather heate my Liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, heare him.

Char. Good now ſome excellent Fortune. Let mee be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow them all: Let me have a Child at fifty, to whom *Herod* of Iewry may doe Homage. Finde me to marry me with *Octavius Cæſar*, and companion me with my Miſtris.

Sooth. You ſhall out-live the Lady whom you ſerve.

Char. Oh excellent, I love long life better then Figs.

Sooth. You have ſeene and proved a fairer former fortune, then that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my Children ſhall have no names: Prethee how many Boyes and Wenches muſt I have.

Sooth. If every of your wiſhes had a wombe, and foretell every wiſh, a Million.

Char. Out Foole, I forgive thee for a Witch.

Alex. You thinke none but your ſheets are privy to your wiſhes.

Char. Nay come, tell *Iras* hers.

Alex. We'll know all our Fortunes.

Enob. Mine, and moſt of our Fortunes to night, ſhall be drunke to bed.

Iras. Theres a Palme preſages Chaſtity, if nothing elſe.

Char. E'ne as the ore-flowing Nylus preſageth Famine.

Iras. Goe you wild Bedfellow, you cannot Soothſay.

Char. Nay, if an oyly Palme be not a fruitfull Prognoſtication, I cannot ſcratch mine eare. Prethee tell her but a worky day Fortune.

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how, give me particulars.

Sooth. I have ſaid.

Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better than ſhe?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of Fortune better than I: where would you chooſe it.

Iras. Not in my husbands Noſe.

Char. Our worſer thoughts heavens mend.

Alexas. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him marry a woman that cannot go, ſweet *Iſis*, I beſeech thee, and let her dye too, and give him a worſe, and let worſe follow worſe, till the worſt of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good *Iſis* heare me this Prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more waight: good *Iſis* I beſeech thee.

Char. Amen, deere Goddeſſe, heare that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to ſee a handſome man looſe-wiv'd, ſo it is a deadly ſorrow, to behold a foule Knave uncuckolded: Therefore deare *Iſis* keepe *decorum*, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex. Loe now, if it lay in their hands to make me a Cuckold, they would make themſelves Whores, but they'ld doo't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. Huſh, here comes *Anthony*.

Char. Not he, the Queene.

Cleo. Saw you my Lord?

Enob. No Lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No Madame.

Cleo. He was diſpos'd to mirth, but on the ſodaine
A Roman thought hath ſtrooke him.
Enobarbus?

Enob. Madam.

Cle. Seeke him, and bring him hither: where's *Alexas*?

Alex. Here at your ſervice.
My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony with a Meſſenger.

Cleo. We will not looke upon him:
Goe with us. *Exeunt.*

Meſſen. *Fulvia* thy Wife,
Firſt came into the Field.

Ant. Againſt my Brother *Lucius*.

Meſſ. I, but ſoone that Warre had end,
And the times ſtate
Made friends of them, joynting their force 'gainſt *Cæſar*.
Whoſe better iſſue in the warre from Italy,
Vpon the firſt encounter drave them.

Ant. Well, what worſt.

Meſſ. The nature of bad newes infects the Teller.

Ant. When it concernes the Foole or Coward: On.
Things that are paſt, are done, with me. Tis thus,
Who tels me true, though in his Tale lye death,
I heare him as he flatter'd.

Meſ. *Labienus* (this is ſtiffe-newes)
Hath with his Parthian Force
Extended Aſia: from Euphrates his conquering
Banner ſhooke, from Syria to Lydia,
And to Ionia, whilſt——

Ant. *Anthony* thou wouldſt ſay.

Meſ. Oh my Lord.

Ant. Speake to me home,
Mince not the generall tongue, name
Cleopatra as ſhe is call'd in Rome:
Raile thou in *Fulvia's* phraſe, and taunt my faults
With ſuch full Licenſe, as both Truth and Malice
Have power to utter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,
When our quicke windes lye ſtill, and our illes told us
Is as our earing: fare thee well awhile.

Meſ. At your Noble pleaſure. *Exit Meſſenger.*

Enter another Meſſenger.

Ant. From *Scicion* how the newes? Speake there.

1 *Meſ.* The man from *Scicion*,
Is there ſuch an one?

2. *Meſ.* He ſtayes upon your will.

Ant. Let him appeare:
Theſe ſtrong Egyptian Fetters I muſt breake,
Or looſe my ſelfe in dotage.

Enter another Meſſenger with a Letter.

What are you?

3 *Meſ.* *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where dyed ſhe.

Meſ. In *Scicion*, her length of ſickneſſe,
With what elſe more ſerious,
Importeth thee to know, this beares,

Ant. Forebeare me
Theres a great Spirit gone, thus did I deſire it:
What our contempts doe often hurle from us,

We wiſh it oursagaine. The preſent pleaſure,
By revolution lowring, does become
The oppoſite of it ſelfe : ſhe's good being gon,
The hand could plucke her backe, that ſhov'd her on.
I muſt from this Queene breake off,
Ten thouſand harmes, more than the illes I know
My idleneſſe doth hatch.

Enter Enobarbus.

How now *Enobarbus.*

Eno. Whats your pleaſure, Sir?

Anth. I muſt with haſte from hence,

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We ſee how mortall an unkindneſſe is to them, if they ſuffer our departure death's the word.

Ant. I muſt be gone.

Eno. Vnder a compelling an occaſion, let women dye. It were pitty to caſt them away for nothing, though betweene them and a great cauſe, they ſhould be eſteemed nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the leaſt noyſe of this, dyes inſtantly : I have ſeene her, dye twenty times upon farre poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits ſome loving acte upon her, ſhe hath ſuch a celerity in dying,

Ant. She is cunning paſt mans thought.

Eno. Alacke ſir no, her paſſions are made of nothing but the fineſt part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, ſighes and teares : They are greater ſtormes and Tempeſts then Almanackes can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, ſhe makes a ſhowre of Raine as well as Iove.

Ant. Would I had never ſeene her.

Eno. Oh ſir, you had then left unſeene a wonderfull peece of worke, which not to have beene bleſt withall, would have diſcredited your Travaile.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir,

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why ſir, give the gods a thankefull Sacrifice : when it pleaſeth their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, it ſhewes to man the Tailors of the earth: comforting therein, that when old Robes are worne out, there are members to make now. If there were no more Women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the caſe to be lamented : This griefe is crown'd with Conſolation, your old Smocke brings fourth a new Petticoate, and indeed the teares live in an Onion, that ſhould water this ſorrow.

Ant. The buſineſſe ſhe hath broached in the State,
Cannot endure my abſence.

Eno. And the buſineſſe you have broach'd heere cannot be without you, eſpecially that of *Cleopatras*, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more like Anſwers:
Let our Officers
Have notice what we purpoſe. I ſhall breake
The cauſe of our Expedience to the Queene,
And get her love to part. For not alone
The death of *Fulvia*, with more vrgent touches
Doe ſtrongly ſpeake to us : but the Letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome,
Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Hath given the dare to *Cæſar*, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our ſlippery people,
Whoſe Love is never link'd to the deſerver,
Till his deſerts are paſt, begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his Dignities
Vpon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power,
Higher then both in blood and life, ſtands up
For the maine Souldier. Whoſe quality going on,
The ſides oth'world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which like the Courſers heire, hath yet but life,
And not a Serpents poyſon. Say our pleaſure,
To ſuch whoſe places under us, require
Our quicke remove from hence.

Eno. I ſhall doot. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not ſee him ſince.

Cleo. See where he is,
Whoſe with him, what he does:
I did not ſend you. If you finde him ſad,
Say I am dauncing: if in Myrth, report
That I am ſodaine ſicke. Quickly, and returne.

Char. Madam, me thinkes if you did love him deerely
You doe not hold the method, to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What ſhould I doe I doe not?

Ch. In each thing give him way, croſſe him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teacheſt like a foole : the way to loſe him.

Char. Tempt him not ſo too farre. I wiſh forbeare,
In time we hate that which we often feare.

Enter Anthony.

But heere comes *Anthony.*

Cleo. I am ſicke, and ſullen.

Ant. I am ſorry to give breathing to my purpoſe.

Cleo. Helpe me away deere *Charmian*, I ſhall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the ſides of Nature
Will not ſuſtaine it.

Ant. Now my deereſt Queene.

Cleo. Pray you ſtand farther from me,

Ant. Whats the matter?

Cleo. I know by that ſame eye theres ſome g[illegible]d newes
What ſayes the married woman you may goe [illegible]
Would ſhe had never given you leave to come,
Let her not ſay tis I that keepe you heere,
I have no power upon you : Hers you are.

Ant. The gods beſt know.

Cleo. Oh never was there Queene
So mightily betrayed : yet at the firſt
I ſaw the Treaſons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra.

Cleo. Why ſhould I thinke you can be mine, and true
(Though you ſwearing ſhake the Throaned gods)
Who have beene falſe to *Fulvia?*
Riotous madneſſe,
To be entangled with thoſe mouth-made vowes,
Which breake themſelves in ſwearing.

Ant. Moſt ſweet Queene.

Cleo. Nay pray you ſeeke no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and goe:
When you ſued ſtaying,
Then was the time for words: No going then,
Eternity was in our Lippes, and Eyes.
Bliſſe in our browes bent: none our parts ſo poore,
But was a race of heaven. They are ſo ſtill,
Or thou the greateſt Souldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greater Lyar.

Ant. How now Lady?

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou ſhould'ſt know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Heare me Queene:
The ſtrong neceſſity of Time, commands
Our Services a while: but my full heart
Remaines in uſe with you. Our Italy,
Shines o're with civill Swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approches to the Port of Rome,
Equality of two Domeſticke powers,
Breed ſcrupulous faction: The hated grow ne to ſtrength
Are newly growne to Love; The condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his Fathers honour, creepes apace
Into the hearts of ſuch, as have not thrived
Vpon the preſent ſtate, whoſe numbers threaten,
And quietneſſe growne ſicke of reſt, would purge
By any deſperate change: My more particular,
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſafe my going,
Is *Fulvias* death.

Cle. Though age from folly could not give me freedom
It does from childiſhneſſe. Can *Fulvia* dye?

Ant. Shee's dead my Queene,
Looke here, and at thy Soveraigne leyſure reade
The Garboyles ſhe awak'd: at the laſt, beſt,
See when, and where ſhe dyed.

Cleo. O moſt falſe love!
Where be the ſacred Viols thou ſhoul'dſt fill
With ſorrowfull water? Now I ſee, I ſee,
In *Fulvias* death, how mine receiv'd ſhall be.

Ant. Quarrell no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I beare: which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall give th'advice. By the fire
That quickens Nylus ſlime, I goe from hence
Thy Souldier, Servant, making Peace or Warre,
As thou affectſt.

Cleo. Cut my Lace, *Charmian* come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So *Anthony* loves.

Ant. My precious Queene forbeare,
And give true evidence to his Love, which ſtands
An honourable Triall.

Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
I prythee turne aſide, and weepe for her,
Then bid adiew to me, and ſay the teares
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent diſſembling, and let it looke
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'l heat my blood no more?

Cleo. You can doe better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by my Sword.

Cleo. And Target. Still he mends.
But this is not the beſt. Looke prythee *Charmian*,
How this *Herculean* Roman does become
The carriag[illegible]f his chafe.

Ant. Ile leave you Lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word:
Sir, you and I muſt part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it:
That you know well, ſomething it is I would:
Oh, my oblivion is a very *Anthony*.
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds Idleneſſe your ſubject, I ſhould take you
For Idleneſſe it ſelfe.

Cleo. 'Tis ſweating labour,
To beare ſuch Idleneſſe ſo neare the heart
As *Cleopatra* this. But Sir, forgive me,
Since my becommings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honor calls you hence.
Therefore be deafe to my unpittied Folly,
And all the Gods go with you. Vpon your Sword
Sit Law rell'd victory, and ſmooth ſucceſſe
Be ſtrew'd before your feete.

Ant. Let us go.
Come: Our ſeparation ſo abides and flies,
That thou reſiding heere, goeſt yet with me,
And I hence fleeting, heere remaine with thee.
Away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Octavius reading a Letter, Lepidus,
and their Traine.

Caſ. You may ſee *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Caſars* Naturall vice, to hate
One great Competitor. From Alexandria
This is the newes: he fiſhes, drinkes, and waſtes
The Lampes of night in revells: Is not more manlike
Then *Cleopatra*: nor the Queene of *Ptolomy*
More Womanly then he. Hardly gave audience
Or did vouchſafe to thinke he had Partners. You
Shall finde there a man, who is th'abſtract of all faults;
That all men follow.

Lep. I muſt not thinke
There are, evils enow to darken all his goodneſſe,
His faults in him, ſeeme as the Spots of heaven,
More fiery by nights Blackneſſe; Hereditary.
Rather then purchaſte: what he cannot change,
Then what he chooſes.

Caſ. You are too indulgent. Lets graunt it is
Amiſſe to tumble on the bed of *Ptolomy*,
To give a Kingdome for a Mirth, to ſit
And keepe the turne of Tipling with a Slave,
To reele the ſtreets at noone, and ſtand the Buffet
With knaves that ſmell of ſweate: Say this becomes him
(As his compoſure muſt be rare indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh) yet muſt *Anthony*
No way excuſe his foyles, when we doe beare
So great waight in his Lightneſſe. If he filld
His vacancy with his Voluptuouſneſſe,
Full ſurfets, and the drineſſe of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound ſuch time,
That drummes him from his ſport, and ſpeakes as lowd
As his owne State, and ours, tis to be chid:
As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,
Pawne their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebell to judgement.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lep. Heeres more newes.

Meſ. Thy biddings have beene done, and every houre
Moſt Noble *Caſar*, ſhalt thou have report
How tis abroad. *Pompey* is ſtrong at Sea,
And it appeares, he is belov'd of thoſe
That only have feard *Caſar*: to the Ports
The diſcontents repaire, and mens reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Caſ. I ſhould have knowne no leſſe,
It hath bin taught us from the primall ſtate,
That he which is, was wiſht, untill he were:
And the ebb'd man,
Ne're lov'd, till ne're worth love,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common body
Like to a Vagobond Flagge upon the Streame,
Goes too, and backe, lacking the varrying tyde

To rot it ſelfe with motion.
Meſ. *Cæſar* I bring thee word,
Menacrates and *Menas* famous Pyrates
Makes the Sea ſerve them, which they eare and wound
With keeles of every kind. Many hot inrodes
They make in Italy, the borders Maritime
Lacke blood to thinke on't, and fleſh youth revolt,
No Veſſell can peepe forth, but tis as ſoone
Taken as ſeene: for *Pompeyes* name ſtrikes more
Then could his Warre reſiſted.
Cæſar. *Anthony*,
Leave thy laſcivious Vaſſailes. When thou once
Wert beaten from *Medena*, where thou ſlewſt
Hirſius, and *Panſa* Conſuls, at thy heele
Did famine follow, whom thou foughtſt againſt,
(Though daintily brought up) with patience more
Then Savages could ſuffer. Thou didſt drinke
The ſtale of horſes, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beaſts would cough at. Thy pallat then did daine
The rougheſt Berry, on the rudeſt Hedge.
Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Paſture ſheets,
The barkes of Trees thou browſedſt. On the Alpes,
It is reported thou didſt eate ſtrange fleſh,
Which ſome did dye to looke on: And all this
(It wounds thine honor that I ſpeake it now)
Was borne ſo like a Souldiour, that thy cheeke
So much as lank'd not.
Lep. Tis pitty of him.
Cæſ. Let his ſhames quickely
Drive him to Rome, tis time we twaine
Did ſhew our ſelves ith' Field, and to that end
Aſſemble we immediate counſell, *Pompey*
Thrives in our Idleneſſe.
Lep. To morrow *Cæſar*,
I ſhall be furniſht to informe you rightly
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
To front this preſent time. (well.
Cæſ. Till which encounter, it is my buſineſſe too. Fare-
Lep. Farewell my Lord, what you ſhall know meane
Of ſtirres abroad, I ſhall beſeech you Sir (time
To let me be partaker.
Cæſ. Doubt not ſir, I knew it for my bond. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmain, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. *Charmian.*
Char. Madam.
Cleo. Ha, ha, give me to drinke *Mandragoras.*
Char. Why Madam?
Cleo. That I might ſleepe out this great gap of time:
My *Anthony* is away.
Char. You thinke of him too much.
Cleo. O tis Treaſon.
Char. Madam, I truſt not ſo.
Cleo. Thou, Eunuch *Mardian*?
Mar. Whats your highneſſe pleaſure?
Cleo. Not now to heare thee ſing. I take no pleaſure
In ought an Eunuch has: Tis well for thee,
That being unſeminaried, thy freer thoughts
May not flye forth of Egypt, Haſt thou Affections?
Mar. Yes gracious Madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not indeed Madam, for I can doe nothing
But what indeed is honeſt to be done:
Yet have I fierce Affections, and thinke
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. Oh *Charmian*;
Where thinkſt thou he is now? Stands he, or ſits he?
Or does he walke? Or is he on his Horſe?
Oh happy horſe to beare the weight of *Anthony*!
Doe bravely horſe, for wot'ſt thou whom thou moov'ſt,
The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arme
And Burgonet of man. Hes ſpeaking now,
Or murmuring, wheres my Serpent of old Nyle,
(For ſo he calls me:) Now I feed my ſelfe
With moſt delicious poyſon. Thinke on me
That am with Phebus amorous pinches blacke,
And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted *Cæſar*,
When thou waſt heere above the ground, I was
A morſell for a Monarke; and great *Pompey*
Would ſtand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
There would he anchor his Aſpect, and dye
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas from Cæſar.

Alex. Soveraigne of Egypt, haile.
Cleo. How much unlike art thou *Marke Anthony*?
Yet comming from him, that great Med'cine hath
With his Tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave *Marke Anthony*?
Alex. Laſt thing he did (deere Queene)
He kiſt the laſt of many doubled kiſſes,
This Orient Pearle. His ſpeech ſtickes in my heart.
Cleo. Mine eare muſt plucke it thence.
Alex. Good friend, quoth he:
Say the firme Roman to great Egypt ſends
This treaſure of an Oyſter: at whoſe foote
To mend the petty preſent, I will peece
Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the Eaſt,
(Say thou) ſhall call her Miſtris. So he nodded,
And ſoberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steed,
Who neigh'd ſo hye, that what I would have ſpoke,
Was beaſtly dumbe by him.
Cleo. What was he ſad, or merry?
Ale. Like to the time oth' yeare, betweene the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor ſad nor merry.
Cleo. Oh well divided diſpoſition: Note him:
Note him good *Charmian*, tis the man; but note him.
He was not ſad, for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their lookes by his. He was not merry,
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy, but betweene both.
Oh heavenly mingle! Bee'ſt thou ſad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,.
So do's it no man elſe. Metſt thou my Poſts?
Alex. I Madam, twenty ſeverall Meſſengers.
Why doe you ſend ſo thicke?
Cleo, Who's borne that day, when I forget to ſend
to *Anthony*, ſhall dye a Begger. Inke and paper *Charmian*. Welcome my good *Alexas*. Did I *Charmian*, ever
love *Cæſar* ſo?
Char. Oh that brave *Cæſar*.
Cleo. Be choak'd with ſuch another Emphaſis,
Say the brave *Anthony*.
Char. The valiant *Cæſar*.
Cleo. By *Iſis*, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with *Cæſar* Paragon againe
My man of men.
Char. By your moſt gracious pardon,
I ſing but after you.
Cleo. My Sallad dayes,
When I was greene in judgement, cold in blood,
To ſay, as I ſaid then. But come, away,
Get me Inke and Paper,

he ſhall have every day ſeverall greeting, or Ile unpeople Ægypt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas in warlike manner.

Pom. If the great gods be juſt, they ſhall aſſiſt
The deeds of juſteſt men.
Mene. Know worthy *Pompey*, that which they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are ſutors to their Throne; decayes the thing we ſue for.
Mene. We ignorant of our ſelves.
Begge often our owne harmes, which the wiſe Powers
Deny us for our good: ſo finde we profit
By looſing of our Prayers.
Pom. I ſhall do well:
The People love me, and the Sea is mine;
My powers are Creſſent, and my Auguring hope
Sayes it will come to'th' full. *Marke Anthony*
In Ægypt ſits at dinner, and will make
No warres without doores. *Cæſar* gets money where
He looſes hearts: *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Mene. *Cæſar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,
A mighty ſtrength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? Tis falſe.
Mene. From *Silvius* Sir.
Pom. He dreames: I know they are in Rome together
Looking for *Antony*: but all the charmes of Love,
Salt *Cleopatra* ſoften thy wand lip,
Let witchcraft joyne with beauty, Luſt with both,
Tye up the Libertine in a field of Feaſts,
Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes,
Sharpen with cloyleſſe ſawce his Appetite,
That ſleepe and feeding may prorogue his Honour,
Even till a Lethied dulneſſe———

Enter Varrius.

How now *Varrius*?
Var. This is moſt certaine, that I ſhall deliver:
Marke Anthony is every houre in Rome
Expected. Since he went from Ægypt, 'tis
A ſpace for farther travaile,
Pom. I could have given leſſe matter
A better eare. *Menas*, I did not thinke
This amorous Surfetter would have donn'd his Helme
For ſuch a petty Warre: His Souldierſhip
Is twice the other twaine: But let us reare
The higher our Opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the lap of Ægypts Widdow, plucke
The neere Luſt-wearied *Anthony*.
Mene. I cannot hope,
Cæſar and *Anthony* ſhall well greet together;
His Wife that's dead, did treſpaſſes to *Cæſar*,
His Brother warr'd upon him, although I thinke
Not mov'd by *Anthony*.
Pom. I know not *Menas*,
How leſſer Enmities may give way to greater,
Were't not that we ſtand up againſt them all:
'Twer pregnant they ſhould ſquare betweene themſelves,
For they have entertained cauſe enough
To draw their ſwords: but how the feare of us
May Ciment their diviſions, and binde up
The petty difference, we yet not know:
Bee't as our Gods will have't; it onely ſtands
Our lives upon, to uſe our ſtrongeſt hands,
Come *Menas*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And ſhall become you well, to intreat your Captaine
To ſoft and gentle ſpeech.
Enob. I ſhall intreat him
To anſwere like himſelfe: if *Cæſar* move him,
Let *Anthony* looke over *Cæſars* head,
And ſpeake as lowd as Mars. By Iupiter,
Were I the wearer of *Anthonio's* Beard,
I would not ſhave't to day.
Lep. Tis not a time for private ſtomacking.
Eno. Every time ſerves for the matter that is then borne in't.
Lep. But ſmall to greater matters muſt give way.
Enop. Not if the ſmall come firſt.
Lep. Your ſpeech is paſſion: but pray you ſtirre
No Embers up. Heere comes the Noble *Anthony*.

Enter Anthony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder *Cæſar*.

Enter Cæſar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compoſe well heere, to Parthia:
Hearke *Ventidius*.
Cæſar. I do not know *Mecenas*, aske *Agrippa*.
Lep. Noble Friends
That which combin'd us was moſt great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiſſe,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our triviall difference lowd, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,
The rather for I earneſtly beſeech,
Touch you the ſowreſt points with ſweeteſt tearmes,
Nor curſtneſſe grow to'th' matter.
Ant. Tis ſpoken well:
Were we before our Armes and to fight,
I ſhould do thus. *Flouriſh.*
Cæſ. Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thanke you.
Cæſ. Sit.
Ant. Sit ſir.
Cæſ. Nay then.
Ant. I learne you take things ill, which are not ſo:
Or being, concerne yon not.
Cæſ. I muſt be laught at, if or for nothing, or a little,
Should ſay my ſelfe offended, and with you
Chiefely i'th' world. More laught at, that I ſhould
Once name you derogately: when to ſound your name
It not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in Egypt *Cæſar*, what was't to you?
Cæſ. No more then my reſiding heere at Rome
Might be to you in Ægypt: yet if you there
Did practiſe on my ſtate, your being in Ægypt
Might be my queſtion.
Ant. How intend you, practis'd?
Cæſ. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did heere befall me. Your Wife and Brother
Made warres upon me, and their conteſtation
Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.
Ant. You do miſtake your buſineſſe, my brother never
Did urge me in his Act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from ſome true reports
That drew their ſwords with you, did he not rather
Diſcredit my authority with yours,
And make the warres alike againſt my ſtomacke,
Having alike your cauſe: Of this, my Letters
Before did ſatisfie you. If you patch a quarrell,
As matter whole you have to take it with,

It muſt not be with this.

Cæſ. You praiſe your ſelfe, by laying defects of judgement to me: but you patcht up your excuſes.

Anth. Not ſo, not ſo:
I know you could not lacke, I am certaine on't,
Very neceſſity of this thought, that I
Your partner in the cauſe 'gainſt which he fought,
Could not with gracefull eyes attend thoſe Warres
Which fronted mine owne peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her Spirit, in ſuch another,
The third oth' world is yours, which with a Snaffle,
You may pace eaſie, but not ſuch a wife.

Enobar. Would we had all ſuch wives, that the men might go to Warres with the women.

Anth. So much uncurbable, her Garboiles (*Cæſar*)
Made out of her impatience: which not wanted
Shrodeneſſe of policie to: I greeving grant,
Did you too much diſquiet, for that you muſt,
But ſay I could not helpe it.

Cæſar. I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you
Did pocket up my Letters: and with taunts
Did gibe my Miſſive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell upon me, ere admitted, then:
Three Kings I had newly feaſted, and did want
Of what I was i'th' morning: but next day
I told him of my ſelfe, which was as much
As to have askt him pardon. Let this Fellow
Be nothing of our ſtrife: if we contend
Out of our queſtion wipe him.

Cæſar. You have broken the Article of your oath, which you ſhall never have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft *Cæſar.*

Ant. No *Lepidus*, let him ſpeake,
The Honour is Sacred which he talkes on now,
Suppoſing that I lackt it: but on *Cæſar*,
The Article of my oath.

Cæſar. To lend me Armes, and aide when I requir'd them, the which you both denied.

Anth. Neglected rather.
And then when poyſoned houres had bound me up
From mine owne knowledge, as neerly as I may,
Ile play the penitent to you. But mine honeſty,
Shall not make poore my greatneſſe, nor my power
Worke without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of Egypt, made Warres heere,
For which my ſelfe, the ignorant motive, doe
So farre aske pardon, as befits mine Honour
To ſtoope in ſuch a caſe.

Lep. Tis Nobly ſpoken.

Mece. If it might pleaſe you, to enforce no further
The griefes betweene ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember, that the preſent neede,
Speakes to attone you.

Lep. Worthy ſpoken *Mecenas.*

Enobar. Or if you borrow one anothers Love for the inſtant, you may when you heare no more words of *Pompey* returne it againe: you ſhall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing elſe to doe.

Anth. Thou art a Souldier, onely ſpeake no more.

Enob. That trueth ſhould be ſilent, I had almoſt forgot.

Anth. You wrong this preſence, therefore ſpeake no more.

Enob. Go to then: your Conſiderate ſtone.

Cæſar. I doe not much diſlike the matter but
The manner of his ſpeech: for't cannot be,
We ſhall remaine in friendſhip, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hoope ſhould hold us ſtaunch from edge to edge
Ath' world: I would purſue it.

Agri. Give me leave *Cæſar.*

Cæſ. Speake *Agrippa.*

Agri. Thou haſt a Siſter by thy Mothers ſide, admir'd *Octavia*? Great *Marke Anthony* is now a widdower.

Cæſ. Say not, ſay *Agrippa*; if *Cleopatra* heard you, your proofe were well deſerved of raſhneſſe.

Anth. I am not marryed *Cæſar*: let me heere *Agrippa* further ſpeake.

Agri. To hold you in perpetuall amitie,
To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an un-ſlipping knot, take *Anthony*,
Octavia to his wife: whoſe beauty claimes
No worſe a husband then the beſt of men;
Whoſe vertue, and whoſe generall graces, ſpeake
That which none elſe can utter. By this marriage,
All little Ielouſies which now ſeeme great,
And all great feares, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales,
Where now halfe tales be truth's: her love to both,
Would each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have ſpoke,
For 'tis a ſtudied, not a preſent thought,
By duty ruminated.

Anth. Will *Cæſar* ſpeake?

Cæſar. Not till he heares how *Anthony* is toucht,
With what is ſpoke already.

Anth. What power is in *Agrippa*,
If I would ſay *Agrippa*, be it ſo,
To make this good?

Cæſar. The power of *Cæſar*,
And his power, unto *Octavia*.

Anth. Mao I never
(To this good purpoſe, that ſo fairely ſhewes)
Dreame of impediment: let me have thy hand
Further this act of Grace: and from this houre,
The heart of Brothers governe in our Loves,
And ſway our great Deſignes.

Cæſ. There's my hand:
A Siſter I bequeath you, whome no Brother
Did ever love ſo deerely. Let her live
To joyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and never
Flie off our Loves againe.

Lepi. Happily, Amen.

Ant. I did not thinke to draw my Sword againſt *Pompey*
For he hath laid ſtrange courteſies, and great
Of late upon me. I muſt thanke him onely,
Leſt my remembrance, ſuffer ill report:
At heele of that, defie him.

Lepi. Time cals upon's,
Of us muſt *Pompey* preſently be ſought,
Or elſe he ſeekes out us.

Anth. Where lies he?

Cæſ. About the Mount-*Meſena.*

Anth. What is his ſtrength by land?

Cæſ. Great, and encreaſing:
But by Sea he is an abſolute Maſter.

Anth. So is the Fame,
Would we had ſpoke together. Haſt we for it,
Yet ere we put our ſelves in Armes, diſpatch we
The buſineſſe we have talkt of.

Cæſ. With moſt gladneſſe,
And do invite you to my Siſters view,

Whither ſtraight Ile lead you.

Anth. Let us *Lepidus* not lacke your company.

Lep. Nobld *Anthony*, not ſickeneſſe ſhould detaine me.

Exeunt omnes.

Manent Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecenas.

Mec. Welcome from Ægypt Sir.

Eno. Halfe the heart of *Cæſar*, worthy *Mecenas*. My honourable Friend *Agrippa*.

Agri. Good *Enobarbus*.

Mece. We have cauſe to be glad, that matters are ſo well digeſted: you ſtayd well by't in Egypt.

Enob. I Sir, we did ſleepe day out of countenaunce: and made the night light with drinking.

Mece. Eight Wilde-Boars roſted whole at a breakfaſt: and but twelve perſons there. Is this true?

Evor. This was but as a Flye by an Eagle: we had much more monſtrous matter of Feaſt, which worthily deſerved noting.

Mecenas. She's a moſt triumphant Lady, if report be ſquare to her.

Enab., When ſhe firſt met *Marke Anthony*, ſhe purſt up his heart upon the river of *Cydnus*.

Agri. There ſhe appear'd indeed: or my reporter deviſ'd well for her:

Eno. I will tell you,
The Barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſht Throne
Burnt on the water: the Poope was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sailes: and ſo perfumed that
The Windes were Love-ſicke.
With them the Oares were Silver,
Which to the tune of Flutes kept ſtroke and made
The water which they beate, to follow faſter:
As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her owne perſon,
It beggerd all deſcription, ſhe did lye
In her Pavillion, cloth of Gold, of Tiſſue,
O're-picturing that Venus, where we ſee
The fancie out-worke Nature. On each ſide her,
Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like ſmiling Cupids,
With divers colour'd Fannes whoſe winde did ſeeme,
To glove the delicate cheekes which they did coole,
And what they undid did.

Agrip. Oh rare for *Anthony*.

Eno. Her Gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many Mer-maides tended her i'th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the Helme.
A ſeeming Mer-maide ſteeres: The Silken Tackles
Swell with the touches of thoſe Flower-ſoft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
A ſtrange inviſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adiacent Wharfes. The Cittie caſt
Her people out upon her: and *Anthony*
Enthron'd i'th' Market-place, did ſit alone,
Whiſling to 'th' ayre: which but for vacancie,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Agrip. Rare Egyptian.

Eno. Vpon her landing, *Anthony* ſent to her,
Invited her to Supper: ſhe replyed,
It ſhould be better, he became her gueſt:
Which ſhe entreated, our Courteous *Anthony*,
Whom nere the word of no woman heard ſpeake,
Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feaſt;
And for his ordinary, paies his heart,
For what his eyes eate onely.

Agri. Royall Wench:
She made great *Cæſar* lay his Sword to bed,
He ploughed her, and ſhe cropt.

Eno. I ſaw her once
Hop forty Paces through the publicke ſtreete,
And having loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke, and panted,
That ſhe did make defect, perfection,
And breathleſſe power breath forth.

Mece. Now *Anthony*, muſt leave her utterly.

Eno. Never he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtome ſteale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appeties they feede, but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies. For vildeſt things
Become themſelves in her, that the holy Prieſts
Bleſſe her, when ſhe is Riggiſh.

Mece. If Beauty, Wiſedome, Modeſty, can ſettle
The heart of *Anthony*: *Octavia* is
A bleſſed Lottery to him.

Agrip. Let us go. Good *Enobarbus*, make your ſelfe my gueſt, whilſt you abide heere.

Eno. Humbly Sir I thanke you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony, Cæſar, Octavia betweene them.

Anth. The world, and my great office, will
Somtimes divide me from your boſome.

Octa. All which time, before the Gods my knee ſhall bowe my prayers to them for you.

Anth. Goodnight Sir. My *Octavia*
Read not my blemiſhes in the worlds report:
I have not kept my ſquare, but that to come
Shall all be done by th' Rule: good night deere Lady:

Octa. Good night Sir.

Cæſar. Goodnight. *Exit.*

Enter Southſayer.

Anth. Now ſirrah: you do wiſh your ſelfe in Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither.

Aut. If you can, your reaſon?

Sooth. I ſee it in my motion: have it not in my tongue,
But yet hie you to Egypt againe.

Antho. Say to me, whoſe Fortunes ſhall riſe higher,
Cæſars or mine?

Soot. *Cæſars*, Therefore (oh *Anthony*) ſtay not by his ſide
Thy Dæmon (that's thy ſpirit which keepes thee) is
Noble, Couragious, high unmatchable,
Whare *Cæſars* is not. But neere him thy Angell
Becomes a feare: as being o're-powr'd, and therefore
Make ſpace enough betweene you.

Anth. Speake this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee no more, but when to thee,
If thou doſt play with him at any game,
Thou art ſure to looſe: And of that Naturall lucke.
He beates thee 'gainſt the oddes. Thy Luſter thickens,
When he ſhines by: I ſay againe, thy ſpirit
Is all affraid to governe thee neere him:
But he alway is Noble.

Anth. Get thee gone:
Say to *Ventidius* I would ſpeake with him. *Exit.*
He ſhall to Parthia, be it art or hap,
He hath ſpoken true. The very Dice obey him,
And in our ſports my better cunning faints,
Vnder his chance, if we draw lots, he ſpeeds,
His Cocks do winne the Battaile, ſtill of mine,
When it is all to naught: and his Quailes ever
Beate mine (in hoopt) at odd's. I will to Egypt:

And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'th' Eaſt my pleaſure lies. Oh come *Ventidius*.

Enter Ventidius.

You muſt to Parthia, your commiſſions ready:
Follow me and receive't. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lepidus, Mecenas and Agrippa.

Lepidus. Trouble your ſelfe no farther: pray you haſten your generals after.

Agr. Sir, *Marke Anthony* will e'ne but kiſſe *Octavia*, and weele follow.

Lepi. Till I ſhall ſee you in your Souldiers dreſſe,
Which will become you both: Farewell,

Mece. We ſhall, as I conceive the journey, be at the Mount before you *Lepidus*.

Lepi. Your way is ſhorter, my purpoſes do draw me much about, you'le win two dayes upon me.

Both. Sir, good ſucceſſe.

Lepi. Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me ſome Muſicke: Muſicke, moody foode of us that trade in love.

Omnes. The Muſicke, hoa.

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Clo. Let it alone, let's to Billiards: come *Charmian*.

Char. My arme is ſore, beſt play with *Mardian*.

Cleopa. As well a woman with an Eunuch plaide, as with a woman. Come you'le play with me Sir?

Mardi. As well as I can Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is ſhewed,
Though't come too ſhort
The Actor may pleade pardon. Ile none now,
Give me mine Angle, weele to'th' River, there
My Muſicke playing farre off. I will betray
Tawny fine fiſhes, my bended hooke ſhall pierce
Their ſlimie jawes: and as I draw them up,
Ile thinke them every one an *Anthony*,
And ſay, ah ha; y'are caught.

Char. Twas merry when you wager'd on your Angling, when your diver did hang a ſalt fiſh on his hooke which he with fervencie drew up,

Cleo. That time? Oh times:
I laught him out of patience: and that night
I laught him into patience, and next morne,
Ere the ninth houre, I drunke him to his bed:
Then put my Tires and Mantels on him, whilſt
I wore his Sword Philippan. Oh from Italie,

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ramme thou thy fruitfull tidings in mine eares,
That long time have bin barren.

Meſ. Madam, Madam.

Cleo. *Anthony's* dead,
If thou ſay ſo Villaine, thou kil'ſt thy Miſtris:
But well and free, if thou ſo yeild him.
There is Gold and heere
My bleweſt vaines to kiſſe: a hand that Kings
Have lipt, and trembled kiſſing.

Meſ. Firſt Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why there's more Gold.
But ſirrah marke, we uſe
To ſay, the dead are well: bring me to that,
The Gold I give thee, will I melt and powre
Downe thy ill uttering throate.

Meſ. Good Madam heare me.

Cleo. Well, go to I will:
But there's no goodneſſe in thy face, if *Anthony*
Be free and healthfull; ſo tart a favour
To trumpet ſuch good tidings. If not well,
Thou ſhouldſt come like a Furie crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formall man.

Meſ. Wilt pleaſe you heare me?

Cleo. I have a mind to ſtrike thee ere thou ſpeake'ſt,
Yet if thou ſay *Anthony* lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Cæſar*, or not Captaine to him,
Ile ſet thee in a ſhower of Gold, and haile
Rich Pearles upon the.

Meſ. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well ſayd.

Meſ. And Friends with *Cæſar*.

Cleo. Th'art an honeſt man.

Meſ. *Cæſar*, and he, are greater Friends then ever.

Cleo. Marke thee a Forune from me.

Meſ. But yet Madam.

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does alay
The good precedence, fie upon but yet,
But yet is as a Iaylor to bring foorth
Some monſtrous Malefactor. Prythee Friend,
Powre out the packe of matter to mine eare,
The good and bad together: he's friends with *Cæſar*,
In ſtate of health thou ſaiſt, and thou ſaieſt, free.

Meſ. Free Madam! no: I made no ſuch report,
He's bound unto *Octavia*.

Cleo. For what good turne?

Meſ. For the beſt turne i'th' bed.

Cleo. I am pale *Charmian*.

Meſ. Madam, he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. The moſt infectious Peſtilence upon thee.

Strikes him downe.

Meſ. Good Madam patience.

Cleo. What ſay you? *Strikes him.*
Hence horrible Villaine, or Ile ſpurne thine eyes
Like balls before me: Ile unhaire thy head:

She hales him up and downe.

Thou ſhalt be whipt with Wyer, and ſtew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.

Meſ. Gratious Madam,
I that do bring the newes, made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not ſo, a Province I will give thee,
And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou had'ſt
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what guift beſide
Thy modeſty can begge.

Meſ. He's married Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou haſt liv'd too long. *Draw a knife.*

Meſ. Nay then Ile runne:
What meane you Madam, I have made no fault. *Exit.*

Char. Good Madam keepe your ſelfe within your ſelfe,
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some Innoceuts ſcape not the thunderbolt:
Melt Egypt into Nyle; and kindled creatures
Turne all to Serpents. Call the ſlave againe,
Though I am mad, I will not byte him: Call?

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him,
Theſe hands do lacke Nobility, that they ſtrike
A meaner then my ſelfe: ſince I my ſelfe
Have given my ſelfe the cauſe. Come hither Sir.

Enter the Meſſenger againe.

Though it be honeſt, it is never good
To bring bad newes: give to a gratious Meſſage

An hoſt of tongues, but let it tydings tell
Tſtemrelves when they be felt.
Meſ. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married ?
I cannot hate thee worſer then I do,
If thou againe ſay yes.
Meſ. He's married Madam.
Cleo. The gods confound thee,
Doſt thou hold there ſtill ?
Meſ. Should I lye Madam ?
Cleo. Oh, I would thou didſt :
So halfe my Egypt were ſubmerg'd and made
A Ceſterne for ſcal'd Snakes. Go get thee hence,
Had'ſt thou *Narciſſus* in thy face, to me
Thou wouldſt appeare moſt ugly: He is married?
Meſ. I crave your highneſſe pardon.
Cleo. He is married ?
Meſ. Take no offence, that I would not offend you;
To puniſh me for what you make me doe,
Seemes much unequall: he's married to *Octavia.*
Cleo. Oh that his fault ſhould make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou art ſure of. Get thee hence,
The Merchandize which thou haſt brought from Rome
Are all to deere for me :
Lye they upon thy hand, and be undone by em.
Char. Good your highneſſe patience.
Cleo. In praying *Anthony*, I have diſprais'd *Cæſar.*
Char. Many times Madam.
Cleo. I am paid for't now : lead me from hence,
I faint, oh *Iras*, *Charmian* : tis no matter.
Go to the fellow, good *Alexas* bid him
Report the feature of *Octavia* : her yeares,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly.
Let him for ever goe, let him not *Charmian*,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other wayes a Mars. Bid you *Alexas*
Bring me word, how tall ſhe is : pitty me *Charmian*,
But do not ſpeake to me. Lead me to my Chamber.
Exeunt.

Enter Pompey, at one doore with Drum and Trumpet : at another Cæſar, Lepidus. Anthony, Enobarbus, Mecenas, Agrippa, Menas with Souldiers Marching.

Pom. Your Hoſtages I have, ſo have you mine :
And we ſhall talke before we fight.
Cæſar. Moſt meete that firſt we come to words,
And therefore have we
Our written purpoſes before us ſent,
Which if thou haſt conſidered, let us know,
If't will tye up thy diſcontented Sword
And carry backe to Sicily much tall youth,
That elſe much periſh heere.
Pom. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chiefe Factors for the Gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my Father ſhould revengers want,
Having a Sonne and Friends, ſince *Iulius Cæſar*,
Who at Philippi the good *Brutus* ghoſted,
There ſaw you labouring for him. What was't
That mov'd pale *Caſſius* to conſpire? And what
Mad the all-honor'd, honeſt Romane *Brutus*,
With the arm'd reſt, Courtiers of beautious freedome,
To drench the Capitoll, but that they would
Have one man but a man, and that is it
Hath made me rigge my Navie. At whoſe burthen,
The anger'd Ocean fomes, with which I meant
To ſcourge th'ingratitude, that deſpightfull Rome
Caſt on my Noble Father.
Cæſar. Take your time.
Ant. Thou cauſt not feare us *Pompey* with thy ſailes,
Weele ſpeake with thee at Sea. At land thou know'ſt
How much we do o're-count thee.
Pom. At Land indeed
Thou doſt orecount me of my fathers houſe:
But ſince the Cookoo buildes not for himſelfe,
Remaine in't as thou maiſt,
Lepi. Be pleas'd to tell us;
(For this is from the preſent now you talke)
The offers we have ſent you,
Cæſar. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be entreated to,
But waigh what it is worth embrac'd.
Cæſar. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.
Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardiniar: and I muſt
Rid all the Sea of Pirats. Then, to ſend
Meaſures of Wheate to Rome : this greed upon,
To part with unhackt edges, and beare backe
Our Targes undinted.
Omnes. That's our offer.
Pom. Know then I came before you heere,
A man prepar'd
To take this offer. But *Marke Anthony*,
Put me to ſome impatience : though I looſe
The praiſe of it by telling. You muſt know
When *Cæſar* and your Brother were at blowes,
Your Mother came to Sicily, and did finde
Her welcome friendly.
Ant. I have heard it *Pompey*,
And am well ſtudied for a liberall thankes,
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me have your hand :
I did not thinke Sir, to have met you heere,
Ant. The beds i'th' Eaſt are ſoft, and thankes to you,
That call'd me timelier then my purpoſe hither:
For I have gained by't.
Cæſar. Since I ſaw you laſt, ther's a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts harſh Fortune caſt's upon my face,
But in my boſome ſhall ſhe never come,
To make my heart a vaſſaile.
Lep. Well met heere.
Pom. I hope ſo *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed :
I crave our compoſition may be written
And ſeal'd betweene us,
Cæſar. That's the next to doe.
Pom. Weele feaſt each other, ere we part, and lett's
Draw lots who ſhall begin.
Anth. That will I *Pompey*.
Pompey. No *Anthony* take the lot : but firſt or laſt, your fine Egyptian cookerie ſhall have the fame, I have heard that *Iulius Cæſar*, grew fat with feaſting there.
Anth. You have heard much.
Pom. I have faire meaning Sir.
Ant. And faire words to them.
Pom. Then ſo much have I heard.
And I have heard *Apollodorus* carried——
Eno. No more that : he did ſo.
Pom. What I pray you ?
Eno. A certaine Queene to *Cæſar* in a Materice.
Pom. I know thee now, how far'ſt thou Souldier?
Eno. Well, and well am like to doe, for I perceive

Foure Feaſts are toward.

Pom. Let me ſhake thy hand,
I never hated thee: I have ſeene thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Enob. Sir, I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deſerv'd ten times as much,
As I have ſaid you did.

Pom. Injoy thy plainneſſe,
It nothing ill becomes thee:
Aboord my Gally, I invite you all.
Will you leade Lords?

All. Shew's the way, ſir.

Pom. Come. *Exeunt.* *Manent Enob & Menas*

Men. Thy Father *Pompey* would ne're have made this Treaty. You, and I have knowne ſir.

Enob. At Sea, I thinke.

Men. We have Sir.

Enob. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me, thogh it cannot be denied what I have done by Land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Euob. Yes ſome-thing you can deny for your owne ſafety: you have bin a good Theefe by Sea.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. There I deny my Land ſervice: but give me your hand *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, here they might take two Theeves kiſſing

Men. All mens faces are true, whatſoere their hands are.

Enob. But there is never a faire Woman, ha's a true Face

Men. No ſlander, they ſteale hearts.

Enob. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am ſorry it is turn'd to a Drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Enob. If he doe, ſure he cannot weep't backe againe.

Men. Y'have ſaid Sir, we look'd not for *Marke Anthony* heere, pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra?*

Enob. *Caſars* Siſter is call'd *Octavia.*

Men. True Sir, ſhe was the wife of *Caius Marcellus.*

Enob. But ſhe is now the wife of *Marcus Anthonius*

Men. Pray y'e Sir.

Enob. Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cæſar* and he, for ever knit together

Enob. If I were bound to Divine of this unity, I wold not Propheſie ſo.

Men. I thinke the policy of that purpoſe, made more in the Marriage then the Love of the parties.

Enob. I thinke ſo too. But you ſhall finde the band that ſeemes to tye their friendſhip together, will bee the very ſtranger of their Amity: *Octauia* is of a holy, cold, and ſtill converſation.

Men. Who would not have his wife ſo?

Eno. Not hee that hmſelfe is not ſo: which is *Marke Anthony*: he will to his Egyptian diſh againe: then ſhall the ſighes of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Cæſar*, and (as I ſaid before) that which is the ſtrength of their Amity, ſhall prove the immediate Author of their variance. *Anthony* will uſe his affection where it is. Hee married but his occaſion heere.

Men. And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboord? I have a health for you.

Enob. I ſhall take it ſir: we have us'd our Throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away. *Exeunt.*

Muſicke playes.

Enter two or three Servants with a Banket.

1 Heere they'l be man: ſome o' their Plants are ill rooted already, the leaſt wind i'th' world will blow them downe.

2 *Lepidus* is high colourd.

1 They have made him drinke Almes drinke.

2 As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition he cries out no more; reconciles them to his entreatie, and himſelfe to'th' drinke.

1 But it raiſes the greater warre betweene him and his diſcretion.

2 Why this it is to have a name in great mens Fellowſhip: I had as live have a Reede that will doe me no ſervice, as a Partizan I could not heave.

1 To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to bee ſeene to move in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould bee, which pittiſly diſaſter the cheekes.

A Sennet ſounded.

Enter Cæſar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captaines.

Ant. Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o'th' Nyle
By certaine ſcale, i'th' Pyramid: they know
By'th' height, the lowneſſe, or the meane: If dearth
Or Foizon follow. The higher Nilus ſwels,
The more it promiſes as it ebbes, the Seedſman
Vpon the ſlime and Ooze ſcatters his graine,
And ſhortly comes to Harveſt.

Lep. Y'have ſtrange Serpents there;

Anth. I *Lepidus.*

Lep. Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud by the operation of the Sun: ſo is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are ſo.

Pom. Sir, and ſome Wine: A health to *Lepidus.*

Lep. I am not ſo well as I ſhould be:
But Ile ne're out.

Enob. Not till you have ſlept: I feare me you'l bee in till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I have heard the *Ptolomies* Pyramiſis are very goodly things: without contradiction have heard that.

Menas. *Pompey*, a word.

Pomp. Say in mine eare, what is't.

Mens Forſake thy ſeate I do beſeech thee Captaine,
And heare me ſpeake a word.

Pom. Forbeare me till anon. *Whiſpers in's Eare.*
This Wine for *Lepidus.*

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is ſhap'd ſir like it ſelfe, and it is as broad as it hath bredth; It is juſt ſo high as it is, and mooves with it owne organs. It lives by that which nouriſheth it, and the Elements once out of it, it Tranſmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it owne colour too.

Lep. Tis a ſtrange Serpent.

Ant. Tis ſo, and the teares of it are wet.

Cæſ. Will this deſcription ſatisfie him?

Ant. With the Health that *Pompey* gives him, elſe hee is a very Epicure.

Pomp. Go hang ſir, hang: tell me of that? Away:
Do as I bid you. Where's the Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the ſake of Merit thou wilt heare me, Riſe from thy ſtoole.

Pom. I thinke th'art mad: the matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy Fortunes.

Pom. Thou haſt ſerv'd me with much faith: what's elſe to ſay? Be jolly Lords.

Anth. Theſe Quicke-ſands *Lepidus*,
Keepe off them, for you ſinke.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

Pom. What ſaiſt thou?

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world?
That's twice.

Pom. How ſhould that be?

Men. But entertaine it, and though thou thinke mee poore, I am the man will give thee all the world.

Pom. Haſt thou drunke well.

Men. No *Pompey*, I have kept me from the cup,
Thou art if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly Iove:
What ere the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way?

Men. Theſe three world-ſharers, theſe Competitors
Are in thy veſſell. Let me cut the Cable,
And when we are put off, fall to their throates:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou ſhouldſt have done,
And not have ſpoke on't. In me tis villanie,
In thee, 't had bin good ſervice: thou muſt know,
Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour:
Mine Honour is, Repent that ere thy tongue,
Hath ſo betraide thine act. Being done unknowne,
I ſhould have found it afterwards well done·
But muſt condemne it now: deſiſt, and drinke.

Men. For this Ile never follow
Thy paul'd Fortunes more,
Who ſeekes and will not take, when once tis offerd,
Shall never finde it more.

Pom. This health to *Lepidus*.

Ant. Beare him a ſhore,
Ile pledge it for him *Pompey*,

Eno. Heere's to thee *Menas*.

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a ſtrang Fellow *Menas*.

Men. Why?

Eno. A beares the third part of the world man: ſeeſt not?

Men. The third part, then he is drunk: would it were all, that it might go on wheeles.

Eno. Drinke thou: encreaſe the Reeles.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian Feaſt.

Ant. It ripens towards it: ſtrike the Veſſelles hoa.
Heere's to *Cæſar*.

Cæſar. I could well forbear't, its monſtrous labour when I waſh my braine, and it growes fouler.

Ant. Be a Child o'th' time.

Cæſar. Poſſeſſe it, Ile make anſwer: but I had rather faſt from all, foure dayes, then drinke ſo much in one.

Enob. Ha my brave Emperor, ſhall we daunce now the Egyptian Bachanals, and celebrate our drinke?

Pom. Lets ha't good Souldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering Wine hath ſteept our ſenſe,
In ſoft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands:
Make battery to our eares with the loud Muſicke,
The while, Ile place you, then the Boy ſhall ſing.
The holding every man ſhall beate as loud.
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.

Muſicke Playes. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

The Song.

Come thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpie Bacchus with pinke eyne:
In thy Fattes our Cares be drown'd.
With thy Grapes our haires be Crown'd.
Cup us till the world go round,
Cup us till the world go round.

Cæſ. What would you more?
Pompey goodnight. Good Brother
Let me requeſt you of our graver buſineſſe
Frownes at this levitie. Gentle Lords let's part,
You ſee we have burnt our cheeke. Strong *Enobarbe*
Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue
Spleets what it ſpeakes: the wilde diſguiſe hath almoſt
Antickt us all. What needs more words? goodnight.
Good *Anthony* your hand.

Pom. Ile try you on the ſhore.

Anth. And ſhall Sir, gives your hand.

Pom. Oh *Anthony*, you have my Fathers houſe.
But what, we are Friends?
Come downe into the Boate.

Eno. Take heed you fall not *Menas*; Ile not on ſhore,
No to my Cabin: theſe Drummes,
Theſe Trumpets, Flutes: what
Let Neptune heare, we bid aloud farewell
To theſe great Fellowes. Sound and be hang'd, ſound out.

Sound a Floriſh with Drummes.

Enob. Hoo ſaies a there's my Cap.

Men. Hoa, Noble Captaine, come. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ventidius as it were in a triumph, the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now darting Parthia art thou ſtroke and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Craſſus* death
Make me revenger. Beare the Kings Sonnes body,
Before our Army, thy *Pacorus Orades*,
Payes this for *Marcus Craſſus*.

Romane. Noble *Ventidius*,
Whilſt yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,
The Fugitive Parthians follow. Spurne through Media,
Meſapotamia, and the ſhelters, whither
The routed flie. So thy grand Captaine *Anthony*
Shall ſet thee on triumphant Chariots, and
Put Garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh *Sillius, Sillius*,
I have done enough. A lower palce, note well
May make too great an act. For learne this *Sillius*,
Better to leave undone, then by our deed
Acquire too high a Fame, when him we ſerue'ſaway.
Cæſar and *Anthony*, have ever wonne
More in their officer, then perſon. *Soſſius*
One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,
For quicke accumulation of renowne,
Which he atchiv'd by th' minute, loſt his favour.
Who does i'th' Warres more then his Captaine can,
Becomes his Captaines Captaine: and Ambition
(The Souldiers vertue) rather makes choiſe of loſſe
Then gaine, which darkens him.
I could doe more to doe *Anthonius* good,
But 'twould offend him. And in his offence,

Should my performance periſh.
Rom. Thou haſt *Ventidius* that, without the which a Souldier and his Sword grants ſcarce diſtinction: thou wilt write to *Anthony*.
Ven. Ile humbly ſignifie what in his name,
That magicall word of Warre wee have effected,
How with his Banners, and his well paid rankes,
The nere-yet beaten Horſe of Parthia,
We have jaded out o'th' Field.
Rom. Where is he now?
Ven. He purpoſeth to Athens, whither with what haſt
The waight we muſt convay with's, will permit:
We ſhall appeare before him. On there, paſſe along.
Exeunt.

Enter Agrippa at one doore, Enobarbus at another.
Agri. What are the Brothers parted?
Eno. They have diſpatcht with *Pompey*, he is gone,
The other three are Sealing. *Octavia* weepes
To part from Rome: *Cæſar* is ſad, and *Lepidus*
Since *Pompey's* feaſt, as *Menas* ſayes, is troubled
With the Greene-Sickneſſe.
Agri. Tis a Noble *Lepidus*.
Eno. A very fine one: oh, how he loves *Cæſar*.
Agri. Nay but how deerely he adores *Mark Anthony*.
Eno. *Cæſar*? why he's the Iupiter of men.
Ant. What's *Anthony*, the God of Iupiter?
Eno. Spake you of *Cæſar*? Oh! the non-pareill?
Agri. Oh *Anthony*, oh thou Arabian Bird!
Eno. Would you praiſe *Cæſar*, ſay *Cæſar*, go no further
Agr. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praiſes.
Eno. But he loves *Cæſar* beſt, yet he loves *Anthony*:
Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure,
Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot
Thinke, ſpeake, caſt, write, ſing, number: hoo.
His love to *Anthony*. But as for *Cæſar*,
Kneele downe, kneele downe, and wonder.
Agrip. Both he loves.
Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, ſo:
This is to horſe: Adieu, Noble *Agrippa*.
Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæſar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Octavi.
Antho, No farther Sir.
Cæſar. You take from me a great part of my ſelfe:
Vſe me well in't. Siſter, prove ſuch a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my fartheſt Band
Shall paſſe on thy approofe: moſt Noble *Anthony*,
Let not the peece of Vertue which is ſet
Betwixt us, as the Cyment of our love
To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter
The Fortune of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this meane, if on both parts
This be not cheriſht.
Ant. Make me not offended, in your diſtruſt.
Cæſar. I have ſaid.
Ant. You ſhall not finde,
Though you be therein curious, the leaſt cauſe
For what you ſeeme to feare, ſo the gods keepe you,
And make the hearts of Romanes ſerve your ends:
We will heere part.
Cæſar. Farewell my deereſt Siſter, fare thee well,
The Elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy ſpirits all of comfort: fare thee well.
Octa. My Noble Brother.
Anth. The Aprill's in her eyes, it is Loves ſpring,
And theſe the ſhowers to bring it on: be cheerfull.
Octa. Sir, looke well to my Husbands houſe: and —
Cæſar. What *Octavia*.
Octa. Ile tell you in your eare.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart informe her tongue.
The Swannes downe feather
That ſtands upon the Swell at full of Tide:
And neither way inclines.
Eno. Will *Cæſar* weepe?
Agr. He ha's a cloud in's face.
Eno. He were the worſe for that were he a Horſe, ſo is he being a man.
Agri, Why *Enobarbus*:
When *Anthony* found *Iulius Cæſar* dead,
He cryed almoſt to roaring: And he wept,
When at Philippi he found *Brutus* ſlaine.
Eno. That year indeed, he was troubled with a rheume,
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd,
Beleev't till I weepe too.
Cæſar. No ſweet *Octavia*,
You ſhall heare from me ſtill: the time ſhall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come Sir, come,
Ile wraſtle with you in my ſtrength of love:
Looke heere I have you: thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
Cæſ. Adieu, be happy.
Lep. Let all the number of the Starres give light
To thy faire way.
Cæſar. Farewell, farewell. *Kiſſes Octavia.*
Ant: Farewell. *Trumpets ſound.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.
Cleo. Where is the Fellow?
Alex. Halfe afeard to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to: Come hither Sir.
Enter the Meſſenger as before.
Alex. Good Majeſtie, *Herod* of Iury dare not looke upon you, but when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That *Herods* head, Ile have: but how? When *Anthony* is gone, through whom I might command it;
Come thou neere.
Meſ. Moſt gracious Majeſty.
Cleo. Did'ſt thou behold *Octavia*?
Meſ. I, dread Queene.
Cleo. Where?
Meſ. Madam in Rome, I lookt her in the face: and ſaw her led betweene her Brother, and *Marke Anthony*.
Cleo. Is ſhe as tall as me?
Meſ. She is not Madam.
Cleo. Didſt heare her ſpeake?
Is ſhe ſhrill tongu'd or low?
Meſ. Madam, I heard her ſpeake, ſhe is low voic'd.
Cleo. That's not ſo good: he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her? Oh *Iſis*: tis impoſſible.
Cleo. I thinke ſo *Charmian*: dull of tongue, & dwarfiſh
What Majeſty is in her gate, remember
If ere thou look'ſt on Majeſtie.
Meſ. She creepes: her motion, & her ſtation are as one:
She ſhewes a body, rather then a life,
A Statue, then a Breather.
Cleo. Is this certaine?
Meſ. Or I have no obſervance.
Cha. Three in Egypt cannot make better note,
Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceiv't,
There's nothing in her yet.

The Fellow ha's good judgement.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Gueſſe at her yeares, I prythee.
Meſ. Madam, ſhe was a widdow.
Cleo. Widdow? *Charmian,* hearke.
Meſ. And I do thinke ſhe's thirtie.
Cle. Bear'ſt thou her face in mind? is't long or round?
Meſ. Round, even to faultineſſe.
Cle. For the moſt part too, they are fooliſh that are ſo. Her haire what colour?
Meſ. Browne Madam: and her forehead
As low as ſhe would wiſh it,
Cleo. There's Gold for thee,
Thou muſt not take my former ſharpeneſſe ill,
I will employ thee backe againe: I finde thee
Moſt fit for buſineſſe. Go, make thee ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd.
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed he is ſo: I repent me much
That ſo I harried him. Why me think's by him,
This Creature's no ſuch thing.
Char. Nothing Madam.
Cle. The man hath ſeene ſome Majeſty, and ſhould know.
Char. Hath he ſeene Majeſtie? *Iſis* elſe defend: and ſerving you ſo long.
Cleo I have one thing more to aske him yet good *Charmian*: but tis no matter, thou ſhalt bring him to me where I will write; all may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you Madam. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay *Octauia*, not onely that,
That were excuſable, that and thouſands more
Of ſemblable import, but he hath wag'd
New Warres 'gainſt *Pompey*, Made his will, and read it,
To publike eare, ſpoke ſcantly of me,
When perforce he could not
But pay me tearmes of Honour: cold and ſickly
He vented then moſt narrow meaſure: lent me,
When the beſt hint was given him: he had look't,
Or did it from his teeth.
Octavi. Oh my good Lord,
Beleeve not all, or if you muſt beleeve,
Stomacke not all. A more unhappy Lady,
If this diviſion chance, ne're ſtood betweene
Praying for both parts:
The good Gods will mocke me preſently,
When I ſhall pray: oh bleſſe my Lord and husband,
Vndo that prayer: by crying out as loud,
Oh bleſſe my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,
Prayes, and diſtroyes the prayer, no midway
Twixt theſe extreames at all.
Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,
Let your beſt love draw to that point which ſeekes
Beſt to preſerve it: if I looſe mine Honour,
I looſe my ſelfe: better I were not yours
Then yours ſo branchleſſe. But as you requeſted,
Your ſelfe ſhall go between's, the meane time Lady,
Ile raiſe the preparation of a Warre
Shall ſtaine your Brother, make your ſooneſt haſt
So your deſires are yours.
Octa. Thankes to my Lord,
The Iove of Power make me moſt weake, moſt weake,
Your reconciler: Warres twixt you twaine would be,
As if the world ſhould cleave, and that ſlaine men
Should ſoader up the Rift.
Anth. When it appeares to you where this begins,
Turne your diſpleaſure that way, for our faults
Can never be ſo equall, that your love
Can equally moove with them. Provide your going,
Chooſe your owne companie, and command what coſt
Your heart has mind to. *Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus, and Eros.

Eno. How now friend *Eros*?
Eros. There's ſtrange Newes come Sir.
Eno. What man?
Ero. *Cæſar* & *Lepidus* have made Warre upon *Pompey*.
Eno. This is old, what is the ſucceſſe?
Eros. *Cæſar* having made uſe of him in the warres 'gainſt *Pompey*: preſently denied him rivalitie, would not let him partake in the glory of action, and not reſting here, accuſes him of Letters he had formerly wrote to *Pompey*. Vpon his owne appeale ſeizes him, ſo the poore third is up, till death enlarge his Confine.
Eno. Then would thou hadſt a paire of Chaps no more, and throw betweene them all the food thou haſt, they'le grinde the other. Where's *Anthony*?
Eros. He's walking in the garden thus, and ſpurnes
The ruſh that lies before him. Cries Foole *Lepidus*,
And threats the throate of that his Officer,
That murdred *Pompey*.
Eno, Our great Navies rig'd.
Eros. For Italy and *Cæſar*, more *Domitius*,
My Lord deſires you preſently: my Newes
I might have told heareafter.
Eno. Twill be naught, but let it be: bring me to *Anthony*.
Eros, Come Sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, and Cæſar

Caſ. Contemning Rome he ha's done all this, & more
In Alexandria: heeres the manner of it:
Ith Market-place on a Tribunall ſilverd
Cleopatra and himſelfe in Chaires of Gold
Were publikely enthrond: at the feet ſat
Cæſarion whom they call my father Sonne,
And all the unlawfull iſſue, that their luſt
Since then hath made betweene them. Vnto her,
He gave the ſtabliſhment of Egypt, made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, abſolute Queene.
Mece This is the publike eye?
Cæſar. Ith common ſhew place where they exerciſe,
His Sonnes hither proclaimed the King of Kings,
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia
He gave to *Alexander*. To *Ptolomy* he aſſign'd,
Syria, Silicia, and Phœnicia: ſhe
In th'abiliments of the Goddeſſe *Iſis*
That day appeard, and oft before gave audience,
As tis reported, ſo.
Mece. Let Rome be thus inform'd.
Agri. Who queazie with his inſolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.
Cæſar. The people knowes it,
And have now receivd his accuſations.
Agri. Whom does he accuſe?
Cæſar. *Cæſar*, and that having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius ſpoild, we had not rated him
His part o'th Iſle. Then does he ſay, he lent me
Some ſhipping unreſtord. Laſtly he frets
That *Lepidus* of the Triumvirate, ſhould be depos'd,
And being that, we detaine all his Revenue.
Agri. Sir, this ſhould be anſwerd.
Cæſar. Tis done already, and his Meſſenger gone:
I have told him *Lepidus* was growne too cruell,

That his high Authority abus'd,
And did deſerve his chance for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part: but then in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdomes, I demand the like
Mec. Hee'l never yeeld to that.
Cæſ. Nor muſt not then be yeelded to in this.

Enter Octavia with her Traine.

Octa. Haile *Cæſar*, and my L. haile moſt deere *Cæſar*.
Cæſar. That ever I ſhould call thee Caſt-away.
Octa. You have not call'd me ſo, nor have you cauſe.
Cæſ. Why haſt thou ſtolne upon me thus? you came not
Like *Cæſars* Siſter, The wife of *Anthony*)
Should have an Army for an Vſher, and
The neighes of horſe to tell of her approach,
Long ere ſhe did appeare; The trees by'th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the duſt
Should have aſcended to the Roofe of Heaven,
Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come
A Market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The oſtentation of our love; which left unſhewne,
Is often left unlov'd: we ſhould have met you
By Sea, and Land, ſupplying every Stage
With an augmented greeting.
Octa. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not conſtrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord *Marke Anthony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
My greeving eare withall: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for returne.
Cæſ. Which ſoone he granted,
Being an abſtract 'tweene his Luſt, and him,
Octa. Do not ſay ſo, my Lord.
Cæſ. I have eyes upon him.
And his affaires come to me on the wind: where is he now?
Octa. My Lord, in Athens.
Cæſ. No my moſt wronged Siſter, *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his Empire
Vp to a Whore, who now are levying
The Kings o'th' earth for Warre. He hath aſſembled,
Bochus the King of Lybia, *Archilaus*
Of Cappadocia, *Philadelphos* King
Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King *Adullas*,
King *Manchus* of Arabia, King of Pont,
Herod of Iewry, *Mitridates* King
Of Comageat, *Polemen* and *Amintas*.
The King of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger Liſt of Scepters.
Octa. Aye me moſt wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That doe afflict each other. (breaking forth
Cæſ. Welcom hither, your letters did with-holde our
Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time which drives
O're your content, theſe ſtrong neceſſities,
But let determin'd things to deſtinie
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more deere to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods
To doe you Iuſtice, make his Miniſters
Of us, and thoſe that love you. Beſt of comfort,
And ever welcome to us. *Agrip.* Welcome Lady.
Mec. Welcome deere Madam,
Each heart in Rome does love and pitty you,
Onely th'adulterous *Anthony*, moſt large
In his abhominations, turnes you off,
And gives his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noyſes it againſt us.
Octa. Is it ſo ſir?
Cæſ. Moſt certaine: Siſter welcome; pray you
Be ever knowne to patience. My deer'ſt Siſter. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee: doubt it not.
Eno. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou haſt foreſpoke my being in theſe warres,
And ſay'ſt it is not fit.
Eno. Well: is it, is it?
Cleo. If not, denounc'd againſt us, why ſhould not we be there in perſon.
Eno. Well, I could reply: if wee ſhould ſerve with Horſe and Mares together, the Horſe were meerely loſt: the Mares would beare a Soldiour and his Horſe.
Cleo. What is't you ſay?
Eno, Your preſent needs muſt puzle *Anthony*,
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Levity, and 'tis ſaid in Rome,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maides
Mannage this warre.
Cleo. Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot
That ſpeake againſt us. A Charge we beare i'th' Warre,
And as the preſident of my Kingdome will
Appeare there for a man. Speake not againſt it,
I will not ſtay behinde.

Enter Anthony and Camidius.

Eno. Nay I have done, here comes the Emperor.
Ant. Is it not ſtrange *Camidius*,
That from Tarentum, and Brunduſium,
He could ſo quickely cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Toryne. You have heard on't (Sweet?)
Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Then by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the beſt of men
To taunt at ſlackneſſe. *Camidius*, we,
Will fight with him by Sea
Cleo. By Sea, what elſe?
Cam. Why will my Lord do ſo?
Ant. For that he dares us to't
Eno. So hath my Lord, dar'd him to ſingle fight,
Cam. I, and to wage this Battell at Pharſalia,
Where *Cæſar* fought with *Pompey*. But theſe offers
Which ſerve not for his vantage, he ſhakes off,
And ſo ſhould you.
Enob. Your Shippes are not well mann'd,
Your Marriners are Muliters, Reapers, people
Ingroſt by ſwift Impreſſe. In *Cæſars* Fleete,
Are thoſe, that often have 'gainſt *Pompey* fought,
Their ſhippes are yare, yours heavy: no diſgrace
Shall fall you for refuſing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.
Ant. By Sea, by Sea.
Eno. Moſt worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The abſolute Soldierſhip you have by Land
Diſtract your Armie, which doth moſt conſiſt
Of Warre-markt-footemen, leave unexecuted
Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe
The way which promiſes aſſurance, and
Give up your ſelfe meerly to chance and hazard,
From firme Security.
Ant. Ile fight at Sea.

Cleo. I have ſixty Sailes, *Cæſar* none better.
Ant. Our over-plus of ſhipping will we burne,
And with the reſt full mann'd, from th' heart of Actium
Beate th' approaching *Cæſar.* But if we faile,
We then can doo't at Land. *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Thy buſineſſe?
Meſ. The newes is true, my Lord, he is diſcried,
Cæſar ha's taken Toryne.
Ant. Can he be there in perſon? 'Tis impoſſible
Strange, that his power ſhould be ſo, *Camidius,*
Our nineteenes Legions thou ſhalt hold by Land,
And our twelve thouſand Horſe. Wee'l to our Ship,
Away my *Thetis.*

Enter a Souldiour.

How now worthy Souldier?
Soul. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Truſt not to rotten plankes: Do you miſdoubt
This Sword, and theſe my Wounds; let th' Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer ſtanding on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.
Ant. Well, well, away. *Exeunt Ant. Cleo. & Enob.*
Soul. By *Hercules* I thinke I am i'th' light.
Cam. Souldier thou art: but the whole action growes
Not in the power on't: ſo our Leaders leade
And we are Womens men.
Soul. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horſe
whole, do you not?
Ven. *Marcus Octavius, Marcus Iuſtius,*
Publicola, and *Celius,* are for Sea:
But we keepe whole by Land. This ſpeede of *Cæſars*
Carries beyond beleefe.
Soul. While he was yet in Rome
His power went out in ſuch diſtractions,
As beguilde all Spies.
Cam. Who's his Lieutenat, heare you?
Soul. They ſay, one *Towrus.*
Cam. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Emperor cals *Camidius.*
Cam. With Newes the time's with Labour,
And throwes forth each minute, ſome. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar with his Army, marching.

Caſ. *Towrus?*
Tow. My Lord.
Caſ. Strike not by Land.
Keepe whole, provoke not Battaile
Till we have done at Sea. Do not exceede
The Preſcript of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes
Vpon this iumpe. *Exit.*

Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond ſide o'th' Hill,
In eye of *Cæſars* battaile, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And ſo proceed accordingly. *Exit.*

Camidius Marching with his Land Army one way over the ſtage, and Towrus the Lieutenant of Cæſar other way:
After their going in, is heard the noiſe of a Sea fight.
Alarum. Enter Enobarbus and Scarus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no longer:
Thantoniad, tbe Ægyptian Admirall,
With all their ſixty flye, and turne the Rudder:
To ſee't, mine eyes are blaſted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods, & Goddeſſes, all the whole ſynod of them!
Eno. What's thy paſſion.
Scar. The greater Cantle of the world is loſt
With very ignorance. we have kiſt away
Kingdomes, and Provinces.
Eno. How appeares the fight?
Scar. On our ſide like the Token'd Peſtilence,
Where death is ſure. You ribaudred Nagge of Egypt,
(Whom Leproſie o're) i'th' midſt o'th' fight,
When vantage like a paire of Twinnes appear'd
Both of the ſame, or rather ours the elder;
(The Breeze upon her) like a Cow in Iune,
Hoiſts Sailes, and flyes.
Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did ſicken at the ſight, and could not
Indure a further view.
Scar. She once being looſt,
The Noble ruine of her Magicke, *Anthony,*
Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)
Leaving the Fight in heighth, flyes after her:
I never ſaw an action of ſuch ſhame;
Experience, Man-hood, Honor ne're before,
Did violate ſo it ſelfe.
Enob. Alacke, alacke,

Enter Camidius.

Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And ſinkes moſt lamentably. Had our Generall
Bin what he knew himſelfe, it had gone well:
Oh hee ha's given example for our flight,
Moſt groſſely by his owne.
Enob. I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight indeede.
Cam. Toward Peloponneſus are they fled.
Scar. Tis eaſie toot,
And there I will attend what further comes.
Camid. To *Cæſar* will I render
My Legions and my horſe, ſixe Kings already
Shew me the way of yeelding.
Eno. Ile yet follow
The wounded chance of *Anthony,* though my reaſon
Sits in the winde againſt me.

Enter Anthony with Attendants.

Ant. Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is aſham'd to beare me. Friends, come hither,
I am ſo lated in the world, that I
Have loſt my way for ever. I have a ſhippe,
Laden with Gold, take that, divide it: flye,
And make your peace with *Cæſar.*
Omnes. Fly? Not we.
Ant. I have fled my ſelfe, and have inſtructed cowards
To runne, and ſhew their ſhoulders. Friends be gone,
I have my ſelfe, reſolv'd upon a courſe,
Which has no neede of you. Be gone,
My Treaſure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I follow'd that I bluſh to looke upon,
My very haires do mutiny: for the white
Reprove the browne for raſhneſſe, and they them
For feare, and doting. Friends be gone, you ſhall
Have Letters from me to ſome Friends, that will
Sweepe your way for you. Pray you looke not ſad.
Nor make replyes of loathneſſe, take the hint
Which my diſpaire proclaimes. Let them be left
Which leaves it ſelfe, to Sea-ſide ſtraight way;
I will poſſeſſe you of that ſhip aud Treaſure.

Leave me, I pray a little : pray you now,
Nay do ſo: for indeede I have loſt command,
Therefore I pray you, Ile ſee you by and by. *Sits downe.*

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.

Eros. Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.
Iras. Do moſt deere Queene.
Char. Doe, why, what elſe ?
Cleo. Let me ſit downe : Oh *Iuno.*
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you heere, Sir ?
Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.
Char. Madam.
Iras. Madam, oh good Empreſſe.
Eros. Sir, ſir.
Ant. Yes my Lord, yes ; he at Philippi kept
His ſword e'ne like a dancer, while I ſtrooke
The leane and wrinkled *Caſſius*, and 'twas I
That the mad *Brutus* ended : he alone
Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practiſe had
In the brave ſquares of Warre : yet now : no matter,
Cleo. Ah ſtand by.
Eros. The Queene my Lord, the Queene.
Iras. Go to him, Madam, ſpeake to him,
Hee is unqualited with very ſhame.
Cleo. Well then, ſuſtaine me : Oh.
Eros. Moſt Noble Sir ariſe, the Queene approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will ſeize her, but
Your comfort makes the reſcue.
Ant. I have offended Reputation ;
A moſt unnoble ſwerving.
Eros. Sir, the Queene.
Ant. Oh whither haſt thou led me Ægypt, ſee
How I convey my ſhame, out of thine eyes,
By looking backe what I have left behinde
Stroy'd in diſhonor.
Cleo. Oh my Lord, my Lord;
Forgive my fearfull ſayles, I little thought
You would have followed.
Ant. Ægypt, thou knew'ſt too well,
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by 'th' ſtrings,
And thou ſhould'ſt ſtowe me after. O're my ſpirit
The full ſupremacie thou knew'ſt, and that
Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.
Cleo. Oh my pardon.
Ant. Now I muſt
To the young man ſend humble Treaties, dodge
And palter in the ſhifts of lownes, who
With halfe the bulke o'th' world plaid as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My ſword, made weake by my affection, would
Obey it on all cauſe.
Cleo. Pardon, pardon.
Ant. Fall not a teare I ſay, one of them rates
All that is wonne and loſt : Give me a kiſſe,
Even this repayes.
We ſent our Schoole-maſter, is a come backe ?
Love I am full of Lead : ſome Wine
Within there, and our Viands : Fortune knowes,
We ſcorne her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blows. *Exeunt*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, and Dollabella, with others.

Cæſ. Let him appeare that's come from *Anthony.*
Know you him.
Dolla. *Cæſar*, tis his Schoolemaſter,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He ſends ſo poore a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had ſuperfluous Kings for Meſſengers,
Not many Moones gone by.

Enter Ambaſſador from Anthony.

Cæſar. Approach, and ſpeake,
Amb. Such as I am I come from *Anthony* :
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morne-dew on the Mertle leafe
To his grand Sea.
Cæſ. Bee't ſo, declare thine office.
Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to live in Ægypt, which not granted
He Leſſens his requeſts, and to thee ſues
To let him breath betweene the Heavens and Earth
A private man in Athens : this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confeſſe thy greatneſſe:
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The Circle of the *Ptolomies* for her heyres,
Now hazarded to thy Gace.
Cæſ. For *Anthony*,
I have no eares to his requeſt. The Queene,
Of Audience, nor Deſire ſhall faile, ſo ſhe
From Ægypt drive her all-diſgraced Friend,
Or take his life there. This if ſhe performe,
She ſhall not ſue unheard. So to them both.
Amb. Fortune purſue thee.
Cæſ: Bring him through the Bands :
To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, diſpatch,
From *Anthony* winne *Cleopatra*, promiſe
And in our Name, when ſhe requires, adde more
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their beſt Fortunes ſtrong ; but want will periure
The ne're touch'd Veſtall. Try thy cunning *Thidias*,
Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we
Will anſwer as a Law.
Thid. *Cæſar*, I go.
Cæſ. Obſerve how *Anthony* becomes his flaw,
And what thou thinkeſt his very Action ſpeakes
In every power that mooves.
Thid. *Cæſar*, I ſhall. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, & Iras.

Cleo. What ſhall we do, *Enobarbus* ?
Eno. Thinke, and dye.
Cleo. Is *Anthony*, or we in fault for this ?
Eno. *Anthony* onely, that would make his will
Lord of his Reaſon. What though you fled,
From that great face of Warre, whoſe ſeverall ranges
Frighted each other ? Why ſhould he follow ?
The itch of his Affection ſhould not then
Have nickt his Captain-ſhip, at ſuch a point,
When halfe to halfe the world oppos'd, he being
The meered queſtion ? Tis a ſhame no leſſe
Then was his loſſe, to courſe your flying Flagges,
And leave his Navy gazing.
Cleo. Prythee peace.

Enter the Ambaſſador, with Anthony.

Ant. Is this his anſwer. *Amb.* I my Lord.
Ant. The Queene ſhall then have courteſie,
So ſhe will yeeld us up.
Am. He ſayes ſo.
Antho. Let her know't. To the Boy *Cæſar* ſend this
grizled head, and he will fill thy wiſhes to the brimme,
With Principalities.
Cleo. That head my Lord ?

Ant. To him againe,tell him he weares the Roſe
Of youth upon him: from which,the world ſhould note
Something particular: His Coyne,Ships,Legions,
May be a Cowards,whoſe Miniſters would prevaile
Vnder the ſervice of a childe,as ſoone
As i'th'Command of *Cæſar.* I dare him therefore
To Lay his gay compariſons a-part
And anſwer me declin'd,ſword againſt ſword,
Our ſelves alone; Ile write it,Follow me.
Eno. Yes,like enough: hye-battell'd *Cæſar* will
Vnſtate his happineſſe,and be Stag'd to th'ſhew
Againſt a Sworder. I ſee mens judgements are
A parcell of their Fortunes,and things outward
Doe draw the inward quality after them
To ſuffer all alike,that he ſhould dreame,
Knowing all meaſures,the full *Cæſar* will
Anſwer his emptineſſe; *Cæſar* thou haſt ſubdude
His judgement too.
Enter a Servant.
Ser. A Meſſenger from *Cæſar.*
Cleo. What no more Ceremony? See my Women,
Againſt the blowne Roſe may they ſtop their noſe,
That kneel'd unto the Buds. Admit him ſir.
Enob. Mine honeſty,and I,begin to ſquare,
The Loyalty well held to Fooles,does make
Our Faith meere Folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegeance a falne Lord,
Does conquer him that did his Maſter conquer,
And earnes a place i'th'Story.
Enter Thidias.
Cleo. *Cæſars* will.
Thid. Heare it apart.
Cleo. None but friends: ſay boldly.
Thid. So haply are they friends to *Anthony.*
Enob. He needs as many (ſir) as *Cæſar* has.
Or needs not us. If *Cæſar* pleaſe,our Maſter
Will leape to be his friend: For as you know,
Whoſe he is,we are, and that is *Cæſars.*
Thid. So. Thus then thou moſt renown'd,*Cæſar* intreats
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtandſt
Further than he is *Cæſar.*
Cleo. Goe on,right Royall.
Thid. He knowes that you embrace not *Anthony*
As you did love,bnt as you feared him.
Cleo. Oh.
Thid. The ſcarres upon your honour therefore he
Does pitty,as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerved.
Cleo. He is a god,
And knowes what is moſt right. Mine honour
Was not yeelded,but conquer'd meerely.
Enob. To be ſure of that,I will aske *Anthony.*
Sir,ſir,thou art ſo leaky
That we muſt leave thee thy ſinking,for
Thy deareſt quit thee. *Exit.Enob.*
Thid. Shall I ſay to *Cæſar,*
What you require of him: for he partly begges
To be deſir'd to give. It much would pleaſe him,
That of his fortunes you ſhould make a ſtaffe
To leane upon. But it would warme his ſpirits
To heare from me you had left *Anthony,*
And put your ſelfe under his ſhrowd, the vniverſall
Cleo. What's your name?
Thid. My name is *Thidias.*
Cleo. Moſt kinde Meſſenger, (Landlord.
Say to great *Cæſar* this in diſputation,
I kiſſe his conqu'ring hand: Tell him,I am prompt
To lay my Crowne at's feet,and there to kneele.
Tell him from his all-obeying breath,I heare
The doome of Egypt.
Thid. Tis your nobleſt courſe:
Wiſedome and Fortune combatting together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.
Cleo. Your *Cæſars* Father oft,
(When he hath mus'd of taking kingdomes in)
Beſtow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.
Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.
Ant. Favours? By Iove that thunders. What art thou (Fellow?
Thid. One that but performes
The bidding of the fulleſt man,and worthieſt
To have command obeyde.
Enob. You will be whipt.
Ant. Approch there:ah you Kite. Now gods & divels,
Authority melts from me of late. When I cride hoa,
Like Boyes unto a muſſe,Kings would ſtart forth,
And cry your will. Have you no eares?
I am *Anthony* yet. Take hence this Iacke and whip him.
Enter a Servant.
Enob. Tis better playing with a Lyons whelpe,
Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moone and Starres,
Whip him: wert twenty of the greateſt Tributaries
That doe acknowledge *Cæſar,*ſhould I finde them
So ſawcy with the hand of ſhe here,whats her name
Since ſhe was *Cleopatra?* Whip him Fellowes,
Till like a Boy you ſee him crindge his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.
Thid. *Marke Anthony.*
Ant. Tugge him away: being whipt,
Bring him againe,the Iacke of *Cæſars* ſhall
Beare us an arrant to him. *Exeunt with Thidias.*
You were halfe blaſted ere I knew you: Ha?
Have I my pillow left unpreſt in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race,
And by a Iem of Women,to be abuſde
By one that lookes on Feeders?
Cleo. Good my Lord.
An. You have beene a boggeler ever,
But when we in our viciouſneſſe grew hard
(Oh miſery ont) the wiſe gods ſeele our eyes
In our owne filth,drop our cleere judgements,make us
Adore our errours,laugh ats while we ſtrut
To our confuſion.
Cleo. Oh,iſt come to this?
Ant. I found you as a Morſell,cold upon
Dead *Cæſars* Trencher: Nay,you were a Fragment
Of *Cneius Pompeyes,*beſides what hotter houres
Vnregiſtred in vulgar Fame,you have
Luxuriouſly pickt out. For I am ſure,
Though you can gueſſe what Temperance ſhould be,
You know not what it is.
Cleo. Wherefore is this?
Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,
And ſay,God quit you,be familiar with
My play-fellow,your hand; this Kingly Seale,
And plighter of high hearts. O that I were
Vpon the Hill of Baſan,to out-roare
The horned Heard,for I have Savage cauſe,
And to proclaime it civilly,were like

A halter'd necke, which does the Hangman thanke,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?
Enter a Servant with Thidias.
Ser. Soundly my Lord.
Ant. Cryed he? and begg'd a Pardon?
Ser. He did aske favour.
Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou waſt not made his daughter, and be thou ſorry
To follow *Cæſar* in his triumph, ſince
Thou haſt been whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Feaver thee,
Shake to looke on't. Get thee backe to *Cæſar*,
Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou ſay
He makes me angry with him. For he ſeemes
Proud and diſdainfull, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time moſt eaſie tis to doot:
When my good ſtarres, that were my former guides
Have empty left their Orbes, and ſhot their Fires
Into the Abiſme of Hell. If he miſlike,
My ſpeech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus, my enfranched Bondman, whom
He may at pleaſure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he ſhall like to quit me. Vrge it thou:
Hence with thy ſtripes, be gone. *Exit Thid.*
Cleo. Have you done yet?
Ant. Alacke our Terene Moone is now Eclipſt.
And it portends alone the fall of *Anthony*.
Cleo. I muſt ſtay his time?
Ant. To flatter *Cæſar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that tyes his poynts.
Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Cleo. Ah (Deere) if I be ſo,
From my cold heart, let heaven ingender haile,
And poyſon it in the ſourſe, and the firſt ſtone
Drop in my necke: as it determines ſo
Diſſolve my life, the next Cæſarian ſmile,
Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the diſcandering of this pelletted ſtorme,
Lye graveleſſe, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle
Have buried them for prey.
Ant. I am ſatisfied:
Cæſar ſets downe in Alexandria, where
I will oppoſe his Fate. Our force by land,
Hath nobly held, and ſever'd Navy too
Have knit againe, and Fleet, threatning moſt Sea-like.
Where haſt thou beene my heart? Doſt thou heare Lady?
If from the field I ſhall returne once more
To kiſſe theſe lips, I will appeare in blood,
I, and my Sword, will earne my Chronicle,
Theres hope in't yet.
Cleo. Thats my brave Lord.
Ant. I will be trebble-ſinewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciouſly: for when mine houres
Were nice and lucky, men did ranſome lives
Of me for jeſts: but now, Ile ſet my teeth,
And ſend to darkneſſe all that ſtop me. Come,
Lets have one other gawdy night: Call to me
All my ſad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more:
Lets mocke the midnight Bell.
Cleo. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought t'have held it poore. But ſince my Lord
Is *Anthony* againe, I will be *Cleopatra*.
Ant. We will yet doe well.
Cleo. Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord,
Ant. Doe ſo, wee'l ſpeake to them,
And to night Ile force
The Wine peepe through their ſkarres.
Come on (my Queene)
Theres ſap in't yet. The next time I doe fight
Ile make death love me: for I will contend
Even with his peſtilent Sythe. *Exeunt.*
Enob. Now he'l out-ſtare the Lightning, to be furious
Is to be frighted out of feare, and in that moode
The Dove will pecke the Eſtridge; and I ſee ſtill
A diminution in our Captaines braine,
Reſtores his heart; when valour prayes in reaſon,
It eates the Sword it fights with: I will ſeeke
Some way to leave him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, and Mecenas with his Army,
Cæſar reading a Letter.

Cæſ. He cals me Boy, and chides as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt. My Meſſenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to perſonall Combat.
Cæſar to *Anthony*: let the old Ruffian know,
I have many other wayes to dye: meane time
Laugh at this Challenge.
Mece. *Cæſar* muſt thinke,
When one ſo great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his diſtraction: Never anger
Made good guard for it ſelfe.
Cæſ. Let our beſt heads know,
That to morrow, the laſt of many Battailes
We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of thoſe that ſerv'd *Marke Anthony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And feaſt the Army, we have ſtore to doo't,
And they have earn'd the waſte. Poore *Anthony*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,
Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitian*?
Enob. No?
Ant. Why ſhould he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To morrow Souldier,
By Sea and Land Ile fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood,
Shall make it live againe. Woo't thou fight well.
Enob. Ile ſtrike, and cry, take all.
Ant. Well ſaid, come on:
Call forth my houſhold ſervants, lets to night
Enter three or foure Servitours.
Be bounteous at our Meale. Give me thy hand,
Thou haſt been rightly honeſt, ſo haſt thou,
Thou, and thou, and thou: you have ſerv'd me well,
And Kings have beene your fellowes.
Cleo. What meanes this?
En. Tis one of thoſe odde tricks which ſorrow ſhoots
Out of the mind.
Ant. And thou art honeſt too:
I wiſh I could be made ſo many men,
And all of you clapt up together, in
An *Anthony*: that I might doe you ſervice,
So good as you have done.

Omnes. The gods forbid.
Ant. Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night:
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
And ſuffered my command.
Cleo. What does he meane?
Eno. To make his Followers weepe.
Ant. Tend me to night;
May be it is the period of your duty,
Haply you ſhall not ſee me more, or if,
A mangled ſhadow. Perchance to morrow,
You'l ſerve another Maſter. I looke on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honeſt Friends,
I turne you not away, but like a Maſter
Married to your good ſervice, ſtay till death:
Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more,
And the gods yeeld you for't.
Enob. What meane you (ſir)
To give them this diſcomfort? Looke, you weepe,
And I an Aſſe, am Onion-ey'd; for ſhame,
Transforme us not to women.
Ant. Ho, ho, ho:
Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where thoſe drops fall (my hearty Friends)
You take me a too dolorous a ſenſe,
For I ſpake to you for your comfort, did deſire you
To burne this night with Torches: know (my hearts)
I hope well of to morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather Ile expect victorious life,
Then death, and Honour. Lets to Supper, come,
And drowne conſideration. *Exeunt.*

Enter a company of Souldiers.

1 *Sol.* Brother, good night: to morrow is the day.
2 *Sol.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing ſtrange about the ſtreets.
1 Nothing: what newes?
2 Belike tis but a Rumour, good night to you.
1 Well ſir, good night.
They meet with other Souldiers.
2 Souldiers have carefull Watch.
1 And you: Goodnight, goodnight.
They place themſelves in every corner of the Stage.
2 Here we, and if to morrow
Our Navy thrive, I have an abſolute hope
Our Landmen will ſtand up.
1 Tis a brave Army, and full of purpoſe.
Muſicke of the Hoboyes is under the Stage.
2 Peace, what noyſe?
1 Liſt, liſt.
2 Hearke.
1 Muſicke i'th'Ayre.
3 Vnder the earth.
It ſignes well, does it not?
3 No.
1 Peace I ſay: What ſhould this meane?
2 Tis the god *Hercules*, whom *Anthony* loved,
Now leaves him.
1 Walke, lets ſee if other Watchmen
Doe heare what we doe?
2 How now Maſters? *Speake together.*
Omnes. How now? how now? doe you heare this?
1 I, is't not ſtrange?
3 Doe you heare Maſters? Doe you heare?
1 Follow the noyſe ſo farre as we have quarter.
Lets ſee how it will give off.
Omnes. Content: Tis ſtrange. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony, and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. *Eros*, mine Armour *Eros*.
Cleo. Sleepe a little.
Ant. No my Chucke, *Eros*, come mine Armour *Eros*.
Enter Eros.
Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on,
If Fortune be not ours to day, it is
Becauſe we brave her. Come.
Cleo. Nay, Ile helpe too, *Anthony*.
Whats this for? Ah, let be, let be, thou art
The Armourer of my heart: Falſe, falſe: This, this,
Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it muſt be.
Ant. Well, well, we ſhall thrive now.
Seeſt thou my good Fellow. Goe, put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefly ſir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we doe pleaſe
To doft for our repoſe, ſhall heare a ſtorme.
Thou fumbleſt *Eros*, and my Queenes a Squire
More tight at this: Diſpatch. O Love,
That thou couldſt ſee my warres to day, and knew'ſt
The Royall Occupation, thou ſhouldſt ſee
A workeman in't.
Enter an armed Souldier.
Good morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou lookſt like him that knowes a warlike charge:
To buſineſſe that we love, we riſe betime,
And goe too't with delight.
Soul. A thouſand Sir, early though't be, have on their
Rivetted trim, and at the Port expect you. *Showt.*
Trumpets flouriſh.
Enter Captaines and Souldiers.
Alex. The Morne is faire: Good morrow Generall.
All. Good morrow Generall.
Ant. Tis well blowne Lad.
This morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
That meanes to be of note, begins betimes.
So, ſo: Come give me that, what ere becomes of me,
Fare thee well Dame, what ere become of mee,
This is a Souldiers kiſſe: rebukeable,
And worthy ſhamefull checke it were, to ſtand
On more Mechanicke Complement, Ile leave thee.
Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,
Follow me cloſe, Ile bring you too't: Adieu. *Exeunt.*
Char. Pleaſe you retyre to your Chamber?
Cleo. Lead me:
He goes forth gallantly: that he and *Cæſar* might
Determine this great Warre in ſingle fight;
Then *Anthony*; but now. Well on. *Exeunt.*

Trumpet ſound. Enter Anthony and Eros.

Eros. The Gods make this a happy day to *Anthony*.
Ant. Would thou, and thoſe thy ſcarres had once prevaild,
To make me fight at Land.
Eros. Hadſt thou done ſo,
The Kings that have revolted, and the Souldier
That has this morning left thee, would have ſtill
Followed thy heeles.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Eros. Who? one ever neere thee, call for *Enobarbus*,

He ſhall not heare thee, or from *Cæſars* Campe,
Say I am none of thine.
Ant. What ſayeſt thou?
Sold. Sir he is with *Cæſar.*
Eros. Sir, his Cheſts and Treaſure he has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sol. Moſt certaine.
Ant. Goe *Eros*, ſend his Treaſure after, doe it,
Detaine no jot I charge thee: write to him,
(I will ſubſcribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wiſh he never find more cauſe
To change a Maſter. Oh my fortunes have
Corrupted honeſt men. Diſpatch *Eros.* *Exit.*

Enter Agrippa, Cæſar, with Enobarbus,
and Dollabella.

Cæſ. Goe forth *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is *Anthony* be tooke alive:
Make it ſo knowne.
Agrip. Cæſar, I ſhall.
Cæſ. The time of univerſall peace is neere,
Prove this a proſp'rous day, the three nook'd world
Shall beare the Olive freely.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. Anthony is come into the field.
Cæſ. Goe charge *Agrippa*,
Plant thoſe that have revolted in the Van,
That *Anthony* may ſeeme to ſpend his Fury
Vpon himſelfe. *Exeunt.*
Enob. Alexas did revolt, and went to *Iewry* on
Affaires of *Anthony*: there did diſſwade
Great *Herod* to 'incline himſelfe to *Cæſar*,
And leave his Maſter *Anthony*. For this paines,
Cæſar hath hang'd him: *Camidius* and the reſt
That fell away, have entertaiment, but
No honorable truſt: I have done ill,
Of which I doe accuſe my ſelfe ſo ſorely,
That I will joy no more.
Enter a Soldier of Cæſars.
Sol. Enobarbus, Anthony
Hath after thee ſent all thy Treaſure, with
His Bounty over-plus. The Meſſenger
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
Vnloading of his Mules.
Eno. I give it you.
Sol. Mocke not *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true: Beſt you ſaf t the bringer
Out of the haoſt, I muſt attend mine Office,
Or would have done't my ſelfe. Your Emperor
Continues ſtill a Iove. *Exit.*
Enob. I am alone the Villaine of the earth,
And feele I am ſo moſt. Oh *Anthony*,
Thou Mine of bounty, how wouldſt thou have payed
My better ſervice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo Crowne with Gold. This blowes my heart
If ſwift thought breake it not: a ſwifted meane
Shall out-ſtrike thought, but thought will doo't. I feele
I fight againſt thee: No I will goe ſeeke
Some Ditch, where to dye: the foulſt beſt fits
My latter part of life. *Exit.*
Alarum, Drummes and Trumpets.
Enter Agrippa.
Agrip. Retire, we have engag'd our ſelves too farre:
Cæſar himſelfe has worke, and our oppreſſion
Exceeds what we expected. *Exit.*

Alarums.
Enter Anthony, and Scarus wounded.
Scar. O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed,
Had we done ſo at firſt, we had droven them home
With clowts about their head. *Farre off.*
Ant. Thou bleedſt apace.
Scar. I had a wound heere that was like a T,
But now tis made an H.
Ant. They doe retyre.
Scar. We'll beat em into Bench-holes, I have yet
Roome for ſix ſcotches more.
Enter Eros.
Eros. They are beaten Sir, and our advantage ſerves
For a faire victory.
Scar. Let us ſcore their backes,
And ſnatch em up, as we take Hares behind,
Tis ſport to maul a Runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy ſprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. Ile halt after. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Anthony againe in a March.
Scarus, with other.

Ant. We have beate him to his Campe: Runne one
Before, and let the Queen know of our gueſts: to morrow
Before the Sun ſhall ſees, we'll ſpill the blood
That has to day eſcap'd. I thanke you all,
For doughty handed are you, and have fought
Not as you ſerv'd the Cauſe, but as't had beene
Each mans like mine: you have ſhewne all *Hectors*,
Enter the Citty, clip your Wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats, whilſt they with joyfull teares
Waſh the congealement from your wounds, and kiſſe
The honour'd-gaſhes whole.
Enter Cleopatra.
Give me thy hand,
To this great Faiery, Ile commend thy acts,
Make her thankes bleſſe thee. Oh thou day o'th'world,
Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, Attyre and all
Through proofe of Harneſſe to my part, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.
Cleo. Lord of Lords,
Oh infinite Vertue, comm'ſt thou ſmiling from
The worlds great ſnare uncaught.
Ant. My Nightingale,
We have beate them to their Beds.
What Gyrle, though gray
Do ſomething mingle with our yonger browne, yet ha we
A braine that nouriſhes our Nerves, and can
Get gole for gole of youth. Behold this man,
Commend unto his Lippes thy ſavouring hand,
Kiſſe it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,
As if a god in hate of Mankind, had
Deſtroyed in ſuch a ſhape.
Cleo. Ile give thee friend
An Armour all of gold: it was a Kings.
Ant. He has deſerv'd it, were it Carbunkled
Like holy Phœbus Carre. Give me thy hand,
Through *Alexandria* make a jolly March,
Beare our hackt Targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great Palace the capacity
To Campe this hoaſt, we all would ſup together,
And drinke Carowſes to the next dayes Fate

Which promiſes Royall perill. Trumpeters
With brazen dinne blaſt you the Citties eare,
Make mingle with our ratling Tabourines,
That heaven and earth may ſtrike their ſounds together,
Applauding our approach. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Centery, and his Company, Enobarbus followes.

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this houre,
We muſt returne to'th' Court of Guard: the night
Is ſhiny, and they ſay, we ſhall embattaile
By'th'ſecond houre ith'Morne.
1 Watch. This laſt day was a ſhrew'd one to's
Enob. Oh beare me witneſſe night.
2 What man is this?
1 Stand cloſe, and liſt him.
Enob. Be witneſſe to me (O thou bleſſed Moone)
When men revolted ſhall upon Record
Beare hatefull memory: poore *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.
Cent. *Enobarbus?*
2 Peace: hearke further.
Enob. Oh Soveraigne Miſtris of true Melancholly,
The poyſonous dampe of night diſpunge upon me,
That life, a very Rebell to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Againſt the flint and hardneſſe of my fault,
Which being dryed with griefe, will breake to powder,
And finiſh all foule thoughts. Oh *Anthony*,
Nobler then my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine owne particular,
But let the world ranke me in Regiſter
A Maſter leaver, and a fugitive:
Oh *Anthony*! Oh *Anthony*!
1 Lets ſpeake to him.
Cent. Lets heare him, for the things he ſpeakes
May concerne *Cæſar*.
2 Lets doe ſo, but he ſleepes.
Cent. Swoonds rather, for ſo bad a Prayer as his
Was never yet for ſleepe.
1 Goe we to him.
2 Awake ſir, awake, ſpeake to us.
1 Heare you ſir?
Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.
Drummes afarre off.
Hearke how the Drummes demurely wake the ſleepers:
Let us beare him to'th' Court of Guard: he is of note:
Our houre is fully out.
2 Come on then, he may recover yet. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony, and Scarus, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We pleaſe them not by Land.
Scar. For both, my Lord.
Ant. I would they'ld fight ith'Fire, or ith'Ayre,
Wee'ld fight there too. But this it is, our Foote
Vpon the hilles adjoyning to the Citty
Shall ſtay with us. Order for Sea is given,
They have put forth the haven:
Where their appointment we may beſt diſcover,
And looke on their endevour. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar, and his Army.

Cæſ. But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by Land,
Which as I tak't we ſhall, for his beſt force
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,
And hold our beſt advantage. *Exeunt.*

Alarum afarre off, as at a Sea-fight.

Enter Anthony, and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not joyn'd:
Where yond Pine does ſtand, I ſhall diſcover all.
Ile bring thee word ſtraight, how tis like to goe. *Exit.*
Scar. Swallowes have built
In *Cleopatra's* Sailes their neſts. The Auguries
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,
And dare not ſpeake their knowledge. *Anthony*,
Is valiant, and dejected, and by ſtarts
His fretted Fortunes give him hope and feare
Of what he has, and has not.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. All is loſt:
This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleete hath yeelded to the Foe, and yonder,
They caſt their Caps up, and Carowſe together
Like friends long loſt. Triple-turn'd Whore, tis thou
Haſt ſold me to this Novice, and my heart
Makes onely Warres on thee. Bid them all flye:
For when I am reveng'd upon my Charme,
I have done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.
Oh Sunne, thy upriſe ſhall I ſee no more,
Fortune, and *Anthony* part heere, even heere
Doe we ſhake hands? All come to this? The hearts
That pannelled me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wiſhes, doe diſ-Candy, melt their ſweets
On bloſſoming *Cæſar*: and this Pine is barkt,
That over-topd them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this falſe Soule of Egypt! this grave Charme,
Whoſe eye beck'd forth my Wars, and cal'd them home:
Whoſe boſome was my Crownet, my chiefe end,
Like a right Gypſie, hath at faſt and looſe
Beguild me, to the very heart of loſſe.
What *Eros, Eros?*

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Avaunt.
Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd againſt his Love?
Ant. Vaniſh, or I ſhall give thee thy deſerving,
And blemiſh *Cæſars* Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoiſt thee up to th'ſhouting Plebeians,
Follow his Chariot, like the greateſt ſpot
Of all thy Sex. Moſt Monſter-like be ſhewne
For poor'ſt Diminutives, for Dolts, and let
Patient *Octavia*, plough thy viſage up
With her prepared nailes. *Exit Cleopatra.*
Tis well th'art gone,
If it be well to live. But better twere
Thou fellſt into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. *Eros*, hoa?
The ſhirt of *Neſſus* is upon me, teach me
Alcides, thou mine Anceſtor, thy rage.
Let me lodge *Licas* on the hornes oth'Moone,
And with thoſe hands that graſpt the heavieſt Club,
Subdue my worthieſt ſelfe: the Witch ſhall dye,
To the young Roman Boy ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Vnder this plot: ſhe dyes for't. *Eros* hoa? *Exit.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian.

Cleo. Helpe me my woman: Oh he is more mad
Then *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boare of Theſſaly
Was never ſo imboſt.
Char. To th'Monument, there locke your ſelfe,
And ſend him word you are dead:

The ſouleand Body rive not more in parting,
Then greatneſſe going off.
Cleo. To'th'Monument:
Mardian, goe tell him I have ſlaine my ſelfe:
Say, that the laſt I ſpoke was *Anthony*,
And word it (prethee) pitteouſly. Hence *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my death to th'Monument.
Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Anth. *Eros*, thou yet beholdſt me?
Eros. I Noble Lord.
Ant. Sometime we ſee a clowd thats Dragoniſh,
A vapour ſometime, like a Beare, or Lyon,
A toward Cittadell, a pendant Rocke,
A forked Mountaine, or blew Promontory
With Trees upon't, that nodde unto the world,
And mocke our eyes with Ayre.
Thou haſt ſeene theſe ſignes,
They are blacke Veſpers Pageants.
Eros. I my Lord.
Ant. That which is now a horſe, even with a thought
the Racke diſlimes, and makes it indiſtinct
As water is in water.
Eros. It does my Lord.
Ant. My good Knave *Eros*, now thy Captaine is
Even ſuch a body: heere I am *Anthony*,
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape (my Knave)
I made theſe warres for Egypt, and the Queene,
Whoſe heart I thought I had, for ſhe had mine:
Which whilſt it was mine, had annext unto't
A Million moe, (now loſt:) ſhe *Eros* has
Packt Cards with *Caeſars*, and falſe plaid my Glory
Vnto an Enemies triumph.
Nay, weepe not gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Our ſelves to end our ſelves.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy vilde Lady, ſhe has rob'd me of my Sword.
Mar. No *Anthony*,
My Miſtris lov'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.
Ant. Hence ſawcy Eunuch peace, ſhe hath betraid me
And ſhall dye the death.
Mar. Death of one perſon, can be paide but once,
And that ſhe has diſcharg'd. What thou wouldſt doe
Is done unto thy hand: the laſt ſhe ſpake
Was *Anthony*, moſt Noble *Anthony*:
Then in the middſt a tearing grone did breake
The name of *Anthony*: it was divided
Betweene her heart, and lips: ſhe tendred life
Thy name ſo buried in her.
Ant. Dead then?
Mar. Dead.
Ant. Vnarme *Eros*, the long dayes taske is done,
And we muſt ſleepe: that thou departſt hence ſafe
Does pay thy labour richly: goe. *Exit Mardian.*
Oh, plucke off,
The ſeven-fold ſhield of *Ajax* cannot keepe
The battery from my heart. Oh cleave my ſides.
Heart, once be ſtronger then thy Continent,
Cracke thy fraile Caſe. Apace *Eros*, apace:
No more a Souldier: bruiſed peeces goe,
You have bin Nobly borne. From me awhile. *Exit Eros.*
I will ore-take thee *Cleopatra*, and
Weepe for my pardon. So it muſt be, for now
All length is Torture: ſince the Torch is out,
Lye downe and ſtray no farther. Now all labour
Marres what it does: yea, very force entangles
It ſelfe with ſtrength: Seale then and all is done.
Eros? I come my Queene. *Eros*? Stay for me,
Where Soules doe couch on Flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our ſprightly Port make the Ghoſtes gaze:
Dido, and her *Æneas* ſhall want Troopes,
And all the haunt be ours. Come *Eros*, *Eros*.

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?
Ant. Since *Cleopatra* dyed,
I have liv'd in ſuch diſhonor, that the gods
Deteſt my baſeneſſe. I, that with my Sword,
Quarter'd the World, and ore greene Neptunes backe
With Ships, made Citties; condemne my ſelfe, to lacke
The Courage of a Woman, leſſe Noble minde
Then ſhe which by her death, our *Caeſar* telles
I am Conqueror of my ſelfe. Thou art ſworne *Eros*,
That when the exigent ſhould come, which now
Is come indeed: When I ſhould ſee behind me
Th'inevitable proſecution of diſgrace and horror,
That on my command, thou then wouldſt kill me.
Doo't, the time is come: thou ſtrikſt not me,
Tis *Caeſar* thou defeat'ſt. Put colour in my cheeke.
Eros. The gods with-hold me,
Shall I doe that which all the Parthian Darts,
(Though Enemy) loſt ayme, and could not.
Ant. *Eros*,
Wouldſt thou be window'd in great Rome, and ſee
Thy Maſter thus with pleacht Armes, bending downe
His corrigible necke, his face ſubdu'de
To penetrative ſhame; whilſt the wheeld ſeate
Of fortunate *Caeſar* drawne before him, branded
His baſeneſſe that enſued.
Eros. I would not ſee't.
Ant. Come then: for with a wound I muſt be cur'd.
Draw that thy honeſt Sword which thou haſt worne
Moſt uſefull for thy Country.
Eros. Oh ſir, pardon me.
Ant. When I did make thee free, ſworſt thou not then
To doe this when I bad thee? Doe it at once,
Or thy precedent Services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
Eros. Turne from me then that Noble countenance,
Wherein the worſhip of the whole world lyes.
Ant. Loe thee.
Eros. My ſword is drawne.
Ant. Then let it doe at once
The thing why thou haſt drawne it.
Eros. My deere Maſter,
My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me ſay
Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, farewell.
Ant. Tis ſaid man, and farewell.
Eros. Farewell great Chiefe. Shall I ſtrike now?
Ant. Now *Eros*. *Killes himſelfe.*
Eros. Why there then:
Thus I doe eſcape the ſorrow of *Anthonies* death.
Ant. Thrice-Nobler then my ſelfe,
Thou teacheſt me: Oh valiant *Eros*, what
I ſhould, and thou couldſt not, my Queene and *Eros*
Have by their brave inſtruction got upon me
A Nobleneſſe in Record. But I will be
A Bride-groome in my death, and run into't
As to a Lovers bed. Come then, and *Eros*,
Thy Maſter dyes thy Scholler: to doe thus
I learnt of thee. How, not dead? not dead?
The Guard, how? oh diſpatch me.

Enter a Guard.

1 *Guard.* Whats the noiſe ?

Ant. I have done my worke ill friends :
Oh make an end of what I have begun.

2 The Starre is falne.

1 And time is at his Period.

All. Alas, and woe.

Ant. Let him that loves me, ſtrike me dead.

1 Not I.

2 Not I.

3 Nor any one. [*Exeunt.*

Decre. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers flye
This ſword but ſhewne to *Cæſar* with this tydings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Wheres *Anthony* ?

Decre. There *Diomed* there.

Diom. Lives he : wilt thou not anſwer man ?

Ant. Art thou there *Diomed* ?
Draw thy ſword, and give me,
Sufficing ſtrokes for death.

Dio. Moſt abſolute Lord :
My Miſtris *Cleopatra* ſent me to thee.

Ant. When did ſhee ſend thee ?

Diom. Now my Lord.

Ant. Where is ſhe ? (feare

Diom. Lockt in her Monument: ſhe had a Propheſying
Of what hath come to paſſe : for when ſhe ſaw
(Which never ſhall be found) you did ſuſpect
She had diſpos'd with *Cæſar*, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, ſhe ſent you word ſhe was dead :
But fearing ſince how it might worke, hath ſent
Me to proclaine the truth, and I am come
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late good *Diomed*: call my Guard I prethee.

Dio. What hoa : the Emperors Guard.
The Guard, what hoa ? Come, your Lord calles.

Enter 4 or 5 of the Guard of Anthony.

Ant. Beare me good Friends were *Cleopatra* bides,
Tis the laſt ſeevice that I ſhall command you.

1 Woe, woe are we ſir you may not live to weare
All your true Followers out.

All. Moſt heavy day.

Ant. Nay good my fellowes, doe not pleaſe ſharp fate
To grace it with your ſorrowes. Bid that welcome
Which comes to puniſh us, and we puniſh it
Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft, carry me now good friends,
And have my thankes for all. *Exeunt bearing Anthony.*

Enter Cleopatra, and her Maides aloft, with
Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*, I will never goe from hence.

Char. Be comforted deere Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not :
All ſtrange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we deſpiſe; our ſize of ſorrow
Proportion'd to our cauſe, muſt be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomed.

How now ? is he dead ?

Diom. His deaths upon him, but not dead.
Looke out oth' other ſide your Monument,
His Guard have brought him hither.

Enter Anthony, and the Guard.

Cleo. Oh Sunne,
Burne the great Sphere thou mou'ſt in, darkling ſtand
The varrying ſhore oth' world. O *Antony, Antony, Antony*
Helpe *Charmian*, helpe *Iras* helpe : helpe friends
Below, lets draw him hither.

Ant. Peace,
Not *Cæſars* Valour hath orethrowne *Anthony*,
But *Anthonie*, hath Triumpht on it ſelfe.

Cleo. So it ſhould be,
That none but *Anthony* ſhould conquer *Anthony*,
But woe tis ſo.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying : onely
I heere importune death a-while, untill
Of many thouſand kiſſes the poore laſt
I lay upon thy lippes.

Cleo. I dare not Deere,
Deere my Lord pardon : I dare not,
Leſt I be taken : not th'Imperious ſhew
Of the full-fortun'd *Cæſar*, ever ſhall
Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents have
Edge, ſting, or operation, I am ſafe :
Your Wife *Octavia*, with her modeſt eyes,
And ſtill concluſion, ſhall acquire no honor
Demuring upon me : but, come, come *Anthony*,
Helpe me my women, we muſt draw thee up :
Aſſiſt good friends.

Ant. Oh quicke, or I am gone,

Cleo, Heeres ſport indeed :
How heavy weighes my Lord ?
Our ſtrength is all gone into heavineſſe,
That makes the waight. Had I great *Iuno's* power,
The ſtrong wing'd Mercury ſhould fetch thee up,
And ſet thee by Ioves ſide. Yet come a little,
Wiſhers were ever Fooles. Oh come, come, come.

They heave Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.

And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou haſt liv'd,
Quicken with kiſſing : had my lippes that power,
Thus would I weare them out.

All. A heavy ſight.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying.
Give me ſome Wine, and let me ſpeake a little.

Cleo. No, let me ſpeake, and let me rayle ſo hye,
That the falſe Huſwife Fortune, breake her Wheele,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant, One word (ſweet Queene)
Of *Cæſar* ſeeke your honor, with your ſafety. Oh.

Cleo. They doe not goe together.

Ant. Gentle heare me,
None about *Cæſar* truſt, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My Reſolution, and my hands, Ile truſt,
None about *Cæſar*.

Ant. The miſerable change now at my end,
Lament nor ſorrow at : but pleaſe your thoughts
In feeding them with thoſe my former Fortunes
Wherein I lived. The greateſt Prince oth world,
The Nobleſt : and doe now not baſely dye,
Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to
My Countryman. A Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquiſh'd. Now my ſpirit is going,
I can no more.

Cleo. Nobleſt of men, woo't dye ?
Haſt thou no care of me, ſhall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy abſence is
No better then a Stye ? Oh ſee my women :
The Crowne oth earth doth melt. My Lord ?
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre,

The Souldiers pole is falne : young Boyes and Gyrles
Are levell now with men : The oddes is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkeable
Beneath the viſiting Moone.
Char. Oh quitneſſe, Lady.
Iras. Shes dead too, our Soveraigne.
Char. Lady.
Iras. Madam.
Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.
Iras. Royall Egypt : Empreſſe.
Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*
Cleo. No more but in a Woman, and commanded
By ſuch poore paſſion, as the Maid that Milkes,
And does the meaneſt chares. It were for me,
To throw my Scepter at the injurious gods,
To tell them that this World did equall theirs,
Till they had ſtolne our Iewell. Alls but naught :
Patience is ſottiſh, and impatience does
Become a Dogge thats mad : then is it ſinne,
To ruſh into the ſecret houſe of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How doe you Women ?
What, what good cheere ? Why how now *Charmian* ?
My Noble Gyrles ? Ah women, women ! Looke
Our Lampe is ſpent, its out. Good ſirs, take heart,
Wee'll bury him : And then, whats brave, what Noble,
Lets doo't after the high Roman faſhion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away,
This caſe of that huge Spirit now is cold.
Ah women, women ! Come, we have no friend
But Reſolution, and the brieſeſt end.
Exeunt, bearing of Anthonies body.

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dollabella, Menas, with his Counſell of Warre.

Cæſar. Goe to him *Dolabella*, bid him yeeld,
Being ſo fruſtrate, tell him,
He mockes the pawſes that he makes.
Dol. *Cæſar*, I ſhall.
Enter Decretas with the ſword of Anthony.
Cæſ. Wherefore is that ? and what art thou that dar'ſt
Appeare thus to us ?
Dec. I am call'd *Decretas*,
Marke Anthony I ſerv'd, who beſt was worthy
Beſt to be ſerv'd : whilſt he ſtood up, and ſpoke
He was my Maſter, and I wore my life
To ſpend upon his haters. If thou pleaſe
To take me to thee, as I as was to him,
Ile be to *Cæſar*:if thou pleaſeſt not,I yeild thee up my life.
Cæſa. What iſt thou ſayſt ?
Dec. I ſay (Oh *Cæſar*) *Anthony* is dead.
Cæſa. The breaking of ſo great a thing, ſhould make
A greater cracke. The round World
Should have ſhooke Lyons into civill ſtreets,
And Cittizens to their dennes. The death of *Anthony*
Is not a ſingle doome, in the name lay
A moity of the world.
Dec. He is dead *Cæſar*,
Not by a publike miniſter of Iuſtice,
Nor by a hyred Knife, but that ſelfe-hand
Which writ his honor in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,
I robb'd his wound of it : behold it ſtaind
With his moſt Noble blood.
Cæſ. Looke you ſad friends,
The gods rebuke me, but it is a Tydings
To waſh the eyes of Kings.
Dol. And ſtrange it is,
That Nature muſt compell us to lament
Our moſt perſiſted deeds.
Mec. His taints and honors, way equall with him.
Dola. A Rarer ſpirit never
Did ſteere humanity : but you gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. *Cæſar* is touch'd.
Mec. When ſuch a ſpacious Mirrors ſet before him,
He needes muſt ſee himſelfe.
Cæſ. Oh *Anthony*,
I have followed thee to this, but we doe launch
Diſeaſes in our Bodies. I muſt perforce
Have ſhewne to thee ſuch a declining day,
Or looke on thine : we could not ſtall together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With teares as Soveraigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my brother, my Competitor,
In top of all deſigne ; my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
The Arme of mine owne Body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle ; that our Starres
Vnreconciliable, ſhould divide our equalneſſe to this.
Heare me good friends,
But I will tell you at ſome meeter Seaſon,
The buſineſſe of this man lookes out of him,
Wee'll heare him what he ſayes.
Enter an Ægyptian..
Whence are you?
Ægyp. A poore Egyptian yet, the Queene my Miſtris
Confin'd in all, ſhe has her Monument
Of thy intents, deſires, inſtruction,
That ſhe preparedly may frame her ſelfe
To th' way ſhees forc'd to.
Cæſ. Bid her have good heart,
She ſoone ſhall know of us, by ſome of ours,
How honorable, and how kindly We
Determine for her. For *Cæſar* cannot leave to be ungentle
Ægyp. So the gods preſerve thee. *Exit.*
Cæſ. Come hither *Proculeius*, Goe and ſay
We purpoſe her no ſhame : give her what comforts
The quality of her paſſion ſhall require ;
Leſt in her greatneſſe, by ſome mortall ſtroke
She doe defeate us. For her life in Rome,
Would be eternall in our Triumph : goe,
And with your ſpeedieſt bring us what ſhe ſayes,
And how yon find of her.
Pro. *Cæſar* I ſhall. *Exit Proculeius.*
Cæſ. *Gallus*, goe you along : wheres *Dolabella*, to ſecond *Proculeius* ?
All. *Dolabella.*
Cæſ. Let him alone : for I remember now
H[illegible] imployd : he ſhall in time be ready.
Goe with me to my Tent, where you ſhall ſee
How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,
How calme and gentle I proceeded ſtill
In all my Writings. Goe with me, and ſee
What I can ſhew in this. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. My deſolation does begin to make
A better life : Tis paltry to be *Cæſar* :
Not being fortune, hes but fortunes knave,
A miniſter of her will : and it is great

To doe that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which ſleepes, and never pallats more the dung,
The beggers Nurſe, and *Cæſars.*

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. *Cæſar* ſends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,
And bids thee ſtudy on what faire demands
Thou mean'ſt to have him grant thee.
Cleo. Whats thy name?
Pro. May name is *Proculeius.*
Cleo. *Anthony*
Did tell me of you, bad me truſt you, but
I doe not greatly care to be deceiv'd
That have no vſe for truſting. If your Maſter
Would have a Queene his begger, you muſt tell him,
That Majeſty to keepe *decorum*, muſt
No leſſe begge then a Kingdome: if he pleaſe
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
He gives me ſo much of mine owne, as I
Will kneele to him with thankes.
Pro. Be of good cheere:
Y'are falne into a Princely hand, feare nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is ſo full of Grace, that it flowes over
On all that neede. Let me report to him
Your ſweet dependancy, and you ſhall find
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindneſſe,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.
Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his Fortunes Vaſſall, and I ſend him
The greatneſſe he has got. I hourely learne
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him ith'Face.
Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pittied
Of him that caus'd it.
Char. You ſee how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd:
Guard her till *Cæſar* come.
Iras. Royall Queene.
Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queene.
Cleo. Quicke, quicke, good hands.
Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold:
Doe not your ſelfe ſuch wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betraid,
Cleo. What of death too that rids our dogs of languiſh?
Pro. *Cleopatra*, doe not abuſe my Maſters bounty, by
Th'undoing of your ſelfe: Let the world ſee
His Nobleneſſe well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.
Cleo. Where art thou death?
Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene
Worth many Babes and Beggers.
Pro. Oh temperance Lady.
Cleo. Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not drinke ſir,
If idle talke will once be neceſſary
Ile not ſleepe neither. This mortall houſe ile ruine,
Doe *Cæſar* what he can. Know ſir, that I
Will not waite pinnion'd at your Maſters Court,
Nor once be chaſtic'd with the ſober eye
Of dull *Octavia.* Shall they hoyſt me up,
And ſhew me to the ſhowting Varlotry
Of cenſuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt,
Be gentle grave unto me, rather on Nylus mudde
Lay me ſtarke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies
Blow me into abhorring; rather make
My Countries hygh pyramides my Gibbet,
And hang me up in Chaines,
Pro. You doe extend
Theſe thoughts of horror further then you ſhall
Find cauſe in *Cæſar.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. *Proculeius*,
What thou haſt done, thy Maſter *Cæſar* knowes,
And he hath ſent for thee: as for the Queene,
Ile take her to my Guard.
Pro. So *Dolabella*,
It ſhall content me beſt: be gentle to her,
To *Cæſar* I will ſpeake, what you ſhall pleaſe,
If youll imploy me to him. *Exit Proculeius.*
Cleo. Say, I would dye.
Dol. Moſt Noble Empreſſe, you have heard of me.
Cleo. I cannot tell.
Dol. Aſſuredly you know me.
Cleo. No matter ſir, what I have heard or knowne:
You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreames,
Iſt not your tricke?
Dol. I underſtand not, Madam.
Cleo. I dreampt there was an Emperor *Anthony.*
Oh ſuch another ſleepe, that I might ſee
But ſuch another man.
Dol. If it might pleaſe ye.
Cleo. His face was as the heavens, and therein ſtucke
A Sunne and Moone, which kept their courſe, and lighted
The little o'th'earth.
Dol. Moſt Soveraigne Creature.
Cleo. His legges beſtrid the Ocean, his rear'd arme
Creſted the world: his voyce was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to friends:
But when he meant to quaile, and ſhake the Orbe,
He was as ratling Thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't. An *Anthony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were Dolphin-like, they ſhew'd his backe above
The Element they liv'd in; In his Livery
Walk'd Crownes and Crownets: Realmes and Iſlands
As plates dropt from his pocket.
Dol. *Cleopatra.*
Cleo. Thinke you there was, or might be ſuch a man
As this I dreampt of?
Dol. Gentle Madam, no.
Cleo. You Lye up to the hearing of the gods:
But if there be, nor ever were one ſuch
Its paſt the ſize of dreaming: Nature wants ſtuffe
To vye ſtrange formes with fancy, yet t'imagine
An *Anthony* were Natures peece, gainſt Fancy,
Condemning ſhadowes quite.
Dol. Heare me, good Madam:
Your loſſe is as your ſelfe, great; and you beare it
As anſwering to the waight, would I might never
Ore-take purſu'de ſucceſſe: but I doe feele
By the rebound of yours, a griefe that ſuites
My very heart at roote.
Cleo. I thanke you ſir:
Know you what *Cæſar* meanes to doe with me?
Dol. I am loath to tell you what, I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay pray you ſir.
Dol. Though he be honorable.
Cleo. He'll leade me then in Triumph.
Dol. Madam he will, I knowt.

Enter Proculeius, Cæſar, Gallus, Mecenas,
and others of his Traine.

All. Make way there, *Cæſar.*

Cæſar?

Cæſ. Which is the Queene of Egypt.
Dol. It is the Emperor Madam. *Cleo. kneeles.*
Cæſ. Ariſe, you ſhall not kneele:
I pray you riſe, riſe Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the gods will have it thus,
My Maſter and my Lord I much obey,
Cæſ. Take to you no hard thoughts,
The Record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our fleſh, we ſhall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole Sir oth'world,
I cannot project mine owne cauſe ſo well
To make it cleare, but doe confeſſe I have
Beene laden with like frailties, which before
Have often ſham'd our Sex.
Cæſ. *Cleopatra* know,
We will extenuate rather then inforce:
If you apply your ſelfe to our intents,
Which towards you are moſt gentle, you ſhall finde
A benefit in this change, but if you ſeeke
To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Anthonies courſe, you ſhall bereave you ſelfe
Of my good purpoſes, and put your children
To that deſtruction which Ile guard them from,
If thereon you relye. Ile take my leave.
Cleo. And may through all the world: tis yours, and we
your Scutcheons, and your ſignes of Conqueſt ſhall
Hang in what place you pleaſe. Here my good Lord.
Cæſ. You ſhall adviſe me in all for *Cleopatra.*
Cleo. This is the briefe: of Mony, Plate, and Iewels
I am poſſeſt of, tis exactly valewed,
Not petty things admitted. Wheres *Seleucus*?
Seleu. Heere Madam.
Cleo. This is my Treaſurer, let him ſpeake (my Lord)
Vpon his perill, that I have reſerv'd
To my ſelfe nothing. Speake the truth *Seleucus.*
Selev. Madam I had rather ſeele my lippes,
Then to my perill ſpeake that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept backe?
Seleu. Enough to purchaſe what you have made known
Cæſ. Nay bluſh not *Cleopatra*, I approve
Your Wiſedome in the deed.
Cleo. See *Cæſar*: Oh behold,
How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours,
And ſhould we ſhift eſtates, yours would be mine,
The ingratitude of this *Seleucus*, does
Even make me wilde. Oh Slave, of no more truſt
Then love thats hyr'd? What goeſt thou backe, thou ſhalt
Goe backe I warrant thee: but Ile catch thine eyes
Though they had wings. Slave, ſoule-leſſe, Villaine, Dog,
O rarely baſe!
Cæſ. Good Queene, let us intreat you.
Cleo. O *Cæſar*, what a wounding ſhame is this,
That thou vouchſafing heere to viſit me,
Doing the honor of thy Lordlineſſe
To one ſo meeke, that mine owne Servant ſhould
Parcell the ſumme of my diſgraces, by
Addition of his Envy! Say (good *Cæſar*)
That I ſome Lady-trifles have reſerv'd,
Immoment toyes, things of ſuch Dignity
As we greet moderne friends withall, and ſay
Some Nobler token I have kept apart
For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
Their mediation, muſt I be unfolded
With one that I have bred: the gods! it ſmites me
Beneath the fall I have. Prethee goe hence,
Or I ſhall ſhew the Cynders of my ſpirits
Through th'Aſhes of my chance: Wer't thou a man,
Thou wouldſt have mercy on me.
Cæſa. Forbeare *Seleucus.*
Cleo. Be it knowne, that we the greateſt are miſ-thought
For things that others doe: and when we fall,
We anſwer others merits, in our name
Are therefore to be pittied.
Cæſ. *Cleopatra,*
Not what you have reſerv'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put we ith'Roll of Conqueſt: ſtill be't yours,
Beſtow it at your pleaſure, and beleeve
Cæſar's no Merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that Merchants ſold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your thoughts your priſons: No deere Queen,
For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
Your ſelfe ſhall give us counſell: Feede, and ſleepe:
Our care and pitty is ſo much upon you,
That we remaine your friend, and ſo adieu.
Cleo. My Maſter, and my Lord.
Cæſ. Not ſo: Adieu.
Exeunt Cæſar, and his Traine.
Cleo. He words me Gyrles, he words me,
That I ſhould not be Noble to my ſelfe.
But hearke thee *Charmian.*
Iras. Finiſh good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the darke.
Cleo. Hye thee againe.
I have ſpoke already, and it is provided,
Goe put it to the haſte.
Char. Madam, I will.
Enter Dolabella.
Dol. Wheres the Queene?
Char. Behold ſir.
Cleo. *Dolabella.*
Dol. Madam, as thereto ſworne, by your command
(Which my love makes Religion to obey)
I tell you this: *Cæſar* through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three dayes,
You with your Children will he ſend before,
Make your beſt uſe of this. I have perform'd
Your pleaſure, and my promiſe.
Cleo. *Dolabella*, I ſhall remaine your debter.
Dol. I your Servant:
Adieu good Queene, I muſt attend on *Cæſar*, *Exit.*
Cleo. Farewell, and thankes.
Now *Iras*, what think'ſt thou?
Thou, an Egyptian Puppet ſhalt be ſhewne
In Rome aſwell as I: Mechanicke Slaves
With greazy Aprons, Rules, and Hammers ſhall
Vplift us to the view. In their thicke breathes,
Ranke of groſſe dyet, ſhall we be enclowded,
And forc'd to drinke their vapour.
Iras. The gods forbid.
Cleo. Nay, tis moſt certaine *Iras*: ſawcy Lictors
Will catch at us like Strumpets, and ſcald Rimers
Ballad us out a Tune. The quicke Comedians
Extemporally will ſtage us, and preſent
Our Alexandria Revels: *Anthony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſpeaking-*Cleopatra*-Boy my greatneſſe
I'th'poſture of a Whore.
Iras. O the good gods!
Cleo. Nay thats certaine.
Iras. Ile never ſee't; for I am ſure my Nailes
Are ſtronger then mine eyes.

Cleo. Why thats the way to foole their preparation,
And conquer their moſt abſurd intents.

Enter Charmian.

Now *Charmian.*
Shew me my Women like a Queene: Goe fetch
My beſt Attyres. I am againe for *Cidrus*
To meet *Marke Anthony.* Sirra *Iras*, goe
(Now Noble *Charmian*, wee'l diſpatch indeed,)
And when thou haſt done this chare, Ile give thee leave
To play till Doomeſday: bring our Crowne, and all.

A noyſe within.

Wherefore's this noyſe?

Enter a Guardſman.

Guardſ. Here is a rurall Fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highneſſe preſence,
He brings you Figges.

Cleo. Let him come in. *Exit Guardſman.*
How poore an Inſtrument
May doe a Noble deed: he brings me liberty:
My Reſolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am Marble conſtant: now the fleeting Moone
No Planet is of mine.

Enter Guardſman and Clowne.

Guardſ. This is the Man.

Cleo. Avoyd and leave him. *Exit Guardſman.*
Haſt thou the pretty worme of Nylus there,
That kils and paines not?

Clow. Truely I have him: but I would not be the partie that ſhould deſire you to touch him, for his byting is immortall: thoſe that doe dye of it, doe ſeldome or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'ſt thou any that have dyed ont?

Clo. Very many men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yeſterday, a very honeſt woman, but ſomething given to lye, as a woman ſhould not doe, but in the way of honeſty, how ſhe dyed of the byting of it, what paine ſhe felt: Truely, ſhe makes a very good report o'th' worme: but he that will beleeve all that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by halfe that they doe: but this is moſt fallible, the Worme's an odde Worme.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clow. I wiſh you all joy of the Worme.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clow. You muſt thinke this (looke you) that the Worme will doe his kinde.

Cleo. I, I, farewell.

Cleo. Looke you, the Worme is not to be truſted, but in the keeping of wiſe people: for indeed, there is no goodneſſe in the Worme.

Cleo. Take no care, it ſhall be heeded.

Cleo. Very good: give it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eate me?

Cleo. You muſt not thinke I am ſo ſimple, but I know the divell himſelfe will not eate a woman: I know, that a woman is a diſh for the gods, if the divell dreſſe her not. But truely, theſe ſame whorſon Divels doe the gods great harme in their women: for in every ten that they make, the divels marre five.

Cleo. Well, get the gone, farewell.

Cleo. Yes forſooth, I wiſh you joy o'th' worme. *Exit.*

Cleo. Give me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I have
Immortall longings in me. Now no more
The juyce of Egypts Grape ſhall moyſt this lip.
Yare, yare, good *Iras* quicke: me thinkes I heare
Anthony call: I ſee him rowſe himſefe
To praiſe my Noble Act I heare him mocke
The lucke of *Cæſar*, which the gods give men
To excuſe their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my courage prove my Title.
I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements
I give to baſer life. So, have you done?
Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my lippes.
Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell.
Have I the Aſpicke in my lips? Doſt fall?
If thou, and Nature can ſo gently part;
The ſtroke of death is as a Lovers pinch,
Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lie ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world,
It is not worth leave taking.

Char. Diſſolve thicke Cloud, & Raine, that I may ſay,
The gods themſelves doe weepe.

Cleo. This proves me baſe:
If ſhe proves the curled *Anthony*,
Hee'l make demand of her, and ſpend that kiſſe
Which is my heaven to have. Come thou mortall wretch,
With thy ſharpe teeth this knot intrinſicate,
Of life at once untie: Poore venemous Foole,
Be angry and diſpatch. Oh couldſt thou ſpeake,
That I might heare thee call great *Cæſar* Aſſe, unpolicied.

Char. Oh Eaſterne ſtarre.

Cleo. Peace, peace:
Doſt thou not ſee my Baby at my breaſt,
That ſuckes the Nurſe aſleepe.

Char. O breake! O breake!

Cleo. As ſweet as Balme, as ſoft as Ayre, as gentle.
O *Anthony*! Nay I will take thee too.
What ſhould I ſtay—— *Dyes.*

Char. In this wilde world? So fare thee well:
Now boaſt thee Death, in thy poſſeſſion lies
A Laſſe unparalell'd. Downy Windowes cloze,
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes againe ſo Royall: your Crownes away,
Ile mend it, and then play——

Enter the Guard ruſtling in, and Dolabella.

1 *Guard.* Wheres the Queene?

Char. Speake ſoftly, wake her not.

1 *Cæſar* hath ſent.

Char. Too ſlow a Meſſenger.
Oh come apace, diſpatch, I partly feele thee.

1 Approach hoa,
All's not well: *Cæſars* beguilde.

2 Theres *Dolabella* ſent from *Cæſar*: call him.

1 What worke is here *Charmian*?
Is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princeſſe
Deſcended of ſo many Royall Kings.
Ah Souldier. *Charmian dyes.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. *Cæſar*, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thy ſelfe art comming
To ſee perform'd the dreaded Act which thou
So ſought'ſt to hinder.

Enter Cæſar and all his Traine, marching.

All. A way there, a way for *Cæſar*.

Dol. Oh Sir, you are two ſure an Augurer:
That you did feare, is done.
Cæſar. Braveſt at the laſt,
She levell'd at our purpoſes, and being Royall
Tooke her owne way: the manner of their deaths,
I doe not ſee them bleed.
Dol. Who was laſt with them?
1 *Guard.* A ſimple countryman, that brought her Figs:
This was his Basket.
Cæſ. Poyſon'd then.
1 *Guard.* Oh *Cæſar*:
This *Charmian* liv'd but now, ſhe ſtood and ſpake:
I found her trimming up the Diadem;
On her dead Miſtris, tremblingly ſhe ſtood,
And on the ſodaine dropt.
Cæſar. Oh noble weakeneſſe:
If they had ſwallow'd poyſon, twould appeare.
By externall ſwelling: but ſhe lookes like ſleepe,
As ſhe would catch another *Anthony*
In her ſtrong toyle of Grace.
Dol. Here on her breſt,
There is a vent of blood, and ſomething blowne,
The like is on her Arme.
1 *Guard.* This an Aſpects traile
And theſe Fig-leaves have ſlime upon them ſuch
As th'Aſpicke leaves upon the Caves of Nyle.
Cæſ. Moſt probable
That ſo ſhe dyed: for her Phyſitian tels me
She hath purſu'd Concluſions infinite
Of eaſie wayes to dye. Take up her bed,
And beare her Women from the Monument,
She ſhall be buried by her *Anthony*.
No Grave upon the earth ſhall clip in it
A paire ſo famous: high events as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them: and their ſtory is
No leſſe in pitty, than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army ſhall
In ſolemne ſhew, attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome. Come *Dolabella*, ſee
High Order, in this great Solemnity. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.*

YOu doe not meet a man but frownes.
Our bloods no more obey the heavens
Then our Courtiers:
Still ſeeme as do's the Kings.

2 *Gent.* But whats the matter?

1 His daughter, and the heire of's kingdome (whom
He purpos'd to his wives ſole ſonne, a Widdow
That late he married) hath referr'd her ſelfe
Vnto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. Shes wedded,
Her Husband baniſh'd; ſhe impriſon'd, all
Is outward ſorrow, though I thinke the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 None but the King?

1 He that hath loſt her too: ſo is the Queene,
That moſt deſir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they weare their faces to the bent
Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they ſcowle at.

2 And wy ſo?

1 He that hath miſs'd the Princeſſe, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I meane, that married her, alacke good man,
And therefore baniſh'd) is a Creature, ſuch,
As to ſeeke through the Regions of the earth
For one, he like; there would be ſomething failing
In him, that ſhould compare. I doe not thinke,
So faire an Outward, and ſuch ſtuffe within
Endowes a man, but hee.

2 You ſpeake him farre.

1 I doe extend him (Sir) which himſelfe,
Cruſh him together, rather then vnfold
His meaſure dully.

2 Whats his name and Birth?

1 I cannot delue him to the roote: his father
Was call'd *Sicillius*, who did joyne his honor
Againſt the Romanes, with *Caſſibelan*,
But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He ſerv'd with Glory and admir'd Succeſſe:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.
And had (beſides this Gentleman in queſtion)
Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th' time
Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which their father
Then old, and fond of iſſue, tooke ſuch ſorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady
Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceaſt
As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, calls him *Poſthumus Leonatus*,
Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he tooke
As we doe ayre, faſt as twas miniſtred,
And in's Spring, became a Harveſt: Liv'd in Court
(Which rare it is to doe) moſt prais'd, moſt lov'd,
A ſample to the yongeſt: to th' more Mature,
A glaſſe that feated them: and to the graver,
A child that guided Dotards. To his Miſtris,
(For whom he now is baniſh'd) her owne price
Proclaimes how ſhe eſteem'd him; and his Vertue
By her election may be truly read, what kind of man he is.

2 I honor him, even out of your report.
But pray you tell me, is ſhe ſole child to'th' King?

1 His onely child?
He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,
Marke it) the eldeſt of them, at three yeeres old
I'th' ſwathing cloathes, the other from their Nurſery
Were ſtolne, and to this houre, no gheſſe in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 How long is this agoe?

1 Some twenty yeeres.

2 That a Kings Children ſhould be ſo convey'd,
So ſlackely guarded, and the ſearch ſo ſlow
That could not trace them.

1 Howſoere, tis ſtrange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at:
Yet is it true Sir.

2 I doe well beleeve you,

1 We muſt forbear. Heere comes the Gentleman,
The Queene, and Princeſſe.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Poſthumus, and Imogen.

Que. No, be aſſur'd you ſhall not find me (Daughter)
After the ſlander of moſt Step-Mothers,
Evill-ey'd unto you. You're my Priſoner, but
Your Gaolor ſhall deliver you the keyes

That locke up your reſtraint. For you *Poſthumus*,
So ſoone as I can win th'offended King,
I will be knowne your Advocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and twere good
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wiſedome may informe you.
Poſt. Pleaſe your Highneſſe,
I will from hence to day.
Que. You know the perill:
Ile fetch a turne about the Garden, pittying
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you ſhould not ſpeake together. *Exit.*
Imo. O diſſembling Curteſie! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where ſhe wounds? My deereſt Husband,
I ſomething feare my fathers wrath, but nothing
(Alwayes reſerv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can doe on me. You muſt be gone,
And I ſhall heere abide the hourely ſhot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this Iewell in the world,
That I may ſee againe.
Poſt. My Queene, my Miſtris:
O Lady, weepe no more, leſt I give cauſe
To be ſuſpected of more tenderneſſe
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyall'ſt husband, that did ere plight troth.
My reſidence in Rome, at one *Filorio's*,
Who, to my Father was a friend, to me
Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, Ile drinke the words you ſend,
Though Inke be made of Gall.

Enter Queene.

Que. Be briefe, I pray you:
If the King come, I ſhall incurre, I know not
How much of his diſpleaſure: yet Ile move him
To walke this way: I never doe him wrong,
But he do's buy my injuries, to be friendes:
Payes deere for my offences.
Poſt. Should we be taking leave
As long a terme as yet we have to live,
The loathneſſe to depart, would grow: Adieu.
Imo. Nay, ſtay a little:
Were you but riding forth to ayre your ſelfe,
Such parting were too petty. Looke heere (Love)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
But keepe it till you wooe another Wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.
Poſt. How, how? Another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And ſeare up my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,
While ſenſe can keepe it on: And ſweeteſt, faireſt,
As I (my poore ſelfe) did exchange for you
To your ſo infinite loſſe: ſo in our trifles
I ſtill winne of you. For my ſake weare this,
It is a Manacle of Love, Ile place it
Vpon this fayreſt Priſoner.
Imo. O the Gods!
When ſhall we ſee againe?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Poſt. Alacke, the King.
Cym. Thou baſeſt thing, avoyd hence, from my ſight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthineſſe, thou dyeſt. Away,
Thou'rt poyſon to my blood.
Poſt. The gods protect you,
And bleſſe the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone. *Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More ſharpe then this is.
Cym. O diſloyall thing,
That ſhouldſt repayre my youth, thou heap'ſt
A yeares age on me.
Imo. I beſeech you Sir,
Harme not your ſelfe with your vexation,
I am ſenſeleſſe of your Wrath; a Touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all feares.
Cym. Paſt Grace? Obedience?
Imo. Paſt hope, and in diſpaire, that way paſt Grace.
Cym. That mightſt have had
The ſole Sonne of my Queene.
Imo. O bleſſed, that I might not: I choſe an Eagle,
And did avoyd a Puttocke.
Cym. Thou took'ſt a Begger, wouldſt have made my
Throne, a Seate for baſeneſſe.
Imo. No, I rather added a luſtre to it.
Cym. O thou vilde one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd *Poſthumus*:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Over-buyes me
Almoſt the ſumme he payes.
Cym. What? art thou mad?
Imo. Almoſt Sir: heaven reſtore me: would I were
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our Neighbour-Shepheards Sonne.

Enter Queene.

Cym. Thou fooliſh thing;
They were againe together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Que. Beſeech your patience: Peace
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soveraigne,
Leave us to our ſelves, and make your ſelfe ſome comfort
Out of your beſt advice.
Cym. Nay let her languiſh
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly. *Exit.*

Enter Piſanio.

Que. Fye, you muſt give way:
Heere is your Servant. How now Sir? What newes?
Piſ. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Maſter.
Que. Hah?
No harme I truſt is done?
Piſa. There might have beene,
But that my Maſter rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.
Que. I am very glad on't.
Imo. Your Son's my fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw upon an Exile. O brave Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,
My ſelfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke
The goer backe. Why came you from your Maſter?
Piſa. On his command: he would not ſuffer me
To bring him to the haven: left theſe Notes
Of what commands I ſhould be ſubject to,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.
Que. This hath beene
Your faithfull Servant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remaine ſo.
Piſa. I humbly thanke your highneſſe.

Que. Pray walke a-while.
Imo. About ſome halfe houre hence,
Pray you ſpeake with me;
You ſhall (at leaſt) goe ſee my Lord aboord.
For this time leave me. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and two Lords.

1 Sir, I would adviſe you to ſhift a Shirt; the Violence of Action hath made you reeke as a Sacrifice: where ayre comes out, ayre comes in: Theres none abroad ſo wholeſome as that you vent.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to ſhift it.
Have I hurt him?

2 No faith: not ſo much as his patience.

1 Hurt him? His bodie's a paſſable Carkaſſe if he be not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if it be not hurt.

2 His Steele was in debt, it went oth'Backe-ſide the Towne.

Clot. The Villaine would not ſtand me.]

2 No, but he fled forward ſtill, toward your face.

1 Stand you? you have Land enough of your owne:
But he added to your having, gave you ſome ground.

2 As many Inches, as you have Oceans (Puppies.)

Clot. I would they had not come betweene us.

2 So would I, till you had meaſur'd how long a foole you were upon the ground.

Clot. And that ſhe ſhould love this fellow, and refuſe me.

2 If it be a ſin to make a true election, ſhe is damn'd.

1 Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty and her Braine goe not together. Shees a good ſigne, but I have ſeene ſmall reflection of her wit.

2 She ſhines not upon Fooles, leſt the reflection
Should hurt her.

Clot. Come, Ile to my Chamber: would there had beene ſome hurt done.

2 I wiſh not ſo, unleſſe it had bin the fall of an Aſſe, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'll goe with us?

1 Ile attend your Lordſhip.

Clot. Nay come, lets goe together.

2 Well my Lord. *Exeunt*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Imogen, and Piſanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'ſt unto the ſhores oth'haven,
And queſtioned'ſt every Saile: if he ſhould write,
And I not have it, 'twere a Paper loſt
As offer'd mercy is: What was the laſt
That he ſpake to thee?
Piſa. It was his Queene, his Queene.
Imo. Then wav'd his Handkerchiefe?
Piſa. And kiſt it, Madam.
Imo. Senſeleſſe Linnen, happier therein then I:
And that was all?
Piſo. No Madam: for ſo long
As he could make me with his eye, or eare,
Diſtinguiſh him from others, he did keepe
The Decke, with Glove, or Hat, or Handkerchiſe,
Still waving, as the fits and ſtirres of's mind
Could beſt expreſſe how ſlow his Soule ſayl'd on,
How ſwift his Ship.
Imo. Thou ſhouldſt have made him
As little as a Crow, or leſſe, ere left
To after-eye him.
Piſa. Madam, ſo I did.
Imo. I would have broke mine eye-ſtrings;
Crack'd them, but to looke upon him, till the diminution
Of ſpace, had pointed him ſharpe as my Needle:
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The ſmallneſſe of a Gnat, to ayre: and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good *Piſanio*,
When ſhall we heare from him.
Piſa. Be aſſur'd Madam,
With his next vantage.
Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay: Ere I could tell him
How I would thinke on him at certaine houres,
Such thoughts, and ſuch: Or I could make him ſweare,
The Shees of Italy ſhould not betray
Mine Intereſt, and his Honor: or have charg'd him
At the ſixt houre of Morne, at Noone, at Midnight,
T'encounter me with Oriſons, for then
I am in heaven for him: Or ere I could,
Give him that parting kiſſe, which I had ſet
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buddes from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lad. The Queene (Madam)
Deſires your highneſſe Company.
Imo. Thoſe things I bid you doe, get them diſpatch'd,
I will attend the Queene.
Piſa. Madam, I ſhall. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Beleeve it Sir, I have ſeene him in Britaine; he was then of a Creſſent note, expected to prove ſo worthy, as ſince he hath beene allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the helpe of Admiration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had bin tabled by his ſide, and I to peruſe him by Items.

Phil. You ſpeake of him when he was leſſe furniſh'd, then now he is, with that which makes him both without, and within.

French. I have ſeene him France: we had very many there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King Daughter, wherein he muſt be weighed rather by her valew, then his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the matter.

French. And then his baniſhment.

Iach. I, and the approbation of thoſe that weepe this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him, be it but to fortifie here judgement, which elſe an eaſie battery might lay flat, for taking a Begger without leſſe quality. But how comes it, he is to ſojourne with you? How creepes acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I have bin often bound for no leſſe then my life.

Enter Poſthumus.

Heere comes the Britaine. Let him be ſo entertained amongſt you, as ſuites with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a ſtranger of his quality. I beſeech you all be better knowne to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will leave to appeare hereafter, rather then ſtory him in his owne hearing.

Fren. Sir, we have knowne together in Orleance.

Poſt. Since when I have bin debtor to you for courteſies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay ſtill.

Fren. Sir, you ore-rate my poore kindneſſe, I was glad I did attone my Countryman and you; it had beene pitty you ſhould have beene put together, with ſo mortall a purpoſe, as then each bore, upon importance of ſo ſlight and triviall a nature.

Poſt. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traveller, rather ſhunn'd to goe even with what I heard, then in my every action to be guided by others experiences: but upon my mended judgement (if I offend to ſay it is mended) my Quarrell was not altogether ſlight.

French. Faith yes, to bee put to the arbitrement of Swords, and by ſuch two, that would by all likelyhood have confounded one the other, or have falne both.

Iach. Can we with manners, aske what was the difference?

Fren. Safely, I thinke, 'twas a contention in publicke, which may (without contradiction) ſuffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out laſt night, where earch of us fell in praiſe of our Country-Miſtreſſes. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more Faire, Vertuous, Wiſe, Chaſte, Conſtant, Qualified, and leſſe attemptible then any, the rareſt of our Ladies in France.

Iach. That Lady is not now living: or this Gentlemans opinion by this worne out.

Poſt. She holds her Vertue ſtill, and I my mind.

Iach. You muſt not ſo farre preferre her, fore ours of Italy.

Poſt. Being ſo farre provok'd as I was in France: I would abate her nothing, though I profeſſe my ſelfe her Adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As faire, and as good: a kind of hand in hand compariſon, had beene ſomething too faire, and too good for any Lady in Britany: if ſhe went before others. I have ſeene as that Diamond of yours out-luſters many I have beheld. I could not beleeve ſhe excelled many: but I have not ſeene the moſt pretious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Poſt. I prais'd her, as I rated her: ſo doe I my Stone.

Iach. What doe you eſteeme it at?

Poſt. More then the world enjoyes.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd Miſtris is dead, or ſhes out-priz'd by a trifle.

Poſt. You are miſtaken: the one may be ſold or given, or if there were wealth enough for the purchaſes, or merite for the gift. The other is not a thing for ſale, and onely the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Poſt. Which by their Graces I will keepe.

Iach. You may weare her in title yours: but you know ſtrange Fowle light upon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be ſtolne too, ſo your brace of unprizeable Eſtimations, the one is but fraile, and the other Caſuall. A cunning Thiefe, or a (that way) accompliſh'd Courtier, would hazzard the winning both of firſt and laſt.

Poſt. Your Italy, containes none ſo accompliſh'd a Courtier to convince the honour of my Miſtris: if in the holding or loſſe of that, you terme her fraile, I doe nothing doubt you have ſtore of Theeues, notwithſtanding I feare not my Ring.

Phil. Let us leave heere Gentlemen.

Poſt. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I thanke him, makes no ſtranger of me, we are familiar at firſt.

Iach. With five times ſo much converſation, I ſhould get gronnd of your faire Miſtris; make her goe backe, even to the yeilding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Poſt. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawne the moyty of my Eſtate, to your Ring, which in my opinion ore-values it ſomething: but I make my wager rather againſt your Confidence, then her Reputation. And to barre your offence heerein to, I durſt attempt it againſt any Lady in the world.

Poſt. You are a great deale abus'd in too bold a perſwaſion, and I doubt not you ſuſtaine what y'are worthy of, by your Attempt.

Iach. Whats that?

Poſt. A Repulſe though your Attempt (as you call it) deſerve more; a puniſhment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this, it came in too ſodainely, let it dye as it was borne, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my Eſtate, and my Neighbors on th'approbation of what I have ſpoke.

Poſt. What Lady would you chuſe to aſſaile?

Iach. Yours, whom in conſtancy you thinke ſtands ſo ſafe. I will lay you ten thouſands Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage then the opportunity of a ſecond conference, and I will bring from thence, that honor of hers, which you imagine ſo reſerv'd.

Poſthumus. I will wage againſt your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I hold deere as my finger, tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiſer: if you buy Ladies fleſh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preſerve it from tainting; but I ſee you have ſome Religion in you, that you feare.

Poſt. This is but a cuſtome in your tongue: you beare a graver purpoſe I hope.

Iach. I am the Maſter of my ſpeeches, and would undergoe whats ſpoken, I ſweare.

Poſthu. Will you? I ſhall but lend my Diamond till your returne: let there be Covenants drawne between's. My Miſtris exceedes in goodneſſe, the hugeneſſe of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: heres my Ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one: if I bring you no ſufficient teſtimony that I have enjoy'd the deereſt bodily part of your Miſtris: my ten thouſand Duckets are yours ſo is your Diamond too : if I come off, and leave her in ſuch honor as you have truſt in : She your Iewell, this your Iewell, and my Gold are yours : provided I have your commendation, for my more entertainment.

Poſt. I embrace theſe Conditions, let us have Articles betwixt us : onely thus farre you ſhall anſwer, if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to underſtand, you have prevayl'd, I am no further your Enemy, ſhe is not worth our debate. If ſhe remaine unſeduc'd, you not making it appeare otherwiſe : for your ill opinion, and th'aſſault you have made to her chaſtity, you ſhall anſwer me with your Sword.

Iach. Your hand, a Covenant : we will have theſe things ſet downe by lawfull Counſell, and ſtraight away for Britaine, leſt the Bargain ſhould catch cold, and ſterve : I will fetch my Gold, and have our two Wagers recorded.

Poſt. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, thinke you.

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.
Pray let us follow em. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Queene, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Quee. Whiles yet the dewe's on ground
Gather thoſe Flowers,
Make haſte. Who has the note of them ?
Lad. I Madam.
Que. Diſpatch. *Exeunt Ladies.*
Now Maſter Doctor, have you brought thoſe drugges :
Cor. Pleaſeth your highneſſe, I : here they are, Madam:
But I beſeech your Grace, without offence
(My Conſcience bids me aske) wherefore you have
Commanded of me theſe moſt poyſonous Compounds,
Which are the moovers of a languiſhing death :
But though ſlow, deadly.
Que. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'ſt me ſuch a Queſtion; have I not beene
Thy Pupill long ? haſt thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes ? Diſtill ? Preſerve ? Yea ſo,
That our great King himſelfe doth woe me oft
For my Confections ? having thus farre proceeded,
(Vnleſſe thou think'ſt me divelliſh) iſt not meete
That I did amplifie my judgement in
Other Concluſions ? I will try the forces
Of theſe thy Compounds, on ſuch Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none humane)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their Act, and by them gather
Their ſeverall vertues, and effects.
Corn. Your highneſſe
Shall from this practiſe, but make hard your heart :
Beſides, the ſeeing theſe effects will be
Both noyſome and infectious.
Quee. O content thee.

Enter Piſanio.

Heere comes a flattering Raſcall, upon him
Will I firſt worke : Hes for his Maſter,
And enemy to my Sonne. How now *Piſanio* ?
Doctor, your ſervice for this time is ended,
Take your owne way.
Cor. I doe ſuſpect you, Madam,
But you ſhall doe no harme.
Que. Hearke thee a word.
Cor. I doe not like her. She doth thinke ſhe has
Strange ling'ring poyſons : I doe know her ſpirit,
And will not truſt one of her malice, with
A drugge of ſuch damn'd Nature: Thoſe ſhe has,
Will ſtupifie and dull the Senſe a while,
Which firſt (perchance) ſhe'll prove on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward up higher : but there is
No danger in what ſhew of death it makes,
More then the locking up the Spirits a time,
To be more freſh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a moſt falſe effect : and I the truer,
So to be falſe with her.
Que. No further ſervice, Doctor,
Vntill I ſend for thee.
Cor. I humbly take my leave. *Exit.*
Que. Weepes ſhe ſtill (ſaiſt thou ?)
Doſt thou thinke in time
She will not quench, and let inſtructions enter
Where Folly now poſſeſſes ? Doe thou worke :
When thou ſhalt bring me word ſhe loves my Sonne,
Ile tell thee on the inſtant, thou art then
As great as is thy Maſter : Greater, for
His Fortunes all lye ſpeechleſſe, and his name
Is at laſt gaſpe. Returne he cannot, nor
Continue where he is : To ſhift his being,
Is to exchange one miſery with another,
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A dayes worke in him. What ſhalt thou expect
To be depender on a thing that leanes ?
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends
So much, as but to prop him ? Thou tak'ſt up
Thou knowſt not what : But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I make, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death. I doe not know
What is more Cordiall. Nay I prethee take it,
It is an earneſt of a farther good
That I meane to thee. Tell thy Miſtris how
The caſe ſtands with her : doo't, as from thy ſelfe :
Thinke what a chance thou changeſt on, but thinke
Thou haſt thy Miſtris ſtill, too boote, my Sonne,
Who ſhall take notice of thee. Ile move the King
To any ſhape of thy Preferment, ſuch
As thou'lt deſire : and then my ſelfe, I chiefely,
That ſet thee on to this deſert, am bound
To loade thy merit richly. Call my women. *Exit Piſanio*
Thinke on my words. A ſlye, and conſtant knave,
Not to be ſhak'd : the Agent for his Maſter,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand faſt to her Lord. I have given him that,
Which if he take, ſhall quite unpeople her
Of Leidgers for her Sweet : and which ſhe after,
Except ſhe bend her humor, ſhall be aſſur'd
To taſte of too.

Enter Piſanio, and Ladies.

So, ſo : Well done, well done :
The Violets, Cowſlippes, and the Prime-Roſes
Beare to my Cloſſet : Fare thee well, *Piſanio,*
Thinke on my words. *Exit Queene, and Ladies.*
Piſa. And ſhall doe :
But when to my good Lord, I prove untrue,
Ile choake my ſelfe : theres all Ile doe for you. *Exit.*

Scæna Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruell, and a Stepdame falſe,
A fooliſh Suitor to a Wedded Lady,
That hath her Husband baniſh'd : O, that Husband,
My ſupreame Crowne of griefe, and thoſe repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe-ſtolne,
As my two Brothers, happy : but moſt miſerable
Is the deſire thats glorious. Bleſſed be thoſe
How meane ſo ere, that have their honeſt wills,
Which ſeaſons comfort. Who may this be? Fye.

Enter Piſanio, and Iachimo.

Piſa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.
Iach. Change you, Madam !
The Worthy *Leonatus* is in ſafety,
And greets your Highneſſe deerely.
Imo. Thankes good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.
Iach. All of her, that is out of doore, moſt rich :
If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare,
She is alone th'Arabian-Bird ; and I
Have loſt the wager. Boldneſſe be my Friend :
Arme me Audacity from head to foote,
Or like the Parthian I ſhall flying fight,
Rather directly flye.

Imogen reads.

He is one of the Nobleſt note, to whoſe kindneſſes I am moſt infinitely tyed. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truſt. *Leonatus.*

So farre I reade aloud.
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by'th'reſt, and take it thankefully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Have words to bid you, and ſhall finde it ſo
In all that I can doe.
Iach. Thankes faireſt Lady :
What are men mad? Hath Nature given them eyes
To ſee this valuted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea, and Land, which can diſtinguiſh twixt
The firy Orbes above, and the twinn'd Stones
Vpon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectales ſo pretious
Twixt faire, and foule?
Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be ith'eye : for Apes, and Monkeyes
Twixt two ſuch Shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemne with mowes the other. Nor ith judgement :
For Idiots in this caſe of favour, would
Be wiſely definit : Nor ith Appetite.
Sluttery to ſuch neate Excellence, oppos'd
Should make deſire vomit emptineſſe,
Not ſo allur'd to feed.
Imo. What is the matter trow?
Iach. The Cloyed will :
That ſatiate yet unſatisfi'd deſire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running : Ravening firſt the Lambe,
Longs after for the Garbage.
Imo. What, deere Sir,
Thus rap's you? Are you well?
Iach. Thankes Madam, well : Beſeech you Sir,
Deſire my Mans abode, where I did leave him :
Hes ſtrange and peeviſh.
Piſa. I was going Sir,
To give him welcome.
Imo. Continues well my Lord?
His health beſeech you?
Iach. Well, Madam.
Imo. Is he diſpos'd to mirth? I hope he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleaſant : none a ſtranger there,
So merry, and ſo gameſome : he is calld
The Britaine Reveller.
Imo. When he was heere
He did incline to ſadneſſe, and oft times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never ſaw him ſad.
There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monſieur, that it ſeemes much loves
A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces
The thicke ſides from him ; whiles the iolly Britaine,
(Your Lord I meane) laughes froms free lungs : cries oh,
Can my ſides hold, to thinke that man who knowes
By Hiſtory, Report, or his owne proofe
What woman is, yea what ſhe cannot chooſe
But muſt be : wills free houres languiſh,
For aſſured bondage?
Imo. Will my Lord ſay ſo?
Iach. I Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And heare him mocke the Frenchman :
But heav'ns know ſome men are much too blame.
Imo. Not he I hope.
Iach. Not he :
But yet heavens bounty towards him, might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himſelfe tis much ;
In you which I account his beyond all Talents.
Whilſt I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pitty too.
Imo. What doe you pitty Sir?
Iach. Two Creatures heartily.
Imo. Am I one Sir?
You looke on me : what wracke diſcerne you in me
Deſerves your pitty?
Iach. Lamentable : what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and ſolace
Ith'Dungeon by a Snuffe?
Imo. I pray you Sir,
Deliver with more openneſſe your anſweres
To my demands. Why doe you pitty me?
Iach. That others doe
(I was about to ſay) enjoy your——but
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to ſpeake on't.
Imo. You doe ſeeme to know
Something of me, or what concernes me ; pray you
Since doubting things goe ill, often hurts more
Then to be ſure they doe. For Certainties
Either are paſt remedies ; or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne. Diſcover to me
What both you ſpur and ſtop.
Iach. Had I this cheeke
To bathe my lips upon : this hand, whoſe touch,
(Whoſe every touch) would force the feelers ſoule
To th'oath of Loyalty. This object, which
Takes priſoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it onely heere, ſhould I (damnd then)

Slaver with lippes as common as the ſtaires
That mount the Capitoll: Ioyne gripes, with hands
Made hard with hourely falſhood (falſhood as
With labour:) then by peeping in an eye
Baſe and illuſtrious as the ſmoaky light
Thats fed with ſtinking Tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of hell ſhould at one time
Encounter ſuch revolt.

Imo. My Lord, I feare
Has forgot Brittaine.

Iach. And himſelfe, not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggery of his change: but tis your Graces
That from my muteſt Conſcience, to my tongue,
Charmes this report out.

Imo. Let me heare no more.

Iach. O deereſt Soule: your Cauſe doth ſtrike my heart
With pitty, that doth make me ſicke. A Lady
So faire, and faſten'd to an Empery
Would make the greatſt King double, to be partner'd
With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that ſelfe-exhibition
Which your owne Coffers yeeld: with diſeas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for Gold,
Which rottenneſſe can lend Nature. Such boyl'd ſtuffe
As well might poyſon Poyſon. Be reveng'd,
Or ſhe that bore you, was no Queene, and you
Recoyle from your great Stocke.

Imo. Reveng'd:
How ſhould I be reveng'd? if this be true,
(As I have ſuch a heart, that both mine eares
Muſt not in haſte abuſe) if it be true,
How ſhould I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like *Diana's* Prieſt, betwixt cold ſheets;
Whiles he is valting variable Rampes
In your deſpight, upon your purſe: revenge it.
I dedicate my ſelfe to your ſweet pleaſure,
More Noble then that runnagate to your bed,
And will continue faſt to your Affection,
Still cloſe, as ſure.

Imo. What hoa, *Piſanio*?

Iach. Let me my ſervice tender on your lippes.

Imo. Away, I doe condemne mine eares, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable
Thou wouldſt have told this tale for Vertue, not
For ſuch an end thou ſeek'ſt, as baſe, as ſtrange:
Thou wrongſt a Gentleman, who is as farre
From thy report, as thou from honor: and
Solicitſt heere a Lady, that diſdaines
Thee, and the Divell alike. What hoa, *Piſanio*?
The King my father ſhall be made acquainted
Of thy Aſſault: if he ſhall thinke it fit,
A ſawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romiſh Stew, and to expound
His beaſtly minde to us; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, whom
He not reſpects at all. What hoa, *Piſanio*?

Iach. O happy *Leonatus* I may ſay,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deſerves thy truſt, and thy moſt perfect goodneſſe
Her aſſur'd credit. Bleſſed liue you long,
A Lady to the worthieſt Sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you his Miſtris, onely
For the moſt worthieſt fit. Give me your pardon.
I have ſpoke this to know if your Affiance
Were deepely rooted, and ſhall make your Lord,
That which he is, new ore; and he is one
The trueſt manner'd: ſuch a holy Witch,
That he enchants Societies into him:
Halfe all mens hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He ſits mongſt men, like a deſcended god:
He hath a kinde of honor ſets him off,
More then a mortall ſeeming. Be not angry
(Moſt mighty Princeſſe) that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a falſe report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great Iudgement,
In the election of a Sir, ſo rare.
Which you know, cannot erre. The love I beare him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you
(Vnlike all others) chaffeleſſe. Pray your pardon.

Imo. Alls well Sir:
Take my powre ith' Court for yours.

Iach. My humble thankes: I had almoſt forgot
T'intreat your Grace, but in a ſmall requeſt,
And yet of moment too, for it concernes,
Your Lord, my ſelfe, and other Noble friends
Are partners in the buſineſſe.

Imo. Pray what iſt?

Iach. Some dozen Romanes of us, and your Lord
(The beſt feather of our wing) have mingled ſummes
To buy a Preſent for the Emperor:
Which I (the factor for the reſt) have done
In France: tis Plate of rare device, and Iewels
Of rich, and exquiſite forme, their valewes great,
And I am ſomething curious, being ſtrange,
To have them in ſafe ſtowage: May it pleaſe you
To take them in protection.

Imo. Willingly:
And pawne mine honor for their ſafty, ſince
My Lord hath intereſt in them, I will kepe them
In my Bed chamber:

Iach. They are in a Trunke
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To ſend them to you, onely for this night:
I muſt aboord to morrow,

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes I beſeech: or I ſhall ſhort my word:
By length'ning my returne. From Gallia,
I croſt the Seas on purpoſe, and on promiſe
To ſee your Grace.

Imo. I thanke you for your paines:
But not away to morrow.

Iach. O I muſt Madam.
Therefore I ſhall beſeech you, if you pleaſe
To greet your Lord with writing, doo't to night,
I have out-ſtood my time, which is materiall
To'th' tender of our Preſent.

Imo. I will write:
Send your Trunke to me, it ſhall ſafe be kept,
And truely yeelded you: you're very welcome. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Clotten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there ever man had ſuch lucke? when I kiſt the Iacke upon an up-caſt, to be hit away? I had a hundred pound on't; and then a whorſon Iacke-an-Apes, muſt take me up for ſwearing, as if I borrowed mine oathes of him, and might not ſpend them at my pleaſure.

1 What got he by that? you have broke his pate with your Bowle.

2 If his wit had bin like him that broke it: it would have run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is diſpos'd to ſweare: it is not for any ſtanders by to curtall his oathes. Ha?

2 No my Lord; nor crop the eares of them.

Clot. Whorſon dog: I give him ſatisfaction? would he had bin one of my Ranke.

2 To have ſmell'd like a Foole.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in th'earth: a pox on't. I had rather not be ſo Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, becauſe of the Queene my Mother: every Iacke-Slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I muſt goe up and downe like a Cocke, that no body can match.

2 You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow Cocke, with your combe on.

Clot. Sayeſt thou?

2 It is not fit you Lordſhip ſhould undertake every Companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I ſhould commit offence to my inferiors.

2 I, it is fit for your Lordſhip onely.

Clot. Why ſo I ſay.

1 Did you heare of a Stranger thats come to Court to night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't?

2 Hes a ſtrange fellow himſelfe, and knowes it not.

1 Theres an Italian come, and tis though one of *Leonatus* friendes.

Clot. *Leonatus*? A baniſht Raſcall; and he's another, whatſoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1 One of your Lordſhips Pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to looke upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

2 You cannot derogate my Lord.

Clot. Not eaſily I thinke.

2 You are a Foole granted, therefore your Iſſues being fooliſh doe not derogate.

Clot. Come, Ile goe ſee this Italian: what I have loſt to day at Bowles, Ile winne to night of him. Come: go.

2 Ile attend your Lordſhip. *Exit.*

That ſuch a crafty Divell as is his Mother
Should yeild the world this Aſſe: a woman, that
Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne,
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteene. Alas poore Princeſſe,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'ſt,
Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd,
A Mother hourely coyning plots: A Wooer,
More hatefull then the foule expulſion is
Of thy deere husband, Then that horrid Act
Of the divorce, he'ld make the heavens hold firme
The walls of thy deere honor. Keepe unſhak'd
That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maiſt ſtand
T'enjoy thy baniſh'd Lord: and this great Land. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.

Imo. Whos there? My woman: *Helene*?

La. Pleaſe you Madam.

Imo. What houre is it?

Lad. Almoſt midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three houres then:
Mine eyes are weake,
Fold downe the leaſe where I have left: to bed.
Take not away the Taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canſt awake by foure o'th'clocke,
I prethee call me: Sleepe hath ſeiz'd me wholly.
To your protection I commend me, gods,
From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night,
Guard me beſeech yee. *Sleepes.*

Iachimo from the Trunke.

Iach. The Crickets ſing, and mans ore-labor'd ſenſe
Repaires it ſelfe by reſt: Our *Tarquine* thus
Did ſoftly preſſe the Ruſhes, ere he waken'd
The Chaſtity he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How bravely thou becomſt thy Bed; freſh Lilly,
And whiter then the Sheets: that I might touch,
But kiſſe, one kiſſe. Rubies unparagon'd,
How deerely they do't: Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: the flame oth'Taper
Bowes toward her, and would under-peepe her lids.
To ſee th'incloſed Lights, now Canopied
Vnder the windowes, White and Azure lac'd
With Blew of heavens owne tinct. But my deſigne.
To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,
Such, and ſuch pictures: There the window, ſuch
Th'adornement of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,
Why ſuch, and ſuch: and the Contents oth'Story.
Ah, but ſo ſhe naturall notes about her Body,
Above ten thouſand meaner Moveables
Would teſtifie, t'enrich mine Inventory.
O ſleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull upon her,
And be her Senſe but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;
As ſlippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.
Tis mine, and this will witneſſe outwardly,
As ſtrongly as the Conſcience do's within:
To th'madding of her Lord. On her left breſt
A mole Cinque-ſpotted: Like the Crimſon drops
I'th bottome of a Cowſlippe. Heeres a Voucher,
Stronger then ever Law could make: this Secret
Will force him thinke I have pick'd the locke, and t'ane
The treaſure of her honor. No more: to what end?
Why ſhould I write this downe, thats riveted,
Screw'd to my memory. She hath bin reading late,
The Tale of *Tereus*, heere the leaſes turn'd downe
Where *Philomele* gave up. I have enough,
To th Truncke againe, and ſhut the ſpring of it.
Swift, ſwift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
May beare the Ravens eye: I lodge in feare,
Though this a heavenly Angell: hell is heere.
Clocke ſtrikes.
One, two, three: time, time. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and Lords.

1 Your Lordſhip is the moſt patient man in loſſe, the moſt coldeſt that turn'd up Ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to looſe.

1 But not every man patient after the noble temper of your Lordſhip; You are moſt hot, and furious when you winne.

Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this fooliſh *Imogen*, I ſhould have Gold enough: its almoſt morning, is't not?

1 Day, my Lord,

Clot. I would this Muſicke would come: I am adviſed to give her Muſicke a mornings, they ſay it will penetrate.

Enter Muſitians.

Come on, tune: if you can penetrate here with your fingering, ſo: we'll try with tongue too: if none will doe, let her remaine: but Ile never give o're. Firſt, a very excellent good conceited thing; after a wonderfull ſweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her conſider.

Song.

Hearke, hearke, the Larke at Heavens gate ſings,
and Phœbus gins ariſe,
His Steeds to water at thoſe Springs
on chalic'd Flowers that lyes:
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes
With every thing that pretty is, my Lady ſweet ariſe:
Ariſe, ariſe.

So, get you gone: if this penetrate, I will conſider your Muſicke the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her eares which Horſe-haires, and Calves-guts, nor the voyce of unpaved Eunuch to boot, can never amend.

Enter Cymbeline, and Queene.

2 Heere comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up ſo late, for thats the reaſon I was up ſo earely: he cannot chooſe but take this Service I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majeſty, and to my gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the doore of our ſtern daughter
Will ſhe not forth?

Clot. I have aſſail'd her with Muſickes, but ſhe vouchſafes no notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him, ſome more time
Muſt weare the print of his remembrance ou't,
And then ſhe's yours.

Que. You are moſt bound to'th'King,
Who lets goe by no vantages, that may
Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your ſelfe
To orderly ſolicits, and be friended
With aptneſſe of the ſeaſon: make denials
Encreaſe your Services: ſo ſeeme, as if
You were inſpir'd to doe thoſe duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your diſmiſſion tends,
And therein you are ſenſeleſſe.

Clot. Senſeleſſe? Not ſo.

Meſ. So like you (Sir) Ambaſſadors fr from Rome;
The one is *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy Fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpoſe now;
But that's no fault of his: we muſt receive him
According to the honor of his Sender,
And towards himſelfe, his goodneſſe fore-ſpent on us
We muſt extend our notice: Our deere Sonne,
When you have given good morning to your Miſtris,
Attend the Queene, and us, we ſhall have need
T'employ you towards this Romane.
Come our Queene. *Exeunt.*

Clot. If ſhe be up, Ile ſpeake with her: if not,
Let her lye ſtill, and dreame: by your leave hoa,
I know her women are about her: what
If I doe line one of their hands, tis gold
Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yea and makes
Diana's Rangers falſe themſelves, yeeld up
Their Deere to'th'ſtand o'th Stealer: and tis gold
Which makes the True-man kill'd, and ſaves the Theefe:
Nay, ſometime hangs both Theefe, and True-man: what
Can it not doe, and undoo? I will make
One of her women Lawyer to me, for
I yet not underſtand the caſe my ſelfe.
By your leave. *Knockes.*

Enter a Lady.

Lad. Who's there that knockes?

Clot. A Gentleman.

Lad. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewomans Sonne.

Lad. Thats more
Then ſome whoſe Taylors are as deere as yours,
Can juſtly boaſt of: whats your Lordſhips pleaſure?

Clot. Your Ladies perſon, is ſhe ready?

Lad. I, to keepe her Chamber.

Clot. There is gold for you,
Sell me your good report.

Lad. How my good name? or to report of you
What I ſhall thinke is good. The Princeſſe.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow faireſt, Siſter your ſweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paines
For purchaſing but trouble: the thankes I give,
Is telling you that I am poore of thankes,
And ſcarſe can ſpare them.

Clot. Still I ſweare I love you.

Imo. If you but ſaid ſo, twere as deepe with me:
If you ſweare ſtill, your recompence is ſtill
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no anſwer.

Imo. But that you ſhall not ſay, I yeeld being ſilent,
I would not ſpeake. I pray you ſpare me, faith
I ſhall unfold equall diſcourteſie
To your beſt kindneſſe: one of your great knowing
Should learne (being taught) forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madneſſe, twere my ſinne,
I will not.

Imo. Fooles are not mad folkes.

Clot. Doe you call me foole?

Imo. As I am mad I doe:
If you'll be patient, Ile no more be mad,
That cures us both. I am much ſorry (Sir)
You put me to forget a Ladies manners
By being ſo verball: and learne now, for all,
That I which know my heart, doe heere pronounce
By th'very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am ſo neere the lacke of Charity
To accuſe my ſelfe, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, then make't my boaſt.

Clot. You ſinne againſt
Obedience, which you owe your father, for
The Contract you pretend with that baſe Wretch,
One, bred of Almes, and foſter'd with cold diſhes,
With ſcraps oth'Court: It is no Contract, none;
And though it be allowed in meaner parties
(Yet who then he more meane) to knit their ſoules
(On whom there is no more dependancy
But Brats and Beggery) in ſelfe-figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by

The conſequence oth' Crowne, and muſt not foyle
The precious note of it; with a baſe Slave,
A Hilding for a Livory, a Squires Cloth,
A Pantler; not ſo eminent.
Imo. Prophane Fellow:
Wert thou the Sonne of *Iupiter*, and no more,
But what thou art beſides: thou wer't too baſe,
To be his Groome: thou wer't dignified enough
Even to the point of Envy, If twere made
Comparative for your Vertues, to be ſtil'd
The under Hangman of his Kingdome; and hated
For being prefer'd ſo well.
Clot. The South-Fog rot him.
Imo. He never can meete more miſchance, then come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meaneſt Garment
That ever hath but clipt his body, is dearer
In my reſpect, then all the haires above thee,
Were they all made ſuch men: How now *Piſanio*?
Enter Piſanio.
Clot. His Garment? Now the divell.
Imo. To *Dorothy* my woman hye thee preſently.
Clot. His Garment?
Imo. I am ſprighted with a Foole,
Frighted, and angred worſe: Goe bid my woman
Search for a Iewell, that too caſually
Hath left mine Arme: it was thy Maſters. Shrew me
If I would loſe it for a Revenew,
Of any Kings in Europe. I doe thinke,
I ſaw't this morning: Confident I am.
Laſt night twas on mine Arme: I kiſs'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kiſſe aught but him.
Piſa. Twill not be loſt.
Imo. I hope ſo: goe and ſearch.
Clot. You have abus'd me:
His meaneſt Garment?
Imo. I, I ſaid ſo Sir,
If you will make't an Action, call witneſſe to't.
Clot. I will enforme your Father.
Imo. Your Mother too:
Shes my good Lady; and will conceive, I hope
But the worſt of me. So I leave your Sir,
To th' worſt of diſcontent. *Exit.*
Clot. Ile be reveng'd:
His meaneſt Garment? Well. *Exit.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Poſthumus, and Philario.

Poſt. Feare it not Sir: I would I were ſo ſure
To winne the King, as I am bold, her honour
Will remaine hers.
Phil. What meanes doe you make to him?
Poſt. Not any: but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the preſent winters ſtate, and wiſh
That warmer dayes would come: In theſe fear'd hopes
I barely gratifie your love; they fayling
I muſt dye much your debtor.
Phil. Your very goodneſſe, and your company,
Ore payes all I can doe. By this your King,
Hath heard of Great *Auguſtus*: *Caius Lucius*,
Will do's Commiſſion throughly. And I thinke
Hee'le grant the Tribute: ſend th' Arrerages,
Or looke upon our Romanes, whoſe remembrance
Is yet freſh in their griefe.
Poſt. I doe beleeve
(Statiſt though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will prove a Warre; and you ſhall heare
The Legion now in Gallia, ſooner landed
In our not-fearing-Britaine, then have tydings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd then when *Iulius Cæſar*
Smil'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their diſcipline,
(Now mingled with their courages) will make knowne
To their Approvers, they are People, ſuch
That mend upon the world. *Enter Iachimo.*
Phil. See *Iachimo.*
Poſt. The ſwifteſt harts, have poſted you by land;
And Windes of all the Corners kiſs'd your Sailes.
To make your veſſell nimble.
Phil. Welcome Sir.
Poſt. I hope the briefeneſſe of your anſwer, made
The ſpeedineſſe of your returne.
Iach. Your Lady,
Is one of the feyreſt that I have look'd upon
Poſt. And therewithall the beſt, or let her beauty
Looke thorough a Caſement to allure falſe hearts,
And be falſe with them.
Iach. Heere are Letters for you.
Poſt. Their tenure good I truſt.
Iach. T is very like.
Poſt. Was *Caius Lucius* in the Britaine Court,
When you were there?
Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Poſt. All is well yet,
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I have loſt it,
I ſhould have loſt the worth of it in Gold,
Ile make a journey twice as farre, t'enjoy
A ſecond night of ſuch ſweet ſhortneſſe, which
Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne.
Poſt. The Stones too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being ſo eaſie.
Poſt. Make not Sir,
Your loſſe, your Sport: I hope you know that we
Muſt not continue friends.
Iach. Good Sir, we muſt
If you keepe Covenant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Miſtris home, I grant
We were to queſtion farther; but I now
Profeſſe my ſelfe the winner of her honor,
Together with your Ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your willes,
Poſt. If you can mak't apparant
That you have taſted her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had of her pure honor: gaines, or looſes,
Your Sword, or mine, or Maſterleſſe leave both
To who ſhall finde them.
Iach. Sir, my Circumſtances
Being ſo nere the truth, as I will make them,
Muſt firſt induce you to beleeve: whoſe ſtrength
I will confirme with oath, which I doubt not

You'll give me leave to ſpare, when you ſhall finde
You neede it not.
Poſt. Proceed.
Iach. Firſt, her Bed-chamber
(Where I confeſſe I ſlept not, but profeſſe
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With Tapiſtry of Silke, and Silver, the Story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when ſhe met her Roman,
And *Cidnus* ſwell'd above the Bankes, or for
The preſſe of Boates, or Pride: A peece of Worke
So bravely done, ſo rich, that it did ſtrive
In Workemanſhip, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be ſo rarely, and exactly wrought
Since the true life on't was———
Poſt. This is true:
And this you might have heard of heere, by me,
Or by ſome other.
Iach. More particulars
Muſt juſtifie my knowledge.
Poſt. So they muſt,
Or doe your Honour injury.
Iach. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-peece
Chaſte *Dian*, bathing: never ſaw I figures
So likely to report themſelves; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumbe, out-went her,
Motion, and Breath left out.
Poſt. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewiſe reape,
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.
Iach. The Roofe o'th'Chamber,
With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Silver, each on one foote ſtanding, nicely
Depending on their Brands.
Poſt. This is her honor:
Let it be granted you have ſeene all this (and praiſe
Be given to your remembrance) the deſcription
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing ſaves
The wager you have laid.
Iach. Then if you can
Be pale, I begge but leave to ayre this Iewell: See,
And now tis up againe: it muſt be married
To that your Diamond, Ile keepe them.
Poſt. Iove———
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir (I thanke her) that
She ſtrint it from her Arme: I ſee her yet
Her pretty Action, did out-ſell her guiſt,
And yet enrich'd it too: ſhe gave it me,
And ſaid, ſhe priz'd it once.
Poſt. May be, ſhe pluck'd it off
To ſend it me
Iach. She writes ſo to you? doth ſhe?
Poſt. O no, no, no, tis true. Heere, take this too,
It is a Baſiliske unto mine eye,
Killes me to looke on't: Let there be no Honor,
Where there is beauty: Truth, where ſemblance: Love,
Where theres another man. The Vowes of Women,
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothiug:
O, above meaſure falſe.
Phil. Have patience Sir,
And take your Ring againe, tis not yet wonne;
It may be probable ſhe loſt it: or
Who knowes if one of her women, being corrupted
Hath ſtolne it from her.
Poſt. Very true,
And ſo I hope he came by't: backe my Ring,
Render to me ſome corporall ſigne about her
More evident then this: for this wat ſtole.
Iach. By Iupiter, I had it from her Arme.
Poſt. Hearke you, he ſweares: by Iupiter he ſweares.
Tis true, nay keepe the Ring; tis true: I am ſure
She would not looſe it: her Attendants are
All ſworne, and honorable: they induc'd to ſteale it?
And by a Stranger? No, he hath enjoy'd her,
The Cogniſance of her incontinency
Is this: ſhe hath bought the name of Whore, thus deerely
There, take thy hyre, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themſelves betweene you.
Phil. Sir, be patient:
This is not ſtrong enough to be beleev'd
Of one perſwaded well of.
Poſt. Never talke on't:
She hath bin colted by him.
Iach. If you ſeeke
For further ſatisfying; under her Breaſt
(Worthy her preſſing) lyes a Mole, right proud
Of that moſt delicate Lodging. By my life
I kiſt it, and it gave me preſent hunger
To feede againe, though full. You doe remember
This ſtaine upon her?
Poſt. I, and it doth confirme
Another ſtaine, as bigge as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you heare more?
Poſt. Spare your Arithmeticke,
Never count the Turnes: Once, and a Million.
Iach. Ile be ſworne.
Poſt. No ſwearing:
If you will ſweare you have not done't, you lye,
And I will kill thee if thou doſt deny
Thou'ſt made me Cuckold.
Iach. Ile deny nothing.
Poſt. O that I had her heere, to teare her Limb-meale;
I will goe there and doo't, ith'Court, before
Her father. Ile doe ſomething. *Exit.*
Phil. Quite beſides.
The goverment of Patience. You have wonne:
Lets follow him, and pervert the preſent wrath
He hath againſt himſelfe.
Iach. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Poſthumus.

Poſt. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Muſt be halfe-workers? We are all Baſtards,
And that moſt venerable man, which I
Dih call my father, was, I know not where
When I was ſtampt. Some Coyner with his Tooles
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother ſeem'd
The *Dian* of that time: ſo doth my Wife
The Non-pareill of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawfull pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudency ſo Roſie, the ſweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturne;
That I thought her
As Chaſte, as un-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the divels!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an houre, was't not?

Or leſſe; at firſt? Perchance he ſpoke not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a Iarmen on,
Cry'de oh, and mounted, found no oppoſition
But what he look'd for, ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The Womans part in me, for theres no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirme
It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
The womans: Flattering, hers: deceiving, hers:
Luſt, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Revenges hers:
Ambitions, Covetings, change of Prides, Diſdaine,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability:
All faults that may be named, nay, that Hell knowes,
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all. For even to Vice
They are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not halfe ſo old as that. Ile write againſt them,
Deteſt them, curſe them: yet tis greater Skill
In a true Hate, to pray they have their will:
The very Divels cannot plague them better.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queene, Clotten, and Lords at one doore, and at another, Caius, Lucius, and Attendants.

Cym. Now ſay, what would *Auguſtus Cæſar* with us?
Luc. When *Iulius Cæſar* (whoſe remembrance yet
Lives in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues
Be Theame, and hearing ever (was in this Britaine,
And Conquer'd it, *Caſſibelan* thine Vnkle
(Famous in *Cæſars* prayſes, no whit leſſe
Then in his Feats deſerving it) for him,
And his Succeſſion, granted Rome a Tribute,
Yeerely three thouſand pounds; which (by thee) lately
Is left untender'd.
Que. And to kill the mervaile,
Shall be ſo ever.
Clot. There be many *Cæſars*,
Ere ſuch another *Iulius*: *Britaine's* a world
By it ſelfe, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our owne Noſes.
Quee. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to reſume
We have againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Anceſtors, together with
The Naturall bravery of your Iſle, which ſtands
As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in
With Oakes unskaleable, and roaring Waters,
With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates
But ſucke them up to'th' Top-maſt. A kind of Conqueſt
Cæſars made heere, but made not heere his bragge
Of Came, and Saw, and Overcome: with ſhame
(The firſt that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our Coaſt, twice beaten? and his Shipping
(Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
Like Egge-ſhels, mov'd upon their Surges crack'd
As eaſily gainſt our Rockes. For joy whereof,
The fam'd *Caſſibelan*, who was once at point
(Oh giglet Fortune) to maſter *Cæſars* Sword,
Made *Luds-Towne* with rejoycing-Fires bright,
And *Brittaines* ſtrut with Courage.

Clot. Come, theres no more Tribute to be paid? our Kingdome is ſtronger then it was at that time: and (as I ſaid) there is no more ſuch *Cæſars*, other of them may have crook'd Noſes, but to owe ſuch ſtraite Armes, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us, can gripe as hard as *Caſſibelan*, I doe not ſay I am one: but I have a hand. Why Tribute? Why ſhould we pay Tribute? If *Cæſar* can hide the Sun from us with a Blanket, or put the Moone in his pocket, we will pay him Tribute for light: elſe Sir, no more Tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You muſt know,
Till the injurious Romans, did extort
This Tribute from us, we were free. *Cæſars* Ambition,
Which ſwell'd ſo much, that it did almoſt ſtretch
The ſides o'th'World, againſt all colour heere,
Did put the yoake upon's: which to ſhake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Our ſelves to be, we doe. Say then to *Cæſar*,
Our Anceſtor was that *Mulmutius*, which
Ordain'd our Lawes, whoſe uſe the Sword of *Cæſar*
Hath too much mangled: whoſe repayre, and franchiſe,
Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,
Tho Rome be therfore angry. *Mulmutius* made our lawes
Who was the firſt of *Britaine*, which did put
His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd
Himſelfe a King.
Luc. I am ſorry *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Auguſtus Cæſar*
(*Cæſar*, that hath more Kings his Servants, then
Thy ſelfe Domeſticke Officers) thine Enemy?
Receive it from me then. Warre, and Confuſion
In *Cæſar's* name pronounce I'gainſt thee: Looke
For fury, not to be reſiſted. Thus defide,
I thanke thee for my ſelfe.
Cym. Thou art welcome *Caius*,
Thy *Cæſar* Knighted me; my youth I ſpent
Much under him: of him, I gather'd Honour,
Which he, to ſeeke of me againe, perforce,
Behooves me keepe at utterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their Liberties are now in Armes: a Preſident
Which not to reade, would ſhew the Britaines cold:
So *Cæſar* ſhall not find them.
Luc. Let proofe ſpeake.

Clot. His Majeſty biddes you welcome. Make paſtime with us a day, or two, or longer: if you ſeeke us afterwards in other tearmes, you ſhall finde us in our Salt-water-Girdle: if you beate us out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the adventure, our Crowes ſhall fare the better for you: and theres an end.

Luc. So ſir.
Cym. I know your Maſters pleaſure, and he mine:
All the Remaine, is welcome.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Piſania reading of a Letter.

Piſ. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What Monſters her accuſe? *Leonatus*:
Oh Maſter, what a ſtrange infection

Is falne into thy eare? What falſe Italian,
(As poyſonous tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Diſloyall? No.
She's puniſh'd for her Truth; and undergoes
More Goddeſſe-like, then Wife-like; ſuch Aſſaults
As would take in ſome Vertue. Oh my Maſter,
Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were
Thy Fortunes. How? That I ſhould murther her,
Vpon the Love, and Truth, and Vowes; which I
Have made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
If it be ſo, to doe good ſervice, never
Let me be counted ſerviceable. How looke I,
That I ſhould ſeeme to lacke humanitie,
So much as this Fact comes to? Doo't: The Letter.
That I have ſent her, by her owne command,
Shall give thee opportunitie. Oh damn'd paper,
Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: ſenſeleſſe bauble,
Art thou a Fœdarie for this act; and look'ſt
So virgin-like without? Loe here ſhe comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.
Imo. How now *Piſanio*?
Piſ. Madam, heere is a Letter from my Lord.
Imo. Who! thy Lord? That is my Lord *Leonatus*?
Oh, learn'd indeed were that Aſtronomer
That knew the Starres, as I his Characters,
Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
Let what is heere contain'd, relliſh of Love,
Of my Lords health: of his content: yet not
That we two are a ſunder, let that grieve him;
Some griefes are medcinable, that is one of them,
For it doth phyſicke Love, of his content,
All but in that. Good Wax, thy leave: bleſt be
You Bees that make theſe Lockes of counſaile. Lovers,
And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike.
Though Forfeytours you caſt in priſon, yet
You claſpe young *Cupids* Tables: good Newes Gods.

IVſtice, and your Fathers wrath (ſhould hee take mee in his Dominion) could not be ſo cruell to me, as you, (oh the deereſt of Creatures) would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria *at* Milford-Haven: *what your owne Love, will out of this adviſe you, follow. So he wiſhes you all happineſſe, that remanies loyall to his Vow, and your encreaſing in Love.* Leonatus Poſthumus.

Oh for a Horſe with wings: Hear'ſt thou *Piſanio*?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How farre tis thither. If one of meane affaires
May plod it in a weeke, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then true *Piſanio*.
Who long'ſt like me, to ſee thy Lord; who long'ſt
(Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long'ſt
But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me:
For mine's beyond, beyond: ſay, and ſpeake thicke
(Loves Counſailor ſhould fill the bores of hearing,
To'th' ſmothering of the Senſe) how farre it is
To this ſame bleſſed Milford. And by'th' way
Tell me how Wales was made ſo happy, as
T'inherite ſuch a Haven. But firſt of all,
How we may ſteale from hence: and for the gap
That we ſhall make in Time, from our hence-going,
And our returne, to excuſe: but firſt, how get hence.
Why ſhould excuſe be borne or ere begot?
Weele talke of that heereafter. Prythee ſpeake,
How many ſcore of Miles may we well ride
Twixt houre, and houre?
Piſ. One ſcore twixt Sun, and Sun,
Madam's enough for you: and too much too.
Imo. Why, one that rode to's Execution Man,
Could never go ſo ſlow: I have heard of Riding wagers,
Where Horſes have bin nimbler then the Sands
That run i'th' Clocks behalfe. But this is Foolrie,
Go, bid my Woman faigne a Sickneſſe, ſay
She'le home to her Father, and provide me preſently
A Riding Suit: No coſtlier then would fit
A Franklins Huſwife.
Piſ. Madam, you're beſt conſider.
Imo. I ſee before me (Man) nor heere, nor heere,
Nor what enſues but have a Fog in them
That I cannot looke through. Away, I prythee,
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to ſay:
Acceſſible is none but Milford way. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day, not to keepe houſe with ſuch,
Whoſe Roofe's as low as ours: Sleepe Boyes, this gate
Inſtructs you how t'adore the Heavens; and bowes you
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches
Are Arch'd ſo high, that Giants may jet through
And keepe their impious Turbands on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heaven,
We houſe i'th' Rocke, yet uſe thee not ſo hardly
As prouder livers do.
Guid. Haile Heaven.
Arvir. Haile Heaven.
Bela. Now for our Mountaine ſport, up to yond hill
Your legges are young: Ile tread theſe Flats. Conſider,
When you above perceive me like a Crow,
That it is Place, which leſſen's and ſets off
And you may then revolve what Tales I have told you,
Of Courts of Princes; of the Trickes in Warre.
This ſervice, is not Service; ſo being done,
But being ſo allowed. To apprehend thus,
Drawes us a profit from all things we ſee:
And often to our comfort, ſhall we finde
The ſharded-Beetle, in a ſafer hold
Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Nobler, then attending for a checke:
Richer, then doing nothidg for a Babe:
Prouder, then ruſtling in unpayd-for Silke:
Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keepes his Booke uncroſs'd, no life to ours.
Gui. Out of your proofe you ſpeak: we poore unfledg'd
Have never wing'd from view o'th' neſt; nor know not
What Ayre's from home. Hap'ly this life is beſt,
(If quiet life be beſt) ſweeter to you
That have a ſharper knowne. Well correſponding
With your ſtiffe Age; but unto us, it is
A Cell of Ignorance: travailing abed,
A Priſon or a Debtor, that not dares
To ſtride a limit.
Arvi. What ſhould we ſpeake of
When we are old as you? When we ſhall heare
The Raine and winde beate darke December? How
In this our pinching Cave, ſhall we diſcourſe

The freezing houres away? We have ſeene nothing:
We are beaſtly; ſubtle as the Fox for prey,
Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate:
Our Valour is to chace what flyes: Our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the priſon'd Bird,
And ſing our Bondage freely.
Bel. How you ſpeake?
Did you but know the Citties Vſuries,
And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th' Court,
As hard to leave, as keepe: whoſe top to climbe
Is certaine falling: or ſo ſlipp'ry, that
The feare's as bad as falling. The toyle o'th' Warre,
A paine that onely ſeemes to ſeeke our danger
I'th' name of Fame, and Honour, which dyes i'th' ſearch,
And hath as oft a ſland'rous Epitaph,
As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times
Doth ill deſerve by doing well: what's worſe
Muſt curt'ſie at the Cenſure. Oh Boyes, this Storie
The world may reade in me: My bodie's mark'd
With Roman Swords; and my report, was once
Firſt, with the beſt of Note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me,
And when a Souldier was the Theame, my name
Was not farre off: then was I as a Tree
Whoſe boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shooke downe my mellow hangings: nay my Leaves,
And left me bare to weather.
Gui. Vncertaine favour.
Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two Villaines, whoſe falſe Oathes prevail'd
Before my perfect Honor, ſwore to *Cymbeline*,
I was Confederate with the Romanes: ſo
Followed my Baniſhment, and this twenty yeeres,
This Rocke, and theſe Demeſnes, have bene my World,
Where I have liv'd at honeſt freedome, payed
More pious debts to Heaven, then in all
The fore-end of my time. But, up to'th' Mountaines,
This is not Hunters Language; he that ſtrikes
The Veniſon firſt, ſhall be the Lord o'th' Feaſt,
To him the other two ſhall miniſter,
And we will feare no poyſon, which attends
In place of greater State:
Ile meete you in the Valleyes. *Exeunt.*
How hard it is to hide the ſparkes of Nature?
Theſe Boyes know little they are Sonnes to'th' King,
Nor *Cymbeline* dreames that they are alive.
They thinke they are mine,
And though train'd up thus meanely
I'th' Cave, whereon the Bow their thoughts do hit,
The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
In ſimple and low things, to Prince it, much
Beyond the tricke of others. This *Paladour*,
The heyre of *Cymbeline* and Britaine, whom
The King his Father call'd *Guiderius*. Iove,
When on my three-foot ſtoole I ſit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his ſpirits flye out
Into my ſtory: ſay thus mine Enemie fell,
And thus I ſet my foote on's necke, even then
The Princely blood flowes in his Checke, he ſweats,
Straines his young Nerves, and puts himſelfe in poſture
That acts my words. The younger Brother *Cadwall*,
Once *Arviragus*, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my ſpeech, and ſhewes much more
His owne conceyuing. Hearke, the Game is rows'd,
Oh *Cymbeline*, Heaven and my Conſcience knowes
Thou did'ſt unjuſtly baniſh me: whereon
At three, and two yeeres old, I ſtole theſe Babes,
Thinking to barre thee of Succeſſion, as
Thou refts me of my Lands. *Euriphile*,
Thou was't their Nurſe, they took thee for their mother
And every day do honor to her grave:
My ſelfe *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is up. *Exit.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Piſanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'ſt me when we came fró horſe, the place
Was neere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother ſo
To ſeeme firſt, as I have now: *Piſanio*, Man:
Where is *Poſthumus*? What is in thy mind
That makes thee ſtare thus? Wherefore breakes that ſigh
From th'inward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing preplex'd
Beyond ſelfe-explication. Put thy ſelfe
Into a haviour of leſſe feare, ere wildneſſe
Vanquiſh my ſtayder Senſes. What's the matter?
Why tender'ſt thou that Paper to me, with
A looke untender? If't be Summer Newes
Smile too't before: if Winterly, thou need'ſt
But keepe that count'nance ſtill. My Husbands hand?
That Drug-damn'd Italy, hath out-craftied him,
And hee's at ſome hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take off ſome extremitie, which to reade
Would be even mortall to me.
Piſ. Pleaſe you reade,
And you ſhall finde me (wretched man) a thing
The moſt diſdain'd of Fortune.

Imogen reades.

THy Miſtris (Piſanio) hath playde the Strumpet in my Bed: the Teſtimonies whereof, lyes bleeding in me. I ſpeak not out of weake Surmiſes, but from proofe as ſtrong as my griefe, and as certaine as I expect my Revenge. That part, thou (Piſanio) muſt acte for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers; let thine owne hands take away her life: I ſhall give thee opportunity at Milford Haven. She hath my Letter for the purpoſe; where, if thou feare to ſtrike, and to make mee certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her diſhonour, and equally to me diſloyall.

Piſ. What ſhall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat already? No, tis ſlander,
Whoſe edge is ſharper then the Sword, whoſe tongue
Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting windes, and doth belye
All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States,
Maides, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Grave
This viperous ſlander enters. What cheere Madam?
Imo. Falſe to his Bed? What is it to be falſe?
To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him?
To weepe twixt clock and clock? If ſleep charge Nature,
To breake it with a fearefull dreame of him,
And cry my ſelfe awake? That's falſe to's bed? Is it?
Piſa. Alas good Lady.
Imo. I falſe? Thy Conſcience witneſſe: *Iachimo*,
Thou didd'ſt accuſe him of Incontinencie,
Thou then look'dſt like a Villaine: now, me thinkes

Thy favours good enough. Some Iay of Italy
(Whoſe mother was her painting) hath betraid him:
Poore I am ſtale, a Garment out of faſhion,
And for I am richer then to hang by th' walles,
I muſt be ript: To peeces with me: Oh!
Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good ſeeming
By thy revolt (oh Husband) ſhall be thought
Put on for Villainy; not borne where't growes,
But worne a baite for Ladies.

Piſa. Good Madam, heare me.

Imo. True honeſt men being heard, like falſe *Æneas*,
Were in his time thought falſe: and *Synons* weeping
Did ſcandall many a holy teare: tooky pitty
From moſt true wretchednſſee. So thou, *Poſthumus*
Wilt lay the leven to all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, ſhall be falſe and periur'd
From thy great faile: Come Fellow, be thou honeſt,
Do thou thy Maſters bidding. When thou ſeeſt him,
A little witneſſe my obedience. Looke
I draw the Sword my ſelfe, take it and hit
The innocent Manſion of my Love (my Heart:)
Feare not, tis empty of all things, but Griefe:
Thy Maſter is not there, who was indeede
The riches of it. Do his bidding, ſtrike,
Thou mayſt be valiant in a better cauſe;
But now thou ſeem'ſt a Coward.

Piſ. Hence vile Inſtrument,
Thou ſhalt not damne my hand.

Imo. Why, I muſt dye:
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Servant of thy Maſters. Againſt Selfe-ſlaughter,
There is a prohibition ſo Divine,
That cravens my weake hand: Come, heere's my heart:
So mething's a-foot: Soft, ſoft, wee'l no defence,
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,
The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to Hereſie? Away, away
Corrupters of my Faith, you ſhall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles
Beleeve falſe Teachers: Though thoſe that are betraid
Do feele the Treaſon ſharpely, yet the Traitor
Stands in worſe caſe of woe. And thou *Poſthumus*,
That didd'ſt ſet up my diſobedience 'gainſt the King
My Father, and makes me put into contempt the ſuites
Of Princely Fellowes, ſhalt hereafter finde
It is no act of common paſſage, but
A ſtraine of Rareneſſe: and I greeve my ſelfe,
To thinke, when thou ſhalt be diſedg'd by her,
That now thou tyreſt on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee diſpatch,
The Lambe entreats the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?
Thou art to ſlow to do thy Maſters bidding
When I deſire it too.

Piſ. Oh gracious Lady:
Since I receiv'd command to do this buſineſſe,
I have not ſlept one winke.

Imo. Doo't, and to bed then.

Piſ. Ile wake mine eye-balles firſt.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didd'ſt undertake it? Why haſt thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horſes labour?
The time inviting thee? The perturb'd Court
For my being abſent; whereunto I never
Purpoſe returne. Why haſt thou gone ſo farre
To be un-bent? when thou haſt tane thy ſtand,
Th' elected Deere before thee?

Piſ. But to win time
To looſe ſo bad employment, in the which
I have conſider'd of a courſe: good Lady
Heare me with patence.

Imo. Talke thy Tongue weary, ſpeake:
I have heard I am a Strumpet, and mine eare
Therein falſe ſtrooke, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bottome that. But ſpeake.

Piſ. Then Madam,
I thought you would not backe againe.

Imo. Moſt like,
Bringing me heere to kill me.

Piſ. Not ſo neither:
But if I were as wiſe, as honeſt, then
My purpoſe would prove well: it cannot be,
But that my Maſter is abus'd. Some Villaine,
I, and ſingular in his Art, hath done you both
This curſed injurie.

Imo. Some Roman Curtezan?

Piſ. No, on my life:
Ile give but notice you are dead, and ſend him
Some bloody ſigne of it. For tis commanded
I ſhould do ſo: you ſhall be miſt at Court,
And that will well confirme it.

Imo. Why good Fellow,
What ſhall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?

Piſ. If you'l backe to'th' Court.

Imo. No Court, no Father: nor no more adoe
With that harſh, noble, ſimple nothing;
That *Clotten*, whoſe Love-ſuite hath bene to me
As fearefull as a Siege.

Piſ. If not at Court,
Then not in Britaine muſt you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britaine all the Sunne that ſhines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britaine? I'th' worlds Volume
Our Britaine ſeemes as of it, but not in't:
In a great Poole a Swannes-neſt; prythee thinke
There's livers out of Britaine.

Piſ. I am moſt glad
You thinke of other Place: Th' Ambaſſador,
Lucius the Romane comes to Milford-Haven
To morrow. Now, if you could weare a minde
Darke, as your Fortune is, and but diſguiſe
That which t'appeare it ſelfe, muſt not yet be,
But by ſelfe-danger, you ſhould tread a courſe
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, neere
The reſidence of *Poſthumus*; ſo nie (at laſt)
That though his Actions were not viſible, yet
Report ſhould render him hourely to your eare,
As truely as he mooves.

Imo. Oh for ſuch meanes,
Though perill to my modeſtie, not death on't
I would adventure.

Piſ. Well then, heere's the point:
You muſt forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Feare and Niceneſſe
(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truely
Woman it pretty ſelfe) into a waggiſh courage,
Ready in gybes, quicke-anſwer'd, ſawcie, and
As quarrellous as the Weazell: Nay, you muſt
Forget that rareſt Treaſure of your Cheeke,
Expoſing it (but oh the harder heart,

Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kiſſing *Titan*: and forgot
Your labourſome and dainty Trimmes, wherein
You made great *Iuno* angry.

Imo. Nay be breefe:
I ſee into thy end, and am almoſt
A man already.

Piſ. Firſt, make your ſelfe but like one,
Fore-thinking this. I have already fit
(Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hoſe, all
That anſwer to them: Would you in their ſerving,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of ſuch a ſeaſon) 'fore Noble *Lucius*
Preſent your ſelfe, deſire his ſervice: tell him
Wherein you're happy; which will make him know,
If that his head have eare in Muſicke, doubtleſſe
With joy he will embrace you: for hee's Honourable,
And doubling that, moſt holy. Your meanes abroad;
You have me rich, and I will never faile
Beginning, nor ſupplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,
There's more to be conſider'd: but wee'l even
All that good time will give us. This attempt,
I am Souldier too, and will abide it with
A Princes Courage. Away, I prythee.

Piſ. Well Madam, we muſt take a ſhort farewell,
Leſt being miſt, I be ſuſpected of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Miſtris,
Heere is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,
What's in't is precious: If you are ſicke at Sea,
Or Stomacke-qualm'd at Land, a Dramme of this
Will drive away diſtemper. To ſome ſhade,
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the beſt.

Imo. Amen: I thanke thee. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, Lucius,
and Lords.

Cym. Thus farre, and ſo farewell.

Luc. Thankes, Royall Sir:
My Emperor hath wrote, I muſt from hence,
And am right ſorry, that I muſt report ye
My Maſters Enemy.

Cym. Our Subjects (Sir)
Will not endure his yoake; and for our ſelfe
To ſhew leſſe Soveraignty then they, muſt needs
Appeare un-Kinglike.

Luc. So Sir: I deſire of you
A Conduct over Land, to Milford-Haven.
Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you.

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office:
The due of Honour, in no point omit:
So farewell Noble *Lucius.*

Luc. Your hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I weare it as your Enemy.

Luc. Sir, the Event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords
Till he have croſt Severn. Happines. *Exit Lucius, &c.*

Qu. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us
That we have given him cauſe.

Clot. Tis all the better,
Your Valiant Britaines have their wiſhes in it.

Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes heere. It fits us therefore ripely
Our Chariots, and our Horſemen be in readineſſe:
The Powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will ſoone be drawne to head, from whence he moves
His warre for Britaine.

Qu. Tis not ſleepy buſineſſe,
But muſt be look'd to ſpeedily, and ſtrongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it ſhould be thus
Hath made us forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She lookes as like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We have noted it. Call her before us, for
We have beene too light in ſufferance.

Qu. Royall Sir,
Since the exile of *Poſthumus*, moſt retyr'd
Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof my Lord,
Tis time muſt doe. Beſeech your Majeſty,
Forbeare ſharpe ſpeeches to her. Shee's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are ſtrokes,
And ſtrokes death to her.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Cym. Where is ſhe Sir? How
Can her contempt be anſwer'd?

Meſ. Pleaſe you Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no anſwer
That will be given to'th' lowd of noiſe, we make,

Qu. My Lord, when laſt I went to viſit her,
She pray'd me to excuſe her keeping cloſe,
Whereto conſtraind by her infirmitie,
She ſhould that duty leave unpaide to you
Which daily ſhe was bound to proffer: this
She wiſh'd me to make knowne: but our great Court
Made me too blame in memory.

Cym. Her doores lock'd?
Not ſeene of late? Grant Heavens, that which I
Feare, prove falſe. *Exit.*

Qu. Sonne, I ſay, follow the King.

Clot. That man of her's, *Piſanio*, her old Servant
I have not ſeene theſe two dayes. *Exit.*

Qu. Go, looke after:
Piſanio, thon that ſtand'ſt ſo for *Poſthumus*
He hath a Drugge of mine: I pray, his abſence
Proceed by ſwallowing that. For he beleeves
It is a thing moſt precious. But for her,
Where is ſhe gone? Haply diſpaire hath ſeiz'd her:
Or wing'd with fervour of her love, ſhe's flowne
To her deſired *Poſthumus*: gone ſhe is,
To death, or to diſhonor, and my end
Can make good vſe of either. Shee beeing downe,
I haue the placing of the Brittiſh Crowne.

Enter Cloten.

How now my Sonne?

Clot. 'Tis certaine ſhe is fled:
Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Qu. All the better: may
This night fore-ſtall him of the comming day. *Exit Qu.*

Clo. I loue and hate her: for ſhe's Faire and Royall,
And that ſhe hath all courtly parts more exquiſite

Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one
The beſt ſhe hath, and ſhe of all compounded
Out-ſelles them all. I love her therefore, but
Diſdaining me, and throwing Favours on
The low *Poſthumus*, ſlanders ſo her judgement,
That what's elſe rare, is choak'd: and in that point
I wil conclude to hate her, nay indeede,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when Fooles ſhall——

Enter Piſanio.

Who is heere? What, are you packing ſirrah?
Come hither: Ah you precious Pander, Villaine,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or elſe
Thou art ſtraightway with the Fiends.
Piſ. Oh, good my Lord.
Clo. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Iupiter,
I will not aske againe. Cloſe Villaine,
Ile have this ſectet from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to finde it. Is ſhe with *Poſthumus*?
From whoſe ſo many waights of baſeneſſe, cannot
A dram of worth be drawne.
Piſ. Alas, my Lord,
How can ſhe be with him? When was ſhe miſs'd?
He is in Rome.
Clot. Where is ſhe Sir? Come neerer:
No farther halting: ſatisfie me home,
What is become of her:
Piſ. Oh, my all-worthy Lord.
Clo. All-worthy Villaine,
Diſcover where thy Miſtris is, at once,
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
Speake, or thy ſilence on the inſtant, is
Thy condemnation and thy death
Piſ. Then ſir:
This Paper is the hiſtory of my knowledge
Touching her flight.
Clo. Let's ſeet; I will purſue her
Even to *Auguſtus* Throne.
Piſ. Or this, or periſh.
She's farre enough, and what he learnes by this,
May prove his travell, not her danger.
Clo. Humh.
Piſ. Ile write to my Lord ſhe is dead: Oh *Imogen*,
Safe mayſt thou wander, ſafe returne agen.
Clot. Sirra, is this Letter true?
Piſ. Sir, as I thinke

Clot. It is *Poſthumus* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'ſt not be a Villaine, but do me true ſervice: undergo thoſe Imployments wherein I ſhould have cauſe to uſe thee with a ſerious induſtry, that is, what villainy ſoere I bid thee doe to performe it, directly and truely, I would thinke thee an honeſt man: thou ſhould'ſt neither want my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy preferment,

Piſ. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou ſerve mee? For ſince patiently and conſtantly thou haſt ſtucke to the bare Fortune of that Begger *Poſthumus*; thou canſt not in the courſe of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou ſerve mee?

Piſ. Sir I will,

Clo. Give me thy hand, heere's my purſe. Haſt any of thy late Maſters Garments in thy poſſeſſion?

Piſan. I have (my Lord) at my Lodging, the ſame Suite he wore, when he tooke leave of my Ladie and Miſtreſſe.

Clo. The firſt ſervice thou doſt mee, fetch that Suite hither, let it be thy firſt ſervice, go.

Piſ. I ſhall my Lord. *Exeunt,*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven: (I forgot to aske him one thing, Ile remember't anon:) even there, thou villaine *Poſthumus* will I kill thee. I would theſe Garments were come. She ſaid upon a time (the bitterneſſe of it, I now belch from my heart) that ſhe held the very Garment of *Poſthumus*, in more reſpect, then my Noble and naturall perſon; together with the adornement of my Qualities. With that Suite upon my backe will I raviſh her: firſt kill him, and in her eyes: there ſhall ſhe ſee my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the Ground, my ſpeech of inſultment ended on his dead bodie, and when my luſt hath dined (which, as I ſay, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that ſhe ſo prais'd:) to the Court Ile knock her backe, foot her home againe. She hath diſpis'd mee rejoycingly, and Ile be merry in my Revenge.

Enter Piſanio.

Be thoſe the Garments?
Piſ. I, my Noble Lord.
Clo. How long is't ſince ſhe went to Milford-Haven?
Piſ. She can ſcarſe be there yet,

Clo. Bring this Apparrell to my Chamber, that is the ſecond thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary Mute to my deſigne. Be but dutious, and true preferment ſhall tender it ſelfe to thee. My Revenge is now at Milford, would I had wings to follow it. Come and be true. *Exit.*

Piſ. Thou bid'ſt me to my loſſe: for true to thee,
Were to prove falſe, which I will never be
To him that is moſt true. To Milford go,
And finde not her, whom thou purſueſt. Flow, flow
You Heavenly bleſſings on her: This Fooles ſpeede
Be croſt with ſlowneſſe; Labour be his meede. *Exit.*

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Imogen alone.

Ima. I ſee a mans life is a tedious one,
I have tyr'd my ſelfe: and for two nights together
Have made the gound my bed. I ſhould be ſicke,
But that my reſolution helpes me: Milford,
When from the Mountaine top *Piſanio* ſhew'd thee,
Thou was't within a kenne. Oh Iove, I thinke
Foundations flye the wretched: ſuch I meane,
Where they ſhould be releev'd. Two beggers told me,
I could not miſſe my way. Will poore Folkes lye
That have afflictions on them, knowing tis
A puniſhment, or Triall? Yes; no wonder,
When Rich-ones ſcarſe tell true. To lapſe in fulneſſe
Is ſorer, then to lye for Neede: and Falſhood
Is worſe in Kings, then Beggers, My deere Lord,
Thou art one o'th falſe Ones: now I thinke on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to ſinke, for Food. But what is this?
Heere is a path to't: tis ſome ſavage hold:
I were beſt not call; I dare not call: yet Famine
Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, make it valiant.
Plentie and peace breedes Cowards, Hardneſſe ever
Of Hardineſſe is Mother. Hoa? who's heere?
If any thing that's civill, ſpeake; if ſavage,

Take, or lend. Hoa? No anſwer? Then Ile enter,
Beſt draw my Sword; and if mine Eenemy
But feare the Sword like me, heell ſcarſely looke on't.
Such a Foe, good Heavens. *Exit.*

Scæna Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You *Polidore* have prov'd beſt Woodman, and
Are Maſter of the feaſt: *Cadwall*, and I
Will play the Cooke, and Servant, tis our match:
The ſweat of induſtry would dry, and dye
But for the end it workes to. Come, our ſtomackes
Will make whats homely, ſavoury; Wearineſſe
Can ſnore upon the Flint, when reſty Sloth
Findes the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,
Poore houſe, that keepſt thy ſelfe.
Gui. I am throughly weary.
Arvi. I am weake with toyle, yet ſtrong in appetite.
Gui. There is cold meat ith'Cave, we'll brouz on that
Whilſt what we have killd, be Cook'd.
Bel. Stay, come not in:
But that it eates our victualles, I ſhould thinke
Heere were a Faiery.
Gui. Whats the matter, Sir?
Bel. By *Iupiter* an Angell: or if not,
An earthly Paragon. Behold Divineneſſe
No elder then a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good maſter harme me not:
Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth
I have ſtolne nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold ſtrew'd i'th' Floore. Heere's money for my Meate,
I would have left it on the Boord, ſo ſoone
As I had made my Meale: and parted
With Pray'rs for the Provider.
Gui. Money? Youth.
Arvi. All gold and Silver rather turne doe durt,
As tis no better reckon'd, but of thoſe
Who worſhip durty gods.
Imo. I ſee your angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I ſhould
Have dyed, had I not made it.
Bel. Whether bound?
Imo. To Milford-haven.
Bel. Whats your name?
Imo. *Fidele* Sir; I have a Kinſman, who
Is bound for Italy: he embark'd at Milford,
To whom being going, almoſt ſpent with hunger,
I am falne in this offence.
Bel. Prethee (faire youth)
Thinke us no Churles: nor meaſure our good mindes
By this rude place we live in. Well encouuter'd,
Tis almoſt night, you ſhall have better cheere
Ere you depart; and thankes to ſtay, and eate it:
Boyes, bid him welcome.
Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I ſhould wooe hard, but be your Groome in honeſty:
I bid for you, as I doe buy.
Arvi. Ile make't my comfort
He is a man, Ile love him as my Brother:
And ſuch a welcome as Ild give to him
(After long abſence) ſuch is yours. Moſt welcome:
Be ſprightly, for you fall mongſt friends.
Imo. Mongſt friends.
If Brothers: would it had bin ſo, that they
Had bin my fathers Sonnes, then had my prize
Bin leſſe, and ſo more equall ballaſting
To thee *Poſthumus.*
Bel. He wrings at ſome diſtreſſe.
Gui. Would I could free't.
Arvi. Or I, what ere it be,
What paine it coſt, what danger: gods!
Bel. Hearke Boyes.
Imo. Great men
That had a Court no bigger then this Cave,
That did attend themſelves, and had the vertue
Which their owne Conſcience ſeal'd them: laying by
That nothing-guift of differing Multitudes
Could not out-peece theſe twaine. Pardon me gods,
Ild change my ſexe to be Companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* falſe.
Bel. It ſhall be ſo:
Boyes we'll goe dreſſe our Hunt. Faire you come in;
Diſcourſe is heavy, faſting: when we have ſupp'd
Weell mannerly demand thee of thy Story.
So farre as thou wilt ſpeake it.
Gui. Pray draw neere.
Arvi. The Night to th'Owle,
And Morne to th'Larke leſſe welcome.
Imo. Thankes Sir.
Arvi. I pray draw neere. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Octava.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1. Sen. This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ;
That ſince the common men are now in Action
Gainſt the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,
And that the Legions now in Gallia, are
Full weake to undertake our Warres againſt
The falne-off Britaines, that we doe incite
The Gentry to this buſineſſe. He creates
Lucius Pro-Conſull: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Levy, he commands
His abſolute Commiſſion. Long live *Cæſar.*
Tri. Is *Lucius* Generall of the Forces?
2 Sen. I.
Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?
1 Sen. With thoſe Legions
Which I have ſpoke of, whereunto your levy
Muſt be ſuppliant: the words of your Commiſſion
Will tye you to the Numbers and the time
Of their diſpatch.
Tri. We will diſcharge our duty. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Clotten alone.

Clot. I am neere to th' place where they ſhould meet, if *Piſanio* have mapp'd it truely. How fit his Garments ſerve me? Why ſhould his Miſtris who was made by him that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (ſaving reverence of the Word) for tis ſaid a Womans fitneſſe comes by fits: therein I muſt play the Workeman, I dare ſpeake it to my ſelfe, for it is not Vainglory for a man, and his Glaſſe, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane, the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no leſſe young, more ſtrong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in Birth, alike converſant in generall ſervices, and more remarkeable in ſingle oppoſitions; yet this imperſeverant Thing loves him in my deſpight. What Mortality is? *Poſthumus*, thy head (which now is growing upon thy ſhoulders) ſhall within this houre be off, thy Miſtris inforced, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and all this done, ſpurne her home to her Father, who may (happily) be a little angry for my ſo rough vſage: but my Mother having power of his teſtineſſe, ſhall turne all into my commendations. My horſe is tyed up ſafe, out Sword, and to a ſore purpoſe: Fortune put them into my hand: This is the very deſcription of their meeting place and the fellow dares not deceive me. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen from the Cave.

Bel. You are not well: Remaine heere in the Cave,
We'll come to you after hunting.
Arvi. Brother, ſtay here:
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man ſhould be,
But Clay and Clay, differs in dignity,
Whoſe duſt is both alike. I am very ſicke,
Gui. Goe you to hunting, Ile abide with him.
Imo. So ſicke I am not, yet I am not well:
But not ſo Citizen a wanton, as
To ſeeme to dye, ere ſicke: So pleaſe you, leave me,
Sticke to your Iournall courſe: the breach of Cuſtome,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort
To one not ſociable: I am not very ſicke.
Since I can reaſon of it: pray you truſt me heere,
Ile rob none but my ſelfe, and let me dye
Stealing ſo poorely.
Gui. I love thee: I have ſpoke it,
How much the quantity, the waight as much,
As I doe love my father.
Bel. What? how? how?
Arvi. If it be ſinne to ſay ſo (Sir) I yoake me
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you ſay,
Loves reaſons without reaſon. The beere at doore,
And a demand who iſt ſhall dye, Ild ſay
My father, not this youth.
Bel. Oh noble ſtraine!
O worthineſſe of Nature, breed of greatneſſe!
"Cowards father Cowards, and Baſe things Syre Bace:
"Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.
Ime not their father, yet who this ſhould be,
Doth myracle it ſelfe, lov'd before me.
Tis the ninth houre oth Morne.
Arvi. Brother, farewell.
Imo. I wiſh ye ſport.
Arvi. You health. ——So pleaſe you Sir.
Imo. Theſe are kind Creatures.
Gods, what lyes I have heard:
Our Courtiers ſay, alls ſavage, but at Court:
Experience, oh thou diſprov'ſt Report.
Th'emperious Seas breed Monſters; for the Diſh,
Poore Tributary Rivers, as ſweet fiſh:
I am ſicke ſtill, heart-ſicke: *Piſanio*,
Ile now taſte of thy Drugge.
Gui. I could not ſtirre him:
He ſaid he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Diſhoneſtly afflicted, but yet honeſt.
Arvi. Thus did he anſwer me: yet ſaid heereafter,
I might know more.
Bel. To th'field, to th'field:
We'll leave you for this time, goe in, and reſt.
Arvi. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray be not ſicke,
For you muſt be our huſwife.
Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you. *Exit.*
Bel. And ſhalt be ever.
This youth, how ere diſtreſt, appeares he hath had
Good Anceſtors.
Arvi. How Angell-like he ſings?
Gui. But his neate Cookery?
Arvi. He cut our Rootes in Characters,
And ſawc't our Brothes, as *Iuno* had bin ſicke,
And he her Dieter.
Arvi. Nobly he yoakes
A ſmiling, with a ſigh: as if the ſighe
Was that it was, for not being ſuch a Smile:
The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye,
From ſo divine a Temple, to commix
With windes, that Saylors raile at.
Gui. I doe note,
That griefe and patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their ſpurres together.
Arvi. Grow patient,
And let the ſtinking- Elder (Griefe) untwine
His periſhing roote, with the encreaſing Vine.
Bel. It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?
Enter Clotten.
Clot. I cannot finde thoſe Runagates, that Villaine
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.
Bel. Thoſe Runnagates?
Meanes he not us? I partly know him, tis
Clotten, the Sonne oth' Queene. I feare ſome Ambuſh:
I ſaw him not theſe many yeares, and yet
I know tis he: we are held as Out-lawes; hence.
Gui. He is but one: you, and my brother ſearch
What Companies are neere: pray you away,
Let me alone with him.
Clot. Soft, what are you
That flye me thus? Sonne villaine-Mountainers?
I have heard of ſuch. What Slave art thou?
Gui. A thing.
More ſlaviſh did I ne're, then anſwering
A Slave without a knocke.
Clot. Thou art a Robber,
A Law-breaker, a Villaine: yeeld thee Theefe.
Gui. To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arme as bigge as thine? a heart, as bigge:
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:

Why I ſhould yeeld to thee?
Clot. Thou Villaine baſe,
Know'ſt me not by my Cloathes?
Gui. No, nor thy Taylor, Raſcall,
Who is thy Grandfather: He made thoſe cloathes,
Which (as it ſeemes) make thee.
Clo. Thou precious Varlet:
My Taylor made them not.
Gui. Hence then, and thanke
The man that gave them thee. Thou art ſome Foole,
I am loath to beat thee.
Clot. Thou injurious Theefe,
Heare but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What's thy name?
Clo. *Cloten*, thou Villaine.
Gui. *Cloten*, thou double Villaine be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
Twould move me ſooner.
Clot. To thy further feare,
Nay, to thy meere Confuſion, thou ſhalt know
I am Sonne to'th' Queene.
Gui. I am ſorry for't: not ſeeming
So worthy as thy Birth.
Clot. Art not afeard?
Gui. Thoſe that I reverence, thoſe I feare: the Wiſe:
At Fooles I laugh: not feare them.
Clot. Dye the death:
When I have ſlaine thee with my proper hand,
Ile follow thoſe that even now fled hence:
And on the Gates of *Luds-Towne* ſet your heads:
Yeeld Ruſticke Mountaineer. *Fight and Exeunt.*
Enter Belarius and Arviragus.
Bel. No Companie's abroad?
Arvi. None in the world: you did miſtake him ſure.
Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it ſince I ſaw him,
But Time hath nothing blurr'd thoſe lines of Favour
Which then he wore: the ſnatches in his voyce,
And burſt of ſpeaking were as his: I am abſolute
Twas very *Cloten*.
Arvi. In this place we left them;
I wiſh my Brother make good time with him,
You ſay he is ſo fell.
Bel. Being ſcarſe made up,
I meane to man; he had not apprehenſion
Of roaring terrors: For defect of judgement
Is oft the cauſe of Feare.
Enter Guiderius.
But ſee thy Brother.
Gui. This *Cloten* was a Foole, an empty purſe,
There was no money in't: Not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his Braines, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the Foole had borne
My head, as I do his.
Bel. What haſt thou done?
Gui. I am perfect what; cut off one *Clotens* head,
Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and ſwore
With his owne ſingle hand heel'd take us in,
Diſplace our heads, where (thanks the gods) they grow
And ſet them on *Luds-Towne*.
Bel. We are all undone.
Gui. Why, worthy Father, what have we to looſe,
But that he ſwore to take, our Lives? the Law
Protects not us, then why ſhould we be tender,
To let an arrogant peece of fleſh threat us?
Play Iudge, and Executioner, all himſelfe?
For we do feare no Law. What company
Diſcover you abroad?
Bel. No ſingle ſoule
Can we ſet eye on: but in all ſafe reaſon
He muſt have ſome Attendants. Though his Honor
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that
From one bad thing to worſe: Not Frenzie,
Not abſolute madneſſe could ſo farre have rav'd
To bring him heere alone although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that ſuch as we
Cave heere, hunt heere, are Out-lawes, and in time
May make ſome ſtronger head, the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might breake out, and ſweare
Heel'd fetch us in, yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he ſo undertaking,
Or they ſo ſuffering: then on good ground we feare,
If we do feare this body hath a taile
More perillous then the head.
Arvi. Let Ord'nance
Come as the Gods fore-ſay it: howſoere,
My Brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no minde
To hunt this day: The Boy *Fideles* ſickneſſe
Did make my way long forth.
Gui. With his owne Sword,
Which he did wave againſt my throat, I have tane
His head from him: Ile throw't into the Creeke
Behinde our Rocke, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fiſhes, hee's the Queenes Sonne, *Cloten*,
That's all I reake. *Exit.*
Bel. I feare twill be reveng'd:
Would (*Polidore*) thou had'ſt not done't: though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arvi. Would I had done't:
So the Revenge alone purſu'de me: *Polidore*
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou haſt robb'd me of this deed: I would Revenges
That poſſible ſtrength might meet, wold ſeeke us through
And put us to our anſwer.
Bel. Well, tis done:
Wee'l hunt no more to day, nor ſeeke for danger
Where there's no profit. I prythee to our Rocke,
You and *Fidele* play the Cookes: Ile ſtay
Till haſty *Polidore* returne, and bring him
To dinner preſently.
Arvi. Pore ſicke *Fidele*.
Ile willingly to him, to gaine his colour,
Il'd let a pariſh of ſuch *Clotens* blood,
And praiſe my ſelfe for charity. *Exit.*
Bel. Oh thou Goddeſſe,
Thou divine Nature; thy ſelfe thou blazon'ſt
In theſe two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle
As Zephires blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his ſweet head; and yet, as rough
(Their Royall blood enchaf'd) as the rud'ſt winde,
That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine,
And make him ſtoope to th'Vaile. Tis wonder
That an inviſible inſtinct ſhould frame them
To Royalty unlearn'd, Honor untaught,
Civility not ſeene from other: valour
That wildly growes in them: but yeelds a crop
As if it had beene ſow'd: yet ſtill it's ſtrange
What *Clotens* being heere to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.
Enter Guiderius.
Gui. Where's my Brother?

I have ſent *Clotens* Clot-pole downe the ſtreame;
In Embaſſie to his Mother; his Bodie's hoaſtage
For his returne. *Solemn Muſicke.*
Bel. My ingenuous Inſtrument,
(Hearke *Polidore*) it ſounds: but what occaſion
Hath *Cadwal* now to give it motion? Hearke.
Gui. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence even now.
Gui. What does he meane?
Since death of my dear'ſt Mother
It did not ſpeake before. All ſolemne things
Should anſwer ſolemne Accidents. The matter?
Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,
Is jollity for Apes, and greefe for Boyes.
Is *Cadwall* mad?
Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his Armes.
Bel. Looke, heere he comes,
And brings the dire occaſion in his Armes,
Of what we blame him for.
Arvi. The Bird is dead
That we have made ſo much on. I had rather
Have skipt from ſixteene yeares of Age, to ſixty:
To have turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Then have ſeene this.
Gui. Oh ſweeteſt, faireſt Lilly:
My Brother weares thee not the one halfe ſo well,
As when thou grew'ſt thy ſelfe.
Bel. Oh melancholly,
Who ever yet could ſound thy bottome? Finde
The Ooze, to ſhew that Coaſt thy ſluggiſh care
Might eaſileſt harbour in. Thou bleſſed thing.
Iove knowes what man thou might'ſt have made: but I,
Thou dyed'ſt a moſt rare Boy, of Melancolly.
How found you him?
Arvi. Starke, as you ſee:
Thus ſmiling as ſome Fly had tickled ſlumber,
Not as deaths dart being laugh'd at: his right Checke
Repoſing on a Cuſhion.
Gui. Where?
Arvi. O'th' floore:
His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he ſlept, and put
My clowted Brogues from off my feet, wyoſe rudeneſſe
Anſwer'd my ſteps too lowd.
Gui. Why he but ſleepes:
If he be gone, hee'l make his Grave a Bed:
With Female Faeries will his Tombe be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee.
Arvi. With fayreſt Flowers
Whil'ſt Sommer laſts, and I live heere, *Fidele*,
Ile ſweeten thy ſad grave: thou ſhalt not lacke
The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primroſe, nor
The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy Veines: no nor
The leafe of Eglantine, whom not to ſlander.
Out-ſweetned not thy breath: the Raddocke would
With Charitable bill (Oh bill ſore ſhaming
Thoſe rich-left-heyres, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Moſſe beſides. When Flowres are none
To winter-ground thy Coarſe——
Gui. Prythee have done,
And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is ſo ſerious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration, what
Is now due debt. To'th' grave.
Arvi. Say, where ſhall's lay him?
Gui. By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.
Arvi. Bee't ſo:
And let us (*Polidore*) though now our voyces
Have got the manniſh cracke, ſing him to'th' ground
As once to our Mother: uſe like note, and words,
Save that *Euriphile*, muſt be *Fidele*.
Gui. *Cadwall*,
I cannot ſing: Ile weepe, and word it with thee;
For Notes of ſorrow, out of tune, are worſe
Then Prieſts, and Vanes that lye.
Arvi. Wee'l ſpeake it then.
Bel. Great greefes I ſee med'cine the leſſe, For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne, Boyes,
And though he came our Enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though meane, and mighty rotting
Together have one duſt, yet Reverence
(That Angell of the world) doth make diſtinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.
Gui. Pray thee fetch him hither,
Therſites body is as good as *Ajax*,
When neyther are are alive.
Arvi. If you'l go fetch him,
Wee'l ſay our Song the whil'ſt: Brother begin.
Gui. Nay *Cadwall*, we muſt lay his head to th' Eaſt,
My Father hath a reaſon for't.
Arvi. Tis true.
Gui. Come on then, and remove him.
Arvi. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. *Feare no more the heate o'th' Sun,*
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly taske haſt done,
Home art gon, and tane thy wages.
Golden Lads, and Girles all muſt,
As Chimney-Sweepers come to duſt.
Arvi. *Feare no more the frowne o'th' Great,*
Thou art paſt the Tirants ſtroake,
Care no more to cloath and eate,
To thee the Reede is as the Oake:
The Scepter, Learning, Phiſicke muſt,
All follow this and come to duſt.
Guid. *Feare no more the Lightning flaſh.*
Arvi. *Nor th' all-dreaded Thunderſtone.*
Gui. *Feare no ſlander, Cenſure raſh.*
Arvi. *Thou haſt finiſh'd Ioy and mone.*
Both. *All Lovers young, all Lovers muſt,*
Conſigne to thee and come to duſt.
Guid. *No Exorciſer harme thee,*
Arvi. *Nor no witch-craft charme thee.*
Guid. *Ghoſt unlaid forbeare thee.*
Arvi. *Nothing ill come neere thee.*
Both. *Quiet conſummation have,*
And renowned be thy grave.
Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.
Gui. We have done our obſequies:
Come lay him downe.
Bel. Heere's a few Flowres, but about midnight more:
The hearbes that have on them cold dew o'th' night
Are ſtrewings fit'ſt for Graues: upon their Faces.
You were as Flowres, now wither'd: even ſo
These Herbelets ſhall, which we upon you ſtrew.
Come on away, apart upon our knees:
The ground that gave them firſt, ha's them againe:
Their pleaſures here are paſt, ſo are their paine. *Exeunt.*

Imogen awakes.
Yes Sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the way?
I thanke you: by yond buſh? pray how farre thither?
'Ods pittikins: can it be ſixe mile yet?
I have gone all night: 'Faith, Ile lye downe, and ſleepe.
But ſoft: no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddeſſes!
Theſe Flowers are like the pleaſures of the World;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:
For ſo I thought I was a Cave-keeper,
And Cooke to honeſt Creatures. But tis not ſo:
Twas but a bolt of nothing, ſhot at nothing,
Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
Are ſometimes like our Iudgements, blinde. Good faith
I tremble ſtill with feare: but if there be
Yet left in heaven, as ſmall a drop of pitty
As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it.
The Dreame's heere ſtill: even when I wake it is
Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
A headleſſe man? The Garments of *Poſthumus*?
I know the ſhape of's Legge: this is his Hand:
His Foote Mercuriall: his martiall Thigh
The brawnes of *Hercules*: but his Iouiall face——
Murther in heaven? How? 'tis gone. *Piſanio*,
All Curſes madded *Hecuba* gave the Greekes,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou
Conſpir'd with that Irregulous divell *Cloten*,
Hath heere cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Piſanio*
Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd *Piſanio*)
From this moſt braveſt veſſell of the world
Strooke the maine top! Oh *Poſthumus*, alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! wher's that
Piſanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How ſhould this be, *Piſanio*?
Tis he, and *Cloten*. Malice, and Lucre in them
Have laid this Woe heere. Oh tis pregnant, pregnant!
The Drugge he gave me, which he ſaid was precious
And Cordiall to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to'th' Senſes? That confirmes it home:
This is *Piſanio's* deede, and *Cloten*: Oh!
Give colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood,
That we the horrider may ſeeme to thoſe
Which chace to finde us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a Soothſayer.

Cap. To them, the Legions garriſon'd in Gallia
After your will, have croſt the Sea, attending
You heere at Milford-Haven, with you Shippes:
They are in readineſſe.
Luc. But what from Rome?
Cap. The Senate hath ſtirr'd up the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of Italy, moſt willing Spirits,
That promiſe Noble Service: and they come
Vnder the Conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.
Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefit o'th' winde.
Luc. This forwardneſſe
Makes our hopes faire. Command our preſent numbers
Be muſtered, bid the Captaines looke too't. Now Sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this warres purpoſe.
Sooth. Laſt night the very Gods ſhew'd me a viſion
(I feaſt, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:
I ſaw Ioves Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
From the ſpungy South, to this part of the Weſt,
There vaniſh'd in the Sun-beames, which portends
(Vnleſſe my Sinnes abuſe my Divination)
Succeſſe to th' Roman hoaſt.
Luc. Dreame often ſo,
And never falſe. Soft hoa, what trunke is heere?
Without his top? The ruine ſpeakes, that ſometime
It was a worthy building. How? a Page?
Or dead, or ſleeping on him? But dead rather:
For Nature doth abhore to make his bed
With the defunct, or ſleepe upon the dead.
Let's ſee the Boyes face.
Cap. Hee's alive my Lord.
Luc. Hee'l then inſtruct us of his body: Young one,
Informe us of thy Fortunes, for it ſeemes
They crave to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'ſt thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
That (otherwiſe then noble Nature did)
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy intereſt
In this ſad wracke? How cam't? Who is't?
What art thou?
Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better: This was my Maſter,
A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
That here by Mountainers lyes ſlaine: Alas,
There are no more ſuch Maſters: I may wander
From Eaſt to Occident, cry out for Service,
Try many, all good: ſerve truly: never
Finde ſuch another Maſter.
Luc. 'Lacke, good youth:
Thou mov'ſt no leſſe with thy complaining, then
Thy Maſter in bleeding: ſay his name, good Friend.
Imo. *Richard du Champ*: If I doe lye, and doe
No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope
They'l pardon it. Say you Sir?
Luc. Thy name?
Imo. *Fidele* Sir.
Luc. Thou doo'ſt approve thy ſelfe the very ſame:
Thy name well fits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not ſay
Thou ſhalt be ſo well maſter'd, but be ſure
No leſſe belou'd The Romane Emperors Letters
Sent by a Conſull to me, ſhould no ſooner
Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.
Imo. Ile follow Sir. But firſt, an't pleaſe the Gods,
Ile hide my Maſter from the flyes as deepe
As theſe poore Pickaxes can digge: and when
With wild wood-leaves & weeds, I ha' ſtrew'd his grave
And on it ſaid a Century of prayers,
(Such as I can) twice o're, Ile weepe, and ſighe,
And leaving ſo his ſervice, follow you,
So pleaſe you entertaine me.
Luc. I good youth,
And rather Father thee, then Maſter thee: My Friends,
The Boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the pretttieſt Dazied-Plot we can,
And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
A Grave: Come, Arme him: Boy he is preferr'd
By thee, to us, and he ſhall be interr'd
As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull wipe thine eyes,
Some falles are meanes the happier to ariſe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Piſanio.

Cym. Againe: and bring me word how tis with her,
A Feavour with the abſence of her Sonne;

A madneſſe, of which her life's in danger: Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen,*
The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queene
Vpon a deſperate bed, and in a time
When fearefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone,
So needfull for his preſent? It ſtrikes me, me, paſt
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
Who needs muſt know of her departure, and
Doſt ſeeme ſo ignorant, wee'l enforce it from thee
By a ſharpe Torture.

Piſ. Sir my life is yours,
I humbly ſet it at your will: But for my Miſtris,
I nothing know where ſhe remaines: why gone,
Nor when ſhe purpoſes returne. Beſeech your Highnes,
Hold me your loyall Servant.

Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that ſhe was miſſing, he was heere;
I dare be bound hee's true, and ſhall performe
All parts of his ſubjection loyally. For *Cloten,*
There wants no diligence in ſeeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troubleſome:
Wee'l ſlip you for a ſeaſon, but with jelouſie
Do's yet depend.

Lord. So pleaſe your Majeſty,
The Romane Leg ions all from Gallia drawne,
Are landed on your Coaſt, with ſupply
Of Romane Gentlemen, by the Senate ſent.

Cym. Now for the Counſaile of my Son and Queene,
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront no leſſe (ready:
Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're
The want is, but to put theſe powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thanke you: lets withdraw
And meete the Time, as it ſeekes us, We feare not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We greeve at chances heere. Away. *Exeunt.*

Piſ. I heard no Letter from my Maſter, ſince
I wrote him *Imogen* was ſlaine. Tis ſtrange:
Nor heare I from my Miſtris, who did promiſe
To yeeld me often tydings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloton*, but remaine
Perplext in all. The Heavens ſtill muſt worke:
Wherein I am falſe, I am honeſt: not trne, to be true.
Theſe preſent warres ſhall finde I love my Country,
Even to the note o'th' King, or Ile fall in them:
All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,
Fortune brings in ſome Boats, that are not ſteer'd. *Exit*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, & Arviragus.

Gui. The noyſe is round ubout us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arvi. What pleaſure Sir, finde we in life, to locke it
From Action, and Adventure?.

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way the Romaines
Muſt, or for Britaines ſlay us or receive us
For barbarous and unnaturall Revolts
During their uſe, and ſlay us after.

Bel. Sonnes,
Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there ſecure us
To the Kings party there's no going: newneſſe
Of *Clotens* death (we being not knowne, not muſter'd
Among the Bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and ſo extort froms that
Which we have done, whoſe anſwer would be death
Drawne on his Torture.

Gui. This is (Sir) a doubt
in ſuch a time, nothing becomming you,
Nor ſatisfying us.

Arvi. It is not likely,
That when they heare their Roman horſes neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Fires; have both their eyes
And eares ſo cloyd importantly as now,
That they will waſte their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am knowne
Of many in the Army: Many yeeres
(Though *Cloten* then but young) you ſee, not wore him
From my remembrance. And beſides, the King
Hath not deſerv'd my Service, nor your Loves,
Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding;
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeleſſe
To have the courteſie your Cradle promis'd,
But to be ſtill hot Summers Tanlings, and
The ſhrinking Slaves of Winter.

Gui. Then be ſo,
Betrer to ceaſe to be. Pray Sir, to'th Army:
I, and my Brother are not knowne; your ſelfe
So out of thought, and thereto ſo ore-growne,
Cannot be queſtiond.

Arui. By this Sunne that ſhines
Ile thither: what thing is it, that I never
Did ſee man dye, ſcarſe ever look'd on blood,
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Veniſon?
Never beſtrid a Horſe ſave one, that had
A Rider like my ſelfe, who ne're wore Rowell,
Nor Iron on his heele? I am aſham'd
To looke upon the holy Sunne, to have
The benefit of his bleſt Beames, remaining
So long a poore unknowne.

Gui. By heavens Ile go,
If you will bleſſe me Sir, and give me leave,
Ile take the better care: but but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romanes.

Arui. So ſay I, Amen.

Bel. No reaſon I (ſince of your lives you ſet
So ſlight a valuation) ſhould reſerue
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you Boyes:
If in your Country warres you chance to dye,
That is my Bed too (Lads) and there Ile lye.
Lead, lead; the time ſeemes long, their blood thinks ſcorn
Till it flye out, and ſhew them Princes borne. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Poſthumus alone.

Poſt. Yea bloody cloth, Ile keep thee: for I am wiſht
Thou ſhouldſt be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you ſhould take this courſe, how many
Muſt murther Wives much better then themſelves

For wrying but a little? Oh *Piſanio*,
Every good Servant do's not all Commands:
No Bond, but to doe juſt ones. Gods, if you
Should have tane vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this: ſo had you ſaved
The noble *Imogen* to repent, and ſtrooke
Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,
You ſnatch from hence for little faults; that's love
To have them fall no more: you ſome permit
To ſecond illes with illes, each Elder worſe,
And make them dread it, to the doers thrift
But *Imogen* is your owne, do your beſt willes,
And make me bleſt to obey. I am brought hither
Among th' Italian Gentry, and to fight
Againſt my Ladies Kingdome: Tis enough
That (Britaine) I have kill'd thy Miſtris: Peace,
Ile give no wound to thee: therefore good Heavens,
Heare patiently my purpoſe. Ile diſrobe me
Of theſe Italian weedes, and ſuite my ſelfe
As do's a *Britaine* Pezant: ſo Ile fight
Againſt the part I come with: ſo Ile dye
For thee (O *Imogen*) even for whom my life
Is every breath, a death: and thus unknowne,
Pittied, nor hated, to the face of perill
My ſelfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, then my habits ſhow.
Gods, put the ſtrength o'th' *Leonati* in me:
To ſhame the guize o'th' world, I will begin,
The faſhion leſſe without, and more within. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Romane Army at one doore: and the Britaine Army at another: Leonatus Poſthumus following like a poore Souldier. They march over, and goe out. Then enter againe in Skirmiſh Iachimo and Poſthumus: he vanquiſheth and diſarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iac. The heavineſſe and guilt within my boſome,
Takes off my manhood: I have belyed a Lady,
The Princeſſe of this Country; and the ayre on't
Revengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle,
A very drudge of Natures, have ſubdu'de me
In my profeſſion? Knighthoods, and Honors borne
(As I weare mine) are titles but of ſcorne.
If that thy Gentry (Britaine) go before
This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes
Is, that we ſcarſe are men, and you are Gods. *Exit.*

The Battaile continues, the Britaines flye, Cymbeline is taken: Then enter to his reſcue, Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, ſtand, we have the advantage of the ground,
The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowts us, but
The villany of our feares.
Gui. Arvi. Stand, ſtand and fight.

Enter Poſthumus, and ſeconds the Britaines. They reſcue Cymbeline, and Exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away boy from the Troopes, and ſave thy ſelfe:
For friends kill friends, and the diſorder's ſuch
As warre were hood-wink'd.
Iac. Tis their freſh ſupplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd ſtrangely: or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Poſthumus, and a Britaine Lord.

Lor. Cam'ſt thou from where they made the ſtand?
Poſt. I did.
Though you it ſeemes come from the Fliers?
Lo. I did.
Poſt. No blame be to you Sir, for all was loſt,
But that the Heavens fought: the King himſelfe
Of his wings deſtitute, the Army broken,
And but the backes of Britaines ſeene; all flying
Through a ſtraight Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the Tongue with ſlaught'ring: having worke
More plentifull, then Tooles to doo't: ſtroke downe
Some mortally, ſome ſlightly touch'd, ſome falling
Meerely through feare, that the ſtrait paſſe was damm'd
With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards living
To dye with length'ned ſhame.
Lo. Where was this Lane?
Poſt. Cloſe by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,
Which gave advantage to an ancient Soldiour
(An honeſt one I warrant) who deſeru'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
He, with two ſtriplings (Lads more like to run
The Country baſe, then to commit ſuch ſlaughter,
With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayrer
Then thoſe for preſervation cas'd, or ſhame)
Made good the paſſage, cryed to thoſe that fled,
Our *Britaines* hearts dye flying, not our men,
To darkeneſſe fleete ſoules that flye backwards; ſtand,
Or we are Romanes, and will give you that
Like beaſts, which you ſhun beaſtly, and may ſave
But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, ſtand. Theſe three,
Three thouſand confident, in act as many:
For three performers are the File, when all
The reſt do nothing. With this word ſtand, ſtand,
Accommodated by the Place; more Charming
With their owne Nobleneſſe, which could have turn'd
A Diſtaffe, to a Lance, guilded pale lookes;
Part ſhame, part ſpirit renew'd, that ſome turn'd coward
But by example (Oh a ſinne in Warre,
Damn'd in the firſt beginners) gan to looke
The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
Vpon the Pikes o'th' Hunters. Then beganne
A ſtop i'th' Chaſer; a Retyre: Anon
A Rowt, confuſion thicke: forthwith they flye
Chickens, the way which they ſtopt Eagles: Slaves
The ſtrides the Victors made: and now our Cowards
Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
The life o'th' need: having found the backe doore open
Of the unguarded hearts: heavens, how they wound,
Some ſlaine before, ſome dying; ſome their Friends
Ore-borne i'th' former wave, ten chac'd by one,
Are now each one the ſlaughter-man of twenty:
Thoſe that would dye, or ere reſiſt, are growne
The mortall bugs o'th' Field.

Lord. This was ſtrange chance:
A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.
Poſt. Nay, doe not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you heare,
Then to worke any. Will you Rime upon't,
And vent it for a Mock'ry? here is one:
"*Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,*
"*Preſerv'd the Britaines, was the Romanes bane.*
Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir.
Poſt. Lacke, to what end?
Who dares not ſtand his Foe, ile be his friend:
For if he'll doe, as he is made to doe,
I know he'll quickly flye my friendſhip too.
You have put me into Rime.
Lord. Farewell, you're angry. *Exit.*
Poſt. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble miſery
To be ith' field, and aske what newes of me:
To day, how many would have given their honors
To have ſav'd their Carkaſſes? Tooke heele to doo't,
And yet dyed too. I, in mine owne woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did heare him groane,
Nor feele him where he ſtrooke. Being an ugly Monſter
Tis ſtrange he hides him in freſh Cups, ſoft Beds,
Sweet words; or hath moe miniſters then we
That draw his knives i'th' War. Well I will finde him:
For being now a Favourer to the Britaine,
No more a Britaine, I have reſum'd againe
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yeeld me to the verieſt Hind, that ſhall
Once touch my ſhoulder. Great the ſlaughter is
Heere made by'th' Romane; great the anſwer be
Britaines muſt take. For me, my Ranſomes death,
On eyther ſide I come to ſpend my breath;
Which neither heere Ile keepe, nor beare agen,
But end it by ſome meanes for *Imogen.*
Enter two Captaines, and Souldiers.
1 Great *Iupiter* be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken,
Tis thought the old man, and his ſonnes, were Angels.
2 There was a fourth man, in a ſilly habit,
That gave th' Affront with them.
1 So tis reported:
But none of em can be found. Stand, who's there?
Poſt. A Roman,
Who had not now beene drooping heere, if Seconds
Had anſwer'd him.
2 Lay hands on him: a Dogge,
A legge of Rome ſhall not returne to tell
What Crowes have peckt them here, he brags his ſervice
As if he were of note: bring him to th' King.
Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio, and Romane Captives. The Captaines preſent Poſthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Poſthumus, and Gaoler.
Gao. You ſhall not now be ſtolne,
You have lockes upon you:
So graze, as you finde Paſture.
2 *Gao.* I, or a ſtomacke.
Poſt. Moſt welcome bondage: for thou art a way
(I thinke) to liberty: yet am I better
Then one thats ſicke o'th' Gowt, ſince he had rather
Groane ſo in perpetuity, then be cur'd
By th' ſure Phyſitian, Death; who is the key
T'unbarre theſe Lockes. My conſcience, thou art fetter'd
More then my ſhanks, and wriſts: you good gods give me
The penitent inſtrument to picke that Bolt,
Then free for ever. Iſt enough I am ſorry?
So Children temporall fathers doe appeaſe;
Gods are more full of mercy. Muſt I repent,
I cannot doe it better then in Gyves,
Deſir'd, more then conſtrain'd, to ſatisfie
If of my freedome tis the maine part, take
No ſtricter render of me, then my All.
I know you are more clement then vild men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A ſixt, a tenth, letting them thrive againe
On their abatement; thats not my deſire.
For *Imogens* deere life, take mine, and though
Tis not ſo deere, yet tis a life; you coyn'd it,
Tweene man, and man, they waigh not every ſtampe:
Though light, take Peeces for the figures ſake,
(You rather) mine being yours: and ſo great Powres,
If you will take this Audit, take this life,
And cancell thoſe cold Bonds. Oh *Imogen,*
Ile ſpeake to thee in ſilence.

Solemne Muſicke. Enter (as in an Apparition) Sicillius Leonatus, Father to Poſthumus, an old man, attyred like a warriour, leading in his hand an ancient Matron (his wife, and Mother to Poſthumus) with Muſicke before them. Then after other Muſicke, followes the two young Leonati (Brothers to Poſthumus) with wounds as they dyed in the warres. They circle Poſthumus round as he lyes ſleeping.

Sicil. No more thou Thunder-Maſter
ſhew thy ſpight, on Mortall flyes:
With Mars fall out, with *Iuno* chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Revenges.
Hath my poore Boy done ought but well,
whoſe face I never ſaw:
I dy'de whilſt in the Wombe he ſtaide,
attending Natures Law.
Whoſe Father then (as men report,
thou Orphanes Father art)
Thou ſhouldſt have bin, and ſheelded him,
from this earth-vexing ſmart.
Moth. *Lucina* lent not me her ayde,
but tooke me in my Throwes,
That from me was *Poſthumus* ript,
came crying mongſt his Foes.
A thing of pitty.
Sici. Great Nature like his Anceſtry,
moulded the ſtuffe ſo faire:
That he diſerv'd the praiſe o'th' World,
as great *Sicilius* heyre.
1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
in Britaine where was he
That could ſtand up his parallell?
or fruitfull object be?
In eye of *Imogen,* that beſt
could deeme his dignity.
Moth. With Marriage wherefore was he mockt
to be exil'd, and throwne
From *Leonati* Seate, and caſt
from her his deereſt one:
Sweet *Imogen?*
Sici. Why did you ſuffer *Iachimo,* ſlight thing of Italy,

To taint his nobler hart and braine, with needleſſe jelouſie
And to become the geeke and ſcorne oth'others villany?
2 *Bro.* For this, from ſtiller Seats we came,
our Parents, and us twaine,
That ſtriking in our Countries cauſe,
fell bravely, and were ſlaine,
Our Fealty, and *Tenantius* right, with honor to maintaine,
1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Poſthumus* hath
to *Cymbeline* perform'd:
(journ'd
Then *Iupiter*, thou King of gods, why haſt thou thus ad-
The Graces for her Merits due, being all to dolors turn'd?
Sici. Thy Chriſtall window ope; looke out
no longer exerciſe
Vpon a valiant Race, thy harſh, and potent injuries:
Moth. Since (*Iupiter*) our Son is good,
take off his miſeries.
Sicil. Peepe through thy Marble Manſion, helpe,
or we poore Ghoſts will cry
To'th'ſhining Synod of the reſt, againſt thy Deity,
Bro. Helpe (*Iupiter*) or we appeale,
and from thy juſtice flye.

Iupiter deſcends in Thunder and Lightning, ſitting upon an Eagle: he throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghoſts fall on their knees.

Iup. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing: huſh. How dare you Ghoſtes
Accuſe the Thunderer, whoſe Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coaſts.
Poore ſhadowes of Elizium, hence, and reſt
Vpon your never-withering bankes of Flowres.
Be not with mortall accidents oppreſt,
No care of yours it is, you know tis ours.
Whom beſt I love, I croſſe: to make my guift
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laid Sonne, our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his Trialls well are ſpent:
Our Ioviall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Riſe, and fade,
He ſhall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,
And happier much by his Affliction made
This Tablet lay upon his breſt, wherein
Our pleaſure, his full Fortune, doth confine,
And ſo away: no farther with your dinne
Expreſſe Impatience, leſt you ſtirre up mine:
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Chriſtalline. *Aſcends.*
Sicil. He came in Thunder, his Celeſtiall breath
Was ſulphurous to ſmell: the holy Eagle
Stoop'd, as to foote us: his Aſcenſion is
More ſweet then our bleſt fields: his Royall Bird
Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,
As when his god is pleas'd.
All. Thankes *Iupiter*.
Sici. The Marble Pavement clozes, he is enter'd
His radiant Roofe: Away, and to be bleſt
Let us with care performe his great beheſt. *Vaniſh.*
Poſt. Sleepe, thou haſt bin a Grandſire, and begot
A Father to me: and thou haſt created
A Mother, and two brothers. But (oh ſcorne)
Gone, they went hence ſo ſoone as they were borne;
And ſo I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend
On Greatneſſe, Favour; Dreame as I have done,
Wake, and find nothing. But (alas) I ſwerve:
Many Dreame not to find, neither deſerve,
And yet are ſteep'd in Favours; ſo am I
That have this Golden chance, and know not why:
What Fayeries haunt this ground? a booke? Oh rare one,
Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
Nobler then that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be moſt unlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promiſe.

Reades.

VVHen as a Lyons whelpe, ſhall to himſelfe unknown without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a peece of tender Ayre: And when from a ſtately Cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which being dead many yeeres, ſhall after revive, be joynted to the old Stocke, and freſhly grow, then ſhall Poſthumus end his miſeries, Britaine be fortunate, and flouriſh in Peace and Plenty.

Tis ſtill a Dreame: or elſe ſuch ſtuffe as Madmen
Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing,
Or ſenſeleſſe ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
As ſenſe cannot untye. Be what it is,
The Action of my life is like it, which Ile keepe
If but for ſimpathy.

Enter Gaoler.

Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?

Poſt. Over-roaſted rather: ready long agoe.

Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you be ready for that, you are well Cook'd.

Poſt. So if I prove a good repaſt to the Spectators, the diſh payes the ſhot.

Gao. A heavy reckoning for you Sir: but the comfort is you ſhall be called to no more payments, feare no more Taverne Bils, which are often the ſadneſſe of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meate, depart reeling with too much drinke: ſorry that you have payed too much, and ſorry that you are payed too much: Purſe and Braine, both empty: the braine the heavier, for being too light; the Purſe too light, being drawne of heavineſſe. Oh, of this contradiction you ſhall now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it ſummes up thouſands in a trice: you have no true Debitor, and Creditor but it: of whats paſt, is, and to come, the diſcharge; your necke (Sir) is Pen, Booke, and Counters: ſo the Acquitance followes.

Poſt. I am merrier to dye, then thou art to live.

Gao. Indeed Sir, he that ſleepes, feeles not the Tooth-Ache: but a man that were to ſleepe your ſleepe, and a Hangman to helpe him to bed, I thinke he would change places with his Officer: for looke you Sir, you know not which way you ſhall goe

Poſt. Yes indeed doe I, fellow.

Gao. Your death has eyes ins head then: I have not ſeene him ſo pictur'd: you muſt either be directed by ſome that take upon them to know, or to take upon your ſelfe that which I am ſure you doe not know: or lump the after-enquiry on your owne perill: and how you ſhall ſpeed in your journies end, I thinke you'll never returne to tell one.

Poſt. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but ſuch as winke, and will not uſe them.

Gao. What an infinite mocke is this, that a man ſhould have the beſt uſe of eyes, to ſee the way of blindneſſe: I am ſure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Priſoner to the King.

Poſt. Thou bringſt good newes, I am calld to be made free.

Gao. Ile be hang'd then.

Poſt. Thou ſhalt be then freer then a Gaoler; no bolts for the dead. *Exeunt.*

Gao. Vnleſſe a man would marry a Gallowes, and beget yong Gibbets, I never ſaw one ſo prone: yet on my Conſcience, there are verier Knaves deſire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be ſome of them too that dye againſt their willes: ſo ſhould I, if I were one. I would we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there were deſolation of Gaolers and Galowſes: I ſpeake againſt my preſent profit, but my wiſh hath a preferment int. *Exit.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my ſide you, whom the Gods have made
Preſervers of my Throne: woe is my heart,
That the poore Souldier that ſo richly fought,
Whoſe ragges, ſham'd gilded Armes, whoſe naked breſt
Stept before Targes of proofe, cannot be found:
He ſhall be happy that can finde him, if
Our Grace can make him ſo.

Bel. I never ſaw
Such Noble fury in ſo poore a Thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that promiſt nought
But beggery, and poore lookes.

Cym. No tydings of him?

Piſa. He hath bin ſearch'd among the dead, and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my griefe, I am
The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde
To you (the Liver, heart, and Braine of Britaine)
By whom (I grant) ſhe lives. Tis now the time
To aske of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen:
Further to boaſt, were neither true, nor modeſt,
Vnleſſe I adde, we are honeſt.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Ariſe my Knights oth'Battell, I create you
Companions to our perſon, and will fit you
With Dignities becomming your eſtates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's buſineſſe in theſe faces: why ſo ſadly
Greet your our Victory? you looke like Romanes,
And not oth'Court of Britaine.

Corn. Hayle great King,
To ſowre your happineſſe, I muſt report
The Queene is dead.

Cym. Whom worſe then a Phyſitian
Would this report become; but I conſider,
By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will ſeize the Doctor too. How ended ſhe?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which (being cruell to the world) concluded
Moſt cruell to her ſelfe. What ſhe confeſt,
I will report, ſo pleaſe you. Theſe her Women
Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheekes
Were preſent when ſhe finiſh'd.

Cym. Prethee ſay.

Corn. Firſt, ſhe confeſt ſhe never lov'd you: onely
Affected Greatneſſe got by you: not you:
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:
Abhorr'd your perſon.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And but ſhe ſpoke it dying, I would not
Beleeve her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Corn. Your daughter, whom ſhe bore in hand to love
With ſuch integrity, ſhe did confeſſe
Was as a Scorpion to her ſight, whoſe life
(But that her flight prevented it) ſhe had
Tane off by poyſon.

Cym. O moſt delicate fiend!
Who is't can reade a Woman? is there more?

Corn. More Sir, and worſe. She did confeſſe ſhe had
For you a mortall Minerall, which being tooke,
Should by the minute feede on life, and lingring,
By inches waſte you. In which time, ſhe purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kiſſing, to
Orecome you with her ſhew: yes and in time
(When ſhe had fitted you with her craft, to worke
Her Sonne into th'adoption of the Crowne:
But fayling of her end by his ſtrange abſence,
Grew ſhameleſſe deſperate, open'd (in deſpight
Of heaven, and Men) her purpoſes: repented
The evils ſhe hatch'd, were not effected: ſo
Diſpayring, dyed.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

Lad. We did, ſo pleaſe your highneſſe.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for ſhe was beautifull:
Mine eares that heare her flattery, nor my heart.
That thought her like her ſeeming. It had beene vicious
To have miſtruſted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was folly in me, thou mayſt ſay,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman priſoners, Leonatus behind, and Imogen.

Thou comm'ſt not *Caius* now for Tribute, that
The Britaines have rac'd out, though with the loſſe
Of many a bold one: whoſe Kinſmen have made ſuite
That their good ſoules may be appeas'd, with ſlaughter
Of you their Captives, which our ſelfe have granted,
So thinke of your eſtate.

Luc. Conſider ſir, the chance of Warre, the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We ſhould not when the blood was cool, have threatned
Our Priſoners with the Sword. But ſince the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ranſome, let it come: ſufficeth,
A Roman, with a Romans heart can ſuffer:
Auguſtus lives to thinke on't: and ſo much
For my peculiar care. This one thing onely
I will entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne)
Let him be ranſom'd: Never Maſter had
A Page ſo kinde, ſo duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occaſions, true,
So feate, ſo Nurſe-like: let his vertue joyne
With my requeſt, which Ile make bold, your highneſſe
Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme,
Though he have ſerv'd a Roman. Save him (Sir)
And ſpare no blood beſide.

Cym. I have ſurely ſeene him:
His favour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou haſt look'd thy ſelfe into my grace,
And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,
To ſay, live boy: nere thanke thy Maſter, live;
And aske of *Cymbeline* what Boone thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy ſtate, Ile give it:

Yea, though thou doe demand a Priſoner,
The Nobleſt tane.
Imo. I humbly thanke your Highneſſe.
Luc. I doe not bid thee begge my life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.
Imo. No, no, alacke,
Theres other worke in hand: I ſee a thing
Bitter to me, as death: your life, good Maſter,
Muſt ſhuffle for it ſelfe.
Luc. The Boy diſdaines me,
He leaves me, ſcornes me: briefely dye their joyes,
That place them on the truth of Gyrles, and Boyes.
Why ſtands he ſo perplex?
Cym. What wouldſt thou Boy?
I love thee more, and more: thinke more and more
Whats beſt to aske. Knowſt him thou look'ſt on? ſpeake
Wilt have him live? Is he thy Kin? thy friend?
Imo. He is a Romane, no more kin to me,
Then I to your highneſſe, who being borne your vaſſaile
Am ſomething neerer.
Cym. Wherefore ey'ſt him ſo?
Imo. Ile tell you (Sir) in private, if you pleaſe
To give me hearing.
Cym. I, with all my heart,
And lend my beſt attention. Whats thy name?
Imo. *Fidele* Sir.
Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my Page,
Ile be thy Maſter: walke with me: ſpeake freely.
Bel. Is not this Boy reviu'd from death?
Arvi. One ſand another
Not more reſembles that ſweet Roſie Lad:
Who dyed, and was *Fidele*: what thinke you?
Gui. The ſame dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace, ſee further; he eyes us not, forbeare,
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am ſure
He would have ſpoke to us.
Gui. But we ſee him dead.
Bel. Be ſilent: lets ſee further.
Piſa. It is my Miſtris:
Since ſhe is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.
Cym. Come, ſtand thou by our ſide.
Make thy demand alowd. Sir, ſtep you forth,
Give anſwer to this boy, and doe it freely,
Or by our Greatneſſe, and the grace of it
(Which is our honor) bitter torture ſhall
Winnow the truth from falſhood. One ſpeake to him.
Imo. My boone is, that this Gentleman may tender
Of whom he had this Ring.
Poſt. Whats that to him?
Cym. That Diamond upon your finger, ſay
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unſpoken, that
Which to be ſpoke, wou'd torture thee.
Cym. How? me?
Iach. I am glad to be conſtrain'd to vtter that
Which torments me to conceale. By Villany
I got this Ring: twas *Leonatus* Iewell,
Whom thou didſt baniſh: and which more may greeve (thee,
As it doth me: a Nobler Sir nere liv'd
Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That Paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my falſe ſpirits
Quaile to remember. Give me leave, I faint.
Cym. My Daught? what of her? Renew thy ſtrenth
I had rather thou ſhouldſt live, while Nature will,
Then dye ere I heare more: ſtrive man, and ſpeake.
Iach. Vpon a time, unhappy was the clocke
That ſtrooke the houre: it was in Rome, accurſt
The Manſion where: twas at a feaſt, oh would
Our Viands had bin poyſon'd (or at leaſt
Thoſe which I heav'd to head:) the good *Poſthumus*,
(What ſhould I ſay? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the beſt of all
Among'ſt the rarſt of good ones) ſitting ſadly,
Hearing us praiſe our Loves of Italy
For beauty, that made barren the ſwell'd boaſt
Of him that beſt could ſpeake: for Feature, laming
The Shrine of *Venus*, or ſtraight-pight *Minerva*,
Poſtures, beyond briefe Nature. For Condition,
A ſhop of all the qualities, that man
Loves woman for, beſides that hooke of Wiving,
Faireneſſe, which ſtrikes the eye.
Cym. I ſtand on fire. Come to the matter.
Iach. All too ſoone I ſhall,
Vnleſſe thou wouldſt greeve quickly. This *Poſthumus*,
Moſt like a Noble Lord, in love, and one
That had a Royall Lover, tooke his hint,
And (not diſpraiſing whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calme as vertue) he began
His Miſtris picture, which by his tongue, being made,
And then a mind put int, either our bragges
Were crak'd of Kitchin-Trulles, or his deſcription
Prov'd us unſpeaking ſottes.
Cym. Nay, nay, to'th'purpoſe.
Iach. Your daughters Chaſtity, (there it begins)
He ſpake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreames,
And ſhe alone were cold: Whereat, I wretch
Made ſcruple of his praiſe, and wag'd with him
Peeces of gold, gainſt this, which then he wore
Vpon his honor'd finger) to attaine
In ſuite the place of's bed, and winne this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultury: he (true Knight)
No leſſer of her honor confident
Then I did truly finde her, ſtakes this Ring,
And would ſo, had it beene a Carbuncle
Of Phœbus Wheele; and might ſo ſafely, had it
Bin all the worth of's Carre. Away to Britaine
Poſte I in this deſigne: Well may you (Sir)
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chaſte Daughter, the wide difference
Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing; mine Italian braine,
Gan in your duller Britaine operate
Moſt vildly: for my vantage excellent.
And to be briefe, my practiſe ſo prevayl'd
That I returnd with ſimular proofe enough,
To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his beleife in her Renowne,
With Tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of Chamber hanging, Pictures this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got it) nay ſome markes
Of ſecret on her perſon, that he could not
But thinke her bond of Chaſtity quite crackd,
I having tane the forfeyt. Whereupon,
Me thinkes I ſee him now.
Poſt. I, ſo thou doſt,
Italian fiend. Aye me, moſt credulous foole,
Egregious murtherer, Theefe, any thing
Thats due to all the Villaines paſt, in being
To come. Oh give me Cord, or knife, or poyſon,

Some upright Iuſticer. Thou King, ſend out
For Torturers ingenious: it is I
That all th'abhorred things oth'earth amend
By being worſe then they. I am *Poſthumus*,
That kill'd thy Daughter: Villaine-like, I lye,
That caus'd a leſſer villaine then my ſelfe,
A ſacrilegious Theefe to doo't. The Temple
Of Vertue was ſhe: yea, and ſhe her ſelfe.
Spet, and throw ſtones, caſt myre upon me, ſet
The dogges oth'ſtreet to bay me: every villaine
Be calld *Poſthumus Leonatus*, and
Be villany leſſe then twas. Oh *Imogen*!
My Queene, my life, my wife: oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, *Imogen*.
Imo. Peace my Lord, heare, heare.
Poſt. Shalls have a play of this?
Thou ſcornfull Page, there lye thy part,
Piſa. Oh Gentleman, helpe,
Mine and your Miſtris: Oh my Lord *Poſthumus*,
You ne're killd *Imogen* till now: helpe, helpe,
Mine honor'd Lady.
Cym. Does the world goe round?
Poſt. How comes theſe ſtaggers on me?
Piſa. Wake my Miſtais.
Cym. If this be ſo, the gods doe meane to ſtrike me
To death, with mortall joy.
Piſa. How fares my Miſtris.
Imo. Oh get thee from my ſight,
Thou gavſt me poyſon: dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are.
Cym. The tune of *Imogen*.
Piſa. Lady, the gods throw ſtones of ſulphure on me, if
That box I gave you, was not thought by me
A precious thing, I had it from the Queene.
Cym. New matter ſtill.
Imo. It poyſon'd me.
Corn. Oh gods!
I left out one thing which the Queene confeſt,
Which muſt approve thee honeſt. If *Piſanio*
Have (ſaid ſhe) given his Miſtris that Confection
Which I gave him for Cordiall, ſhe is ſerv'd,
As I would ſerve a Rat.
Cym. Whats this, *Cornelius*?
Corn. The Queene (Sir) very oft importun'd me
To temper poyſons for her, ſtill pretending
The ſatisfaction of her knowledge, onely
In killing Creatures vilde, as Cats and Dogges
Of no eſteeme, I dreading, that her purpoſe
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certaine ſtuffe, which being tane, would ſeize
The preſent power of life, but in ſhort time,
All Offices of Nature, ſhould againe
Doe their due Functions. Have you tane of it?
Imo. Moſt like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My Boyes, there was our error.
Gui. This is ſure *Fidele*.
Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro you?
Thinke that you are upon a Rocke, and now
Throw me againe.
Poſt. Hang there like fruite, my ſoule,
Till the Tree dye.
Cym. How now, my fleſh? My child?
What, mak'ſt thou me a dullard in this Act?
Wilt thou not ſpeake to me?
Imo. Your bleſſing Sir.
Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not,
You had a motive for't.
Cym. My teares that fall
Prove holy-water on thee; *Imogen*,
Thy Mothers dead.
Imo. I am ſorry for't my Lord.
Cym. Oh, ſhe was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet heere ſo ſtrangely: but her Sonne
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
Piſa. My Lord,
Now feare is from me, Ile ſpeake troth. Lord *Clotten*
Vpon my Ladies miſſing, came to me
With his Sword drawne, foam'd at the mouth, and ſwore
If I diſcover'd not which way ſhe was gone,
It was my inſtant death. By accident,
I had a feigned Letter of my Maſters
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To ſeeke her on the Mountaines neere to Milford,
Where in a frenzy, in my Maſters Garments
(Which he inforc'd from me) away he poſtes
With unchaſte purpoſe, and with oath to violate
My Ladies honor, what became of him,
I further know not.
Gui. Let me end the Story: I ſlew him there.
Cym. Marry, the gods forefend.
I would not thy good deeds, ſhould from my lips
Plucke a hard ſentence: Prethee valiant youth
Deny't againe.
Guil. I have ſpoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a Prince.
Gui. A moſt incivill one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did provoke me
With Language that would make me ſpurne the Sea,
If it could ſo roare to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not ſtanding here
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I am ſory for thee:
By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and muſt
Endure our Law: Thou'rt dead.
Imo. That headleſſe man I thought had bin my Lord
Cym. Bind the Offender,
And take him from our preſence.
Bel. Stay, Sir King.
This man is better then the man he ſlew,
As well deſcended as thy ſelfe, and hath
More of thee merited, then a Band of *Clotens*
Had ever ſcarre for. Let his Armes alone,
They were not borne for bondage.
Cym. Why old Souldier:
Wilt thou undoe the worth thou art unpayd for
By taſting of onr wrath? how of deſcent
As good as we?
Arvi. In that he ſpake too farre.
Cym. And thou ſhalt dye for't.
Bel. We will dye all three,
But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I have given out him. My Sonnes, I muſt
For mine owne part, unfold a dangerous ſpeech,
Though haply well for you.
Arvi. Your dangers ours.
Guid. And our good his.
Bel. Have at it then, by leave
Thou hadſt (great King) a Subject, who
Was call'd *Belarius*.
Cym. What of him? he is a baniſh'd Traitor.
Bel. He it is, that hath
Aſſum'd this age: indeed a baniſh'd man,

I know not how, a Traitor.
Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world ſhall not ſave him.
Bel. Not too hot;
Firſt pay me for the Nurſing of thy Sonnes,
And let it be confiſcate all, ſo ſoone
As I have receiv'd it.
Cym. Nurſing of my Sonnes?
Bel. I am too blunt, and ſawcy: heeres my knee:
Ere I ariſe, I will preferre my Sonnes,
Then ſpare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
Theſe two young Gentlemen that call me father,
And thinke they are my Sonnes, are none of mine,
They are the yſſue of your Loynes, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How? my iſſue.
Bel. So ſure as you, your fathers: I (old *Morgan*)
Am that *Belarius*, whom you ſometime baniſh'd:
Your pleaſure was my neere offence, my puniſhment
It ſelfe, and all my Treaſon that I ſuffer'd,
Was all the harme I did. Theſe gentle Princes
(For ſuch, and ſo they are) theſe twenty yeeres
Have I train'd up; thoſe Arts they have, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)
As your Highneſſe knowes, Their Nurſe *Euriphile*
(Whom for the Theft I wedded) ſtole theſe Children
Vpon my Baniſhment: I moov'd her too't,
Having receiv'd the puniſhment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyalty,
Excited me to Treaſon. Their deere loſſe,
The more of you twas felt, the more it ſhap'd
Vnto my end of ſtealing them. But gracious Sir,
Heere are your Sonnes againe: and I muſt looſe
Two of the ſweetſt Companions in the World.
The bendiction of theſe covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthy
To in-lay heaven with Starres.
Cym. Thou weepſt, and ſpeakſt:
The Service that you three have done, is more
Vnlike, then this thou tellſt. I loſt my children,
If theſe be they, I know not how to wiſh
A payre of worthier Sonnes.
Bel. Be pleas'd a while:
This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,
Moſt worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
This Gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Arviragus*.
Your yonger Princely Son, he Sir, was lapt
In a moſt curious Mantle, wrought by th'hand
Of his Queene Mother, which for more probation
I can with eaſe produce.
Cym. *Guiderius* had
Vpon his necke a Mole, a ſanguine Starre,
It was a marke of wonder.
Bel. This is he,
Who hath upon him ſtill that naturall ſtampe:
It was wiſe Natures end, in the donation
To be his evidence now.
Cym. Oh, what am I
A Mother to the byrth of three? Nere Mother
Rejoyc'd deliverance more; Bleſt, pray you be,
That after this ſtrange ſtarting from your Orbes,
You may reigne in them now: Oh *Imogen*,
Thou haſt loſt by this a Kingdome.
Imo No, my Lord:
I have got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Have we thus met? Oh never ſay heereafter
But I am trueſt ſpeaker. You calld me Brother
When I was but your Siſter: I you Brother,
When we were ſo indeed.
Cym. Did you ere meete?
Arvi. I my good Lord.
Gui. And at firſt meeting lov'd,
Continu'd ſo, untill we thought he dyed.
Corn. By the Queenes Dramme ſhe ſwallow'd.
Cym. O rare inſtinct!
When ſhall I heare all through? This fierce abridgement,
Hath to it Circumſtantiall branches, which
Dſtinction ſhould be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to ſerve our Romane Captive?
How parted with your Brother? How firſt met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether theſe?
And your three motives to the Battaile? with
I know not how much more ſhould be demanded,
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance? But nor the time, nor place
Will ſerve our long Interrogatories. See,
Poſthumus Anchors upon *Imogen*;
And ſhe (like harmeleſſe Lightning) throwes her eye
On him: her brothers, Me: her Maſter hitting
Each object with a Ioy: the Counter-change
Is ſeverally in all. Lets quite this gronnd,
And ſmoake the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, ſo we'll hold thee ever.
Imo. You are my Mother too, and did releeve me:
To ſee this gracious ſeaſon.
Cym. All ore-joy'd
Save theſe in bonds, let them be joyfull too,
For they ſhall taſte our Comfort.
Imo. My good Maſter, I will yet doe you ſervice.
Luc. Happy be you.
Cym. The forlorne Souldier, that ſo Nobly fought
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.
Poſt. I am Sir
The ſouldier that did company theſe three
In poore beſeeming: twas a fitment for
The purpoſe I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speake *Iachimo*, I had you downe, and might
Have made your finiſh.
Iach. I am downe againe:
But now my heavy Conſcience ſinkes my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beſeech you,
Which I ſo often owe: but your Ring firſt,
And heere the Bracelet of the trueſt Princeſſe
That ever ſwore her faith.
Poſt. Kneele not to me:
The powre that I have on you, is to ſpare you:
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live
And deale with others better.
Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learne our Freeneſſe of a Sonne-in-Law:
Pardons the word to all.
Arvi. You holpe us Sir,
As you did meane indeed to be our Brother,
Ioy'd are we, that you are.
Poſt. Your Servant, Princes. Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Sooth-ſayer: As I ſlept, me thought
Great *Iupiter* upon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other ſprightly ſhewes
Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Labell on my boſome; whoſe containing
Is ſo from ſenſe in hardneſſe, that I can

Make no Collection of it. Let him ſhew
His skill in the conſtruction.
Luc. Philarmonus.
Sooth. Heere, my good Lord.
Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reades.

WHen as a Lyons whelpe, ſhall to himſelfe unknown without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a peece of tender Ayre: and when from a ſtately Cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which being dead many yeares, ſhall after revive, be joynted to the old Stocke, and freſhly grow, then ſhall Poſthumus end his miſeries, Britaine be fortunate, and flouriſh in Peace and Plenty.

Thou *Leonatus* art the Lyons Whelpe,
The fit and apt Conſtruction of thy name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import ſo much:
The peece of tender Ayre, thy vertuous daughter,
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
We terme it *Mulier*: which *Mulier* I divine
Is this moſt conſtant Wife, who even now
Anſwering the Letter of the Oracle,
Vnknowne to you unſought, were clipt about
With this moſt tender Aire.
Cym. This hath ſome ſeeming.
Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royall *Cymbeline*
Perſonates thee: And thy lopt Branches, point
Thy two Sonnes forth: who by *Belarius* ſtolne
For many yeares thought dead, are now reviv'd
To the Majeſticke Cedar joyn'd; whoſe iſſue
Promiſes Britaine, Peace and Plenty.
Cym. Well,
My Peace we will begin: And *Caius Lucius*,
Although the Victor, we ſubmit to *Cæſar*,
And to the Romane Empire; promiſing
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were diſſwaded by our wicked Queene,
Whom heavens in juſtice both on her, and hers,
Have laid moſt heavy hand.
Sooth. The fingers of the Powres above, doe tune
The harmony of this Peace: the Viſion
Which I made knowne to *Lucius* ere the ſtroke
Of yet this ſcarſe-cold-Battaile, at this inſtant
Is full accompliſh'd. For the Romane Eagle
From South to Weſt, on wing ſoaring aloft
Leſſen'd her ſelfe, and in the Beames oth'Sun
So vaniſh'd; which fore-ſhew'd our Princely Eagle
Th'Imperiall *Cæſar*, ſhould againe unite
His favour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which ſhines here in the Weſt.
Cym. Laud we the gods,
And let our crooked Smoakes climbe to their Noſtrils
From our bleſt Altars. Publiſh we this peace
To all our Subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman, and a Brittiſh Enſigne wave
Friendly together; ſo through *Luds-Towne* martch,
And in the Temple of great *Iupiter*
Our Peace we'll ratifie: Seale it with feaſts.
Set on there: Never was a Warre did ceaſe
(Ere bloody hands were waſh'd) with ſuch a Peace.
Exeunt.

FINIS.

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